

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

Lo: we plan, draft, edit and publish a diary account, writing in the style of a character. (E)

Dear Diary,

Today was very out of the ordinary; I felt a strange presence cross me. I may be a tough nut ~~to crack~~ but that ~~strange~~ <sup>changed</sup> ~~strange~~ <sup>strange</sup> me. I was acting all kid-like as if I was being surrounded by thousands of bullies. As if I was the victim; that wouldn't happen to me usually but today was different, the tables turned.

Like always, my dad released the blinds letting a golden beam of light shine down upon me, rudely disturbing my slumber. None of them care for me so what's even the point? I'm done. I'm sleepy. I'm not enjoying life. Throwing my car keys on, I stormed out storming the door behind me. I was out of there. Free to do what I want. (Out of that dump I have to call home.)

Lightin' a cigarette, I took a stale down town pussin' out my chest beat as tough as possible. Had to be intimidating as ~~possible~~ <sup>possible</sup> I could so pinkies know who they messin' with. I rule the streets I'm the villain not the victim. Stormin' down on leeway + trudging across the bridge reachin' Bergess woods feelin' pumped to beat someone up. I was ready.

All of a sudden, it struck me. Glaring eyes staring through my dark soul of misery, scarrin' me. I clenched my fists ready for them to come out to beat 'em up. "Show yourself nigger!" I shouted. No reply. It felt like I was losing my mind over this. Like a true bully, I want to rule over this thing; I also wanted in to leave me be. A feelin' come across me it was like someone was robbin' my grave just for fun and to see what I had. I had to leave straight away for my own protection. What was that thing anyway?