

My favourite Place

There I was lying alone on my blue butterfly patterned bed in my brightly coloured room.

I could hear the cute black and white guinea pigs squeaking away in their large wooden cage outside squeak, squeak, squeak.

The taste of chocolate my dad had given me earlier for being well behaved still lingered in my mouth.

I could smell mum cooking some delicious chicken which I guessed would soon be our dinner.

I felt my heart pounding as I finished the exciting adventure book I had got out from the school library the other day.

I looked out the window at the playful brown sparrows playing in the red and orange guava trees making the red berries fall to the ground.

“Tweet, tweet, tweet,” they said as I sat on my bed watching them.

Charlotte

WALT: Recraft a descriptive poem