

Little Weirwold

A Goodnight Mr Tom Prequel by Areej Saleh

All of a sudden, the train halted to a stop; the sound of a whistle rang in the children's ears. William curiously stepped off the train; it was a monumental sight. The trees stood like the guardians of the forest - marching in time with the wind. A waft of freshly-cut, radiant, green grass forcefully struck his nostrils. The sound of church bells rang in the distance. William looked around, stealing a glance at the church spires; he saw some thatched roof cottages. "Come on William Beech," croaked the billeting officer, "chop chop, you're up for Mr Oakley," she cried and ushered him towards the picturesque village.

William looked around diverted by the lofty, towering trees; after all they didn't have any in London. As he began edging backwards - hoping not to miss a thing—he bumped into two ladies. "Sorry Mrs..." he cried apologetically. "Bumblebee," she replied proudly shaking his hand up and down simultaneously. "Mrs Murray," declared the second one elegantly, also shaking his hand. "You must be one of the new students from London. 'Ope to be seeing you in my class on Monday," she added happily. As they turned to leave, William grabbed the chance and politely asked, "Do you know where Mr Oakley lives?"

"So you're going to stay with Thomas, God bless ya, tough one he is he lives over there." Bumblebee said sadly, pointing towards a house with a garden full of dark soil. Then they both walked off arm in arm leaving poor William puzzled and alone.

William made his way across the continuous blankets of fields. A fragrance of freshly-baked bread engulfed his nostrils. A paradise of flowers stood straight like soldiers welcoming him into the cottage. So far this cottage was leaving William so welcomed when BANG BANG BANG. William jumped. He looked up. A young lad was hammering a straw layer onto his roof. He smiled at William then continued hammering BANG BANG BANG.

Trying not to jump - he timidly walked up to the house that the lady had pointed out. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Silence marched all around him. He tried again. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. "All righ', All righ'" A loud rough noise answered bluntly.

