On a warm summer's day, the water of the Avon River glistens as it flows past. Tiny, translucent silver fish can only just be seen darting past, as fast as flashes of lightning. Ancient willows and poplars are a haven for those who wish to escape from the glaring sun. Children can be heard laughing, running down the newly lain path and chasing ducks. The kayaks are speeding down the river, with oars splashing rapidly, trying frantically to get ahead of the others. Leaning on the banks of the river is a big orange dredging machine, dragging weeds up from the water and dropping them in a tangled pile on the ground. Small gray and white seagulls are searching through the weeds, looking for their afternoon meal. On closer inspection of one of the great, tall poplars, an agitated mother duck is aggressively defending her nest and eggs, afraid of the passing cars. Snowy, the silver and white cat, is waiting on the banks of the river, amongst the high green grasses and piles of tangled weeds, for an unsuspecting bird to come past and become her prey.

When night falls, though, you would not believe it to be the same place. The water is still, and there is an eerie silence about the whole place. Each of the trees has long, outstretched shadows, reaching out through the small amount of light provided by the distant street-lamps. The path is empty, still and lifeless, mourning the loss of the day. Weeds are drifting slowly along the never-ending chasm of water, lost in its currents. There is no wind, not even the slightest breeze, and yet the air is cold enough to run chills down your spine. The only noticeable life is Snowy. She is still waiting, more patient than the rocks, for her prey to come walking past.