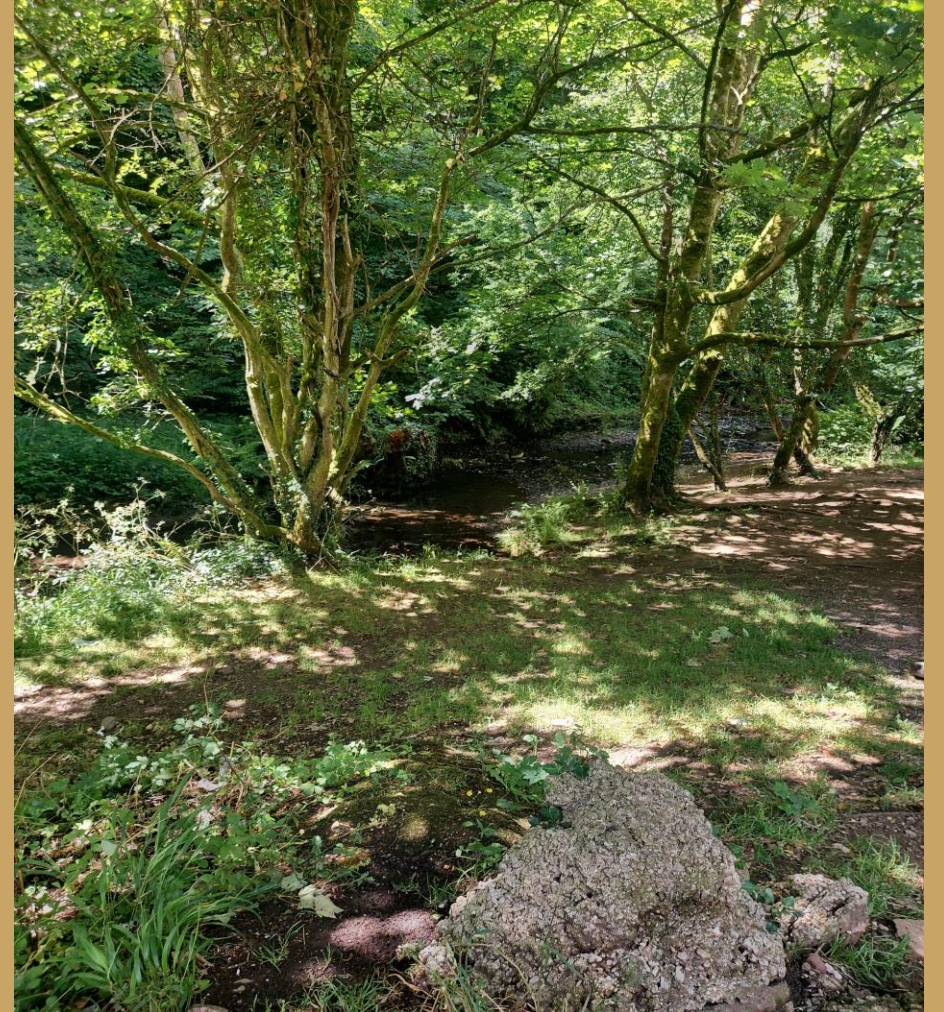


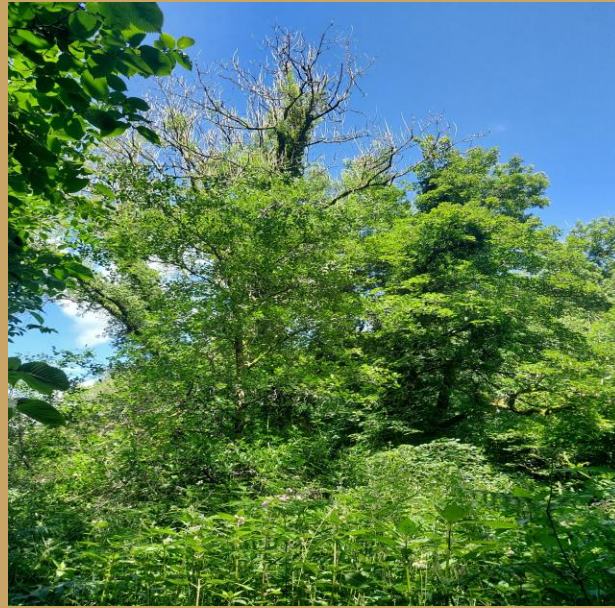
Emili Greenacre (2203794)

Paradise and Sustainability: A Child's Perspective.

