

My Holiday Memory

Walking out of the threatening sun, into the tranquil shadow of the oak tree, in Porto Chelli, Greece. Flippers in my right hand, gun in the other, mask encapsulating my face. Walking onto the jetty, cold, refreshing water soaking my feet. With my equipment and gun loaded with the spear, I slipped into the water. Plunging deep in the water, being consumed by it. Surfacing, I looked down into the depths below me, sea life and coral everywhere, then I was hooked.

Tom AE.

My Memory

I remember nervously clambering on to the wobbling board with fierce waves lashing out at my face like venom and the wind, like a howling, hungry dog, whistling in my trembling ears.

I nervously hauled up my heavy, water filled sail and clasped my shaky hands on the boom, nervously pulled in my backhand and away I went.

I was windsurfing harmoniously, with the wind blowing through my hair. It was one of the most magical moments of my life, just gliding over the ferocious waves like a water spider across a pond. I could have carried on forever.

Freddie C.

My Holiday Memory

We drove down the steep, windy roads of Corfu with the windows blowing sweet warm air onto our hot, bothered faces. The fresh smell of the sea wafted in as our silly singing disturbed the beautiful blissfulness of the soft sounds of the sea. Through the windows, our eyes told us a story of a glittering, turquoise sea and peaceful beaches filled with creamy, round stones. New sights and sounds suddenly filled our senses and for a moment our car was silent while we were soaking up every detail that went past. We had arrived in a new country, a country unlike any place we'd seen before, a place of paradise.

Emily E.

My Holiday Memory

I love the Greek sea. It's clear, clean, warm and stunning!

It was my very first time going to Corfu. Just before lunch at Agni, we stopped off at a beautiful bay. The water was a crystal, the air smelt of salt and sun cream, the music was playing, the birds were singing and I was ready. Ready to leap into the crystal to observe the unseen creatures lurking, deeply, amongst the sand. As I swim I find a dark, dinghy cave that's cold but sends a zap of excitement through me. Everyone begins to follow me into this cave. As we tiptoe into the cave we uncover more passageways.

We squeeze ourselves through a claustrophobic passageway with jagged, sharp, unpleasant edges. We finally make it through a larger, cooler, fantastic room. The water is again clear and as everyone

arrives the excitement and buzz in the air is palpable. As I glance to the right of me I spot a light, bright, glistening patch of water. This is where we swim out. Under a wall of the dark cave is the opening back to the boat. I dive under the wall, through the glistening water patch and back to the old boat.

Rufus W.

My Holiday Memory

One of my favourite memories was when we were in Greece, and the magical moon came out. We had a mini disco next to the spectacular, glowing pool and did our zany dance to 'Gangnam Style'. We then pushed each other in the pool, feeling the bubbles brush our faces in the refreshing, glimmering water.

After we got dry, we looked at the breath-taking, moonlit, sparkling, luminous sky. Watching for shooting stars to fall like spaceships, and for satellites to circle the world like a dog chasing its tail. With the help of an app, we found Jupiter and Mars and stared at them silently, our eyes full of wonder.

Only too soon it was time to say goodnight. I will always remember that happy evening staring at a star filled night in Greece.

Willow S.

The very last day of summer

I can feel the blazing hot sun gently touching my face,

I can taste the cool summer air in my mouth.

Still it is summer but winter will soon come,

Savour that very last day

The bees are humming gently,
Making a glowing yellow honey.
Still it is summer but winter will soon come,
Savour that very last day.

The birds will never sing so happily,
Chirping their beautiful songs
Still it is summer but winter will soon come,
Savour that very last day.

The fish are swimming playfully,
Swishing their golden tails.
Still it is summer but winter will soon come.

Olivia M.