

7th October 2016

Richard Spoiltworth

I was sitting in a room with four other children and their adults when the door burst open and someone who I had seen or spoken to before walked in. Well, more of a strut than a walk. In his right hand he was holding a wad of fifty pound notes (twenty of them at least). In his left hand was a little slip of gold paper. There were black letters imprinted upon it. The letters were bold. It made the letters stand out so it was impossible to miss them. I read the letters, one by one, out loud.

"G...O...L...D...E...N" then a pause, "T...I...C...K...E...T". I was startled. "How did you get a golden ticket?" I asked him.

"Easy. I went into a shop, stole a Wonka scumdiddlyumptious, he looked like he was the sort of person who would do that, opened it up and..."

"And... and what happened then?"

"There was the ticket," he said this as though it was obvious it was going to happen. His voice crept me out when he just spoke. It was dry and raspy, like a granny with some quiche stuck in her throat.

"My name's Richard Sp., by the way, Richard Spoiltworth. That name sounded familiar. What's yours?"

"Ch... Ch... Charlie. Charlie B.B.B. Bucket."

For some extremely curious reason, he was wearing elbow pads. He had a gold, shiny chain wrapped around his rotund neck. I noticed that the way he spoke made him sound American. He looked about twelve or thirteen.

Richard jumped towards me suddenly and said, "I've got over one million pounds in the bank. How much have you got?" This question took me by surprise. I knew I didn't have a bank account. Having that

much money in the bank sounded absurd anyway. I simply answered, "I don't have a bank account." It was short and simple. I really didn't like him. He was impatient and a show-off. I wanted to see how many people liked him so I asked him, "How many friends have you got?"

He replied, "I couldn't make any so I bought some for two hundred pounds each." I then started to see that his personality was objectionable. It was as horrible as the sourness of a lemon. Then a voice scolded all around us. It said, "Children, enter NOW!" and so we all left to enter the factory. The adventure was about to begin...

A super character description Oliver! ✓ Thank you

Tense 😊

noun phrases 😊

prepositional phrases 😊

dialogue punctuation 😊

dialogue to convey character 😊

control of character 😊 - Excellent Oliver! (ITP)