My School

My school wasn’t very big, and wasn’t very small. It was beautiful, the students were kind and full of energy, the teachers were happy to teach us more knowledge.

I was in middle school now, there were more subjects than the elementary school, like History, Geography, and Biology. My school just had a front door, no any doors left. When you came into the front door, and went into the front hall, you probably could see some students sat in the benches studying their textbooks, or doing their homework. Some posters were on the pillars, it said there would be a lecture about the black hole today.

Went up stairs to the second floor, you could see many eighth grades wandering around in the corridors, went to their classes. If you went deeper, you could see the History, Geography, and Biology teachers’ office and their resting area.

The fourth floor, my classroom was in there, it was for the seventh grades. But there were some Music, and Arts classrooms, and next to the doors, there were sculptures made of gypsum.

The library, my most favorite place, were filled with piles of books, Literature books, History books, Politics books, Mathematics books. You could just sit there and pick up a book and enjoy your reading.

The laboratories were interesting, too. Like the Physics lab, which would have some instruments, the Chemistry lab, which would have some bottles and flasks. The Biology lab was the most interesting one, huge rooms of leaves and roots, rooms with precious microscopes, and outside the lab, there even had some specimens, like the sea turtle, the hawk, the owl, and the panda.

So that’s it, this was my school, interesting, isn’t it? I’m happy to study in there.