

Dear diary,

Today was the worst day ever! I can't believe how awful it has been.

When I woke up I was hit by the blinding hot sun that was slicing through the barred windows onto my pillow. I got dressed into my dirty top and scruffy clothes that are too small for a boy my age. I sleepily, slowly and hungrily walked down the cold stairs to the cavernous grey hall for some horrible gruel. I was starving I could devour the whole pot. I decided to ask the fat cruel master for some more disgusting gruel. Everybody was praying for the master to give me more but I was anxious that he wouldn't. I was slowly waking to the front and my hands were trembling with fear. When I asked the master for more he went crimson red I thought he was about to explode. He was so angry I was thrown out of the workhouse.

Will I be ok? How will I survive?

Oliver