

How To Do 11+ English

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Problems with pets

I loved Melon. Melon was a chocolate coloured Dutch rabbit. I loved everything about her. I loved her soft, silky fur, her long elegant ears, I loved her tiny, twitchy nose and the way she would snuggle into me when I cuddled her. But one cold, misty morning, I hurried down to her cage hutch and saw her just lying there. Eyes closed. Gone.

Two months after her death mum took me to the pet shop to chose another pet. They animals sat in their cages, lifeless and dejected. I couldn't bear to see them. We asked the Pet Shop Owner if there were any more animals.

The Owner took us to the back of the shop and showed us a magnificent, multicoloured parrot. "I'll take him." I said. I christened him Misty.

Every morning when I woke up he would greet me with his usual morning ritual – "He's a saucy young chap!" I ~~als~~ always wonder where he learnt that.

When I went down to breakfast he would call after me "I'll have a lemon flavoured, sugar coated, freezing, cold barley water." Pah. And when I came in after supper he would say, with great excitement, "Your money or your life!"

Gibben's! When he had been with us for a couple of months we let him fly about the house. At first he was most polite; landing on everyones shoulders and asking them graciously, "May I have this dance?" But after a while he became more daring. He would shout out, "Damn, Blast and Donner and Blitzen!" and he would bite the end of Mums lipstick. Mum said he had to go. But she let me replace him.

She let me replace him with the cutest kitten ever. He was a tiny black and white shorthair, with long whiskers and round, beseeching eyes. I called him Mango. But Mango did not even try to make a good impression.

From the first time he was let lose in the house, he caused mahem. He tore the covers off armchairs, he marked my bed as HIS terrotry and he poosed all over mums best dress. Mum said he had to go. This time she would not let me have another pet. Instead I went down to the pond, at the end of our garden and fished out three beautiful goldfish; Gadget, Garlic and Cashmire; and put them in an old, huge glass bowl, in our parlour. Surely nothing could go wrong with goldfish...

Josie, 10 years 1 month