

My First Day At School
by Varun – Year 5

I am going to write about a story to tell you all about my first day at school.

The school I am going to write about is when I started at Byron Court School. I was going to be starting in Reception. The uniform we had to wear was a black jumper with our logo 'Believe it Achieve it' under our badge, we also had to wear a yellow/white t-shirt with black trousers and shoes.

The night before school I felt quite sad because I didn't really like the idea of school that much but my Mum had told me it would only be half a day. The morning before school I felt much happier than I had felt last night. After I had my breakfast we left and I went to school by car with my Mum.

When we got there we rushed over to a teacher because we didn't know what class I was in and she told us to go to the assembly hall because they were choosing our classrooms there. When we arrived outside the hall there were no more spaces to sit so we just stood on the sides of the big hall. I felt nervous looking at all the children and Mums and Dads.

After a moment of time they announced our classes, and I had been put in class 3 and my teacher was called Miss Anjali. After a while we went back to our classrooms, which had been painted blue. We had a huge interactive whiteboard, which had four colours and a whiteboard rubber. To the right of it was a normal white board and in front of it was a carpet where we would all sit.

There were two vertical rows of tables in each row and there would be three tables and six seats. Each table had a table number 1-6, 6 pencils, a set of colouring pencils and a couple of rulers. After a while of talking Miss Anjali put us in our places. I had been put on table 1 next to a boy named Hamza.

“How are you feeling today?” Hamza asked cheerfully.

“Very good thank,” I replied merrily. “Would you like to be friends?” I asked him.

“OK,” he replied happily.

“My name is Varun,” I told him.

“I am Hamza,” he replied.

I had made three more friends who were sitting on my table. They were called Haashim, Raashan and Jonah. A while later we had to start drawing a picture of ourselves and our families and your car (if you had one). After we had finished we were allowed to play with the clay or you were allowed to ride the tricycles outside in our play area. So far school seemed like a lot of fun and I was enjoying myself.

My friends and I decided to race each other and when we were about to begin, our teacher told us it was playtime. So we went back into our class and got the football and went outside. We went straight to the front of the playground where we marked out a goal with Haashim's jumpers and mine.

“Who wants to go in goal?” asked Raashan.

“I will,” replied Jonah getting his gloves on.

I dropped the ball on the ground and kicked it over to Raashan who then passed it to Haashim who

kicked it back to me and with a touch I passed it to Raashan who scored with a hard kick. After a while we switched goalie and Hamza went in goal and after a few goals, and saves, play was over.

“Aw!” Jonah cried, “how come playtime’s over so quickly?”

“But at least school’s not over,” I said eagerly.

“Yeah,” they all agreed. After playing we went back into the class and sat in our seats. Miss Anjali told us to get our book bags, table by table.

After everybody had got their bags and had lined up Miss Anjali let us out. I found my Mum by the shelter waiting for me so I ran to her and hugged her.

“How was your first day at school?” she asked me.

“Great!” I replied happily, “I made four friends.”

“That’s nice,” she said, “I’m pleased you got on well.”

The particular memories I had of that day were when I made my four new friends.