

Dear Fred,

We are in a flat in Flint. We had a fresh sandwich from the shop for lunch.

The man in the next flat is French. He was frowning and sad. He said that he had lost his little dog, Fromp. He was just at the back of the flats.

We went swimming and I can float on my back. Dad got a frog float to help me swim and kick my legs.

I got some flip flops and a French flag to put up in my bedroom.

From Floss



Fred Fleep,

24 Flick Street,

Frodsham,

FL13 6FR



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