

# The Stay-at-Home Diaries

(or, 'The Wreake Valley Coronicles' - thanks Miss Rajput!)

A weekly publication of creative writing by students and  
a few staff at Wreake Valley Academy

*This week's focus:*

*The view from my bedroom window*

*Next week: The people in my house*



## The Morning

I look outside and see a fallen tree bridging the brook. The water flows gently beneath, while the ducks float along, keeping a safe distance from my dog in our garden. Two squirrel brothers play 'tag' on top of the fragile branches. A kingfisher, coated in many shades of blue, dives in the brook and captures its prey. The muddy banks house the frogs in the day when the owls aren't hunting. Sitting in a tree, the wise owl is sleeping, readying for another night of hunting. A robin flies onto the fallen tree and sits staring at me through my window.

**By Jean Luc Cipieres**

I only have one neighbour to the left of the house. He's not a young man, however, not old. He's always sat outside at the crack of dawn gazing out into the distance and perched on his rustic, worn out bench, positioned on his oak decking. His wife occasionally joins him. My estimate is that they're the same age but she carries a walking stick and wears pointed shoes and rounded glasses. They barely look at each other while admiring the stunning view on show straight ahead. After an hour or so, they potter, slowly but surely, into their conservatory.

**By Luke Collins**

A heavy spring sun beats down upon the disease ridden society, a cacophony of coughs and sneezes. An ambulance speeds by my front lawn, to aid a poor fellow.

A father and son play football in their garden, the ball is passed over fences by unsuspecting neighbours. The cold winter breeze smashes the mirage of a hot, picturesque spring. It brings frost into the shade and damp into the indoors.

It's a horrible interior life, shielded by a warm facade, like a rotten egg.

**By Ben Altobelli**

The cheery chirpiness of the twittering birds comes alive in my ears and makes me smile. I notice that our magnolia tree is slowly starting to open with pretty pink buds ready to flourish into flowers. The bowing branches of the evergreen tree sway gracefully in the soft breeze and the sun peeks behind the clouds on this very special spring day.

**By Ella-Mae Angrave-Boot**

As I look through my bedroom window, the sizzling honeycomb-yellow sun is reflecting off the clear, deep blue sea. As I open the window, the salty spray of the sea drifts along with the wind's gentle breeze. The gritty, golden sand is basking in the sun's rays. The sight of the beautiful lesser black-backed gull is a welcome break from the glistening surroundings and the sound of the gracious squawk echoes across the beach, bouncing off the cliff walls. Taking in the morning view I peer down at the dark, ominous cave hiding at the bottom of the cliff edge. I wonder what could be lurking inside...

**By Louis Spencer**

## **The Afternoon**

As I look out of my window, I see the thatched bungalow opposite and beautiful tulips swaying in the wind. Five years ago, behind the house, miles of golden fields lead away from my house. Now, the air is polluted with the sounds of diggers, tractors and cranes.

**By Isabelle Walczak**

I gaze out of my enormous window at all the blue palm trees swaying in the wind. Roller bladers fly past my window wearing salmon costumes and eating buckets of sand. Millions of Lego-sized pirates fly around on their hover-boats yelling "Eee ooorrr." More and more watermelons slowly drift down from the sky, landing in any place they can, including my bendy chimney.

**By Luca Simpkin**

I stare from my window and see a shed with a glistening frost on the roof. It shines back into my room and makes it glow. The birds' pond has frozen over and you can see bugs stuck inside the block of ice. The green house looks haunting because all of plants are brown and dead, the fruit is all mouldy and the glossy window looks ghostly. Meanwhile, the play-house that hasn't been used in years is slowly fading away into the ground where there are woodlice who will decompose the soft wood into dust.

**By Elliot Howkins**

## The Evening

When I look out of my bedroom window I see the trees at the bottom of my garden swaying in the gentle breeze. They bend over in a slight arch, a frame to the landscape beyond. Just behind the trees is the brook with my rope swing hanging over it.

In the summer when it's a hot day Luca and I play on the rope swing all day. Past the brook is the field; it's the most beautiful view you could ever have. The crops are a crisp golden colour. Sometimes, if you're lucky, you catch the odd pheasant roaming around. The only downside is that every half hour the bird-scarer goes off, but overall, I think I'm pretty lucky to have a view like this.