***In the Gower Peninsula, where leaves and shadows
sway,
A forest stands, a childhood desire where endless
possibilities lay.
The Fairy Woods, that is treasured, and we named with
pride,
Where we would gleefully explore in the whispering trees
of paradise.
Beneath the emerald canopies, our joy would fill the air,
In that enchanted woodland, a world beyond compare.***



***Some trees grow straight,
their trunks a proud and
mighty line,
Others twist and intertwine,
in dances so divine.***



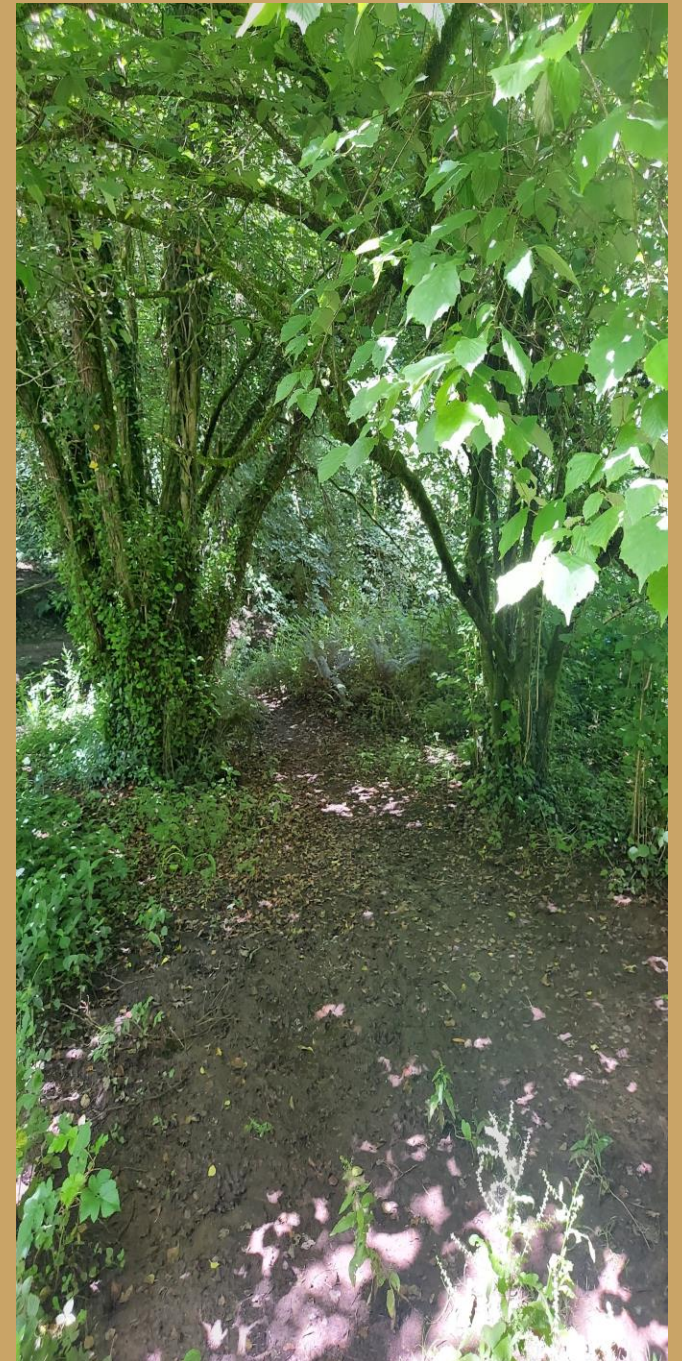


*Among them lie the fallen, arches
formed with grace,*

*A natural cathedral in our
enchanted place.*

*In Fairy Woods, the varied forms, a
symphony of sight,*

*Each curve and arch a testament to
nature's pure delight.*



*Analysing leaves of varied kind, each one a tale to tell,
glossy green and velvety in texture, in nature, they excel.
In Fairy Woods, we wander through this mosaic of green,
Discovering infinite forms, of leaves we'd never seen.*



**Each leaf tells a story, of sunlight and of rain,
In harmony they flourish, a symphony will remain.
They dance upon the breezes, they whisper in the trees,
A chorus of diversity, in nature's masterpiece.
For in their varied shapes and shades, a lesson we discern,
That unity in difference, is where true beauty learns.**





