Dear: Mr Smith

Pain. Destruction. Devastation.

That is what every child in this school thinks of when gazing at our rickety corpse of a playground. We need to fix this calamity. If we don't the world will fall upon us, begging you to reassemble their child's favourite plaything turned obstruction. It is absolutely vital that this change.

I used to walk around the barky floor of the monkey bars, waiting until I was tall enough to reach the gleaming bars of steel. Now I can reach, though I won't, the gleaming metal has corroded, leaving many gaps in the once cherished bars. There used to be a shining slide that you would slip on and slide on, now there is only the start and end of the rusted plate that once was beautiful. Only a fool would dare to touch it, even with a ten foot pole. If only you could fix it.

Even if you were to fix it, the cost would hardly make a dent in the increased profit from the playground. Children would be happy and parents would be happy. It would help children's attention span in class, it would help with dispelling negative vibes from the school, in general it would help you. If only you could fix it.

You could fix this playground within a day if you wanted to. Why do you choose to have sad children rather than happy children? Inactive children rather than active children? If only you could fix our sad little playground.