**By Leo Simpkin**

As I daydream away I look out of my window to see my square front lawn with an ant hill in the middle left. The ants march across the slabbed path leading to the hill infested with the currying creatures. The field opposite is full with wondering cows roaming the plains that are bordered with overgrown bushes. Our green car, with its blacked out windows covering the back three seats, sparkles in the evening sunlight — two days ago my brother and I valeted it.

The railway line is silent; there's no bustling howl of the wheels squeaking as it passes the cows and adventures under the tunnel on the right of the field.

**By Daisy Evans**

## The Morning

As I look out of my window I see a row of five houses, but then I see something is different, one of the roof tiles is a different colour. I look up and the sun blinds me. I veer my eyesight to the right, cars speed past but only a few. It's because of the isolation.

**By Angus Pirie-Scott**

Now, the streets only carry the chirping of the birds and the whispers of the wind. Despite the rare warmth of the day not a single man, woman or child can be seen. Without the usual disturbance of wheels and heels the concrete looks bare, like a flower without its petals.

**By Vanshika Pathak**



## The Afternoon

The garden should be peaceful. Not too many weeds have had the chance to grow yet but all I can hear is the banging of a sledgehammer against my old shed. I confiscated my son's phone and said he should go and do something useful. We did need a shed dismantling... but not that shed. I'll tell him later.

**By Mr Tim Marston**

They were back. They were doing it on purpose now, to taunt me, I could tell. Their beady eyes looking about the place as if it belonged to them. It didn't matter to them that they were trespassing on my land. How would they like it if I went into their home and wrecked the place? How would they like it if I refused to leave despite many warnings? I doubt they'd like it at all! They might even get defensive. Hypocrites the lot of them. They're as messy as rats and as unwelcome as death and despite me trying to get them to leave, they just aren't getting the message.

There's only one thing left, it's not what I originally planned, but what else can I do? As I step outside, I immediately take the situation in hand. I'd not picked up the gun in so long I'd forgotten the rush of power it gives you. This is their fault; they won't leave. I take aim and give the trigger a squeeze. ZOOM! Out squirts a jet of water and soaks them all.

I smile, finally rid of them. Rid of those pesky pigeons.

**By Peter Nathan**

## The Evening

The grey, dirty concrete of the enormous car park looms out before me. The small patch of vibrant green grass that is my front lawn is full of huge, monstrous flowers and bushes. Loud noises can be heard coming out of them at night, almost like a deadly wild animal growling at other animals or howling to the moon. Cars the colour of fruit and with beautiful patterns dance in the car park. The fence at the end has many different types of different coloured wood after having 32 of them hit out with a football.

Apartment buildings on the next street seem to grow up to the sky, having a competition to see which one can reach the sun first. A forest grows just behind the apartments. Huge jungle trees with long vines and monkeys and apes of every kind. In front of the jungle is a park. The smaller monkeys are on the monkey bars and children play on the swings. As the soporific sun, with cotton candy clouds in the sky goes down, the blue sky - so dark it seems black - comes up. Thousands of little lights appear in the sky and a glowing blood-red moon shines. The red of the moon leaks through my window and tints my bed. And still, the grey and dirty concrete of the enormous car park looms out before me.

**By Keira Kightley**

Ever wanted to freeze a moment just so you can admire it for a little longer? Right now that's all I want, just so I can look a little longer out of my window... so the sun can glow on my face and its warmth absorb into my skin. The sun is always golden at this hour, it's almost as if it was kissed by god herself. The sunlight reaches everything in its path, it could make the dulllest grey glisten. All I can think in this moment is that this is paradise, this is what so many people search for, hunt for- it is peace.

I sit in awe at what's in front of me. My double glass doors mean I'm almost surrounded as if floating in the mists of nature. I can almost touch the lingering rays of sunshine and keep them for myself, so I could always feel like this, always keep the warmth on my skin, always keep the light on my face, the shine in my eyes. It feels as if all of my favourite memories suddenly come back to me: that I was young and would remain that way for as long as I remain in the sun. As long as I'm here looking out towards nature through these glass doors life will be perfect, nothing can touch me, not doubt or hate or even sadness. Nothing negative can ever touch me or hurt me again.

As the sun fades back into the clouds I desperately grasp at the sky. Not now! It's too early for this, it can't leave now. I've not yet absorbed enough light, I've not yet fully enjoyed the warmth on my skin. Why do you have to leave me? Here, with only the clouds, the darkness will creep in and take over everything. Then I'll be alone with only the dark. The light has abandoned me and I'm left alone. The light makes everything illuminate, however, when it's gone all the colours seem to blend together almost as though the trees have gone grey.

