

Our 'Living Story' Really Lives

In our last issue we asked you to contribute the next 100 words of our story. We include three fantastic contributions. Why not choose the one you like and continue it? Send to the Editor, our website www.thewychwood.co.uk or phone Liz on: 01993 830368.

*Mary and John loaded up the car and called to the children - "It's time to go". Sophie, Richard and Jane climbed into the car, and waved goodbye to the familiar old house. Sophie, at age 17, was born elsewhere, but for Richard and Jane at 12 and 5 years old, this was the only home they had ever known. The drive took an awful long time, but eventually John said it's only another half hour. The roads became narrower, there were fields and trees all around, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon they reached a small village in the depths of West Oxfordshire. As they rounded the final corner, Mary said "There it is. That's our new home". Sophie, Richard and Jane gasped in amazement at what they saw. **Now read on...***

From John Lyons

For many long months the children had dreamt of a move to the countryside. Although Sophie, as a child, had visited distant relatives in the New Forest, she had only vague memories of rural cottages, open spaces, clear blue skies and the colourful patchwork of green fields and yellow meadows. Yet this house before them, this ageing tumble down property and the surrounding fields were entirely familiar to her. And not only to Sophie.

On the journey to their new home, Mary and John had packed some sketch pads and crayons to keep the youngsters busy and to avoid the routine squabbles which were so often a feature of family trips. Richard and Jane, separated by their elder sister to maintain the peace, had spent the journey strapped securely into the back of this rather prehistoric Vauxhall estate car and, after some early bickering about which of them had most of the leg-room, did eventually settle down to draw. For the last few short miles the younger siblings had started to become more agitated as the boredom took its toll. "Why don't you draw me a nice picture of your favourite house?" Mary had

suggested as she sought for inspiration, a common instruction which, more often than not, managed to divert her children's thoughts away from mischief.

After what seemed like no more than a quarter of an hour and almost within sight of their new village, Richard and Jane had each carefully set out their individual ideas of their perfect homes onto these blank canvasses.

Sophie hadn't been at all interested to watch her siblings exercise their creative skills. Like most of her peers, she had spent her time focused exclusively upon the electronic traffic passing through her i-phone as she maintained live contact with her school friends and she had wondered whether these long held friendships would stand the test of this enforced separation.

As she tapped away at her i-phone screen, she had failed to notice the artworks developing either side of her. Had she stopped to inspect the emerging pictures, all thoughts of her social networking would have instantly evaporated. Her siblings' drawings had been so carefully produced and with such intricate

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detail, never before seen in their childish sketches, that the images could have been lifted directly from the pages of a

property magazine. And not only were these drawings so finely detailed, they were identical ... NOW OVER TO YOU!

From Katie Davies (Aged 13)

“There must be some mistake”, cried Sophie in astonishment, “there is no way we could have afforded this,” she continued, “its huge!” Sophie was right, it was a mansion. Autumn ivy crawled up the bright red brick whilst extravagant poppies sprang up from the olive grass. Trees bent over in awe towards the tall standing gates. The sun’s rays drifted down towards the magnificent house. Richard and Jane, mouths hung open, they

could never and would never have imagined that the house they would grow up in would be this perfect. It was fit for Royalty; 18 bedrooms, 5 storeys high, 10 bathrooms, 4 living rooms. 2 kitchens, a private gym, swimming pool and spa with 11 acres of land spare for a stable and a pony. “I think its time we told them, said John, he couldn’t contain his excitement anymore; “we won the jackpot in the lottery!” He cried ...NOW OVER TO YOU!

From Paul Taylor

It was an ivy covered cottage with a stone roof and small windows with a small front garden and it was standing next to an old graveyard.

The first words spoken were by Richard, “It looks as if it's haunted to me,” he said. “Don't be silly” replied his two sisters.

“What do you think Mum?” they all asked together. Her reply did not put them at ease.

“Well” she said “they do say that in times long ago a Witch lived here and she was a nasty person who cast spells on anyone who upset her” ... NOW OVER TO YOU!

There Was I Digging This Hole...

A new heating system called a **Ground Source Heat Pump** is being installed at New Beaconsfield Hall over the next six weeks.

The first phase is to drill five boreholes in the ground, 125 metres deep to the side of the rear car park, between the car park and the football pitch.

The second phase is to install the heat pump equipment in the Hall in place of the existing gas boilers and to commission the system. As its name suggests, a ground source heat pump draws heat from the ground to heat



the building. It works in the same way as a domestic refrigerator, with pipes set in boreholes in the ground as the ‘cold’ side of the system and the Hall’s central heating on the ‘hot’ side of the system.

It is a very environmentally friendly system, using around 75% less energy to heat the building than conventional gas. It is low maintenance

and installed equipment has a very long life.

Paul Chantry