

My autobiography

A red invasion of the perfect, green sea; small, jumpered children escape the bounds of their education and tumble onto the vast, grassy expanse. The opened door means dried paint and burnt toast now combine with the essence of summer that lingers over us and our adventurous instincts are allowed to roam free across the daisy covered plains. Stickle-bricks and sand pits are forgotten as handstands, football and hide and seek overcome our fragile minds, easily influenced by blossom, branches and bird-song.

It seems funny now that the restrains of a classroom full of fun activity still seemed imprisoning, simply because of a love of open space, sun and flora.

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