**I can punctuate and organise speech**

“Your room is one enormous mess,” his mother said one day. “I would fill a dustbin bag if I could have my way!”

 “But, Mother dear, my treasures lie all around my room so I can keep them handy in case they’re needed soon.”

 “This shirt with trains on is too small!” She tossed it in her pile. “These socks!” (She held them to her nose.) “They really smell quite vile! This cap, this sandwich in your bed, this homework, this crisp packet!” She shrieked and yelled till Dad came up and asked,

 “What’s all this racket?”

 “Dear Mother doesn’t understand. She finds my room quite frightening!” He stood there smiling at them both. “I’m really just recycling!”