

## How To Do 11+ English

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(see page 45)

### My family

All my family have mental problems. My older brother can't resist a girl, my mum has an obsession with shopping, my dad can't last 5 minuets without blurting out a 'phislosiphal question' and my ~~ma~~ younger sister is forever wetting the bed. I say bed, not cot as I unfortunatly have to share my bed with her. I'm not suprised they all have these mental condisions – it drives me mad liveing in this freezing underwater basement.

Thats right – we live in the very bottom of a submarine living on Captains biscuits and Pineapple juice. Uhhgh. We lived like this for 3 whole years – never breathing fresh air – never feeling the warm sunlight on ~~you~~ our backs. Then one (supposidly sunny) afternoon we reached our destiney – the morrocon islands. It was enchanting the way that the fresh sea air hit us full in the face and ~~we~~ it was a while untill we became acustomed to the sunshine. We were assured into a palace of gold, studded with diamonds, embedded with rubies...

"~~Jenkins!~~ Anna! Wakey, wakey! I'm trying to give a maths lesson here! Stop daydreaming!"

Huh. My lovely dream shattered into pieces. I was well into the middle of it.

The class around me started laughing. I blushed a deep purple. My mum is a teacher who fills in if a teachers away, just my luck, cause' today Mrs. Rhubarbs away and mums the last spare teacher they've got. Trouble is, every time mums filling in for our class she always picks on me. I slouched back in my chair and started again. A glazed expression came over my face as I happily imagened what would happen next....

We all lay down on beds of silver – sank down deep into the luxurious covers.

Butlers brought us plates of grapes and such dainties. I made a friend with one of the servant girls and we made daisy chains and.....

"Anna! I've spoken to you before! Sit up!"

Huh! ~~She should have~~ I wished mum had been ill in bed or she'd been to busy looking after dopey old dad or my older brother, or or cradiling Lily my little sister in her arms. I wished she wasn't here. Now. Get back to the point.

After we made daisy chains we ate a yummy, yummy supper of....

"ANNA!"

God. This day will never end.

Josie, 9 years 10 months