

Lemon the Lion

Once there was a lion called Lemon the Lion. He was kind and had a shiny nose. He had curvy ears and long black whiskers like sharp electric wires. His hair was as neat as a posh person and he was very smart.

He loved tennis but sadly couldn't afford a tennis racket. He has a teacher called Carly who teaches him every day, but he was always late. So the teacher Carly didn't have any time to teach him tennis and he thought I would never get a turn.

So he just sat on the side instead because he would never get a shot. Every day he comes back from school after his tennis club. But one day he was going home and he saw a stranger he was playing tennis he was good. Very, very, very good. The stranger strangely gave me his tennis racket and floated in the clouds. And when Lemon got home he practiced and practiced until he was so good even better than the stranger.

But then it was muddy so he washed and washed it until it looked like it was totally clean. The next day he went to his practice and everybody was ill so he got a turn. And he thinks it's his best day ever and when he was older was a champion at tennis and had a son that liked football instead of cricket, which is fine because everybody is different and everyone has different mums and dads and different opinions.

The End.