A DAY IN THE LIFE OF MR BROWNLOW

**O**ne day, Mr Brownlow was sitting in his armchair pondering, He was in his elegant blue shirt, and for today was a special day he was buying a toy for children in need (his niece and nephew). Anyway, he needed to buy a good book from his friend (his name was Bob), but first he had chores and work to do. Mr Brownlow looked outside, even though the window you could smell the pungent manure, it smelt poisonous.

Suddenly, Mrs Bedwin (the maid) screamed ‘’ BREAKFAST IS READY!!’’ As quick as a blink of an eye she was holding some porridge with tea ‘’100 sugars just how you like it’’ Mrs bedwin screamed, she was wearing her FREEZING onesie. The next thing you knew Mr Brownlow was bouncing around like a kangaroo because of all those sugars. One minute passed, he was calm. He got a normal ironed paper. His house had a rich William Morris design, at least it wasn’t a hulk of a house. As he stepped outside, there was rich, posh and elegant people all around only because he lived in the rich side of town, suddenly, he saw Bob waving at him. Mr Brownlow ran over to him to give him his book back then, Mr Brownlow saw the best book ever it was called ‘’How to catch a thief’’ and it was made by a thief called Secrete stealer (aka Fagin) the only thing was it was in Russian so you can read it but Mr Brownlow can read Russian. As quick as a flash, a little hand reached into his pocket and stole his

Ancient £10 gold bar. Mr Brownlow looked around then a little boy just stood there and said ‘’sorry sir’’ and ran away. Mr Brownlow squeaked ‘’ STOP THIEF’’ then two boys joined in.Quickly, the Bobbies came in and chased him. Then Mr Brownlow said ‘’Stop you men I want to speak to the poor boy, will you come home with me it’s the least I can do!’ Oliver came over to him and pleaded with joy, ’YES SIR YES’’

The next day, Oliver woke up in a comfy bed in nice and warm pyjamas.