



**The winning entry for the inaugural
Student New Angle Prize (SNAP)**

'Across the Water'

by James Cullen

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His son found the marquee first, waiting for them across the River Stour. It had been raining, but now the meadows were bathed in sunlight, reflected in a myriad of crystal droplets that shivered gently in the wind.

He loved this place. It reminded him of home.

'Are you sure it's alright for you to be here?' said the son as they walked.

'I'm sure your mum won't mind.'

'That's not what I mean, dad.'

'I know.'

The solemnly-dressed crowd gathered outside the marquee fell silent as they approached. A stern, slender woman emerged, looking just like her mother had. His son ran to her; half-siblings. They greeted each other warmly.

