**English Diaries – Lesson 1**

Text

Description automatically generatedChoose a diary extract. Read it through then make a key of grammatical and structural features. Use a highlighter or colouring pencil to highlight these features in the text. There is an example below and on the PowerPoint.

Text, letter

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Monday 18th May 1879

Dear Diary,

You’ll never believe the day I’ve had!

It started off like an ordinary day. I was playing outside with Sarah (that’s my big sister) and she was REALLY annoying. She took out her book, so I wondered off to the bottom of the garden and sat underneath the big cherry blossom tree where it was nice and shaded. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed something strange: an anxious, white rabbit, dressed in a waistcoat and holding a shiny, golden pocket watch. I couldn’t help moving closer towards it. It seemed to be muttering to itself, “I’m late! I’m late! For a very important date.”

I was curious to know where it was going so, looking back to check my sister wasn’t watching me, I rushed over to follow the rabbit. It was going so quickly and seemed to be going through a hole…

Then, suddenly, WHOOOOOSH! I was tumbling through the air! Wind swirled around me like a tornado and I screamed and screamed as hard as I could. Down, down, down. The walls were covered with cupboards, bookshelves and clocks. Eventually, I landed with a thump on the ground and found myself in what looked like a small room. I still haven’t worked out where I am – it’s definitely NOT my garden and I don’t know how I’ll get home. Oh diary, I hope I’m not stuck here forever!

Tuesday 19th May 1879

Dear Diary,

I’ve FINALLY figured out where I am! Well, sort of…

A picture containing text, book

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I was recovering from my fall in the strange room (I hit the ground extremely hard when I fell), when I noticed something gleaming in the corner. There was a crooked, wooden table with a tiny, glass bottle on top of it. I edged closer – it seemed to say ‘drink me’ on it. There was also a minute golden key. How curious!

Now, I know what you’re thinking diary, one mustn’t drink things when they don’t know what they are, but I was desperate and terribly thirsty. I took one tiny sip and then WHOOOOSH AGAIN, I was suddenly shrinking! I was as small as a mouse. I looked around the immense room for something to help me. I found a door but it was locked – it turns out that I needed that key on the table. How was I going to grow big again? After some searching, I found a delicious piece of cake with ‘eat me’ on. I bravely took a bite and, to my relief, I started growing. And growing. And growing…

Then, OOOMPH! My head hit the ceiling with a nasty THUMP and I was still growing! I looked around hastily for the table. I saw the key gleaming in the corner again and grabbed it. I then took it over to the little door. CLICK! The door was open. I peered through the door with one eye (that’s all that would fit) and saw a stunning forest with a little sign that seemed to say ‘Wonderland’. Oh diary, it looked so inviting but I was just too tall to fit through.

I’m going to have to go now, I can feel some tears coming. How could I be so stupid? I’m never getting out!

Graphical user interface, text

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Wednesday 20th May 1879

Dear diary,

What a day!!!!

After my epiphany yesterday (the realisation that I was no longer in my back garden but instead somewhere in ‘Wonderland’), I decided to seize the day and explore. I’d ended up crying a lot so there was a little pool of water at the bottom and my feet were very wet. Nevertheless, I pulled myself together, put the key in my pocket and took a sip from the magic drink. WHOOOOOSH! I shrank down so that I was as small as a mouse.

Everything changed. What to me had felt like a little annoyance, had become much worse. The little pool was now a sea! I swam as fast as I could to the door and then I was THROUGH!!!

My tears had caused gigantic waves in Wonderland and I swam amongst strange creatures, who were angry with me for crying, but it wasn’t my fault. How was I supposed to know that my tears would cause a flood?

Oh diary, they were SO cross with me. My heart was racing, the hairs on my arm were beginning to stand on end, and I began to panic. The water. The noise. The animals. It was all too much for me.

I HAD to get back home… but how?

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Extract from: Diary of Dennis the Menace

Text, letter

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Text, letter

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Graphical user interface, text, application

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Christopher Columbus Diary:

Text, letter

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