

Love Among The Haystacks

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LOVE AMONG THE HAYSTACKS

Chapter 1

Hayfields and the Two Brothers

The two large fields lay on a hillside facing south. The hay was already cut and the fields looked golden green, shining in the sunlight. There was a high hedge half way up across the hill. The haymakers were building the haystack just above the hedge.



The haymakers on the haystack

The haystack was tall and big among the golden green fields. It was silvery in colour which looked very light, not heavy, under the bright sunshine. The haymakers lifted the hay up above the hedge tops. There was another finished haystack, just close by.

An empty wagon was just passing by the hedge at the far corner of the bottom field and a full wagon was climbing the hill to the stack. The haymakers were cutting the hay, wiping their sweat under the hot sunlight.

The two brothers were having a rest, waiting for the empty wagon to come. The younger brother stood and wiped his sweaty forehead with the back of his hand. The older brother sat on the soft hay, looking tired. The heat was depressing for the two brothers. The bright sun was smiling at the hay fields. The hot sweet smell of the hay was spreading everywhere.

Maurice, the younger brother, was a handsome young man in his early twenties. He was full of energy and passion like any young man his age. He had bright grey eyes and a moustache with a friendly face.



*Maurice was the younger brother in his early twenties,
and Geoffrey was the elder.*

He was always cheerful. He liked teasing his older brother. The older brother, Geoffrey, was a heavy man who was a year older than his brother. He had a strong well-built body. His deep blue eyes had a cold look. He had strong feelings but he never showed them.

Maurice leaned on his fork and took a deep breath. 'Why did you hide last night? Why didn't you watch the hayfield? It was your turn, you clever man,' said Maurice. Geoffrey picked up his fork and began to build the hay. He was full of anger but he did not want to say a word. Maurice smiled at his brother and repeated the question. Geoffrey threw his fork into the hay and stepped back.

'I didn't hide,' said Geoffrey angrily. 'Father sent me to get some wood. You know that.'

Maurice laughed loudly and threw himself on his back in the hay. There were only two things in his world: the stack and the blazing sky.



Maurice threw himself on the hay.

‘Oh yes, we all know about that but something happened here,’ said Maurice. He threw his arms across his face, still smiling. Geoffrey was standing behind him, leaning on his fork. He looked out across the country.

The city of Nottingham was stretching over the countryside far away in the horizon. Here and there in the blazing sky, there were grey smoke clouds coming from the coal factory. But nearby, across the high road and down the hill, there was only the silence of the old church and the castle farm and trees. Geoffrey felt sick, looking at the endless view. He looked away again. The wagons were going down the hill.

‘The wagons are coming’ Geoffrey shouted.

‘You didn’t think, did you?’ asked Maurice with a smile. He stood up and laughed aloud.

‘What didn’t I think? I don’t understand you,’ said Geoffrey. He looked at his brother with anger. For a moment, Geoffrey wanted to kick his brother’s mouth to shut him up. There was a moment of silence. Then, Maurice began to sing in German.

‘Can you sing in German?’ asked Maurice.

‘No,’ replied Geoffrey in a serious way.

Maurice laughed out aloud. He remembered his time with the German girl last night. ‘Do you know how to kiss a German girl?’ asked Maurice, still laughing. He was still excited because that was the first time he experienced love. Geoffrey was still angry. It was getting dark. Geoffrey could not watch the view.

Maurice was still talking. Geoffrey didn’t want to listen to his brother anymore. He wanted to walk away but he could not.