

# a COLLECTION OF **bytestories**

A WEBSITE SERVING AS AN ARCHIVE OF MY  
DIFFERENT ADVENTURES ON PLANET EARTH...



BY GLORIA VAN MOSSEVELD

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## **Thou Will Not Pass (Part V)**

My heart pumped in my chest, I'm sure from excitement and no doubt a little fear sprinkled in there too.

Heaving a heart-felt sigh, I stepped on to the beach. Waves hurled themselves at me; I executed some fast and fancy footwork to avoid a good soaking. Finding a higher spot where the sand was dry, I sat. I took out my notebook and wrote my thoughts thus far. Humming a little ditty I couldn't quite put words to, I pocketed my book. Head up, glancing around, I decided to investigate the large cave at the end of the beach.

I scuffed along the sand, making boot imprints in the wet sand, musing that my feet looked large in their imprint, when in fact they are small. Tossing this whimsical thought aside, I realised I had reached the entrance. Thick knotted vines shrouded the cave opening. Sturdy green leaves entwined the knots giving it a mystical air.

As I stepped through the opening I felt an overwhelming sense of home-coming. I drew a sharp deep breath. My eyes roamed the cave. It seemed to be lit from high above which felt strange to me. I spied another stony path wending its way ever-inwards. Heading towards the same path I had walked on earlier seemed like an omen to me. Why was I feeling so whimsical? Again my heart thudded as if I was in danger. I shook my head. My hair flew about my face and I pushed it back under my beanie. I fingered the hair not tucked away, what had happened to it?

**In Cornwall, Great Britain**

## **Thou Will Not Pass (Part IV)**

“Homemade is always my favourite, I shall really enjoy my sour dough and my eggs, thank you. I’m staying in the cottage on the bluff Seas Rest. I’ll be back when I’ve used up all my supplies.” I waved a cheery goodbye, gave him a quick smile and I was on my way back to my little haven.

Kettle boiled, tea devoured and I felt well and truly settled in, munching on my homemade scones, enjoying my view, and pondering on the day ahead of me. I leapt to my feet, feeling over-energised and wanting to be on my way. I quickly tucked away the remaining scones, rinsed my cup and reached again for my beanie and scarf.

Snatching up the key, I closed the door and set off. My steps were buoyant, my smile so wide, it felt like it could crack my face open. I spied a stony path winding its way down the cliff face. Taking a deep breath, collecting my straying thoughts I stepped onto the stones. They were shining and smooth, a deep burnished brown in colour, so I planted my feet firmly to get a good grip on them. Thank God I invested in good walking boots before I came, here I am on day one and needing them straight up.

I wound down and down, following the path religiously; it felt precarious underfoot as I could feel the stones slipping under my boots. I alternately took turns in watching where I placed my feet and looking out to the sea, to the caves I could now see below me.

**In Cornwall, Great Britain**

## **Thou Will Not Pass (Part III)**

Ooh, that view is to die for! Where is my camera? I must start recording what I see so that I can write it all down when I have the time.

I grabbed my beanie and scarf, pocketed the key to my little treasure, headed down to the village for my supplies. My landlord had kindly provided tea, milk and sugar, not to mention scones. Still, I needed to stock up on my herbals and a few basics of food. Then I could come back and sink my teeth into those scones.

“Good morning” I chorused as I entered the general store. “Good morning to you ma’am. I take it that you’re Australian? What can I do for you?” the shopkeeper asked.

I laughed again, suddenly realising how happy I was to be here and how much I had laughed today. “How did you know I was Australian?” I asked. “I only said Good Morning.”

“That was what gave you away my dear. Australians are always very friendly; always greet you when they arrive. Something other cultures could learn from, I tell you true.”

“Thank you kind sir. Can I buy some herbal tea? Some bread and eggs?” “There you go, would crusty sour dough do? A dozen eggs? Peppermint, green or bedtime tea?”

“I’ll take all the tea thank you, sour dough is my favourite and yes a dozen eggs please.” I offered him a 5 pound note and asked “Is this enough?”

“That’s one for the sour dough, 2 for the eggs and 2 for the tea. Our bread is made by the missus and the eggs from our farm, so we can keep our prices down.

**In Cornwall, United Kingdom**

## **Thou Will Not Pass (Part II)**

Or had I made it so, when I first set eyes on it? It is made of grey stone, its lines higgledy piggledy, it sat on the cliff edge as though daring the sea to reach it. I sighed. My heart was full to overflowing, I inserted the key, the old door groaned in protest at being bothered by such as me. I laughed out loud.

Standing in the cloakroom, I looked around. The kitchen with its table set under bay windows is the perfect place to set up my laptop. I can look out the windows when I get distracted. I can take in the sea; watch the waves as they crash on the beach; trying as they must to reach the cottage.

I twirled in circles like a little girl might when she was at the show watching the high flying trapeze. A golden fleece lined the comfy armchair; a brocade mat in deep maroon partially covered the floor boards. Prosaically an oil heater sat in pride of place in the lounge. No doubt I will be grateful for the foresight of the owners who were kind enough to provide me with a little heating.

“Well, it’s a simple cottage but more than adequate for my needs. I’ll go upstairs; it should be a stunning view up there. I’ll just check out the bedrooms and the bathroom. Mmm I wonder if I’ll keep talking to myself like this, I’ve only been here five minutes and already I can see my friends’ raised eyebrows.”

Ooh, that view is to die for! Where is my camera? I must start recording what I see so that I can write it all down when I have the time.

**In Cornwall, Great Britain**

## **Thou Will Not Pass (Part I)**

“Thou will not pass” are unforgettable words. Why didn’t I heed them?

I arrived in Cornwall to fulfil a dream to wander the cliffs, to seek out caves, to immerse myself in the coastal areas of Cornwall. Friends had scoffed at my gut-feeling of an urgency to go to Cornwall and live out my childhood dreams.

Arriving at Gatwick Airport, I joined the throng of “other” visitors to Great Britain. Everyone was rushing to their destinations; I too felt the need to hurry to finally get to Cornwall. I took a breath, stopped for a moment and just soaked up the reality of being so close to my goal.

I was even able to joke light-heartedly with the customs officer when he quizzed me about the time I was to spend in U.K. My prepared response was visiting friends as I didn’t think that my childhood dreams would be accepted as a valid reason for my stay. “You must have very good friends here if they let you stay for five weeks” the officer said. He laughed “Can I come with you?”

It was true that I did indeed have good friends in the U.K. It was also true that I wasn’t visiting them until the end of my personal quest.

Fortunately for me the National Express buses run regularly to Cornwall, so I was easily able to find a seat and start the next leg of my journey. Three hours later, my bucket filled with glorious landscapes, dreams to dwell in and friendly company I alighted full of hope and happiness.

My cottage on the cliff at Pevensey was the place of my dreams.

**In Cornwall, United Kingdom**

## About Author

### Gloria Van Mosseveld

I have been writing since childhood; committing my life to writing 5 years ago. I am a School Administrative Manager and write children, fantasy and historical stories.

#### Why is the website called [bytestories.com](https://bytestories.com)?

This is a place for "byte-sized" stories and there is a 1500 character (about 250 words) limit for two main reasons. Firstly, we want you to know that "War and Peace" isn't required to leave your mark. Secondly, it takes about 2 minutes to read each story meaning you can head here whenever you want a quick (and entertaining) read.

If you would like to share a story or create your own eBook, simply head to [bytestories.com](https://bytestories.com), Register an account and click on the "Share a Story" button.