



Dear Diary,

Unfortunately, I am writing this while lost in the middle of the sea; helpless. There is no food, nor any water. All I have right now is a compass in front of me telling whether I'm going north or south. This all began as I was stuck on an island, not on my own, but with a gang. Then one day danger caught up. My parents are gone, far away, and it's not like I know where they are. The gang, who were also trying to escape, were after me. They knew about my plans and were attempting to ruin them...

By the time I knew I was ready, the gang started chasing me. This was my opportunity to escape. They also wanted to escape with me, as nobody would want to stay longer on this little island. I was getting closer and closer to the boat, almost ready to hop on and get going. Just as I got on, I began to row and row, until the whole gang were out of my sight. Gone.

Drifting into the wide sea, my heart started pounding. It felt scary as I was on my own, especially when you know nobody is near. Although it was nice that now I could be able to relax and have time on my own. I was very squashed up as the boat is very small. Only about two people can fit on it. I realised that the boat my parents went on travelled south west so that's where I needed to go. So I carried on rowing and till I could find some land to stop on and rest. And that's what got me here. I feel devastated, lonely and tired. I hope I can find my parents soon.

Zoe



An excellent piece of writing! Well done!
Shr