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St Peter's Middle School  
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Doyle

Dear Mama,

St Peter's Middle School is great, but there is one flaw to this grand school, the matron!

Matron is a large, fair-haired woman with an enormous bosom, and her shrieks are earth trembling. Her rules are as meaningless as her sole purpose in life, which is to break down and destroy us kids.

well put!

It all begins when you step off the ground floor and on to the first floor where all the dormitories are. That's when matron's unseen, irrational powers come in to contact with you for the first time. Once you have climbed those stairs there's no turning back. The unseen powers have already hit you. She'll dart at you from the other end of the hallway and give you the most rueful smile, then after that she'll wait until you make the slightest wrong doing and pounce like leopard. But perhaps the most frightening thing about the dormitory floor is what is lurking at the end of it, the headmasters study and any students "who has done wrong" in matrons eyes will the get the cane. "You will get the cane." Those are the most dreaded words at St Peters Middle School.

When we get the cane the matron will stand at the end of the hallway waiting for the gun shot smacks that echo through the hallway as the baby skin smooth cane comes into contact with our bare bottoms. Then after we come out of the headmaster's study clutching our new blueberry colored bottoms she cuts her eyes at us ever so slightly.

There is a young boy in our school called Wrags, AKA Uncle Potato Head. We call him this because he has more head than body.

Wrags is a very plump boy with dark brown curly hair, with arms that he has not grown into yet and, like I said, an enormous head.

Last Wednesday, Wrags came out of the headmasters office clutching his blueberry bottom extremely mad at matron but with a wonderful, evil idea. The idea was to sprinkle castor sugar along the corridor. So when he finally worked up enough nerve to do this wonderful, evil idea he did. He sprinkled a cup of castor sugar along the corridor. When this was completed Wrags came in with an evil smile and rubbed his hands together and said in an evil voice, "The hall has been successfully covered." Now all there was for us to do was to wait for the lightning woman to illuminate the hall and then walk across the sugar coated floor. Then came the crunch, crunch. After two crunches the earth trembling shriek came, "Who did this?" she shrieked. "How dare you do this!" The crunching started up again; we all ducked under our covers as the dreaded matron was getting closer and closer. Crack, the door flung open and smashed onto the other wall. "Who did this?" she cried again. "Own up, you filthy little boys," she yelled in phenomenal anger.

"Don't tell her anything Wrags" we whispered. "We won't rat you out promise."

He didn't own up and I don't blame him, because his fate would have been another blueberry bottom and everybody knew that.

The headmaster was summoned from the depths of the corridor to help matron. Now the anger was so intense because the headmaster had been interrupted from his evening and matron had been made (right) fool of.

Soon after that the head master said with spit flying out of his mouth, "Fine, if nobody will own up I shall have to take the keys for your tuck boxes and hand them to matron, and all parcels coming in from home will be confiscated." So very sadly we handed over our keys and that was the end of that.

Any way thanks a lot for the delicious chocolates, I must have eaten four of them in one gulp before I handed over my keys to my tuck box. I was nearly sick, but I still enjoyed them. It's definitely a whole lot better than this school food.

I just can't wait to come home to have some of your fabulous home cooking, like steak and pork, not this po pong pork or stale bread and rotten butter.

Remember I'll see you in six weeks, don't forget!!!

Love from,  
Boy.



steak



10/10

Excellent work, Justin. This is beautifully written and really gives a clear idea about what life at St. Peter's was like.