

## Modelled example of a diary entry (please do not copy this!)

**Date:** Monday 4<sup>th</sup> September 2089

**Location:** 36,500" above the Pacific Ocean

Dear Diary,

This morning began as any other day so far, with the light beaming through my curtains and the sound of the wind whistling gently through the boughs beneath me.

I pulled the anchor around 07:00 hours and set sail with the compass pointing North, the rigging tight and hope in my heart. Yesterday, I mentioned that I was having some problems with the old girl- the engine has been banging and she's been struggling to start. I figured that if I could make it down to land by lunchtime, then I could find a shipwright to help me out.

So a couple of hours later there I was, minding my own business, when suddenly I heard the strangest noise. It was like singing, but so high pitched. My heart beat and breathing quickened, and I reached for my trusty telescope, which confirmed that I hadn't imagined it: there at the portside appeared a bale of flying sea turtles! It was crazy! All around the ship they glided majestically, like giant lily pads floating on calm water. Their calming scent of salt water, and air, filled my nostrils. This was exactly why I took this job, to see such wondrous and beautiful species. Who knew that they even existed?! Cautiously and carefully, with trembling fingers, I lassoed a rope around one of their shells, with the intention to let them guide me to land more quickly so that I could get the ship looked at.

Then in an instant, my excitement was brought to an abrupt halt. The rope snapped! Not only did I worry I would become stranded, but I also feared that I was going to miss out on accompanying these mystical creatures for part of their journey...

