

  
By Jordan Stevens

It was a cold Monday morning in Darling Street. Julie had just woke up and was already in school uniform. You see, It was her first day at boarding school. She was very excited. Her new school uniform had a baby blue tie, black skirt, black tights, blue coat with a St. Scots badge on it. It suited her short, blond hair, blue eyes and freckles!

The school was called St. Scots and it was based in St. Andrews. It was said that it was the best boarding school in U.K. When Julie had had her breakfast, done her teeth and brushed her hair, she set off to school with her mum, dad and little sister Yasmin. It was a long way to St. Andrews but Julie did not get bored, she was too excited!!!.

When they finally arrived the bell had went and lots of kids were lining up. On a letter Julie had, it said that she had to go to the main entrance to meet the head, Mrs Wright. The entrance was at the front of the school. When Julie got to the entrance Mrs Wright was standing there looking very nice but with one of those don't-mess-with-me looks! "Hello, you must be Julie Sands. How very nice it is to meet you. I have heard a lot of very nice things about you. Well, if you would come with me I will take you to your classroom." said Mrs Wright.

The school was very big. The office lounge was white with pictures of all the teachers and staff. It also had a stand with some leaflets. In the office (which they passed) was also white but had loads of shelves filled with folders and books. There were three desks with computers on them with more folders, pictures of the staff's children, letters and pens. It all looked very welcoming to Julie. Now she had passed the office she and Mrs Wright passed a dinner hall, gym hall, janitors room and a lift for disabled people at the school. She had to go up the one flight of stairs to get to her first class, English, which was on the first floor (not counting the office lounge and all the halls). When she arrived, she suddenly had butterflies in her stomach! Inside there were at least 20 children sitting at their own desks. There was a white board at one end of the room, a unit full of trays for the children to put their stuff in, dictionaries, books, jotters and pencils were all on top of the unit. The teacher, Mr Finnegan, was sitting at his desk in a corner looking over a sheet of essays. When he looked up Julie noticed he didn't look very nice. He had a scar on his left cheek, bushy eyebrows, black, combed hair, grey eyes and a pointed nose.

"Ahhh, so this is Julie Sands. Nice looking girl," croaked Mr Finnegan. "She will have to work very hard in this class from what I've seen from her old school work." Julie went bright red because she was pretty lousy at English.

After a lesson on paragraphs, it was time for maths. At least Julie was good at that!! She learnt about percentages, decimals and fractions and how they were similar but she already knew that and got all her answers right!

After a few more lessons on art, geography, music and topic (with a break and lunch in between) it was time for bed. Just after topic, Mrs Wright came to the door to take me to her office to tell her all about St. Scots. "So, did you enjoy your first day at St. Scots?" asked Mrs Wright. "I hope you didn't have too much trouble with Mr Finnegan!" she laughed.

"Well, I have to say that he looks nicer than he seems! His lesson wasn't that bad. Also I just loved today!" Julie said.

"Great. Well St. Scots is a fine school...." So after a long lecture on St. Scots, Julie finally got to bed. She fell asleep almost instantly and dreamed about riding a horse along a beautiful lake.