

A FLYING VISIT by Holly Kernot.

Another day had been packed away.

Night time had put the moon and stars on display,

Almost as if to light the way, for those who were going to stay up and play.

Book worms, historians and literature lovers alike, were gathering to celebrate the museum at night.

I was among them, for I wanted to explore, and step over the threshold of that famous red door.

How honoured I felt, to be able to see the house in the hours of darkness,

where family and friends would have gathered as the sun began to set.

Where memories were made and life courses set.

I broke away from the crowd and made my way to the garden, where the moon was bathing the flowers in light.

I sat on a wall, breathing in the lovely smells and listening to the chiming of the distant church bells.

As I opened my eyes, I saw a cat slink by, and settle himself on the rooftop nearby.

I smiled and thought how pleasant it was, that animals still came here, to this poignant site and on such a chilly night.

Then I saw a dog make his way through the gate, and settle himself at my feet.

I looked about, but no owner appeared and I thought this was strange, but the dog had no fear.

He looked quite content, curled up on the floor, quite at home I would say, as if he were settling down in front of a roaring log fire.

At this point, things became quite absurd, for I then saw what can only be described as a herd of cows who appeared at the gate.

They mooed at me and were closely followed by some goats, a chicken and a duck who appeared to be running late.

Some geese ambled by, ignoring I was there, and then I turned to stare at a donkey who was braying at the gate.

Some birds landed on the chimney above while two turtle doves were busy professing their love.

I looked about me, at the host of creatures who had gathered

And I must say, they were a noisy crowd.

Common enemies gathered together, but not one claw was raised, not one ruffled feather. When the clock struck the hour, a silence fell upon the crowd, who all sat, their little heads bowed.

I wanted to dash into the house and tell all of what I had seen, but didn't want to ruin the scene.

Then, suddenly, as quickly as they had formed, the animals dispersed, and were gone.

The cats disappeared, the birds flew away and the cattle moved off all together.

The ducks dashed away and the mice scurried, as if they were in a most terrible hurry.

I sat there and wondered if I had imagined it all, and in a daze, made my way back into the hall.

What a commotion and what a sight, a truly magical and surreal night.

Wondering what had caused the animals to gather that eve, I pulled on my coat and started to leave, when a sign caught my eye which read

'Alf Wight was born in 1916, October 3.'

Animals are clever creatures, very bright

And now it was obvious why they, all creatures great and small, had chosen to gather this night

For while the year is 2010

And many years have gone since then,

Tonight is October 3,

Animals never forget ,

and they know it is right,

to say 'thank you ' and 'happy birthday' to a certain Mr Alf Wight.