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

I trudged across the sand, until I reached the boat. It had seaweed crawling up the outside and it gave off a salty smell. It had a makeshift straw roof. The door was hanging off its hinges which were smothered in grime. It creaked as I walked inside. There was one small light that swung too and fro, slightly lighting the dull cramped room. I struggled walking down a passage made narrow by a small wood burner, that spluttered out ash. On the other side were fishing rods and crab pots. Mould had made its way across the tiny kitchen and filthy plates were stacked in the sink.

Thomas