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Thursday 16<sup>th</sup> September 2021

LO: I can plan, draft, edit and publish a diary recount, writing in the style of a character. OO Traffic

Dear Diary,

Today had me by surprise, I had a strange feeling that I was the victim. I felt a shiver down my spine. However, this isn't like me I'm the tough guy, I won't let anything stop me.

As always, I was another big my dad pulling the blinds up, so he could let the sun glister on my sleepy eyes. I know he has never liked me, he always wants me to toughen up, I try my best. However, he laughs at me for looking like a wabbling. I was annoyed. I was annoyed. I want revenge. After that, my dad stomped up the stairs calling me for breakfast. Did I listen? Of course not, he never tells me what to do. So, I put on my hoodie and my joggers and I zoomed off.

As I left the derelict house, I lit my cigarette, the reason I smoke is to make me look cool and tough. My rotten lungs are coal pits. Even though I enjoyed life, it can be frustrating for me, since I have a brutal dad, who doesn't care about me or like me. As I approached Burgess Woods, I try find some sucker to bully. As the leaves crunched under my feet, I thought how fun it is to hear the crispy leaves.

All of a sudden, I felt something. Peeler eyes glaring at me. However, it wasn't a good feeling it felt like they hated me. I thought how mysterious this place was so I started to climb my bullseye and thought who could be watching me. Is the demon himself watching me? A drop of sweat splattered down my neck. I had to get out of here... fast, so I dashed off.