To you, 53 years ago.

Sonny-Rhoey "Gwen" Liverod-Griffin

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Under bridges and over tunnels, she lists longingly, a meagre leaf in the storm, bewildered at the azure sky above her. Her quiet breathing naught but more air among the wind, her legs merely a vehicle carrying the message of her life. A pasty in hand, she savours the peppery softness of the steak and turnip and onion and potato alongside the sweet crispness and flakiness of the pastry. Never looking away from the endless blue above her, she ascends into it. Higher and higher and higher still, until the entirety of Penryn and Falmouth resembled a map. She wondered, could she walk? So, she did. She wondered, could she run? So, she did! Her strides long and staggering, she travelled half a mile with every five steps taken so that in barely ten seconds, she was standing over Pendennis Castle, the old tough cliff edges beneath her. The rolling green hills mirroring her wavy chestnut hair in shape, and her eyes the hills' colour, she beheld the great azure sky and the vast sapphire ocean entwined in a sapphic dance. Staring into the eternal blue that formed the horizon, she suddenly felt so small; she stood between the jewel littered sea and the beautiful mix of urban rurality that you can only obtain in Kernow.

She crouched down and touched the water; it was cold, and crisp, much like the pastry of her finished pasty, who's crumbs still dotted her freckled face. She pulled the water over herself as though it were a blanket of snow and peered into the labyrinth of rock pools below: seaweed – green and brown –, cockles, crabs, sand and even the odd jellyfish were cradled away, hiding in the rocky terrain, using the sharp shelled barnacles to sword away her calloused feet. Baptising herself further, she shrank down, becoming no larger than a whitebait. She swam vigorously through the smooth current, passing Castle, Gyllyngvase, Swanpool and Maenporth, giggling and flapping in the water.

Resizing herself to normal, she finally rose from the salt bath, pulling herself to the water's surface as though she were mounting a ledge. She sat on the water's surface, pulling a scone out from the nearby cloud lathered with freshly made strawberry jam with a generous dollop of cream, in that order. Dreamily eating her scone, she walked through 50 years of time as her home shifted and changed before her eyes: places were knocked down and rebuilt, businesses closed and reopened, she moved house from Penryn to Falmouth to Penryn to London to Fiji, where she married, to Australia to New York, and back to Penryn. Finally reaching her final location, she placed her key in the front door, stepping through to a white cat with different coloured eyes mewing at her feet, her husband screaming at Tottenham's continued failure, her son laughing loudly at him, and me smiling as she sat down, sighing, but smiling just the same.

I think she's happy.