

The day Sunny came to tea....

I was desperate for a new friend to come to tea. I had begged and begged my Mum to invite him. His name was Sunny and I had met him in the playground one day.

Sunny didn't live in an ordinary house. He lived in a caravan which his Dad had made. It was an unusual, two-story caravan made out of all sorts of rubbish. His Mum and Dad had parked it outside the playground on the day I had met Sunny. Sunny said they were going to stay there for a while so we had become good friends. Sunny would sometimes tell me the strangest tales about his parents. I often thought he had made them up.

When Sunny came to tea, we didn't really know what to make him. He looked as if he hadn't eaten very well his whole life. His hair was very scruffy and his ears were wonky. It made him look very funny indeed. But he was friendly and he had kind eyes.

When Mum put down sausages and mash on the table for us to eat, Sunny looked strangely at them.

"What are those?" he asked, pointing cautiously at the sausages.

Mum and I looked at each other. We couldn't believe he had never seen a sausage before!

Can you see how we have described the characters simply?

Can you spot the paragraphs?

Can you see where we have put capitals for names?

Can you see how we have used inverted commas for dialogue?

Can you spot the verbs and adverbs?