My first day at sixth-form

I was sixteen and I had to make that same difficult question that everyone had to ask themselves at my age, 'what am I going to do after I got my results from my GCSEs?' The day before I got my results I decided to go to Westwood ST Thomas sixth-form in stead of college. I have been at Westwood School for three years so I thought it would be easier to go somewhere that I knew and where they knew me.

GCSE results day arrived; I took that short five minute walk for the last time of being a school girl. I got the magic envelope and opened it. I needed five C's or above to do the a-levels courses as planned. I took one look at the paper and my excitement turned into disappointment. I only got four C's.

After talking to a careers adviser I decided what I should do. I had chosen to under-go a one year business course that would give me enough GCSEs that I needed.

I went away that day feeling very low and disheartened that all my efforts didn't payoff. I felt like a year of my life was being taken away from me.

7AM, Monday morning, my alarm was beeping in my ear, Beep, Beep, beep. I rolled over and turned it off. I unwillingly thought 'the first day of Sixth-form of what will be of a long year'.

I was dragging my feet up the steep hill. A walk which was five minutes seemed like an hour. As I approached the school hill my heart was thumping in my chest. I told myself not to be so stupid. I had been at the school for three years but this time I was a student.

As I walked through the gates nothing had changed! The old falling apart bike sheds which faced the gates were still there. I could see the three main blocks, where the specialist classes were held. Yep! The same old gloomy school.

I got to where my tutor room was and sat down at an empty seat. I slowly one by one studied the people who are already settled in their seats. I didn't recognise anybody. They must be from different schools. I then studied the room, a big white board in the centre of the longest wall and around the other walls are notice boards with nothing on then. Surrounding the tables in the middle of the room are very old computers lined up against the wall. The decoration was an old off-white colour with paint starting to chip off the walls. The appearance and feeling was an old and depressing.

I heard a familiar voice outside the room. It was my friend Amy. She walked in to the room and took her seat next to mine. I felt much relived that someone was in the group that I already knew.

My new tutor and keyteacherfor the year, Mr Kendal, walked in to the room and sat down behind his big desk. He introduced himself then made each of us in turn introduce ourselves to the group. I am not the person for speaking in front of a group and felt my self go very red with embarrassment when it got to my turn.

He gave us our student planner and the timetable; he went over some things that we were to do that year in the course. The time drove by so quickly. I looked at the clock and it was break time already. I had the chance to meet up with old friends and talk about what we did over the summer.

When break time ended we all went back to our tutor rooms. This time I didn't know whether the sun was shinning through a different window, but I was starting to feel a bit more comfortable about the situation the room felt brighter, and a little more inviting.

We had the tour of the school which lasted thirty minutes, and then we were allowed to go home.

The walk home seemed like the old five minutes walk down the hill. I was feeling emotionally happy and pleased with the first day. (And it wasn't the fact it only lasted half a day).

When I got home I told mum all about the day.

I couldn't wait till bed time as I was exited about going back again the next day. (Even though it was an whole school assembly to meet the new Head Teacher).

As I went to sleep that night I was still very happy, I thought, this year was not going to be as bad after all.