

On this particular Saturday afternoon, Peter was reaching deeper towards the back of the drawer.

*Fronted adverbial of time. Says what Peter was doing.*

He was looking for a hook, but he knew there was little hope.

His hand closed round a greasy little spring that had fallen out of the garden clippers.

He let it go.

Behind it were packets of seeds - too old to plant, not old enough to throw away.

What a family, Peter thought, as he shoved his hand right to the back of the drawer.

Why aren't we like other people, with batteries in everything, and toys that work and jigsaws and card games with all their bits, and everything in the proper cupboard?

His hands closed round something cold.

He drew out a small dark blue jar with a black lid.

On a white label was printed, 'Vanishing Cream'.