

An example of a short story written by a child working at greater depth.

Once upon a time there was a badger who <sup>was</sup> always hungry, because he worked day and night picking up rubbish in the active, adventurous park.

One early morning a boy came into the park with a ham sandwich. The starving, tremendously hungry badger gazed at the sandwich. Badger imagined how it would taste in his mouth.

"Mmm," he thought, "This is what I call an outstanding sandwich." A boy came near the sandpit to take a big, humungous bite. There was a girl nearby on a ~~see~~ dark, red slide when, oh no, the girl bumped into the boy and his delicious scrumptious sandwich fell in the sandpit!! "Oh we can't eat it now," muttered the girl, "It's disgusting." The boy felt sad and so did that black and white badger.

Just then a squirrel ~~of~~ grabbed the sandwich covered with golden sand. She took it because she didn't mind the sand. The ginger squirrel brang it up to her tall, dark, tree to share with her pesky children. OH, NO!!!

The children couldn't share properly, ~~so~~ the sandwich fell in the pond covered with, slimy, green seaweed.

"He can't eat it now," muttered the mother, ginger squirrel, "It's disgusting."

Suddenly a frog saw the sandwich and Badger leaped into the sparkling, death pond. The slimy, dark, green frog fished out

the sandwich. He didn't mind the <sup>golden</sup> sand or the slimy, green seaweed. The bouncy frog was about to take a big, <sup>humungous</sup> bite when a scooter rushed and just wanted to get past, so there were black, squish marks on the sandwich.  
"Oh, ~~we~~ <sup>I</sup> can't eat it now," muttered the frog, "It's too disgusting!!!!"

Suddenly a crow saw the sandwich and peeled it off the light green, delicate grass to give it to her wealthy, beautiful mum. When the crow was flying back to the sticky nest he dropped <sup>it</sup> into an ants' nest, because an electric aeroplane scared the daughter's crow.  
"Oh, we can't eat it now," the crow mum muttered, "It's disgusting!"

~~Luckily~~ Anyway there was a fox who grabbed the sandwich. He didn't mind the golden sand or the slimy, green seaweed or the black squish, marks or the hundreds of ants. He got the sandwich so with the lady fox he liked. The fox was going to tell him how much he liked her and cared for her, when he dropped ~~at~~ it into a pile of tickly feathers that somehow got there.  
"Oh, we can't eat it now," muttered the lady fox, "It's disgusting!" So the lady fox kicked the sandwich into a flowerbed. Then she worked through some <sup>smelly</sup> bins, <sup>dirty</sup>

Badger ran to the flowerbed. This time there were some slugs covering the sandwich with slime and oozy, grey, bubbles. Badger looked at the sandwich covered in golden sand, slimy, green seaweed, black squish marks, hundreds of ants, tickly feathers and slugs with slime and oozy, grey bubbles. Then Badger ate up all the gross slugs.