I will have to wait till the next tomorrow to see the sun once again in its golden hour.

**By Eloise Colman**



## The Morning

Looking out of my bedroom window, I see an eight-acre playing field with a road running through the middle leading to the Scout's hut. There's a wood to my right full of chirping birds and children having fun. On my left are people playing football and basketball.

The sun is shining its bright yellow glow while the leaves are starting to come out on the trees. Usually you can hear the hum of distant traffic on the motorway but not today - today it is silent.

**By Edward Aston**

Across the road there is an old lady holding her great-grandson's hand. They are waiting for the Arriva bus which comes by every hour. Next to her, there is a young woman. She is carrying a basket with a cat in it. I assume she is taking it to the vet. Is the vet's even open? To the right of the bus-stop is a batch of pure, beautiful daffodils swaying in the light breeze and to its left is a lavender bush with bumblebees around it. This looks like the perfect spring day.

**By Haydn Anderson**

I look out of my bedroom window in anticipation, wondering if anyone is going to pass by. The sound of silence fills the air; it's calming yet very disturbing for me. I want to hear the roar of car engines and the laugh of youths walking by. The world is at a standstill as the neon yellow sun shines brightly in the ocean blue sky.

**By Jade North**

As I stare out of my window, I see the blazing sun shining off the car windows straight into my eyes, blinding me as I do my morning stretch. In the corner of my eye, I notice a black cat staring at me in confusion. Then with a blink of an eye it turns and wanders up the street and doesn't appear for the rest of the day. All of a sudden, the sun turns black: thunder and rain started pouring down and I quickly shut my curtains, put some Netflix on and go back to bed.

**By Alyssa-Mae Reeves**

I wake up to the sun beaming through my bedroom blinds. I pull them and notice the sun is like a lemon floating in the sky. When I open the window I feel a fresh breeze hit my face. Quicker than lightning my dog runs up the stairs to check if I'm awake to take him on his morning walk over the park with the ball. I feel bad for neglecting him so that's what I'm going to do.

**By Lola Pipe**

As I gaze out of my rain stained window a faint humming pricks my ears and my senses are drawn to the monotone sound of the local sub-station. The occasional sound of next door's dog interrupts the quietness of the day. The beaming blue sky smiles down onto the town and fills the atmosphere with a great sense of warmth; it contrasts with the ongoing feelings of fear.

**By Joy Skelton**



As I rise from my bed, still wrapped up tight in my duvet, I rub the weariness from my eyes and gaze out the window onto the street below. The glinting of the sun from the iced road makes me wince, not ready for the outside world just yet, prematurely awoken from a poor night's sleep by my damned alarm clock. A light frost has settled on the village rooftops, accompanied by what appeared to be a light dusting of snow - strange considering the time of year. Perhaps it's just my sleepy eyes.

**By Joseph Hilton-Tapp**

There isn't a cloud in the sky, only a sea of baby blue and the occasional feathered magpie on the lookout for the next meal to deliver to his offspring. Somewhere, in the distance, the sound of drinks clinking together and the mix of laughter and good company can be heard.

Today is a perfect spring day, yet I'm confined to the clammy conditioning of my bedroom. I'm merely looking out at the dreamy, carefree nature that has captured the day.

As the coughs begin again, they rattle my body and I begrudgingly slump back to my bed. Hopefully, tomorrow I'll be well enough to join in the late March fun and its warmth.

**By Aimee Baker**

## **The Afternoon**

To the right is a train track, winding its way through the countryside and past our house. An occasional train appears every now and then. These trains are sometimes speedy and loud, causing the house to shake and tremble and the birds nearby to fly away, annoyed by the disturbance. But sometimes, they are slow and steady, only noticeable if you glance out of the window at the right time to catch them. Either of these trains can make a strident sound, but it isn't disruptive once you've lived here for a while. Instead, it becomes a relaxing noise and a reminder of home.

**By Ella Anderson**

I stare out from my bedroom window onto the busy village square, it's midday. I've definitely overslept. The normal queue has formed around Gallone's Ice Cream Parlour. The constant chatter of the villagers is barely audible inside of the house. I can see that the children are begging their parents to get them the biggest ice cream that is available, the Extravaganza - a five-scoop sundae. In the park, next to the village square, there is a football game going on and a group of cyclists are going around the edge of the park, careful not to hit anyone. The magnolia tree is having its pink and white flowers blown from the branches.

