

Expected
KS2 Diaries

Dear diary,

Last night was one of the worst nights of my life...

I didn't hear the sirens wailing. I just saw my mother and father look at each other and grab my brother and I.

I ^{I was} petrified! I was squashed between my family and other people in the underground. All I could hear was my breathing. ^{even though} Even though there were more than 150,000 people in the station, the room was hushed. Some people were sleeping against each other and some were reading but I just lay there wondering when it would be over, waiting for the all clear sirens to sound.

You know when you're squashed between people you don't know and it really smells but there's nothing you can do because you're not allowed out till morning and you're really, really scared that you might get bombed, so you pray to God, Neville Chamberlain, and Winston Churchill? That's how I was feeling then.

Suddenly I heard the sound I had been longing for. The sound I have never been so happy to hear in my life. The all clear sirens were sounding. At once all the people in the station jumped up and it was over.

February 15th 1944-1945

Dear Diary,

I can't believe it; I'm still alive. What a terrifying situation I'm in. One second I'm playing with my friends then the next I'm behind a bookcase being judged. I've got to remain hopeful we will make it. I'm only 15. I can't, I won't give up... not now. I've come too far. I wonder what it is like back home. This is not home. This is a prison. Behind a "book" door disguised as a bookcase.

Most of my time, I spend peering through the bookcase which feels like a jail cell, just to make sure that we're safe. Earlier today, I was decorating the wall - I had drawn my friends... I hope they're safe. I think of them to remind me of happier and joyous times. I let my Sister, who is called Margaret, do my hair to break the boredom.

Suddenly, SMASH! I heard the door snap off its hinges, for a second I thought it was the house keeper back with dinner. Then I realised that was idiotic to think that. Why would she kick the door down? She's not crazy. It was the Gestapo. I looked through the bottom of the bookcase. I saw huge leather boots. With caution, I looked through some higher books on the shelf. I saw metal armour. The house owner came out of the room. The officer threw the poor defenceless man against the bookcase. Rattle... Rattle... Rattle the bookcase nearly fell over. Step... Step... Step he managed to walk past us. We made a huddle. I could see the horror in my

parent's eyes. Margaret and I were squished. We all went pale. I heard a familiar silence. I didn't blink or breathe. He left.

We survived again. Thy left! One day we'll live + leave! I just gained more hope. Then again I have lots of faith: Hitler will be stopped! Every night I pray to God wishing it will end soon. I'm alive! I'm not giving up that easily... not now.

18th May 1536

Dear Diary,

Tonight is the final night of my life. My palms and forehead are sweating. I am alone in this damp room with only a blanket, a small glass of water and a slice of bread. It is ever so dark in here but there is a candle lit in the corner. I think silence is listening to silence, I can even hear the pencil scratching the paper. Tomorrow, I am going to die!

King Henry the VII is going to execute me because stupid people have been saying that I have been with boys. And so what if I have? Henry has been with ladies all his life. He has believed the utterly annoying women in court. Therefore, he has planned to execute me in public! How unfair! Now he absolutely hates me, he also does not appreciate having Elizabeth around. All he wants is a boy!

How will Elizabeth, ^{my precious pearl,} cope without me? She is only two years and eight months old. I pray for her, to be looked after and loved.

Dear Diary, I do not know what is going to happen to me. I have now left myself gearing for my life. I must tell you what happened yesterday.....

I felt like I had been fighting the vicious sea for months and even years, even though I ~~have~~ had only been on the rough water for a few days. The raging ocean was a ferocious monster ripping apart the corners of my poorly hand-crafted raft. Waves were crashing furiously into the jagged rocks. Am I ever going going to see my family again? I was unsure when I would get to dry land.

As I uncurled my body and dragged apart my drowsy eyes, I found that I was somewhere I ~~didn't~~^{didn't} know. How did I get here? Where was I? I came to a conclusion that I was sat on some kind of island. Fear shot through my bones. I looked down and saw I was naked. However, I remember being fully clothed when I got on the raft. Why am I naked? I was shivering with cold as I had been on the raft for days. My limbs were aching because the journey out at sea was turbulent. I thought I was going to die. The raft kept swinging back and forth while the wild waves were biting away at the rigid edges of ~~my~~^{it} raft. I am extremely grateful to still be alive. I hope that I can see my precious family again. To be honest, I was relieved to be on firm land.

Trying to cover myself up from all the elements, I quickly snapped out of my thought when an angry gang of men appeared marching towards me. I thought to myself, are they nice? How many of them are there? How long will I be stuck here? I stood up, struggling. I tried to pull myself up because they had pitch forks in their hands. Will I actually get fed here? They took one look at me and turned back to the mob, disgusted; They made me feel unwelcome.

