

## Autobiography!!

Eleanor Moss 10X

I remember my primary school. We used to play in the green fields, which then seemed enormous. Then there would be the glorious day when the grass would be cut, and left in piles in the corner of the field. We spent a precious playtime rolling in it, lying in it, stuffing it down each others backs, and throwing it at each other. We would leave the school at the start of the break clean, and would return more or less green, the teachers looking profoundly shocked. We'd come up with endless games to play in the sun, from imagining we were escaping a witch and running around the playground, to being famous girl warriors against boys, influenced by the spice girls, to have 'Girl Power!'



One of the most poignant memories from this time was how we used to play 'Bulldog' in the field. The whole of year 6 would play this game, running from one end of field to the other. We felt very important being at the top of the school, and strangely enough, no other years ever joined our game, but made smaller version of Bulldog within their own year groups. The teachers promptly banned this game as it was notoriously known to be dangerous; we responded by renaming it 'Dogtag'. The start of this game was signalled by a boy in our year, the most athletic, shouting at the top of his lungs 'Dogtag'; before running into position. The rest of year 6 would then sprint over to the games field, as not a moment of the game was to be missed. This was then consequently banned, and we renamed it 'Team-Tig' This continued throughout the year, constantly being renamed to avert the teachers discipline. We all prided ourselves on being sneaky, but I suspect the teachers knew exactly what we were doing and just decided to let it lie. This kept happy memories, as well as sneaking off the adventure playground. Our school installed an adventure playground, and we were forced by our school caretaker to spend lunchtimes on this area. It was surrounded by a fence, and we were not allowed to leave – 'caged in like animals' he once remarked =P

Luckily, there was a small hole at the end of the fence where it joined the vegetation. We used to line up, the tallest people at the front, and sneak out of the fence, one by one, This continued for only 20 minutes, until Mr Stokes, legend that he was, discovered us hiding in one corner of the playground XD

We also used to have endless handstand competitions. Due to my

hopeless lack of balance, or recklessness, I was always the judge. I could never bring myself to go further into the air than roughly a metre. Three of us would sit cross legged in the grass, and rate the handstands put before us out of ten, feeling very important.

One of the best memories to me was after school. Lidia had got into a dance school; I hadn't, not surprisingly =P. I was upset and went home. Lidia then came round to mine and we spent evening together – I was so grateful to her for having given up her time. I remember being so grateful that I had her for a friend.



But most of all, I remember playing in the back garden for hours at a time after school. The endless hours that seemed full of endless possibilities and opportunities to indulge our reckless imaginations. My friend Lidia and I would run round the side of our garden pond and make secret worlds for fairies, using flowers and rocks we had found. We would spend hours imagining how the fairies would use our world and tools. We'd play hide and seek behind the bushes and play games such as 'Aki 123' with our neighbours. We would hide in the tress, and sit on the climbing frame in the centre of the garden. But when we came home and had 'Simpson's Ice Pops'; that signified that summer had truly started.