LANDSCAPE through a writer’s eyes

For several miles she followed a track along the spine of the hill. It overlooked two sun-filled valleys on either side glittering with streams and throwing up a warm smell of drying hay. The moors were smouldering purple with heather blossom from which Anne sometimes disturbed a thunder of bees. The countryside was busy, with gangs of men and women building...

From THE HAWTHORN GODDESS
By Glyn Hughes (British, 1935-2011)
Part 3 — The 30 images