**Boathouse descriptions Year 6 Merdon Junior School.**

Smoke stung my eyes as I neared the cottage. It was untidy with rubbish on the floor but felt surprisingly welcoming. A small vegetable patch sat, needing a harvest, and the roof was old and rundown. I opened the door and let myself inside, placing my bags on the armchair in the corner. The fire was warm and just cancelled out the evil draughts coming from the roof. A bed was lying underneath a dirty sheet and clutter consisting, of pots, cans and scraps of paper, littered the floor; I had to be careful where to place my feet.

Leah