

Seeing a new building – WAGOLL

Turning the last corner of the narrow dusty lane the I caught my first glimpse of the picturesque cottage. Surrounded by a multitude of different coloured flowers, the home looked warm and inviting in the late morning sunshine. Above me in the leaf covered trees, gentle birdsong filled the air. I walked on over the pretty wooden bridge with a small trickling stream beneath.

The cottage was painted white with a crooked red brick chimney in the thatched roof. Beneath the thatch, sparkling windows shone in the sunlight. Well-kept window boxes were filled with flowers of red, orange and yellow. Fluff covered bees buzzed busily from bloom to bloom. Above the red-painted door was a neat wooded porch and in front of the it a mat with the words 'Welcome' in clear white letters.

Moving closer, the smell of baking bread wafted from one of the open downstairs windows making my mouth water and my tummy rumble. I wondered who might live in a house like this.