

Wednesday, 13<sup>th</sup>, October, 2021

LO: To Write a Diary Entry

1<sup>st</sup>, September, 1939

Dear Diary,

Today has been the worst day of my life! Mother forced me to pack my kags and move to the country! At first I thought that it was going to be a fun holiday for both of us, but I could tell by the floods of tears streaming down her face that I was being evacuated. ✓

Mother glanced through my case before croakily telling me to pack more clothes! I didn't want to upset her further, so I placed two pairs of clothes; four sets of undergarments; a teddy bear; a book; a pair of boots and a coat into my small case. ✓

We walked to school solemnly, barely uttering a word. At the school gates, mother removed a beautiful locket from her neck and handed it to me. Shakily, I took it from her warm hands. Unsure what to do, I cautiously pressed the lock. Inside was a picture of me and my family in better times, before father had to fight in the army. It would have been worth nothing in monetary value, but in sentimental value, it was worth more than all the riches in the world. ✓

Super

I clinged to my mother, as everyone was marched forwards. I attempted to dawdle, so I could be with my mother for longer, but the headmaster (or Mr. Monstone as I liked to call him), rapped his knuckles to promote speediness. My heart flooded with emotions, but it settled with acceptance. I knew that she was doing the best she could for me, I just wished that I didn't have to go.

The train <sup>journey</sup> was horrendous! It was evening and we were only halfway from the end of our awful journey. When we finally left the train, we were all hurried to a small village hall to be chosen. An ugly oaf of a man strolled up to us casually, before mockingly saying "Pip Pip, Jolly good show!" in an idiotic voice. He spat on me, so I kicked him with my hard, wooden clogs.

An old farmer laughed, and called me a feisty lil' 'un. Our billeting officer almost fainted when he told her that he wanted me because I'd kicked a man. But when he'd told me that he had a car, I was the one that almost fainted! Cars are a luxury, and only rich people have cars!

He drove me back to his farmhouse, and he had told me all about it, but

this was more beautiful than I had ever imagined. Creamy marble pillars held snow-coloured tiles on a maple-wood base up, for roof. There was also a small shack, which he told me was used to make boots from animal's hide.

He took me to his kitchen, and made me bread and dripping. I was starving so I wolfed it down before he could blink. I then followed him to what he said was my room! My very own room! He told me that there was a pot of ink and a quill, so that I could continue writing my diary, and I can write home to mother!

I changed into my nightwear, prayed for my father's safe return, and stepped cautiously to my bed, still wearing my locket. When I entered, I realised that my farm life could be fun. The farmer put up the blackout, and when I said goodnight, he told me to call him farmer Bob.

That is all for now, I will write again soon.



5/10

Fantastic references to life in the 1940's - good use of old fashioned language. Super ideas of your own, in addition to use of WW II evidence.