

Me		Success Criteria: Diary entry	CT
	1	First person and past tense	
	2	Chronological order - time adverbials	
	3	Informal style	
	4	Direct and reported speech	
	5	Descriptive language - similes, metaphors, personification	
	6	Wide range of punctuation	

Dear Diary,

I've known no fear like today. It happened...the thing we've been dreading. We've been kicked out! Homeless. Abandoned. Cold. Just a few words to describe our current situation. I'm so frightened; I don't know what to do!

It all started this morning. Out of nowhere, heavy thudding came from outside the door. Louder and louder it got; closer and closer he came. Fear snaked its way through my veins like poison and I knew it was him...The Stick Man.

Ever since we moved in, he's been giving us grief; hassling Ma for the rent constantly. I knew that's what he was here for (money as usual), however, I also knew that there wasn't any.

A few seconds later, the old, wooden door flew open, almost coming off its hinges. There he was. His ratty blonde hair swung in front of his eyes as he flung his cape over his shoulders, shaking off the snow. His eyes, which were dark and beady, scanned the room, finally falling on the bed. His hoarse, crisp voice questioned, "She dead?" For a minute, none of us spoke. Then Emily plucked up the courage to answer that Ma was just tired, her voice shaking as she spoke.

Instantly, he looked at me, his eyes piercing mine and sending shivers down my spine. Black as coal, his pupils looked me up and down. Money," he grunted, pointing to the small purse on the side. I bent and picked it up to hand it to him but we both knew it was empty.