

My first day at primary school



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

I remember my first day at Kings Hedges Primary school as if it was yesterday. As I stepped on the school grounds I felt a trickle of sweat roll down my face, my hands were clammy and moist and my heart was beating so fast they could be classified as drums. It was so intriguing yet daunting entering a whole new culture and I knew I was going to have to adapt to living in Britain instead of Ghana.

Everything here was so developed, like a posh museum in which you weren't allowed to touch anything. There was everything you could possibly ask for; computers, plasma TVs, mp3's, game boys, mobile phones and so much more. It was truly a dream. As I walked through the playfield, my hand clenched to my mother's hand, the kids stopped kicking footballs and gossiping and gave me a long icy stare like I was some outsider (which I kind of was.) I tagged on to my mother even more begging her not to leave me in this prison but she said " You'll be fine honey, you'll make friends soon. "

When we finally reached my classroom I was amazed to see a clean, spacious room filled with marvelous artwork, wonderful displays of topics like The Tudors and World War 2 and even a smart board.

Well at first I didn't know what it was and I was eying it suspiciously trying to figure it out but my teacher reassured me that it was a smart board and showed me some of the interesting features it had. Then she introduced herself. " Hello I'm Mrs. Foster and welcome to Yr 3. " I was quite surprised to hear her high pitched, squeaky voice and I knew it was soon going to get irritating.

She gave me a quick tour around the classroom and informed me of the school rules. Then I helped her set out the classroom ready for the first lesson. “ Ding, ding, ding” went the school bell. Also read about my first day at work experience Kids started pouring into the classroom, all of them chatting away about Pop Idol and the latest episode of Eastenders. Most of them seemed pretty friendly. Then a crowd of people gathered around me asking me millions of questions which made me feel welcome to this eccentric but wonderful new society. Then Mrs. Foster hushed the class and brought me to the front.

“ Now class this is Eusebia and as you can see she’s new to our class so I want you all to make her feel welcome,” she said in her annoying high-pitched voice. “ So Eusebia” she continued. “ Tell us a bit about yourself. ” My body froze.

My throat started to feel dry and I started to feel a bit light headed. “ Well.... um” I mumbled. “ I’m um Eusebia as you all know and I um come from um Ghana. ” My heart started thumping. “ I like um singing and dancing and um doing um stuff and um...

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. ” Thankfully Mrs. Foster stopped me before I choked myself to death and sent me back to my seat. Then we had our first lesson which was math. At 10: 30 the break bell rang and the kids quickly scuttled out to the playground.

By this time I'd made some friends by the names of Suzan, Jayne and Nicolas. Suzan was a plump, pale skinned girl who had a passion for animals. I happened to know she had fifty-five animals exactly although a large percentage of them were stick inserts but still wow! Jayne was a small, tubby girl with silky brown hair and electric blue eyes and Nicolas was a small, skinny boy with cute little brown eyes and probably lots of funny bones. I must admit I kind of fancied him. So we amused ourselves in the playground and chatted some more. Then the bell rang reminding us that we were still in this prison, forced to sit in a cold, stuffy room and learn.

Our next lesson was English which I wasn't too excited about because I didn't really know much English. In fact I had to have a mentor advising me on the country and the culture. Mrs. Foster talked about the wondrous world of punctuation, verbs, adjectives, nouns, pronouns, metaphors, similes, persuasive language, letter writing, poems, biographies, auto-biographies, fictional writing and last and probably the least non-fictional writing. Then she gave us a comprehension to complete.

It was really difficult for me and after minutes of trying I gave up hope and called Miss. Then the worst thing that could probably happen happened. "Mother," I chanted uncontrollably. My jaw dropped, Miss Foster spun round, and the kids started roaring with laughter. Miss hushed them down and ignored my terrible crime, and then she continued with her lesson.

At lunchtime my friends lead me to the lunch queue and the dinner ladies seeing I was new put on their best faces and went through with me everything on the menu which was quite tiresome. Then I had to choose

what I was going to eat which was quite tough since all the food there looked like hideous animal intestines which had melted into nothing but mushy goo. I was definitely bringing in my own lunch next time. After that, lunch was quite alright. Me and my friends played some ball games and we did some skipping which was especially enjoyable since I was an brilliant skipper.

Unfortunately the bell rang which reminded us yet again that this wasn't an amusement park but a dark, cold prison. Our third and last module was Art which I was looking forward to because art seemed like a beautiful, creative, fun subject and my old school in Ghana never really had the equipment to do proper art with painting and coloring. We did some water coloring and learnt some drawing tips then we drew a portrait of ourselves. It was a pleasant, tranquil lesson with soothing, classical music. It seemed that nothing could disturb this peacefulness.

I was wrong. A good thirty minutes into the lesson I broke the silence with a thunderous fart. Heads shot up instantly and I prayed they wouldn't think I farted. Too bad wishes don't come true. The class roared with laughter yet again, probably thinking I was a right riot. I was so red with embarrassment but I just had to sit there and take it.

Not wanting to continue this lesson anymore I continued still red with embarrassment but Nicolas cheered me up with some of his hilarious jokes. The bell signaling it was home time rang and everybody dashed out eager to go home. I packed up my stuff, said goodbye to Suzan, Jayne and Nicolas and set out to find my mum. She was waiting for me at the school gate and

she rushed in the hug me. “ So, how was your first day in Kings Hedges” she beamed.

“ Well, I farted terribly loud and called the teacher Mother but on the whole it was good and I made some great new friends” I beamed back Then we strolled home hand in hand. I know I did some pretty bad, no, shockingly embarrassing things on my first day at Kings Hedges Primary School but perhaps this place isn't a vile prison after all but merely a warm, welcoming school which I might actually grow to like.