

## **Our First Residential**

We woke up feeling excited, sick nervous and tired. Emotions were as crazy as a pic and mix. The coach was full with excited children crammed together like peas in a pod. The noise was like a music festival with booming speakers.

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Magna was full of surprises. Each pavilion different. As cold as a freezer, hot as volcano about to disrupt, a gust of air as though a jet plane was taking off, breathing in the cold air as though tasting an ice pop.

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When we arrived at Cranworth, we were astounded at the size of the bell tents standing in rows like snow-topped mountains. Some of us were worried about bears and sirens blaring out during the night. Meanwhile the boys named their tent 'the Crazy Tent'.

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When it was time to sleep, we all came to life like sparklers on the bonfire night. The teachers were dreaming of the silence in a library. As they prowled round the tents they barked orders like a dog. The night was full of interruption, toilet runs, early risers and boys sneaking a game of football like slithering snakes in the night.

In the snap of our fingers our journey sadly came to an end.

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