

Creative writing – happyness (partial)



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

" Mother, I can not wait for school today!" At four years old I shouted this with excitement and glee, wonderful thoughts sprung into my mind and bounced around it like hot air in a balloon. Nothing could burst my bubble and I was determined to make a excellent impression on my new and caringteacher. It was my first day at primary school and I was to be introduced into reception.

Miss Campsten, a young and friendly lady took my hand and led me into the strange yet curious room. I could see a dozen toddler faces gleaming up at me. It was all so inviting and fresh. Only then had I realised these were my new classmates. I scanned the room for a play mate and saw what I was sure was a sobbing boy. He moaned and groaned in the corner of the room behind a creaking wooden door. I shuffled slowly over and plucked up the courage to ask him " Will you play with me?" He twisted his head upwards to face me and smiled, I knew this was the start of a friendshipwhich would seem to never end.

Slowly but gradually he started to come out of his shell frequently talking to me like a shy tortoise. Playing in the deep and spacey sandpit was great. I used to pick up the sand and let it slide through my fingers acting as if it was a human sieve. Ben copied me and laughed at my stupid thinking in an amused matter. I did not really mind as long as it kept him happy. I was always confused about why he was so depressed that morning.

The curiosity was biting at me like an impatient gnat. Miss Campsten explained, Ben, was suffering home sickness and had also been admitted that morning into school. At this age I did not believe this excuse, how could

you be home sick at school? How could you not be excited?! I was buzzing like a bee around the classroom collecting worksheets and doing simple errands for Miss Campsten. It was overwhelming, I had no time to stop and think, learning numbers and the alphabet was challenging enough.

Things were flowing nicely at school, new friends, great respect from my teacher and most of all a brilliant learning experience. The afternoon only just got better! We had taken a trip to the school gardens which led down a long, windy path to a greenhouse. The greenhouse was perfectly sound and stable with beautiful plants adorning it. The vast space inside was fascinating. Plant pots and crockery lay perfectly around the sides of the greenhouse on clear glass shelves. Ben and I screamed in delight! Delicately we picked an orchid to deliver as a gift to Miss Campsten, our teacher we were surprisingly fond with only after a few hours. The orchid embellished stunning features with its striking purple leaves and its long elegant stem. Perfection to a tee!

" Home time children!" she said while clapping her hands enthusiastically.

Oh no! The day had flown by in a flash. Ben and I exchanged grins of cheerful spirit because we had to explore so much more tomorrow.