

The Kindergarten. Purpose: To describe a kindergarten  
Audience: Teacher and students

The clock had chimed loudly for the third time. In half an hour my little sister will have finished kinder for the day and would be waiting for me to pick her up. My mum was in a hurry and ordered me to turn off the annoying kettle. The kettle sat there boldly ringing in the gleaming afternoon sunlight. I flicked the switch, which, seemingly put it out of its misery. My mother sat in the car yelling for me to hurry up before we were late. My mother revved the engine as I closed the front door behind me. The car shook as I walked past the front of the car letting out a gust of warm air on my face coming from under the bonnet. I got in the car and we made our way towards the kindergarten.

As we came closer we could make out the kindergarten on the horizon. The fluorescent yellow play equipment stood out in the green landscape as if it didn't belong. We had finally arrived, I got out and made my way to the door. All the peaceful sounds of the wind blowing through the towering trees and the birds chirping happily with one another all came to a sudden halt as I opened the door. The children ran around, screamed, and threw things as if they were unaware of the peacefulness that lay outside. I made my way closer to the children. There appeared to be hundreds of little kids looking up at me with me with mixed expressions, only pausing for a moment, before continuing to make a noise.

It was a large room with a kitchen to the left and it had toys scattered all over the floor. A door led outside to the playground and Mrs. Smith the teacher sat at her desk keeping a watchful eye on the children. Mrs. Smith noticed me standing there and motioned me to come over. I made my way through the flowing sea of children which was harder than I thought. Rainbows of play dough lay scattered on the floor and stuck on windows along side greasy little hand prints. A man towering over the children placed two plates filled with all kinds of different fruit on a small table. The plate lay unnoticed until the words afternoon tea were called out. The children suddenly stopped everything. Their toys dropped as they darted towards the plates as if they had been piled with something so valuable nothing else in the world mattered to them.

My path became a lot clearer now, only having to dodge the rag doll or building blocks. The teacher greeted me with a smile, her lily white teeth standing out against her dark skin as if they didn't belong. Her glasses were perched precariously on the end of her nose, and her face was beginning to show signs of age. Nevertheless there was a serenity about her which put you at ease. She began by telling me how good my sister was and then pointed to a picture on the wall that she had done. It seemed to me that I could have done a better job by throwing a can of paint on a piece of paper but to my sister it would be a masterpiece, and as far as she knew it was. They had all eaten and now was clean up time.

Watching the kids run around cleaning was like seeing the worker ants rushing around cleaning up the nest for the queen ant, who in this case, was the teacher. When the room was clean the children were dismissed. They grabbed there multicolored back packs which were heavy for them, but light enough for us to carry with no effort at all. Little kids clinging to their mothers as if they hadn't seen them for weeks made their way out the door. I found my sister with her Sesame Street back pack and we headed for the car. She began to explain to me, in her own language, how her day was. As I got in the car I thought to my self how glad I am that I don't have to go there anymore.

