



The lady in orange

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My father took me
to town in our old
blue car.

We stopped at a
big roundabout for
the lights to turn
green.



I saw a lady
walking on the side
of the road.

She was wearing a
beautiful bright
orange dress.



She had a big red belt around her waist.



In her hand, she
carried a shiny little
orange purse.



She wore a pair of shiny orange high-heeled shoes.



She stopped and touched her long hair.

It was held together in the middle with a hairpin.



As she fixed her hairpin, her purse fell down.

"Ooh," I said feeling bad for her.



The lady bent to
pick up her purse.



She cleaned the
dust off her purse.

I saw long orange
earrings.



The lights changed green, and our car drove off.

I kept looking behind.



"What are you looking at?" my father asked.



"At the lady in orange," I said.

I thought of the colour orange all day.

The lady in orange

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