After a few moments of stunned silence, they seized me and tied my hands together. A shiver went down my spine. After, they led me to some kind of

uninhabited goat pen. Will I get food again? Will I be stuck in here forever? Unfortunately, they forced me to go in even though I really didn't want to go in. Next, they showed me where I could sleep on some straw. I huddled into a little, cramped space in the corner of this goat pen, because I was freezing. While I was trying to keep warm in this tight space, the gate barged shut. They locked me out from the outside world. Questions started to race in my mind. Will I be able to escape? Where had they gone? I feel alone, isolated. A feeling I have felt many times before.

Dear diary,

What I did today makes me want to tussle my hair with pride. This morning I woke up and thought it was going to be another boring day in the Stables, until he came into my room with a tall man, who was wearing one of the most magnificent uniforms I had ever seen. Being an off-duty member of service, I rarely see people like this, but fast forward to a few minutes later and I was slap bang in the middle of a warzone.

I was positioned down the ^{side} of a tall building; a building that I had watched many people enter earlier that day. As the day went on, more and more people gathered around a wooden platform about two hundred yards away from me. If I'm honest with myself, I found it rather intimidating. Finally, after what felt like forever watching a field crowded with people, a man appeared on the platform. I couldn't hear what he was saying properly but the humans who had gathered seemed to of found it entertaining due to the loud cheers that stopped me from fully focussing. Despite wearing my finery, the jeers from the crowd continued to deafen my ears. Although I was continuously moving forward, my legs ached. That's when everything went downhill - and I don't mean literally because that's my favourite type of running.

I felt a sharp pain in my side and saw my friend edge closer to me walking forward as they did; I followed. Me and many of my kind moved gracefully along a cobbled street in some kind of formation. I was nervously close to the crowd, which unfortunately made me knock a smaller being out of a person's arms. Others behind me crushed the body as we carried on. Once we reached the end of the path I turned to face the herd of people with my back to the building I was previously stood next to. After one swift kick in the side, I had no choice but to charge forward.

I pushed past many people, making my way to the platform. All around me people collapsed to the floor as they tried to run from me and my companions. From the corner of my eye, I could see thousands of people rushing to a side street, making me jolt in that direction. I continued charging through the crowd until the field had cleared. I don't know what came over me; the adrenaline was rushing through my entire body.

I fought with the heavy lump on my back. He wanted me to continue fighting even though I had nothing left to give. What I took part in today makes me long for a permanent position in the field. After a good grooming, I think my comrades would agree that I am definitely a strong candidate should the opportunity arrive.

5th June 1963

Dear Diary,

09:00

The Bristol Bus Boycott has been going on for almost two whole months now! I so wish the bus company would just let Dad work on one of their fine buses, it's not fair! We have been walking everywhere and it's exhausting - if only the bus company would give in.

We have been going on marches through Bristol with students, businessmen, children, black people, Asian people and white people but they still won't budge! Daddy has organised another march which will take place later today. He is so upset and angry and says that this race-based discrimination has to end. I don't really understand everything he says but I know he wants a better world for me growing up. Me and mummy and my friends have been making banners all week!

I do hope daddy does get a job on a bus like he's always dreamed of! I though, would not like to work for a company who is racist and horrible to people who are not white and English, but he has always dreamed of it since he was a tiny boy so I'm not going to say anything and question his dreams.

Hopefully the men at headquarters will rethink their policies and realise that prejudice is not helping them. I really hate the way they treat immigrants in this country but I want to be able to go on the buses soon because I'm getting blisters from walking around non-stop. I feel awful writing this down as it sounds so trivial in the grand scheme of things and it makes me awfully guilty when Daddy is putting himself on the line. I get so scared that he will get hurt or be arrested - what will we do then?

Got to now, write later!

20:00

I'm back! The march was huge; loads of people showed up but still no luck! There was a police line waiting for us today - more than I have seen before. There were some people scuffling with them but most people were marching peacefully. I tried to keep my eye on my dad to make sure he was ok, but Mummy and I got separated from him early on in the march. Luckily, we caught up with him again down by the harbour.

This is so annoying! I hope they give in in the next two weeks, otherwise I shall march into town and scream at the mayor myself. That will show the lot of them!

I'll Write again tomorrow,

Lila

03/05/1982

Dear Diary,

Today was a Strange and wonderful day with a sad ending. I Suppose I Should tell you all about it.

This morning, I Shot out of Bed at the Crack of dawn to hear Mum calling me to have my breakfast. I fell out of Bed with a thud, got dressed and went down Stairs. AS I was tucking into my Marmalade on toast, Mum told me I was going out with Grandad!

AS usual it was an utter Surprise, he never tells us when he's coming until the actual day. I didn't mind that, I had to wear the hideous clogs he had brought me, when he was in Holland, because I was spending the day with him!

Grandad arrived 20 minutes and 57 Seconds later (not that I was counting ... ummmmm) with his special knock. I enthusiastically swung open the door to see Grandad in matching clogs, a flat cap and his navy wind ruster.

I put on my mason windmasher, said goodbye to mum, kissed Grandad on the cheek and we headed out.

Grandad said we would be taking the "trackless" (the bus, but he liked to call it that) to a "Secret" destination. As I ran up to the top deck of the trackless, I started to worry about Grandad, who was still struggling up the ever so steep stairs. When he reached the top we took front seats and waited for the conductor to come over.

