Philippe and the terrible day

You need capital letters for ALL proper nouns and for the first word of all dialogue.

There once was a French scorpion named Phillippe. He was a friendly young lad who worked in a bakery making croissants in his spare time.

One day Phillippe was having a terrible day, firstly he woke up and hit his head of the head bored but didn’t think anything of it so he stumbled down stairs to get his breakfast. His breakfast wasn’t your usual breakfast … it started off with a bowl of stew… 12 eggs and a cup of coffee.

The coffee machine wouldn’t turn on, he pressed the button, nothing happened so he tried again but yet again nothing happened but just then with a flash and a bang the whole house turned dark, cold and silent this made Phillippe really mad.

Phillippe got on with his morning as usual. Got dressed, hair combed, teeth brushed and off he went.

Phillippe had a love for his car, it was amazing. He drove a dazzling Milky White Range Rover that glistened in the sunlight. stepping into the car Philippe heard a loud tier and exclaimed “no not my trousers,” Oh please don’t be my trousers!”, and it was but it was ok because he has a spare pair in his trunk by Hugo Boss.

Finally driving to work, everything going swell… I spoke to soon he had drove into a flock of traffic, “OH for goodness sake!” he shouted with a roar “I can’t be late, no, not today” he said in a huff.

So there he was waiting in traffic cussing under his breath like a mad man. The seconds felt like minutes and the minutes felt like hours though soon enough he was driving, happy as Larry he put the radio on and starting singing a sweet tune, “Dudu dud dudu du dud du” he sang.

Suddenly the car started to slow and halt to a stop. Phillippe was so confused “What’s happing?” , “Can this day get any worse” he mumbled. yes, yes it could.

Since he had broken down he had to call AA. The AA arrived and fixed his car but Philippe couldn’t wait the anger was building up inside him, he has never been more impatient just then Phillippe started to grow big and tall and very muscular but quickly shrank back to his normal size. Normal format.

Finally, Phillippe had showed up at work though there was not a pretty sight when he had walked into his office to see the biggest pile of papers, files and more all on his desk it almost resembled the leaning tower,” Oh gosh, I’ll be here for days if I don’t get started” Philippe sighed with a sarcastic tone. Sooner or later he gets started.

Its 6:38 and Philippe is still typing away like there is no tomorrow but can’t stop thinking of earlier that morning when he broke down so he just shakes it off. He quickly realises that he hasn’t thought about diner just yet so he decided, “Well its Friday night and late, why don’t I treat myself to Chinese”

Home at last he draws a warm shower sets out his new Primark pyjamas (RIP Primark). He would salvage something out of this shipwreck of a day.

In a few a short few moments Philippe pounced out of the shower, quickly dressed into his new pyjamas and leaped down stairs right to the phone.

Excitedly picking up the phone he dialled

 “Hello, golden rock Chinese how can I help you?”

“Hello um……. Can I have a portion of salt ‘n’ chilli chicken please with a small chip and chicken balls?”

 “Is that it??

“Can I also have a can of Fanta with that?”

 “Yes! What’s your address?”

 “Uh….647 Springfield road”

 “Thank you, next”

\*phone hangs up\*

With a big smile on his face like the Cheshire cat he set up his living room.

He put on a movie, set out a table, and made sure there was extra pillows and blankets.

Phillippe waited, waited checked is clock then waited some more. Impatiently he looked out his window rang the Chinese up to see if his food was on route… witch it was Phillippe is just a very impatient scorpion … scorpion? That’s what he thought any way.

Soon enough the doorbell rang Phillippe ran for the door like he hasn’t been fed before.

Unpacking the food, he quickly realised this wasn’t his food … nowhere near close to his order he went into a rage storming up to the shop wearing his bunny slippers shouting, “Where is my chicken balls!!!”

He barged into shop and transformed into a monster he was so tall he broke the Roof!

 “This isn’t my food!”

The cashier was frightened and didn’t know what to do, “Uhh um hold on sir let me check out back

 “NOOO, my food should be here or at my house”

Phillippe slammed on the counter top, “Where is my food!!”

The shop collapsed to shreds and Phillippe ran away and was never seen again.

The end.

By Shannon Rose McCrudden