

As I meandered along past Balham Leisure Centre, I looked at all the leaves scattered around me. There were orange ones, the colour of fresh marmalade, which reminded me of Paddington Bear from the story books I used to read when I was little. There were red grey ones that looked like they had been in the sun too long. And there were brown ones like digestive biscuits. All those colours rustling and floating around me in the midday wind. Suddenly, the leaves began blowing in the direction of the wind; as if trying to escape from something. It was like they were running away, finding a safe place to hide from whatever was coming. A roar of an engine and a car zoomed out of the entrance to the swimming pool. It past me and raced off into the distance. I looked down again and saw the flattened leaves lying bare and miserable on the ground. A lady walked past me, wearing a bright red poppy. Then, I visualised something. All of those soldiers, lying motionless and still, like dead leaves, on the bloody ground.