**By William Carver Sansby**

I smile as I glance out of my bedroom window. I see my little boy jumping on the trampoline; he's laughing his head off as my teenage daughter pulls a sulky face. She is suddenly desperate to practice her somersault while the four-year-old wants to practice jumping one inch up and down!

**By Ms Sally Blake**

Peace, is what I see. The garden is filled with buds ready to blossom, dandelions, petunias, roses, daisies and lavender. There's my sister, playing with a football, running and jumping in ecstasy! But alas, there is one part of the garden that we all avoid: the filth covered door of the shed creaks open, revealing the darkness that lies inside...

**By Shri Vekaria**

I look out of my window to see my family's collection of working, roadworthy cars but then tilt my head over to see my neighbour's car; it's missing its bumper revealing wires that I only hope aren't live. The grass is long in most places but mud still prevails and sneaks on to the surface. Across the street are uncut bushes seeping into both hosts gardens. A pile of mystery items that are too small to identify is slowly growing and is beginning to match the size of their red jeep; meanwhile I wonder what's being covered by the green tarp they have on their garden...

I see the desolate park that rarely has people on but if they are they're always accompanied by their canine friends keeping them company.

**By Kai Hunter**

## **The Evening**

An ice-cream van plods slowly down the street waving to excited children. A man argues with his six-year daughter. She screams as loud as a police car's siren as her dad drags her away for dinner.

The sun starts to set on the glorious street as the dog-walkers return to their homes and the ice-cream truck plods back up the street. Everything becomes quiet.

**By Erin Bradshaw**

Greyness surrounds my isolated self as I watch dark cotton balls of destruction hover over me. Until now, I missed the glorious warmth and comfort of the heat, but now it hides its glow from everyone. Desperate, worried faces appear from every clarion pane; people are so desperate just to see light emit from the mysterious, vicious, depressed-looking shadows.

**By Ms Emma Lowe**



I stare out from my front room window. The cars sit still, appreciating the break from driving endlessly up and down Britain's roads. The people in the two-bed house across the road have gone out and left their bedroom windows open. Dare devils.

Out of the alleyway next to the house slopes a sly looking fox, his red fur slick against his neck. He checks the street quickly for threat and, confident it's empty, dashes across the road, slipping beneath a nearby car. He waits. I go to get a cup of tea and when I return I notice a fluffy, white bottom sticking out from underneath the same car. Brave rabbit? Perhaps.

I observe them carefully. As a team they move stealthily towards the two bed house, the rabbit looking around for threat. There is none. The coast is clear. The fox jumps first onto the kitchen window sill, then on to the ledge above the front door before finally slipping, clumsily inside the bedroom window. There's a pause as the rabbit waits on the downstairs window ledge, he rubs his paws together. Suddenly, the fox appears at the kitchen window, pushes it open and pulls the rabbit inside.

I wait...

**By Miss K Pole**

I stare out from window whilst under my bed sheets. The sky is twinkling almost as if someone has glued fairy lights to the night sky. I can just make out the odd shapes that the bushes and trees create whilst being pushed and shoved about by the wind; there's also one lonely light left on, forgotten about.

**By Holly Bird**



## **The Morning**

As I stare out of my window I see the sun shining bright like the headlights of a car. The emerald green grass is swaying in the soft wind and the oblivious sheep are walking around slowly munching on the grass.

A bird flutters its wings on the leafless tree and another new day begins.

**By Lily Wassily**

As I gently lift my head off my now perfectly warmed pillow, I slide my legs around the bed to get out. I open my curtains and look outside my window with my blurry, sleepy eyes. My jaw drops!

Instead of there being a field outside my bedroom I see a cliff of trembling, strawberry flavoured jelly. And instead of there being normal clouds in the air there are coloured clouds in the shape of donuts.

The sky and the sun have switched colours; the sun is blue and the sky is now yellow. What's going on? Instead of their being children lining up to see the horses there are robots lining up to see unicorns. I squint and rub my eyes, and all of a sudden everything disappears. I guess it's just my sleepy and blurry vision.

