

My First Day

Dear Diary,

Yesterday, my very first lesson at Hobworth Primary School was literacy. We were learning about biographies and my teacher was called Mr Mills.

Next, it was assembly and Mrs Clements, the head teacher, was telling everyone about the school fayre and how we could buy raffle tickets to win a gigantic Easter egg. At the end of the assembly, Mrs Clements asked how I was getting on, so I told her about the funny feeling I'd had in my stomach all morning. She told me that she remembered having that same feeling on her first day too.

After assembly, it was break time. Mr Mills asked Louis and Peter to show me around the playground. The boys told me about the activities on offer and explained what I should do if I was ever upset about something during break or lunch.

Next, it was the class spelling test and as it was my first day, Mr Mills just told me to have a go. I didn't do too badly to say I'd not even practised the words! Then the bell rang and it was lunch time.

During the lunch break, I chatted outside in the school garden with Mike, Isma, Louis and Peter. They asked me questions about my old school and I explained that the hardest part was leaving my old friends behind. Suddenly, the whistle blew and it was our turn for lunch. The canteen was huge with long tables spread out around the room. I chose a cheese and pickle sandwich and a peach yoghurt for dessert, then I sat down on one of the little blue seats to eat it all. My new friends sat with me.

After lunch, it was science. We were learning about irreversible and reversible changes and conducting experiments with different types of food. Lastly, it was music and we were composing in small groups. We all worked really hard and performed our piece at the end of the lesson.

Finally, it was home time and I've never been so pleased to see my Dad. Overall, the day went well, I'd made new friends and I liked my new teacher. Dad told me that he was really proud of me.



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Dear Diary,

Yesterday, my very first lesson at Hobworth Primary School was literacy. We were learning about biographies and focusing on famous authors. I'd worked on this genre at my old school, so I felt confident with what I'd been asked to do. Mr Mills, my new teacher, seemed pleased with what I'd produced at the end of the lesson.

Next, it was assembly and Mrs Clements, the head teacher, was telling everyone about the school fayre and how we could buy raffle tickets to win a gigantic Easter egg. At the end of the assembly, Mrs Clements asked how I was getting on, so I told her that I'd had a funny feeling in my stomach all morning. She reassured me by explaining that she remembered having that same feeling on her first day too.

After assembly, it was break time. Mr Mills asked Louis and Peter to show me around the absolutely huge playground. The boys told me about the activities on offer and what I should do if I was ever upset about something during break or lunch.



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Next, it was the class spelling test and as it was my first day, Mr Mills just told me to have a go. I didn't do too badly to say I'd not even practised the words! Suddenly the bell rang, signalling that it was lunch time.

During the lunch break, I chatted outside in the school garden with Mike, Isma, Louis and Peter. They asked me loads of questions about my old school and I explained that the hardest part was leaving my old friends behind. I told them that my family had moved because my Dad had got a promotion and had to work in a different office. Then we heard the whilst blow and it was our turn for lunch. The canteen was huge with long tables spread out around the room. I chose a cheese and pickle salad sandwich, followed by a peach yoghurt. I sat down on one of the little blue seats with my new friends and ate my lunch. It was quite noisy in there and as I scanned the other tables, it felt strange not to recognise any faces. At that very moment, I missed what was familiar to me.

After lunch, it was science. We were learning about irreversible and reversible changes and conducting experiments with different types of food, which was really cool. Lastly, it was music and we were composing in small groups using a range of percussion instruments. My group worked really hard and we performed our piece at the end of the lesson. Mr Mills was impressed and gave some constructive feedback to help us improve.

Finally, it was home time and I've never been so pleased to see my Dad. Overall, the day had gone well, I'd made new friends and I liked my new teacher. Dad told me that he was really proud of me.

