



**Purpose:** To share with the reader what the character has done and how they feel



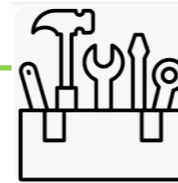
**Key features**

**Structural:**

- Start with 'Dear Diary'
- Brief introduction to set up the events
- Recount events in chronological order
- Conclusion to summarise the events

**Language:**

- Past tense: *I arrived*
- First person: *I, we*
- Informal tone: *digging a hole couldn't be that bad*
- Adverbials of time: *after that; this morning*



**Writer's toolbox**

**Adverbials of time:**

Adverbials of time show you when something happened:  
*After an hour of digging, I thought my body was going to give up.*

**Alan Peat:**

'imagine 3 examples' sentences  
 Example: *Imagine a time when people may not be afraid, when life might be much simpler, when everyone could help each other: this is the story of that time.*

**Punctuation:**

Remember to use brackets for parenthesis:  
*The guard pointed me towards a man (who was wearing sunglasses and a cowboy hat) called Mr Sir.*

**Vocabulary:**

- |                  |                 |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Bleakness        | Rasping heat    |
| Dilapidated      | Heavenly relief |
| Assigned         | Searing pain    |
| Utterly defeated | Decision        |

Dear diary,

Yesterday, I arrived at 'Camp Green Lake', a misleading name if ever I heard one. Stepping off of the bus, I was struck by the bleakness of the terrain - no lake, no trees, no shade. As far as the eye can see is...desert. The dry, rasping heat engulfed me as though I was in a furnace; my throat became scratchy and dry. In the distance I could see a few rundown, dusty buildings and some tents. The guard led me to one of the dilapidated cabins and as I walked into the cabin, I could feel the heavenly relief of the air conditioning wash over my sweaty body. The guard pointed me towards a man (who was wearing sunglasses and a cowboy hat) called Mr Sir. He instructed me that my daily activity here was to dig one hole per day - five feet deep and five feet wide - out in the desert and to watch out for deadly yellow-spotted lizards (whatever they are). I felt completely surprised - digging a hole couldn't be that bad, could it?

After that, I was assigned to D tent and met my counsellor, Mr. Pendanski, who informed me that he was going to help me turn my life around. Why does no-one believe that I'm innocent? This is all because of my no-good-dirty-rotten-pig-stealing-great-great-grandfather! I have such bad luck; my family is cursed. Anyway, Mr. Pendanski led me through to the sleeping area and pointed towards my cot. He told me that the boy who had it before me was called Barf Bag. Why would anyone want to call themselves Barf Bag? Suddenly, an influx of orange jumpsuits headed straight towards me - the other campers. All of them introduced themselves with the strangest nicknames: X-Ray, Squid, Magnet, Armpit, Zigzag and Zero. Maybe having a nickname means you have been accepted into the group? I wonder what mine will be?

This morning, Mr. Pendanski woke us up before the sun had even started to rise. Still in a daze, I followed the rest of the campers out onto the 'lake' and picked up my heavy, old shovel - it felt rough and uncomfortable in my hands. Searing pain shot through my body as I took my first attempt at starting a hole in the unforgiving ground. This was going to be tougher than I thought! After an hour of digging, I thought that my body was going to give up. The heat was unbearable; sweat was dripping profusely down my forehead and my hands were blistered and swollen. I felt utterly defeated. As the sun grew hotter and hotter and my hole grew slowly deeper and deeper, I made a decision. I must not let Camp Green Lake win.

Stanley

**Recommended reads**

