

Historical Recount

31st January 1874

Dear Diary,

I am sat in our overcrowded dormitory, we are supposed to be asleep but I can't. It is too cold. It is extremely difficult to see the page; I am holding this diary up to the window so that I can see the light from the reflection of the moon. Today has been as miserable as any other day, if not worse.

The master stormed into our room to wake us up at 4:30am and ordered us outside to wash our face using the outside water pump. However, it was so cold that the water formed little icicles at the end of the pump. All of the boys were stood huddled together in a line, trying to stay close for warmth. I tried to look for my sister, Charlotte, as boys and girls are separated at all times. We haven't seen each other since we entered this place but I will not give up hope.

Breakfast was water and a small piece of bread left over from last night. I could tell it was left over because it was extremely tough to bite. Soon after, we were ushered into the bustling workroom where I was ordered to unpick old rope and separate it into threads to be resold. The material was so tough and scratchy that my fingers are now crimson and blistered. The pain was so incredible that I wanted to cry but I didn't dare. If the Master catches somebody crying he beats them with the cane.

Dinner was exactly the same tonight too. Small piles of stale crusty bread were on the table tops and bowls of cold gruel were slammed down before us. I spotted some of the boys sneakily stuffing pieces into their pockets to eat later. We are all so hungry.

When will this end? I feel weak and tired. Sometimes I wish I could run out of the doors and escape but the last boy who tried was beaten in front of everybody. I can still hear his cries.

I had better get some rest, I will write to you tomorrow.

Goodnight.

From,

Peter

Features

Address the diary directly

Fronted adverbial

Parenthesis

Chronological order

An opening to 'set the scene'

Describes author thoughts and feelings

A closing statement

First person