

**Fill in the gaps with the words from the box:**

plunge backwater outdoorsy in the sticks the icing on the cake idyll derelict  
the backbone few and far for all intents and purposes dismal at one with

### **Jessica Reed**

I grew up in a rural 1) \_\_\_\_\_, right out 2) \_\_\_\_\_. There were hardly any shops or amenities, and the ones that were there were 3) \_\_\_\_\_ or run-down. The school was tiny, and there wasn't much for young people to do.

The jobs were 4) \_\_\_\_\_ between, so almost everyone commuted to the nearest town, which was about an hour away by car. My parents both worked there, but with that came bigger utility bills and petrol bills have rocketed in recent years, so they struggled to make ends meet. The commuting became a huge burden on them, and they were always tired and stressed.



As I got older, I began to feel the disadvantages of "rural 4) \_\_\_\_\_" even more strongly. Life revolved around making sure the fridge is fully stocked - you can't just nip to the corner shop if you run out of milk or bread. The winters were long and dark, especially the first 5) \_\_\_\_\_ dispiriting days of December. I also started to begin to miss the anonymity of the big city; everyone knew everyone else's business, and there was nowhere to go where you wouldn't bump into someone you knew. So, once I could fend for myself, I was off like a shot and never looked back.