



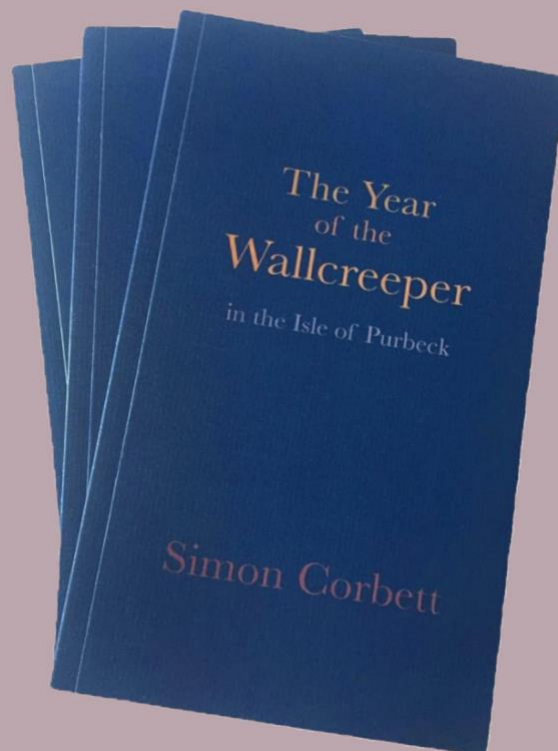
Our family moved to Wayside in Worth Matravers in the early sixties. To my grandmother's cottage with its wild garden of bramble, orchids, sainfoine and nettles.

It didn't take long for us all to develop interests inspired by our new surroundings. My bedroom window looked out to the sea, illuminated by the stars and moon exposing the horizon beyond East and West man. Their slopes carpeted in wild flowers, samples of which mum picked and pressed between several volumes of Encyclopedia Britannica while dad glued to his binoculars watched birds feasting on the berries in the valley.

WAYSIDE

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I'm not surprised having vivid memories like this. Of winter days parked up on Portland sitting in the back of a steamed up car or of dad writing his diary, in the evenings, behind a cloud of cigar smoke for they were some of the better experiences that thankfully left their mark.



WAYSIDE

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