

Monday 16th November 2020

Walt order and Sumarise Key events.

Dear Diary,

I feel desperately isolated here in the derelict town of Norwich since my parents made it out. The boat has not come back yet and I don't think it will. I went for a calming peaceful walk, the sand sticking to my feet seconds later the navy blue waters washing it off. The purpose of this is the ocean, hopefully it would wash away the thought of my parents. It was working until I came across a small sailor's boat used for fishing out at sea. Instantly, the dreadful thought of my parents leaving washed back onto land. The thought was like a boomarang it will always come back. The boat was battered but I knew I could fix it! Once I fix it I can set off and leave this place I thought. Excitedly I ran, searching for twigs or rocks and anything that would help. Tripping on mottled rocks as I ran I thought of a name for my boat. After lots of thinking I found the perfect name. Lica! I shouted. However, I was so deep in thought I did not realise a gang of fifteen aggressive men dressed in all black were chasing me. The gang ran, stomping mini earthquakes, tracing my every step. To slow them down, I turned a sharp corner. As soon as I turned, I slipped, dropping my backpack that I swiftly grabbed on the way round. Suddenly I realised I was running straight

towards a brick wall. It was not so high, I was tall enough to jump over. I stopped, getting ready to sprint. Sprinting like a runner at a race I harshly threw myself over the battered brick wall. Laying there in shock I heard something break, but had no time to check, the gangs racing footsteps became louder and louder. I was in a graveyard. Dodging the old stone graves, I ran to the beach shores. Panting for breath I grabbed my boat and set out to the deep dark depths of the ocean. Leaving the others behind.