**By Hanya Correia**

The sun shines brilliantly like glitter in a jar. The majestic blue sky complements the sun in value while the clusters of clouds drift above the open farm. Patches of deep green grass are dotted on the dusty stone of the yard. Graceful, dancing wind greets the silver birch tree in harmony. Everything is peaceful except for the noisy blart of hungry sheep.

**By Alice Taylor**

The willow's slender strawberry laces gently sway in the spring wind, shuddering as penguins perch on the sturdier candy canes above. For the first time in a while, the sky is painted a baby blue decorated with wisps of soft cream cheese. In the distance you can see the friendly neighbourhood wizard floating past on his smiling cloud of hopes and dreams. Just behind him is the French witch off to eat the farm cottage. There was a translation error when she first arrived which has led to the farmer and his wife rebuilding their house at the weekends as the witch now thinks it's made of some kind of cheese. The village is as surreal as it should be.

**By Brooke Stevenson**

## **The Afternoon**

From my bedroom window I can see cars going nowhere, birds are still flying but there's no people in site, they must all be in lockdown.

All's very quiet. Only the odd tractor breaks the silence.

**By Toby Dilkes**

Outside of my window I see a magnificent beast; it has the body of a grand snow white tiger and the wings of a powerful golden eagle who is jumping rainbows next to his mythical friend the unicorn. As they disappear through the soft clouds, a fifty-foot tall teddy bear comes plodding around the bend with a huge smile on his face. Despite his size he's obviously a gentle giant as he's making the people around him smile too.

**By Max Wren**

It's a weird world out there: there's a 40-year-old boat on a driveway that's not been used for about 26 years. Opposite the boat is an old red Citroen 306 that belonged to a married couple who divorced about 20 years ago. The man's ex-wife wouldn't let him sell the car so instead he grew a berry bush over it. Other than that, my street is very, very quiet.

**By Taylor Bray**

## **The Evening ...when silence breaks with the sound of clapping**

In the foggy evening, at around 7:40pm, my phone pings with a text message off Facebook stating that at 8:00pm stand outside your door and clap for three minutes. It's to support all carers, especially the NHS, who are trying to save a lot of people from this invisible killer.

**By Lewis Copeland**

Everyone starts pouring out of their houses waiting for the clocks to hit eight. A sense of joyfulness fills the air around me as people stand patiently, waiting for the time to come. As soon as the clocks hit eight masses of hands come together and the sound of clapping is all that can be heard in these streets that have been silent all week but used to be busy, noisy and over-crowded.

The sensation of togetherness—to thank these people that we honestly couldn't live without in this time of need is wonderful; especially for those whose families have required the help of the carers all around Great Britain and whose lives wouldn't be the same without them.

**By Aimee Hurst**

My family and I have seen on social media that everybody is going to be clapping for the carers and decide we wanted to take part. At 7:55pm we go upstairs into my mum and dad's room and wait. We aren't sure whether anyone else is going to join in but all of a sudden I hear a ripple of applause which starts to spread towards my house. We open the window and we all start to clap as hard and as loud as we can; even my dog Ruby joins in by barking enthusiastically!

I hope we sent an important message to all the NHS staff because we really appreciate all the hard work they do to help us.

**By Leo Simpkin**

Currently, the world is full of fear, negativity and danger because of the problem we face: COVID 19! However, this has made me realise something awe-inspiring. Tonight, we, as a country, united from our windows, doors, balconies or gardens show our appreciation with a round of applause for all our nurses, doctors, GPs and carers in their ongoing fight against the virus.

It's fantastic.

We stand together as a team to show our support towards the NHS who continue to work day and night, relentlessly.

Why? In order to protect us. It's remarkable how this small gesture shows our true and honest support for everyone sacrificing to give us a secure and peaceful tomorrow. You are as brave as lions.

This whole country is behind you right now and we have the greatest love for anyone out there still working through this tough period. We will get through this as one big family, it will take time but we will. Stay safe.

**By Shweta Sharma**

The quiet streets are disturbed with light from doors being opened. Everybody steps out into the cold, dark night. People are waiting for their clocks to turn eight ready to cheer and to say "thank you" to all the doctors, nurses and other members of important staff. The clock strikes eight. The silence turns into an uproar of the sound of clapping. The sound started quietly and grows louder as more people join in to show how thankful they are in this terrible time. The cheering goes on for a few minutes until it comes to a sudden stop and everyone goes back into their safe homes.

