

A Symphony of Life

by Natalya Gilfillan

Dawn had only just risen when Tasmine woke. Placing her elbow on the sand, she glanced around taking it all in.

'I must be on a desert island,' she thought. It was all so quiet, as if nobody ever came there. She stood up and began to walk towards the trees, towards the inner part of the island where the jungle was. The jungle was a net of trees pushing together and it was like an arch over Tasmine's head. As she walked through, she listened to the sounds of the jungle. The colourful birds singing above her head sounded like flutes and oboes and looked like rainbows. There were monkeys right above her, who chattered like fast violins. She could hear the sound of an elephant trumpeting. The trees made a sweeping sound, the sea wind brushing against them. Far away she could hear the sound of a bird's prey terrified as it tried to escape.

Deep into the jungle she could just about hear a lion roaring in anger, like drums. She was spellbound. She stood still, she could hear a sound, a strange sound, a gentle tinkling. Pushing away the green trees in her path, she walked into a clearing with a waterfall in the middle. The trees around the clearing had fresh, ripe fruit hanging from them. It was very quiet, unlike the noisy jungle beyond. For a moment Tasmine stood there, happy in the peaceful surroundings.

At that moment a huge lion stepped out from behind the lovely trees. He was so beautiful that she simply stood looking at him. He had a huge golden body and his face blazed like the sun. His tail swished and he looked at her, proudly, about his den.

At that moment she snapped into life, and the great lion flung himself on her. Just in time she jumped aside, once more the lion tried to get her and she began to run out of the den, screaming as the plants cut into her skin.

Huge roars behind her made her stumble and her heart began to thump. Just when she thought she could run no longer, the lion stopped, he growled and began to walk back, very slowly. Then he began to run as fast as he could. Tasmine stared at him then she began to walk towards a glimmer of light.

Shining in the sun was a palace of marble, its doorways were open, and she walked into the cool building. The hall had a fountain in the middle, and all around were cages hanging, with nightingales singing like feathered flutes. She walked through many rooms till she came to a garden. It had marble benches and trimmed plants and sweet roses. At the end of the garden there was an arch. It had a wreath of honeysuckle spread across it and Tasmine walked through it.

She came to a beach and she began to walk slowly across the golden sand. She stood in the middle of the sand and closed her eyes. She could smell the salty sea, and the wind cut across her face. Lovely shells had been washed up on the beach and the water washing over them sounded like a bird, lightly singing in the waves. Suddenly she began to run, across the sand into the sea. She had arrived in a place of happiness.
