

A bee in the bonnet story

Rewrite the story below by replacing the idiomatic phrases with their literal meanings

I awoke earlier than usual on this particular morning. I think it was because I felt a bit under the weather and I knew it would be a horrible day when I opened my curtains to find it was raining cats and dogs. My mum called me down for breakfast and said, "Come here at once young lady, I've got a bone to pick with you!"

"What have I done now?" I replied

"You lied about your homework this week, you did have some after all! I thought I could smell a rat when you swung the lead last night"

That was it, I'd been caught red handed and it was time to face the music. That was when my mum completely lost her head. "How did you find out?" I mumbled.

"A girl from your school rang and said she needed your help. Susan somebody." She Yelled. I couldn't think who she was talking about but the name rang a bell. By this point we were at complete loggerheads with each other. In my opinion she was just making a mountain out of a molehill, but I suppose she did have a point. I knew I shouldn't have lied and so I told her I'd try to turn over a new leaf.

I left the house at 8.30am. It was still raining cats and dogs and I hung my head and ran to school. When I arrived I knew that more trouble was near. My two groups of friends were having a huge argument. I tried not to get into hot water but then I realised the fight was my fault and I couldn't just sit on the fence.

"Why did you let the cat out of the bag about me being caught shop lifting?" my so-called friend Mary aimed at me.

I stood there like a fruitcake. I didn't know what to say, so I just stared at her, then at my other so-called friend who must have told her that I had told. It was such a mess.

"What's the matter, cat got your tongue?" Mary continued, "You're always blowing your own trumpet, that's your trouble! As if you never do anything wrong."

Then everything went black.

When I came round I realised that Mary had hit me. It was time for me to make a clean breast of it. Fortunately, Mary accepted my apology and we agreed to bury the hatchet. Things nearly went wrong again however, when I told Mary I'd told her MUM about the shoplifting. She almost blew her top again, until I told her I was only pulling her leg!

As I left that day and began to walk home with Mary, I felt a completely different feeling inside compared with how I'd felt that morning. I was on top of the world, knowing my friendship with Mary had survived through thick and thin.