

How good it is to be outdoors in this lovely hot weather, either in the garden or walking. Today we have been out for our hourly local walk. We are extremely lucky that we are surrounded by lovely country side within a mile or so of Brighouse. I feel sorry for the people who live in well-known beauty spots when outsiders decide to motor there and invade their space. How can they isolate themselves when everywhere they go there are extra people about? We wouldn't like it if Brighouse suddenly became infested with visitors at this time.

Referring back to our walk today, we ambled from the heat of the open main road to a wood shaded path. We could look over Brighouse from a higher ridge and see the patch-work of small estates dotted below. We came to a stile which I managed to climb over very carefully, preparing to saunter across the field on the other side. As I took the first few steps, I saw a herd of young bullocks idly eating their afternoon teas. We walked a few more steps as a number of them crossed our path at a distance on to a lower slope. I thought to myself, "they are on the move!" One or two had raised their heads and were looking towards us. I was assured they would ignore us and we should just keep walking. I did not like the way on of the herd was watching me. It had horns and the darkest, staring brown eyes I had ever seen. Not that I have stared into the eyes of a lot of young bullocks! I froze. There was a man approaching us in the opposite direction. I felt silly being scared so I moved slowly along the path, not taking my eyes off the hypnotising stare of the said bullock. As I sauntered past it, its eyes followed me. I suppose I should have felt flattered, perhaps it thought I was worth watching! Perhaps it was unsure of *me*. It was only young. Perhaps it was missing its mother! What a load of rubbish but it helped me keep walking safely past.

It made me think of people we may be prejudice about. Do they look different – 'common' perhaps; do they walk differently –gay maybe; do they talk oddly – perhaps low intelligence. Even writing this I feel ashamed that people who fit into any of these categories could be experiencing the wide berth from strangers which I gave to that innocent bullock. Inside our external appearance beats a heart in need of love and respect. I hope I can muster this next time I feel uneasy.

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