

"The Spirit of Lewesdon"

She paused on the slope as she crossed the grass field up from Broadwindsor and turned to face the view northward.

"Where had all the trees gone?" she lamented to her companion. Now it seemed monstrous monoculture with grubbed up hedgerows had replaced the husbandry of earlier generations. With a sigh they resumed their walk up Lewesdon Hill, and on entering the wood, her spirits rose. For she felt the soft energy of her sister elms, their femininity wrapping her in a warm embrace.

As the two walkers approached the summit, she commented on how the rising temperature would cause these native trees to struggle, bringing further changes to the landscape. Turning away from the group of people at the top, they made their way along the grassy summit, until they came across one of the rope swings. Her cares, and her years, fell away, as with childish delight she recalled swinging out over the steep slope into the open air. Starting downwards, through the bracken, she headed to the oak tree which had provided her with shelter from wind and rain on many occasions, where she lightly touched its leaves, thanking it for the friendship between them. Then onwards to the mother tree, the largest and oldest in the wood. There, they stopped and rested, her sitting on the exposed roots, caressing the trunk, feeling the power from down the ages. She did her most clear thinking here, on her own, and while her companion was pleasant enough, his words were a distraction, stopping the free run of her thoughts. With a reluctance she realised it was time to go, and she led the way back up the steep climb to the top again, with the man huffing and puffing some way behind.

Leaving the wood, with the setting sun illuminating the south-facing slopes in the near distance, she promised to return soon. After the continuous chatter of the man only being interrupted to acknowledge the presence of the bull suspiciously watching them from the nextdoor field, they ended the walk back in Broadwindsor.

She would indeed return soon, on her own, as she is The Spirit of Lewesdon.