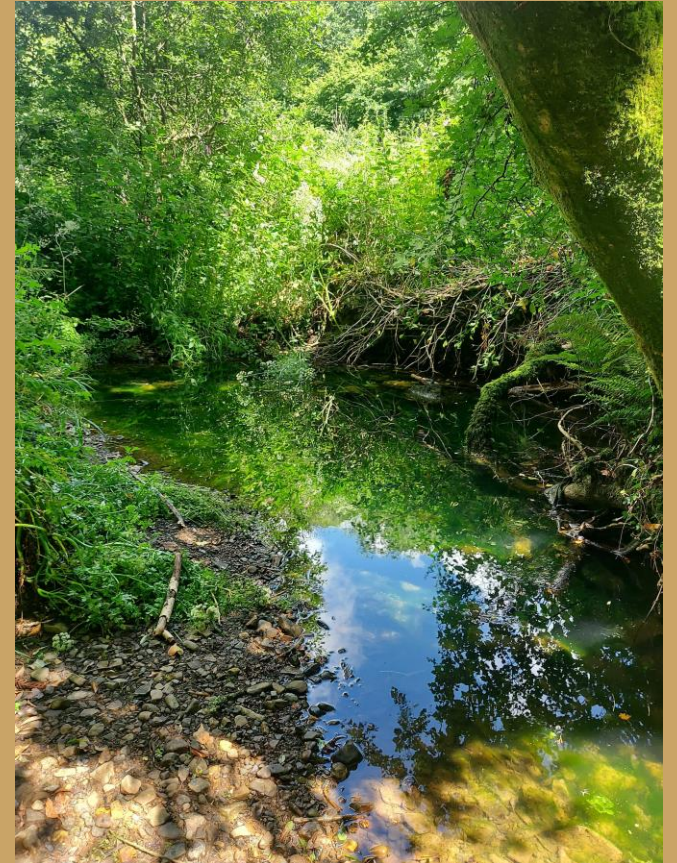
*Upon a leaf and in the ground, a story silently unfolds,
Of tiny teeth and hands that nibble and dig, where life's mysteries are told.
Each puncture tells of midnight snacks or homes for the small,
Nature's intricate web of life, where creatures heed the call.*

*On a cluster of leaves, a family of flies would rest,
Their tiny forms in blissful peace, as nature's quiet guests.
In Fairy Woods, they found their home, a tranquil, leafy seat,
Where sunlight filtered softly down, a moment calm and sweet.
Their wings would shimmer in the light, like gems in summer's breeze,
As they basked in quiet harmony, among the whispering trees.*





*Sunlight danced through leafy boughs, casting spells of light,
Creating silhouettes so fine, a tapestry of bright.
On the forest floor, we wandered, lost in the woodland's art,
Each pattern on the ground below where wonder and creativity starts.
Silhouettes that create a contrast of light and shade,
Tree reflections in the river, a mirror where nature is laid.*



*As we observed with curiosity, the birds flight to the skies,
Squirrels gliding from tree to tree would catch our watchful eyes.*

*Birdsong and the rush of river filled our ears a symphony so
bright,*

While wild garlic's pungent scent brought senses to delight.

*Yet seasons changed, and flowers waned, their vibrant hues
declined,*

Leaves turned from green to yellow, a golden peace we'd find.

*In Fairy Woods, seasons cast spells both new and old,
Where every scent and every song was magic to behold.*



[Image] Coastal (2019)



[Image] Wikimedia Commons (2010)



[Image] Neven (2019)





*Bees heard humming a busy melody, seeking nectar's treat,
Their wings a-blur with vibrant life, in summer's blazing heat.
Attraction of purple, white, yellow, and blooms of pink delight,
In Fairy Woods, the flowers waved, beneath the bees' soft flight.
Strolling past fields of flowers, buzzing fills the air,
With every hue and petal bright, our childhood hearts would care.
Among the leaves and brambles thick, butterflies took flight,
Their wings a burst of color, a dazzling, fleeting sight.
Messy bushes, wild and free, with tangled thorns and vines,
Yet hidden in their depths we found, where beauty really shines.
For in the wild and tangled bush, our hearts would learn to see,
That beauty often hides within the simplest, wildest tree.*

