

25th September, 2020

Friday

Windy

Dear Diary,

The captain of the Debate Team asked me to write a diary entry about my earliest memories of school to help for a debate. I am so excited about this debate, and it makes me remember my primary four year.

In my memories, my primary school was huge with an outdoor garden, a beautiful sports playground and many classrooms. My friends and I had always been to the garden to collect flowers and leaves and competed with each other for who could collect the most. I was always the best collector! Jasmine was my favourite! I stayed at the canteen and sports ground every day after school. That was my favourite time every day. I played hide-and-seek, hopscotch and chatted happily with friends until the day Peter broke his leg because of playing that game. That must be so hurtful. Peter cried miserably as if he couldn't walk anymore in his life. He was pathetic but we laughed at his clumsy right leg which was in the plastic cast.

I also recalled a teacher, Miss Young. Um... I don't really like her. Her face was as black as evil. She always stormed into the four-walled classroom with her angrily red face scolded us and punished us, and the classroom was like a prison. I was shaking and freaked out when she screamed like a lion every time. Yet I also met a kind teacher, Miss Smith. She always brought a bunch of snacks and small presents to our class. Our class liked her very much. We even held a birthday party for her!

Although I was quite naughty at that time, I had a lot of friends, so I had so much fun with them. We had played tricks on teachers, running through the campus to play, having time-out together at the corner.

Thinking back of my earliest memories, these days are remarkable and happiest ever. I will never forget them.

Chris