

Wednesday 10th February 2021

Historical Recount

WALT: write a historical recount.

In today's lesson, you are going to be using your box-up plan from last week to write your own historical recount. You need to make sure that you are including the following success criteria in your writing:

- Date (in the top right-hand corner)
- Address the diary directly (e.g. "Dear Diary", "I am writing to you...")
- Paragraphs for each section
- An opening to 'set the scene' (this needs to be in the present tense)
- Chronological order
- First person
- Describe the authors thoughts and feelings
- A closing statement

I have used the box-up plan from last week to write the diary entry. Have a look at the WAGOLL (What A Good One Looks Like) to see if you can spot the success criteria.

WAGOLL:

6th August 1874

Dear Diary,

It is bedtime and I am curled up on my bed in our cramped dormitory, we are supposed to be asleep but I can't. It is sweltering hot in here. I am hiding underneath my ragged blanket, on my rock-hard bed. I can see the page clearly as the summer sun is shining through the holes in my blanket. Today has been as terrible as any other day, if not worse.

The matron loudly rang the bell causing us to wake up with a shock. I noticed the sun was rising; rays beamed through the draughty crack in the wooden ceiling. We stood in line to wash our faces and waited to be given half a slice of stale bread. I gobbled it down in one but it didn't help. My stomach felt empty.

After that, we all marched to the school room and sat in silence waiting for Mr Martins to start the day by reading aloud the next chapter in the Bible. We all kept our heads down, trying our best to avoid eye contact with

Mr Martins. This was the only way to ensure we did not get into trouble. I closed my eyes and a tear rolled down my cheek as I tried to remember the last time I saw my family. I felt miserable.

In the afternoon, we were dismissed from school and we headed to complete our assigned work. My job is to untangle piles of wool for the women who knit blankets for the master and his friends. We worked silently for hours, getting through as many balls of wool as possible. It was so hot. Sweat from my forehead dripped down and stung my eyes. My clothes, which I hadn't changed since last week, smelt disgusting.

Bedtime arrived and it was time for us to get some well needed rest before another exhausting day. However, the only problem is, trying to sleep in a tiny, crowded dormitory is impossible.

I can hear a noise. I think it is someone checking up on us. I had better go. I will write to you tomorrow.

Goodnight.

From,

Elizabeth

Now it is your turn to write your first draft of your historical recount. Remember to use your box-up plan to help you with the structure of your writing.