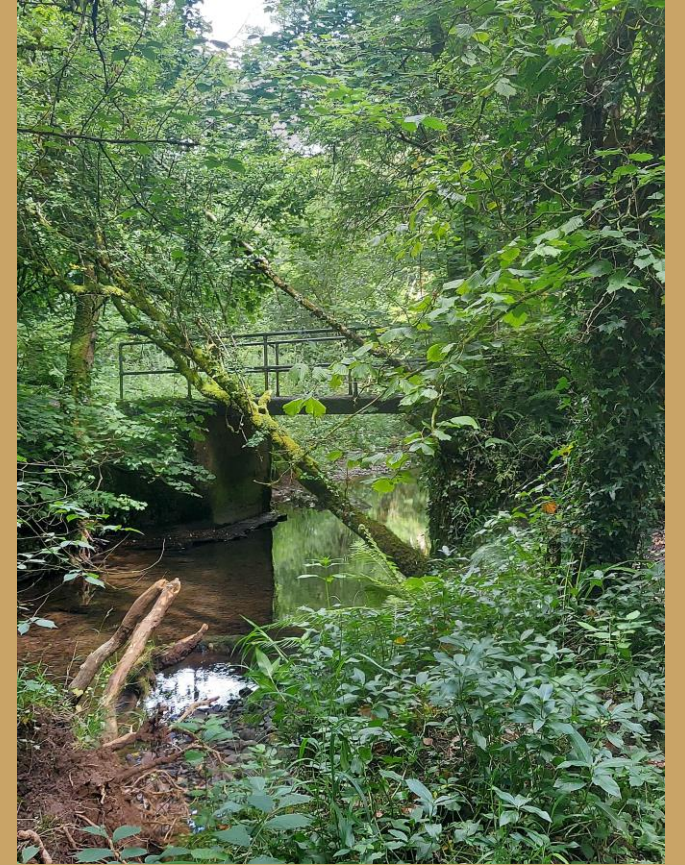


*Amidst the trees, a ruin stood, a relic of the past,
To us, it was a pirate ship, with sails and masts so vast.
Or sometimes, 'twas a castle, where fairy princesses would
reign,
In our once upon a time, where dreams would never wane.
Each stone and crumbling corner, a story to unfold,
In Fairy Woods, our fabled world, adventures rich and bold.*





*Over rustic bridges, we'd dash with
fleeting feet,
For lurking beneath in the shadows,
trolls awaited our retreat.
With hearts pounding and laughter
loud, we'd sprint from end to end,
In Fairy Woods, our secret world,
where fears and joys would blend.
In that enchanted childhood realm,
our spirits wild and free,
We'd brave the trolls and bridges
frail, in boundless revelry.*

