

CREATIVE FOLIO WRITING – PERSONAL - EXEMPLAR

MY SUMMER BUCKET LIST

Hot. Sweaty and hot. The last day of term, stifling any creativity and any hope of actually learning anything other than how to stop melting into a fetid pool of flesh and fat before Mr Terron's eyes.

'This summer I want you to think about a bucket list of five things you want to achieve and using this list write a personal and reflective essay'. Thus did the words of doom spake; but any writing piece created by me would be very dissimilar to the hope filled speeches of Mandela and Luther King, the stirring (and short) Gettysburg Address and the elegy of Spike Milligan '(I told you I was ill)'.

Peering at the handout on my desk I saw a large bucket, palm trees (as if I'm going anywhere tropical THIS year, or the next), pictures of a frog with goggles and a snorkel and the all-time beach classic, a starfish. All ready for colouring in when I'd decided on my five things I wanted to do this summer. What? Did Mr Terron think I was, like, five again? Write a list and then spend 30 minutes aimlessly colouring the pretty palm trees and the snorkelling frog as it tried to eat the starfish? This was the last day before a seven week holiday (it only happens every seven years so I was one of the lucky ones). Seven weeks. A whole 49 days of delight, fun filled nights and sleepy days. Whoopee

'This summer I want to'...

1. Achieve Inner peace. Yeah baby. Zen baby. Sitting in a small garden with gravel scraped into waves and watching a moss covered rock move so slowly it gave me a sense of Nirvana to mix my Buddhism and Zen, Ying and Yang. Hard to achieve with the roar of Typhoon jets as they accelerated off the runway nearby to go catch Russian planes probing into our airspace. It's our airspace dammit! In fact we really should be shooting down the birds that invade it from Russia, Canada and especially those European fowl.
2. Steal some 'Pick N Mix'. I know. Rebellious yes? Take THAT Mr TESCO. That'll pay you back for all the times your security boy looked at me with suspicion as soon as I enter your monolithic caverns of capitalism. All white and no price reductions on the important stuff like Pick N Mix or croissants.
3. Beat dark souls. OK you've got me here. I'm not sure what I mean by this. Maybe I have this vision of running around Elgin beating up all the EMO/Goth kids from the High School. God knows we've got loads in the Academy as well. White faces. Sour looks, Permanent scowls and instant depression when they open their metal covered lips and display their brown teeth. Bloody Neanderthals looked more enthusiastic about life even when being chased by a sabre-toothed tiger, than our wee gang of Goth goons.
4. Tell Keanu Reeves he's breath-taking. Why? Well...
5. Break Lebron's kneecaps. I hate basketball and I hate Lebron James and his ability to make me look like a duck on the court. All waddle, flying feathers and no ability to be a swan at all.