

My School Experience

Brrrrr. Brrrrr. Brrrrr. Here we go again. I was rudely awakened by that tacky plastic alarm clock, which I'm quite surprised even worked, to get ready for another long school day.

Is it Wednesday today? No, that doesn't feel right, Thursday? Yes that's right, PE later today, thank god I remembered that before I forgot my kit! Last time that happened was over a year ago, but I still haven't lived it down. Why did they even have shorts that big in the spare kit box, surely they'd only fit a fully grown man?! All I know is that it made the long jump really challenging and I kept finding sand in my hair for the rest of the day.

The sound of birds chirping happily is meant to be a soothing sound but it really doesn't feel that way. This constant squawking really gets on my nerves and makes it hard to relax on my walk, so loud that I can barely hear myself think. Similar happened yesterday in English; a mini food fight broke out mid lesson and there was stuff flying everywhere, you had to duck to avoid being hit by a stray apple or spinning banana. The teacher, Ms. Davies, was doing her best to control the kids but unfortunately they weren't having any of it.

"STOP! The next person who throws anything as much as a blueberry is going to the Headmaster's office," she attempted to shout at the raucous class. Instead of replying with quiet and smiles, the volume amped up and Ruhan launched a strawberry which only marginally missed the top of her head. Safe to say we didn't learn an awful lot in that class, although I realised that cherries pack a surprising punch as one hit me square in the face.

I wish I could say that lessons like this were a rare occurrence, but to be honest they were much more common than you would expect. Admittedly the all out food fight was quite extreme but it was very standard for our teachers to lose control of the class and utter mayhem to spread through the lesson. A few of the other tales of woe include; a PE lesson of cricket turning into a human size bowling game, complete with us as the pins and a fastly kicked football; a game of catch played with a pig's heart during a science dissection; and we even hid the teacher's timer in the ceiling panels so that when it went off she had to hunt high and low to stop it. After these calamities in Triple Science we were banned from doing any more practicals so I wonder how they'll sign off that part of our GCSE.

Our teachers did their best to keep everything under wraps last year, but it was incredibly challenging without a good behaviour policy for them to follow. We did have an amazing collection of teachers though; Mr Woodhead, Mr Firth, Mr Button, Mr Smallman, Mr Pew, Ms Leigh, Mr Stinson, Ms Walker, Mr Morris and way more, and that was just for maths! By Christmas of Year 9 I think we'd had 27 Maths teachers, 9 English, 11 Science and a whole host of Headteachers. What a year that was, I think to myself chuckling.

It's almost 7.45am and I've still got a few more roads to walk down before I get there, so I decide to have a look in my bag and double check everything is there. A couple of pens, today's lunch (can't wait for that bacon sandwich later), water bottle, planner and a ridiculous amount of school books. I don't understand why we have to keep the books with us all the time as it feels like I'm lugging a whole library around. Yesterday we didn't even use our books in Design Tech. as we were doing a practical so that was a waste too. I keep rooting around in my bag. Something feels wrong - what am I missing? Oh god. I never picked up my PE kit! Maybe I can forge a note to get out of it?

The other day my friends and I were chatting about how strange it is that we've been at school and in education for our entire lives, that it's all we have ever known. In general I love it, there are so many crazy quirky things that happen and it can end up feeling like home. Of course there are good and bad days and you do have to spend most of your time doing work, but once you finesse the system it becomes quite fun. Sure seems a hell of a lot more interesting than working a 9 to 5, can you imagine anything more boring! Over lunch we then discussed whether there are more soft things or

hard things in the world, and I must say that I got quite into the debate. Instinctively you think hard things, because most stuff around you is hard, like walls and tables and phones and sweets. But sweets are a tough one because they aren't always hard. Or chocolate - that's hard in some weather and really soft in other weathers. And what about water, because on the surface it's quite clearly soft, but then some people talk about having hard water as opposed to soft water. In the end we decided that it was probably pretty even, so switched to talking about the new game that was being released at the end of the week. I bet people working in offices don't have conversations like that.

I've already mentioned some of our teachers, but there are a few that really shine through and make the school experience 10 times better. Like Ms Parsons, for example, she is probably the best teacher in the school and knows Chemistry & Biology better than the back of her hand. Every lesson has a very simple structure but it makes the learning really fun and easy, so you almost learn things accidentally. She goes through the entire topic from the beginning by asking us questions and writing it out on the whiteboard before we get to the new content which makes revision incredibly easy. Or Ms Taylor who is my Geography teacher, and a bloody good one at that. She was talking to me about future plans and was inspiring me to go to University, follow my passion for maths, and see where it takes me. As hard as teaching must be, particularly in a school like mine, it must be incredibly rewarding for you.

As I round the corner, my school comes into view and it always amazes me how large it is for the few students that are actually studying there. We have got over 40 acres of land which is made up of a full athletics track, rugby pitch, multiple football pitches and an entire space for gymnastics. Speaking of athletics, sports day is coming up soon and I will enjoy that muchly. The pro of being a small school is that you get to know all of your classmates much better, and the teachers for that matter. Yesterday in DT, Mr Kenny was telling us all about when he learnt circuitry in school and how much schooling has changed since he left - quite a fascinating conversation. It also means that the house system works really well, and it's no surprise that our house, Saxon, the best one, if I do say so myself, always wins sports days - you truly feel part of a family.

Today will be a long day, but I'm looking forward to it; double maths, science, PE, then stop for lunch, geography and the finish off with english. The first 3 hours should be great. Helping my mates understand quadratic equations and then the rock cycle in Chemistry.

As I go through the wrought iron gates that mark the entrance, Mr Kenny walks up the driveway and looks over in my direction.

"Morning Sir, how are you today?"

"Not too bad, thanks Sam. Traffic was horrendous with those new lights so I didn't think I'd make it on time. How was that alarm clock you made yesterday? By the looks of it you woke up on time!"

"Brilliant, albeit a little battered from my walk home."

And with that I walk into school, ready to start another day.