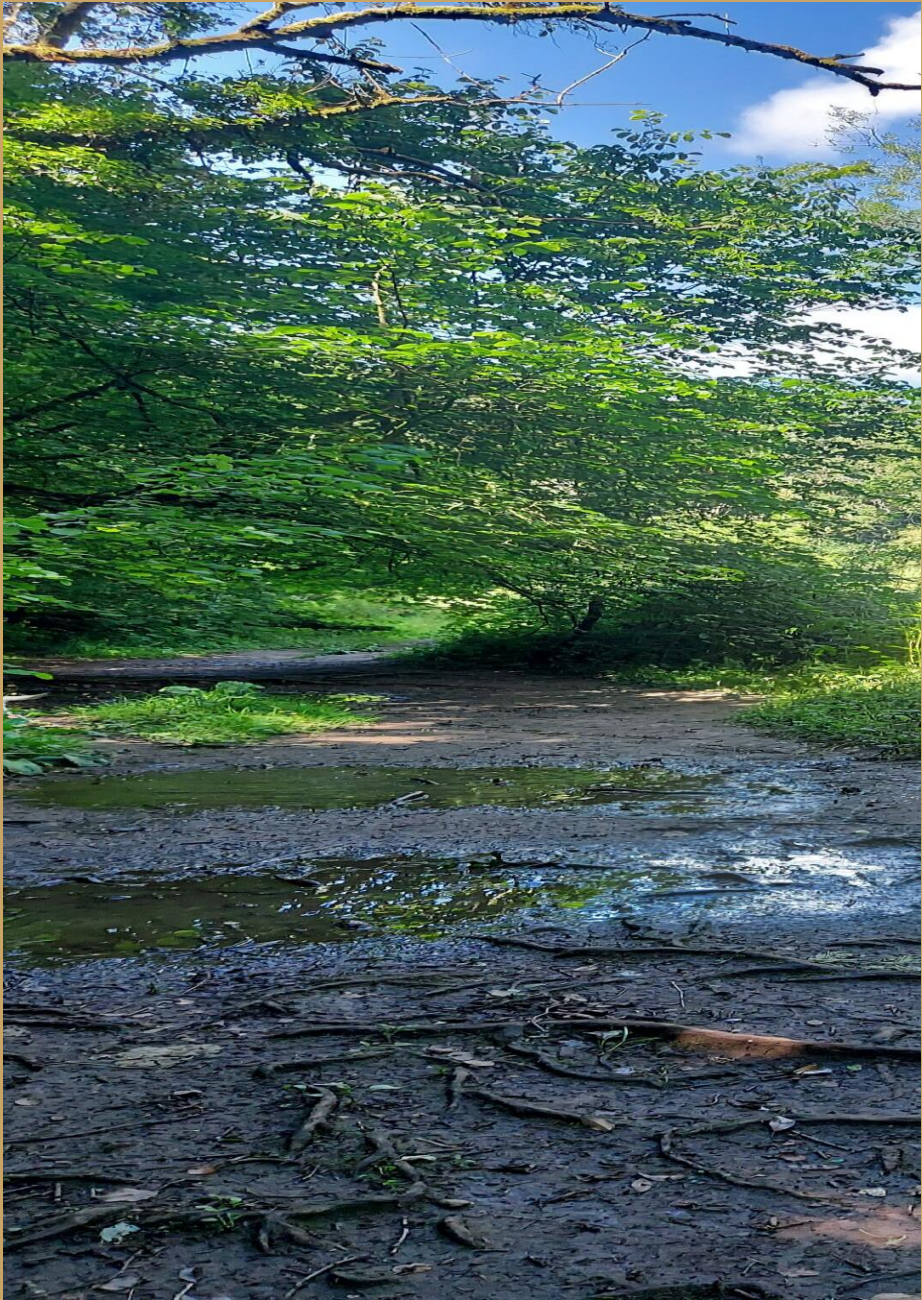




Global warming's ruthless touch dries up river beds,
Leaving only trails of rocks, where once the waters spread.
Streams that flowed with life and joy now whisper tales of dread,
As parched landscapes mourn the rivers long since fled.
For in the stones left dry and bare, a warning we must heed,
To cherish Earth's resources, to nurture and to lead.

People's careless disposal of broken glass, papers strewn and cans and bags astray,
Endangers the inhabitants, in the woodlands where they stay.
For creatures in the ground, birds among the trees,
Our actions hold the balance of their destinies.
So let us heed the call, to cherish every space,
To clean up after ourselves and leave no harmful trace.
For in protecting wildlife, and nurturing our lands,
We ensure a world where harmony and beauty stand.





***Water and mud, a playful mix, where wellies and joyous moments thrive,
In puddles deep and squishy, where our spirits come alive.
With every leap and muddy splash, our hearts would overflow,
In nature's simple pleasures, where pure happiness would grow.***





*In the tranquil Fairy Woods, where peace and beauty reign,
Inspiration blooms like flowers after springtime rain.
To early years' settings, I bring the wisdom found,
Planting vegetables and herbs, and flowers all around.
Purple, pink, white, and yellow, in gardens they will grow,
A tapestry of colors, where little ones will sow.
In nurturing the earth, and teaching tender care,
The spirit of Fairy Woods, forever will be there.*

The pandemic swept away our outdoor adventures in nature, stealing the awe and wonder I once cherished as a child. Those moments in Fairy Woods, among the muddy puddles and leafy canopies and exploring the wildlife that resided there, were priceless. They taught me about the beauty of the world, sparked my imagination, and nurtured my sense of wonder.

As we emerge from these challenging times, it is crucial to prioritise these experiences for children once more. We spent so much time focussing on our health and well-being, it is now time to explore the needs of the wildlife that we arguably have neglected in this time. Nature offers more than just a playground; it is a classroom of life lessons, an inspiration for creativity, empathy and a source of joy and health. By reconnecting children with the outdoors, we not only revive their spirits but also foster a deeper appreciation for our planet and its wonders.

Let us ensure that every child can splash in muddy puddles, marvel at colorful leaves and flowers, and explore the mysteries of nature again. These experiences are not just memories; they are essential for their growth, well-being, and understanding of the world around them.