

It looked like a hundred thousand fireflies flickering in the deep velvet night sky. As he sat pensively, the water's surface rippled gently with the evening breeze.

The day had been tiring. Peter's feet were swollen and heavy. He wanted to return to the sanctuary of his home, but he had one last parcel to deliver. It was near Christmas time, and his days were jam-packed. He would start his work whilst it was still dark and return home however, as he always took a moment to sit and watch this part of the river. It felt as though the shallow lapping of the water soothed away any troubles of his day. It felt as though the shallow lapping of the water him feeling lighter, as if the river were a bird flying away with his parcels of worry, sadness, and gloom. He loved to gaze up at the patterns made by the shimmering balls of gas in the sky. How he wished he could float up high in the sky. Today was a particularly troublesome day, and he was in much need of soothing.

By Daya (Year 6)

## **A Starry Night - Vincent Van Gogh**

