

A COUNTRY VILLAGE IN 1977
By Theresa McFaul



A school essay by Theresa at the age of 10 who lives in Northern Ireland.

Dinton is a village in Buckinghamshire. It is such a lovely place that I would like to tell you about it.

To enter into Dinton, you have to pass through an avenue lined with towering horse-chestnut trees. In the autumn there are hundreds of golden brown conkers just waiting to be gathered. Once through the avenue you pass a tiny school which the village children attend.

Nearby is a large Norman Church with its spire rearing up into the sky. There is a large meadow containing a sleek mare with her playful foal. Two fields further on there are a group of men, clad in white flannels having a game of crickets.

Just around the corner is a quaint village hall where the local people hold dances and socials.

In Dinton there are only four shops, these consist of 2 Grocers, 1 General Shop that sells nearly everything and a Post Office.

Down a narrow country lane there is a row of 5 small cottages and they are all named after flowers such as Jasmine Cottage and Rosemary Cottage. Their gardens are ablaze with flowers such as tall holly-hocks, brilliant wall flowers and pansies with their cheeky faces turned up towards the sun. A gorgeous laburnum tree droops over the garden wall with its lovely yellow flowers gently swaying in the breeze.

Near the end of the lane is a village green with a tiny duck pond in the middle of it. As you pass by the General Store you come across a small farm. Fluffy ducklings waddle about the farmyard and in the distance you can see fat pigs and bearded goats.

Towards the end of Dinton village is a tiny spinney with trees that any youngster would love to climb. Nearby fields have blackberry bushes bursting with luscious fruit just waiting to be picked.

We visited this lovely village when we were on holiday and I hope you enjoyed my description of Dinton.