

My Time at TG has been the best seven years it could possibly have been. There have been many ups and many downs but through it all there has been someone to help, or someone to tell me I can't do Long Division...YET and that it isn't the 'Devil's Work', despite all signs of it being created solely to rip apart the brains of children. (I'm still not convinced)

I've had many memories along the way...but been robbed of one too: by now I would be talking about funny stories about PGL but of course, we never got to go on that fun trip thanks to a national pandemic and so I never did get to eat those delicious chips that PGL provides! Despite this, we have made more virtual memories via teams which has been an experiment in chatting online.

I have made many new friends but some of my best friends are Aaron and Jack; I am friends with everyone else nonetheless. I remember meeting Aaron the first day of school and we became friends instantly. During year three, I remember Jack was sitting alone at lunch so I went and sat with him and made the instant friend bond of, "What football team do you support?" It didn't matter that he was new (or that he supported Aston Villa.) because I remember my first day and the nervousness of it all.

One of my favourite memories was at the RSC whilst watching the boy in the dress. I got really excited and when the first person came down with a dress on, I cheered because I thought everyone else would... but, there was just a deadly silence as I screamed at the top of my lungs and the mean head teacher just scowled at me as I just sunk back into my chair silently. Later on in the show, there was a sad solo right in front of the appreciating audience of me and Jack, dancing in our seats, causing the actor to snigger and look away from us.

On our forest school trip Mrs Gray told the class not to roll down the hill. But not before Vinnie had tripped over and was falling down the wet slope. Despite my attempts to stop Vinnie, I too fell and as we rolled down, we were laughing so hard I was out of breath afterwards. Our attempts to stand up were pointless as the world was, so we just lay there, laughing our heads off.

I will miss TG and the memories I've made but I look forward to making new ones in secondary school. Goodbye TG.

Jonas