

“Shut up!” shouted Jim. He was fed up of Sarah telling him to have a bath. He would have one when he wanted.

Rebecca was a lazy girl-even her mother thought so. She was so lazy, she couldn't even be bothered to pick her own nose.

The door burst open, leaves swirled around the passage. Distant screams could be heard, as the misty night grew darker and colder.

Ingrid lived in a small, quiet town in Westmeath, surrounded by fields and meadows. At this time of year, it was especially beautiful, as all the flowers were in bloom.

“Oh for goodness sake! Who stole my Groovy Chick pencil this time?”

“Not me. Don't even try to blame me. I didn't take it!” protested Lucy.

Ugly. That's how you'd describe Billy Bobbins. Ugly. What with his large spotty nose, crooked teeth and lazy eye, he wasn't exactly a model. But nevertheless, Lucinda still fancied him rotten!

Graham had the letter in his hand. Time was running out, he had to get to the post office in double quick time. This was his last chance.

The sun went down over the roofs of the terraced rows of red brick houses. There was something about Drumcondra that was difficult to describe.