

## My fairy nunny

Today, I am going to tell about my fairy nunny. The day I was born, she came to see me. She had very beautiful shiny eyes with a nice smile which makes me smile at her. She always tell me I am her besties.

Love my nunny very much because she never tell me no to anything like my mummy say to me sometimes. My angel nunny tells me nice story, make me nice foods and cookies. Me and my angel nunny we cook together every time I go to see her. She show me how to bake cookies with a smile on it. She comes to stay with me when my parents are out for work.

But now I am sad! My nunny does not talk that much anymore. Sometimes she cries, gets angry and forget the things.

My mummy said my fairy nunny is getting older. When people get older, they forget things. But she still loves me and smile at me every time I go to see her. I giggle when she forgets my name and call me by my mummy's name. I go to her and give a hug when she cry.

When I go to the church and pray for my Fairy nunny. Please! God do not make my fairy nunny anymore older. She is my Fairy nunny, I love her very much and I think she has grown up enough as you see she has already grey hair like a old lady. `