





The Playground At School


 The school playground is a sea of voices, it is a zoo of hungry animals snapping their jaws open, ready to eat.


 The thumping footballs, the clattering hula-hoops, the plonking basketballs and the poofing tennis balls.


 Crying children, lonely children, bored children and the rest of them all.

 I feel as if I'm entering the land of words, shouts and mouths as well as earsplitting voices.

 Chaotic, Chaotic, Chaotic.
Enjoyable, Enjoyable, Enjoyable.

 Cold, crunchy cement, bleeding, bright elbows and fussy, full children.

 Trees bowing down waving arms in the breeze, getting goose bumps and shivers from the cold.

 The games are as enjoyable as birthday parties and friends are as kind as heaven.

By Greta, year 5

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