Grandad asked for 2 tickets to Basin and shakily dropped a few coins into the conductor's hand. Basin? Where was that? Where were we going?

57 minutes and 22 seconds later the conductor yelled "Basin!" And we got off and watched the trackless chug out of sight. We were standing in a little street filled with tightly packed houses, washing lines were strung with a variety of bright, colourful clothing hanging across the cobbled street.

We came across a cul-de-sac and Grandad revealed a narrow passage with his stick. He urged me to go forward, I was apprehensive, but I squared my shoulders and went through.

I appeared by the edge of a Shallow but beautiful Canal. Grandad came out a few moments later and slowly sat down. We unwrapped our Sandwiches and we Chatted about barges and boats. I told Grandad it was probably time to start heading back, but he said he had one more thing to show me.

He led me to some Stairs. There were 115 in total. We walked down them, Grandad hobnobbing behind me. I was really worried about him. He led me into a grain yard and my Stomach plummeted into an icy ocean. He led me to a small pot. In a raspy voice he told me he was going to be buried here. I brought back tears. I told him not to leave me, but he told me his time was up.

We caught the train back home, we sat in sodden Silence. When we got home, I waved goodbye to him in the drive and watched him shuffle out of sight.

So that is my day in a nutshell, wonderful but sad. I hope I can say goodbye to him one more time before he dies. Promise to write again soon,

Jacob

Dear Diary.

I have just arrived at a Jewish prison camp. I don't understand why we were brought here; we aren't criminals. My parents are pale and shaky; I am not surprised. It is pitch-black, damp and the food here has mold growing on the original mould. The gusty aroma is drifting slowly through the cave-like camp as tears slip through the cracks in the stone. The sound of screaming echoes through the walls and rings in my ears. I wish that I could be a normal girl like Helen.

This nightmare started earlier this morning when the police knocked on our door. We had no choice but to answer, confused and anxious my father slotted the key into the door and turned it. Once inside, the policeman screamed at us and pushed us outside. We argued with him and complained that we had nothing to wear. He reasoned with us and gave us time to pack. When our time was up, he barged past us and led me and my stressed family to an impossibly long line. I could feel myself trembling as we made our way to a train station. We were in the train carriage for what felt like an age and finally we arrived at this wretched place.

All I can do now is hope. I wonder what Helen is doing right now. I hope that she is thinking of me. What I would give to see her; what I would give to see anyone that I know! I'll try to write to you tomorrow.

Lydia.

Dear Diary,

As I sit here in the scorching sunlight, looking back at what's happened to me gives me the shivers. If I could choose at least 3 feelings out of a million, these are the three: distraught, petrified, fearful... I am brave and I will survive this monstrosity... or, will I? Blood is dripping down my leg, cut from cut.

Early yesterday morning, as I boarded the plane I was vibrating and packed with joy. A*
I couldn't believe what I was seeing whether my eyes were widening or I was... falling...

All of a sudden, all I could hear was screams. It was almost like the plane was diving into water, like people dive into pools. But it wasn't, we were falling...
"We're gonna die!" I thought to myself. It seemed like the pilot was dead.

* we fell

* through the air, like a meteorite, and crash landed into the ground with a thud. I touched my eyebrow and it was so singed that it all crumbled into my hand; that really perturbed me! There was a mammoth, bloody cut molded onto my leg...

Next came the most perplexing part of my day. I was so elated and thankful because I wasn't the only one who had survived! (not that I was gonna cry like a baby! - totally not !)

God I don't know if you will be reading this but I can't say how thankful I am.

Fred

Dear Diary,

I couldn't believe what I have just heard. I'd only gone back into the classroom because I'd forgot my PE bag, but then I stopped outside the cloakroom. Inside I could my friends voices: Fin, Cal and Jay. At first I thought they were talking about football or something, but then Cal said, "We're not putting Sam on our Friends List right?"

My heart went thumping like a drum. I wanted to push the door open and shout "What?" but I just stood there, frozen. They were laughing, making jokes about how I'd probably end up with "the geeks" in a boring tutor group. We were supposed to be moving up to secondary school together. We always said we'd stick together no matter what.

I crept away before they saw me, my legs felt heavy like I was walking through some mud. It was like someone had just pulled the floor away and I was falling, but I was still standing up. I kept thinking, why me? Did I do something wrong? Was it because I said hi to Zak Monroe last week? Everyone says he's weird, but he's never been mean to me. In fact, he was the only one who was kind to me when I got hit in the face with a ball in PE.

I got home and told Mum I was tired and went

straight upstairs to my bed room. I couldn't stop thinking about all the times we'd been mates - playing in the park till it got dark, eating crisps at lunch, laughing in class when we were not supposed to. How could they forget? I felt angry and embarrassed all at the same time.

Secondary school is going to be way harder than I thought and maybe Zak Monroe isn't as weird as everyone says.