

Forever Dreams

Her long, tapered fingers reached delicately for the musky sepia photograph (one of many) from the treasure box he had made so many years ago for her; a lifetime had past since then it seemed. Her head bowed slightly to one side as she strained to study each detail of the image through her blue, weary eyes which once sparkled with youth and wonder. A semblance of a smile appeared across her face. The years had gone so quickly and she could barely recognise the young woman and handsome gentleman staring back at her. The deep, golden coloured ^{ring} on the third finger of her left hand had aged so well in comparison to her. Smooth to the touch she gently rotated it. She looked and considered her hands; they were no longer soft and supple, they were covered in lines like a network of life's pathways diverting in one direction and then another.

Eighty-five years had come and gone as swiftly as leaves falling in the Autumn breeze. She looked up at the array of birthday cards standing proudly on her fireplace. She had been blessed with three wonderful children who were now parents themselves. They had gifted her the most beautiful grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She loved her family and enjoyed seeing them so much when they were able to visit, however their lives were so much more busy than hers. If she could have one wish though, on her special day, it would not be to see them, it would be to have her loving husband back by her side. Laura missed him so much and the last three years without him had been the longest of her entire life. She held the photograph up to her face once more, but this time she kissed it tenderly before placing it back safely in her treasure box. How lucky they had been to have sixty happy years together before being parted.

Laura felt so tired as she rested her head back and looked into the flames of the fire in front of her; they enfolded her like a blanket. She often slept in the afternoons and enjoyed being carried away to another time and place - in dreams she could still speak with Albert, hold his hand, talk with him, walk with him, look in his kind, caring eyes and tell him how much she loved him. Sometimes she would relive experiences from her past; she was young again and had her whole life in front of her.

A warm hand touched Laura's shoulder and gently squeezed it. Her eyes opened slowly; her youngest son was standing at her side. "Happy birthday Mum." She looked into Samuel's eyes; he was so like his father. "Oh what a treat to see you today." Laura smiled; she realised how lucky she was to have such a wonderful family. She may not have Albert by her side but he was always going to be in her forever dreams.

By Jessica Barton

Year 6