

Dear kids,

Paintbrush here. Look, I really appreciate having the chance to fulfil my creative dreams. It's really a pleasure helping you make masterpieces. But when my work is done, WHY don't you wash me properly? Would you like living with a permanent green tint? I am always damp and I'm starting to smell. The pencils won't even look at me. Help a friend out and wash me until the water runs clear.

Your pal,
Paintbrush

p.s. Use warm water please. I don't know what I did to deserve the icy torture of Cold Tap!

Kids,

We know you love playing rounders. Who doesn't? I am only asking that you use us all year round. We hate having to wait until summer!

Secondly, when you play with us, please could you not throw us onto the floor so violently? We know you're excited, but it really hurts.

Third, unwrapping the string from our handle is just humiliating. We would appreciate it if you left us fully clothed.

Your trusty rounders bat

Dear kids,

I am writing to you on behalf of the chairs. We are sick of being treated badly and it's time you realised how hard our lives are.

Why is it that children hate sitting properly on us? We have a pretty simple design: four legs for stability. For some reason, you think it's better to balance on two! Do you know the strain that puts us under? You're not little kids any more!

Please take better care of us,
Your chairs

p.s. Tuck us under the table when you leave – it's common courtesy and let's us know we can have a break.