

Thursday 22nd November 2018

We are learning to identify the audience, for, and purpose of the writing, selecting the appropriate form.

Dear Diary,

As I sit here and think about that ungrateful child who is unfortunately my own, I wonder how he is behaving at his new home. I just hope he was put ^{with} the god-fearing person like ~~it~~ ^{I wished} for. He did promise he would behave, but I don't trust that disgraceful child not even ~~for~~ ^{for} a second. That is why I packed my best beating-belt along with the boy. So if he does misbehave my god-fearing friend can show him what happens when you betray our ~~own~~ king. When I have been praying, god has ^{taught} told me the best way to teach someone a lesson that you should be hurting them so they ~~do~~ ^{know} not to do it.

Ever ^{since} ~~since~~, my awful creation ^{has} left ^{me} I have felt really lonely because I have no one to throw my anger and rage at. It's been bad for me because I have been steaming now hot with frustration that I can't ~~recently~~ ^{recently} find a girl!

Friday -
23rd
November
2018

I can eat all mine and his rations. I don't have to do anything too responsible as mother for him. My house tax is cheaper than before. I even get a little peace and quiet with him yapping where everything is.

But unfortunately, with this war happening I'm worried I might die. I'm a diamond in the sky, I'm way more important and valuable than that ungrateful boy. If he saw what is happening here he would understand what I'm saying. Every night, the German air force throws bombs in London. The planes are ^{super} loud.

You know what, I should have been evacuated not that lucky child. He should have been trapped ^{here} in London, not me. I should be looked after in the countryside. Right now, I'd give anything to be there. It's obvious I'm way more special than Willie. I deserve to live a happy life without a war and my son. Well maybe if I pray a lot it might happen...

From
Mrs
Beech.