



Dear Diary,

I am writing this while sitting on a small rowing boat, drifting away into the depths of the infinite supply of salty water. All my energy has escaped my body by cicling two long sticks that has two wooden pads at the end of them. I have very little amount of food and non salty water that I got from the island of flood, decalick buildings and an angry mob of people that I gladly escaped from. Thank god I made out of that half-flooded island called Norwich.

Its crazy how I got Lyca (my boat), the last one that I found on Norwich from when people started to leave for the vey... last... time. Me and my parents had a rough time on that island but every day the... the water started to rise, consuming the island piece by piece. When me and my parents decided to leave this half-flooded island by the ship (yes there was a ship which came every day to leave food and fresh water at the island and the driver also asked everyone on the island if they wanted to leave the island but only two or three people leave every day) the ship just vanished into the void-like night. But it came back, in about three weeks, a micicle came upon all the people that wanted to leave, and my father and my sick mother. I decided to get on one of the smaller boats that lead to the ship but I got knocked out of the boat. My eyes bacley opened and the last thing I heard before I fully blacked was my father s-saying "Zoe! Zoe are you there!". Now you know why I always cry about talking about my parents.

✓ Brilliant writing Christi!

