It was Sunday, I never get up early on Sundays. **I sometimes stay in bed until lunchtime.** Last Sunday, I got up very late, I looked out of the window, it was dark outside. “What a day!” I said, “It’s raining again!”. Just then, the telephone rang, it was my aunt Lucy. “I’ve just arrived by train.”She said, “I’m coming to see you.”

“But I’m still having breakfast.” I said.

“What are you doing?” She asked.

“I’m having breakfast.” I repeated.

“Dear me!” she said, “Do you always get up so late? It’s one o’clock!”