

A walk in the park.

On a bright, beaming morning in Amptill park, there was a young girl named Abbi. She was strolling along as the wind tussled her hair, her wellies bridging in the damp, wet mud. All of a sudden she heard a cry.

Then another.

Then another.

She slowly tiptoed forward and forward.

And she saw a toadstall, but it had no spots, no spots!

She tiptoed forward and crouched down.

"Are you alright?" asked Abbi.

"No I am very sad," replied the toadstall.

"Why?" wondered Abbi.

"I have no spots," sighed the toadstall, "and everyone is being mean to me," explained the toadstall.

Abbi stood up thought.

"I will run home and get some red paint," cried Abbi.

She zoomed home and ran into her shed.

"There you are," coughed Abbi, while she picked up the red paint.

And sprinted back to where the toadstall sat.

"hear," she panted.

She took a brush and carefully, delicately, slowly made some small as a ladybird spots.

"There," puffed Abbi.

"Thank you I will never forget you," smiled the toadstall.

Everyday after school she came to the toadstall with new fresh berries and they became best friends forever.