

First Day by Harper Wall – 9 yrs.

After we clamber
Into the over-stuffed rickshaw
Trundling on through
The bumpy crowded streets
We are attacked by the pungent aroma
Of drying fish.

We pass by dusty creaky houses
Their owners drying their clothes
On rocks by the crashing waves.

We turn down a side street
Rainbow coloured fruit
Banana mountains
Purple bubbly grapes
People shopping, sacks on their heads
Lines of laundry hanging across the narrow street
An old dog scavenging for food
People stopping to chat
Eating samosas and baked goods from the street vendors.

We stop to the sound of laughing children
They hug us and run along side as we enter the school

Overwhelming noise
Like a busy train station

We start the day with happy excitement
We take the kids out for exercise
laughing
running
pulling us along
I lose myself in their play.
I watch them skip and play soccer
Being pulled up by a little girl
Who wants me to skip
I try and fail, much laughter!!

Leaving our fun and games
It is time to go back to the school
As we near, they become once again joyful.

Lunchtime!

Touched by their chant
We eat rice and spicy dhal.
After a tiring afternoon
Too quick, it is time to go home.

Exhausted!

Back into a rickshaw and along
The colourful bustling side street
Back onto the road with the fishy smell
Our first day is complete.

