

A Imaginative Story Of A Lesson Learned In Life

“Five minutes to break now children, come-on, don’t fool around or you won’t go outside.” I was filled with excitement, for the first time in a few years, we had a reasonable amount of snow, and it seemed to good to be true. It was so beautiful as it danced its way down from the heavens as if God himself has given it its rhythm.

The snow flakes floated down and nestled on the ground with utmost delicacy and soon built up a huge mountain, which was large enough to make a Igloo out-of, maybe I could live in there, and not need to return for lessons.

The more I watched the snowfall, the more it seemed to be begging me to come outside and frolic in its magic. The tension was unbearable, I was on the edge on my seat, poised to make a sprint for the door, and I counted the ticks one-by-one in a desperate hope to speed time up.

“OK you’ve worked well, go on, outside with you all and get some fresh air, but no making snowballs.” I dashed for the door, our running my fellow comrades, and went straight to my where my old, rusty peg was. There was hung my battered duffel coat and my royal blue mittens with my name etched in gold on them; they were hung in such a way as if my peg had predicated my urgent need for my tools of enjoyment.

I snatched them off my peg and slung them around me. I hurtled down the corridor, knocking the smaller children over in my frenzy; I could see the faded white doors in sight now. I pushed myself forward and when I reached them I threw them open with all my strength.

A was greeted with a jet of icy, cold air, which sent shivers up and down my spine. I looked around, and the entire of the dirty gravel playground I had once known, had been transformed into a tranquil white blanket of paradise. Each individual tree had gathered up the snow on its leaves in different ways as if they were all trying to keep some snow in case it melted suddenly. I was poised by the edge of the playground, I wasn’t sure if I should run over and rollick in the charm of the snow, or leave it and not spoil the already picturesque scene it had created.

Then I heard the cries from the other children as they too came rampaging out with the same intent that I had. Following my instincts I ran with the other children over to the playground and we all jumped around in the snow enjoying the short time we had.

This was surely the most perfect break I had ever experienced, and remembering the warning we had been given about not making snowballs, I was determined to make sure no-one broke this warning, if they did, it would mean spoiling this opportunity for the rest of us. Then I looked over and saw across the playground, one boy who was making a snowball. He must have heard the warning, but why was he making one?

I couldn’t believe he was doing this, did he want to ruin the fun for everyone else, if he did, then I intended to stop him. Without thinking I marched over there and demanded why he was making a snowball when we were told not to. He looked at me and said, “Go away, mind your own business.”

I wasn’t going to go away and mind my own business when he was going to ruin the break for me. How dare he try and destroy my enjoyment, this break was for me, it

was my time. I had been excited at the prospect of playing in the snow all morning and there was no way that someone was going to wreck this time for me.

So I lunged forward and knocked the ball of white magic from his hand; it hit the floor with a shower of dust. He initially didn't react so I simply turned around and began to walk away quite content with my actions, when I felt a large blow to my back. Before I knew it I was in the snow on the ground.

I stood up in a rage and went at him with all my might. I threw blow after blow, some completely missing him, but the sheer number of punches I dealt out was too much for him to cope with and before long he had subdued and was no longer fighting back.

I was now being crowded around by lots of the other children, and in front of me lay a boy, who was tear struck and had a swollen eye. What had I done? I wanted to enjoy this break as much as I could, but now by fighting and hurting this boy, all I had done was seal my fate. I was definitely going to get a detention; I had started the fight initially by knocking the snowball out of his hand.

As I saw the teacher on duty rush towards me I wished the ground beneath me would open up and swallow me whole. I could almost see what she was going to do and say, and before long she was there, and had me by the arm and was dragging me away from my paradise of white beauty, back into the dark and gloomy school where I would serve my sentence.

She crashed through the dark doors of the now deserted school and pulled me by my one arm like I was some lifeless rag doll and she a playful child who's idea was to run around with me connected to her on a leash. We hurtled down the hallway like some out of control express train until we reached a large, old wooden door. The number on this entrance to hell read thirteen. As I pushed this huge door open I entered into a world where fun and pleasure were not permitted, where enjoyment and rest were unheard of. This was the place the school children had only talked about, no one had ever seen it, merle talked about what foul, demon lurked inside, the fate that had engulfed me was detention.