Narratives written by Year 6 children from Richmond Hill Primary Academy nr Doncaster

The writing was inspired by Unit 14, Shame and Pain in Opening Doors to a Richer English Curriculum 10-13.

Children had read the extract from Little Women and extracts from Gillian Cross’s The Demon Headmaster and Charles Dickens’ Oliver Twist.

“Silence.” Mr Holden said. Although his voice was quiet, everyone noticed him. “It’s time for our weekly inspection.” he hissed with a slight smirk on his face. The fear in my eyes must have been noticeable because John asked me if I was alright.

“Line up!” Mr Holden barked, “And quietly.”

Everyone (including me) lined up on the blank wall at the back of the classroom.

“Aha! How has a lazy worm ended up in my class? Tie your shoelace Madam. He said with no friendliness in his voice. A loud thwack echoed around the room.

We locked eyes as he was walking towards me. Mr Holden’s eyes were racing between my face and my shoes.

“What is on your shoes Hamilton?” His face was turning into a shade of magenta.

“Um … Um… I forgot to shine my boots and…”

“Enough with the excuses! Meet me after school.”

All day I was dreading the last bell. When the time finally came, I rallied my forces for the worst. He was sat at his desk waiting for me…

By Jasmine Clothier

As short as a toad and just as fat, Mr Ball is known around the school for being a cruel and abusive man. He has taught geography at Cane Bridge School ever since the school was built. He always wears the same highly-polished brown brogues and combs his unhealthy hair back the same way every day. His suit and tie are so tight that his big bull-neck hangs over his white shirt. This startling white shirt only emphasises how red his fierce face is. In the centre of this raging redness is a broad nose with flaring nostrils. His eyes, half-covered by his heavy eye lids, are dull green. Although his eyes move slowly, they see everything: a child not doing their work; a child whispering to the person in front of them; even the child who dares to briefly look him in the eye.

Just like a prison-cell, Mr Balls’ classroom was dull, claustrophobic and depressing. A lonely barred window let very little light shine in to the classroom. The light fell directly onto Mr Ball’s desk at the very front of the classroom. Littered with long-forgotten food, creased papers and leaking pens, Mr Ball’s desk most noticeably held one item. Placed carefully on top of this rubbish dump was Mr Ball’s wooden cane: the only item which he never lost. The children’s desks and rickety chairs creaked when the children sat on them and this filled them with dread. Even the slightest creak could be heard in the fearful silence of the classroom. A mere squeak of a chair was enough to enrage Mr Ball and the children knew it would not be long until his well-used cane is ready for use.

By Jack Scanlon

Initial taster draft

Mr Garrison was a diminutive, corpulent man who had worked at Cane Bridge Junior School for as long as anybody could remember. Some people believe he enjoyed draining the joy from children; if any child dared to show any imagination, they would very soon regret it.

Just like an army barrack, Mr Garrison’s classroom was perfectly organised. A small window in the corner of the room which was the only source of light made this room dark and depressing. Mr Garrison’s desk towered over the rows of perfectly lined-up desks. His desk contained one thing and one thing only. His cane.

By Libby Saunders

“Good morning children.”

A deafening silence.

“I said good morning children!”

Slamming his cane on the floor, Mr Garrison stared friendly at the children.

“Good morning Mr Garrison.” replied the children in perfect unison. But not me. I was absent-mindingly staring out of the window in the corner of the room. That was when Mr Garrison saw me.

“Jasmine Clothier!” bellowed Mr Garrison. “How dare you not greet me.”

A thousand thoughts ran through my head as all eyes stared at me.

“Here now.” Mr Garrison said sharply.

“Bring the stool.”

It was brought.

Suddenly Two children rose from their seats and placed me onto the stool. With being so close to his face, I could see every hideous feature: each pore in his nose, each vein in his eyes, each drop of sweat on his brows and my pale reflection in his beady eyes.

This was my first beating from Mr Garrison but sadly this would not be my last.

By Libby Saunders