

Freddie's birthday

it was freddie's birthday, and nancy decided to give him a three course meal for dinner. the first course was going to be prawns, but instead of giving him real ones she sneaked out into the garden in search of some nice juicy slugs. when she gathered enough, she went inside and smothered them in orange prawn cocktail sauce to make them look like they were real prawns.

the second course had been sitting in the garden for two weeks. it was a delicious meat loaf which flies had infested with maggots. she brought it inside, warmed it slightly, cut it into pieces and put vegetables around it. nancy called freddie for dinner. he dashed into the dining room and sat down to eat his meal. smacking his lips he looked with hungry eyes at the food. "two, four, six, eight, bog in don't wait," said nancy sweetly. freddie wasted no time, food was his middle name and he ate anything put in front of him. "you're not having any?" asked freddie. "no dear, i made it especially for you. it took me weeks to prepare. i'm having just salad, i need to loose weight anyway," nancy replied sweetly.

nancy had trouble keeping her laughs back, watching him eat that horrible food. to her delight he didn't realize the nasty ingredients she had put in. while he was stuffing himself nancy was busy in the kitchen preparing the third course. she had bought a huge three tier cake and put live frogs in the centre of it. freddie really hated frogs.

when he had finished his main meal, nancy came out with the cake and started singing 'happy birthday' to him. she put it on the table and freddie started cutting the cake. after he had cut one piece of cake, little frogs came jumping out at him. when he saw them he threw the table in the air causing the cake to splatter on the walls and ceiling. he squealed and started running around the whole house trying to get away from those slimy, wart-ridden beasts.

it was up to brave nancy to get rid of all the frogs because freddie had locked himself in the cupboard, the only place where there were no frogs. when nancy got all the frogs out of the house, she told freddie what he had eaten for first and second course. as soon as he heard that, he was out of the cupboard and into the bathroom, vomiting with all his might into the toilet. poor freddie spent most of his birthday evening in the bathroom dry reaching. he was planning a sweet revenge and suddenly it clicked what he was going to do. "i will get you, just you wait. it is the perfect plan for a perfect revenge."

HIGHLIGHT EACH GRAMMAR / SPELLING ERROR