

## Capital Letters Exercise

i loved going to barnsley. every sunday, i used to go and to see my friend who lived in a converted barn and every sunday, true to its name, it would be sunny. initially, i would help dave with his barn conversion. he and his family were living in a caravan at the time. it must have been hard and i don't think that i would have liked it, but dave kept promising them that it would be all worth it in the end. he was not wrong.

thinking back, i could not imagine the difference 15 months of building work would make. the first time i saw the barn, it was carpeted in cow pats and, to be honest, stunk pretty badly. each time i drove through flockton to visit dave, i would see how the barn was gradually being converted. first, the scaffolding was put up; then the outside walls were rendered; the roof was made waterproof again; the floor was fitted along with the fixtures such as taps and electricity. wires hung down from the ceiling as well as lying all over the floor; you had to be careful where you walked to avoid tripping and pulling down thousands of pounds worth of multimedia equipment.

in the end, dave's new house looked fantastic. the bottom floor was just one long room with the kitchen at one end and the living room area at the other. a huge stove which, once lit, would belt out thousands of b.t.u. of energy to warm the whole building, stood under a large wooden lintel. the enormous windows allowed light to flood in and dave's family to enjoy the perpetual sunshine that seemed to rain down on barnsley each and every day.

it had taken a long time but patience had proven a virtue which was rewarded with a house to make all visitors smile every time they crossed the threshold. i still love going to barnsley and seeing my friend, dave. he and his family have made their barn their home.