**By Talia Clarke**

We step outside to our welcoming neighbourhood, applauding our live-savers as they continue being heroic in this difficult pandemic. Many people have tears in their eyes as they give back to our loyal saviours. Dogs are barking while citizens bang drums and strum guitars making noise to show our thanks. The nurse that lives next door to us is sobbing happily as she notices how much she has done for this community. I stop, pausing for a second, as my eyes wander around my estate: there is so much positive spirit for our champions.

**By Megan Brand**

It's 8.00pm and a cold evening with a sky full of stars. The country has come together to clap for our carers. I'm upstairs with the window open clapping so loud it's making my hands sting, the sound of the clapping ringing around the streets sounds so good. I look at my mum and she has tears in her eyes. It's such an emotional time. I will never forget this.

Thank you to all the NHS staff and carers across the country at this difficult time.

**By Ava McCabe**

They flood to the street as though a fire bell has rung. Even the Slaters from the quiet cul-de-sac stand with their chins slightly raised.

We are so proud of our NHS.

Endless hours they spent labouring for us; we owe them. With every whistle and applause a small 'thanks' is sent. A beautiful serenade for the hardworking yet ever humble staff. The sound of hope fills the air.

One day, this will all be a distant nightmare -but, for now- there's a battle on our hands. One that we'll conquer and cure! As the cheers fade, neighbours exchange short but grateful nods and return to their homes. Who knows when we'll leave our houses again, but we are blessed to have woken up today and witness the display this evening... there's a lot to be thankful for.

**By Amy Brocksopp**

As we step out into the cold garden we can hear claps and join in. It's not the thunderous applause you'd expect at a sports game but it's more powerful. It's more powerful because we are filled with emotion and need to let the N.H.S and carers know we care and are thankful for their service. We are thankful because they are on the front line in the battle against Coronavirus and we respect how brave they are for risking their lives and health for our well-being and safety.

**By Jacob Harrison**



## **The Morning**

As I wake and open my white curtains I look out of my window and see my neighbours in their garden. The kids are screaming and laughing, bouncing around while the birds are chirping a lovely tune. A wasp flies towards my window so I quickly shut my curtains and decide to get some breakfast.

**By Charlie Langham**

Outside my bedroom window I see houses opposite me, some with green doors and some with black doors. Tall, grey lamp-posts tower over homes, and the sound of peace remains.

**By Ruby Szlanda**

As I stare out from my bedroom window a few cars drive by, and the trees slowly blow in the wind. The birds sing from above, but the streets below are barren and desolate as no-one wanders them. They are all trapped inside, isolated from nature. The empty roads can't compare to an average school day when the roads are lined with cars and the streets full of people, whether it be children dreading returning to their usual five-days-a-week school, or parents readily awaiting some time to themselves.

The grass and flowers grow, for once, undisturbed by anything. The notice board is covered in leaflets. All are out of date and faded, some are ripped and torn from the relentlessness of the wind. The crossroads, usually humming with cars and people, is now void of all life and personality. The postbox's usual amount of frippery and business is reduced to nothing but leaves, dust and redundant sweet wrappers. The park, on most occasions, full of children having fun on the equipment or playing football, is reduced to a lone old man and his dog.

**By Harry Grainger**

Don't get me wrong, there is nothing wrong with little rectangles piled up on each other in different boring shades of orange, cream and beige. Excitingly enough sometimes you see a rare white brick! Although, that's not what I would call "a nice view".

Happily, I would rather be on a beach in some foreign land with roaring waves and fine bits of sand that always (I mean always) get stuck in a forgotten corner of your shoe. I could even be drinking from a coconut under the compassionate shade of a palm tree. Perhaps some crabs could scatter along making me take pictures for my Instagram. I think that's everyone's idea of "nice view" which means I can't go; that's not "social distancing".

Instead, I'm in my room pressing my face against a window (I bet the neighbour's think I'm a weirdo) which isn't very comfortable. I if contort my body like in a game of Twister I can see a field through the corner of my window. I know that's not more interesting than a brick house and we would all rather be in the Caribbean sipping a piña colada. However, if you take a closer look, you can see the grass calmly sway side to side, shining in different shades of green. Personally, I find it so relaxing to watch; it's better than looking at the bomb that went off in my room - piles and piles of rejected, useless and forgotten revision notes don't exactly scream fun.

"Grrrrrrrrrrr." Oh, that's my stomach rumbling. I guess it time for breakfast!

**By Sarah Kleinmoedig**