

Autobiographical piece of writing

I can remember the awful day when my mother had to break the news to me that my birthday party would have to be cancelled because I was being forced to attend a new school. I will never forget the flood of horror that rushed over me as I realised that I would not get to have my birthday party. I would not get to see my friends at school the next day. But, worst of all I was going to have to meet new people and adjust myself to fit into another new place. This was the worst thing to happen to a seven year old. I thought my life was over. The day before I was due to begin my new school I had to go and buy the uniform, I spent an immense amount of time in early years that day; which, come to think of it, is probably why I hate it so much to this day. But, in total I spent 3 hours trying and buying my new uniform. A grey jumper, a grey skirt, a white shirt, a black and white tie, black knee highs and a yellow summer dress. To me, it was horrendous. I was awake at seven o'clock the next day because I had to be in school early for the guide around the school. I was introduced to a girl named Sophie who was to be my guide and friend for the day. However, we didn't get on and she made my first even worse.