

Thursday 26th January, 2023

Learning to write a diary entry based around historical events.

15 September 1348

Dear Diary,

I feel unwell. Extremely worried. I can't think of what to do! Mother is worried sick about something she won't tell me. Father keeps waking me in the morning with his loud chesty coughing. This morning - woke up to father once again. Thomas was already at work, but father wasn't, is more he was supposed to be at work too... is he ok? Mother was acting strangely, many more strangely than ever before. She keeps sneezing out of her room, looking upset, but she still says she's fine but clearly isn't, you can see it in her eyes. Everything is

just so, weird.

Mother had sent me out for some apples, of course she wanted the very red ones. I didn't really want to go because I had to go through the streets. I still went because I felt bad. When I stepped out of the house I could hear the deathly coughing and sad crying of pain through from windows. When I'd set off I put my head down like almost everyone. I couldn't hear it's anymore, just the howling wind and coughing rain. I arrived at the town to pick the apples. But in the corner of my eye, I saw a boy. It was Thomas! He was supposed to be at work, he could've had only a day. He looked very pale, and he had little marks on his neck like father, I felt horribly sad for him, because I couldn't help him. I finally entered house and gave the apples to mother. Diary, you wouldn't believe

how much father and Thomas were combined!

Thomas was getting worse. Mother got most persuaded  
father got abit better. was more worried.

Mother was saying it's the Playmate Thomas, he  
ended frightened of full moon work for him.

Earlier you said father took a nap, it was already  
4 pm. got's day too. was supper soon after was

works up, thankfully. Thomas had the possings in  
finally some disposition, but not much at all.

Thomas and father some old water. father was much  
better, which was great! Outing and like

was happy. mother was terrified for Thomas  
he got some cold flu, which was good.

started to feel roughly up but Mother was biting  
I felt so wish to meet you now, goodbye, bye

(I) IP PP x2 EIA x2

Thursday 26th January, 2023

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20<sup>th</sup> January 1348.

Dear Diary,

I feel anxious. Really anxious. I know that today ~~going~~ ~~was~~ going to be a good day (although it's my birthday.) I thought I would ~~may~~ wake up to presents, instead I woke up to sad news. Very sad news. The worst yet! My best friend. My only friend, GONE! Gone forever and that's not the end, father's still in bed, he's supposed to be at work, shopping, stone, is he ok? Curious, grey clouds covered the sky with rain lashing through, white snow slashed the stomach of the sky. I heard shouting from outside, who was it? I went to go investigate.

Empty and empty the streets sat, lonely, watching I could smell a disgusting stench. It smells like emaciated bodies. Something is wrong, I can tell. What could it be? Maybe a disease? I looked around, there were red crosses everywhere. Then a boy walked passed, he was dragging someone. Someone uncontrollably shaking. I asked if he needed help, he kept silent and gave me a mean look. That's when I ran home in the pouring rain. I begged my mother to tell me what was happening. She refused to tell me until tea. I tried to act patient. (Inside I was bursting with anger.) I just want to know! Finally, the day passed. It was 3pm tea. Silently, we sat down. I was confused, I asked again. Mother took a deep breath and explained everything, the Black Death. So that's what's happening, DEATH! The more I thought about it, the more questions I had that needed to be answered.

All of sudden father fainted. This wasn't a good sign. Mother layed father on the sofa. She checked under the armpits, the groin and by the neck. What was she looking at? There were massive, gormonous egg-shaped lumps there. It was DISGUSTING! Mother tried to act fine. (Inside, however, she was screaming with fear.) Mother whispered under her breath, "It's here, the Black Death."  
- ran upstairs and hid in the corner of my untidy bedroom. Unstoppable tears run down my fearful face. Was this really it? I guess it is.  
The end of me, my family and Earth itself.  
Will I survive this DEATH TRAP?

(I) U P x2  $\diamond$  ERA x2

Thursday 26th January, 2023

Learning to write a diary entry based around historical events.

18<sup>th</sup> January 1348

Dear diary,

I'm confused. I thought today would be a normal day like every other day. But it wasn't...

I woke up to coughing and screams of pain coming from my neighbour's house. As I was walking downstairs I caught a glimpse of my father leaving for work with my brother Thomas. Mother called me to come cook and clean. I acted like I was happy to do it (inside I was angry and wanted to go explore outside). I went to sweep by the window to look outside, I saw windows the size of bullets hammering at the window then a loud BANG. Lightning

struck as Mother shut the curtains she looked really worried and when I asked her if she was ok she just looked at me with a terrified look and mumbled yes as she hurried over to the kitchen. She started to sweep frantically and I felt even more confused and shook by the look she gave me.

I didn't know why she looked so worried but last night I overheard Mother talking to Father really seriously about something called the Plague and how its killing loads of people. I didn't really think that much of it until... I zoomed over to the window and opened the curtains to see, dead bodies lying on the ground, the rain had stopped now so I could see more clearly.

I shut the curtains fast before Mother could see what I was doing so I didn't worry her any more. At that moment, Father burst through the door

with Thomas on his back looking lifeless. Mother  
screamed and shut the door, then rushed Thomas  
to the fire and laid him down. As I went over to  
examine him I saw he had a black lump (buboe)  
on his neck. He tried to look tough. (Inside, I  
knew he was suffering in pain.) Then Mother told  
me to come sweep the floor. Father then went out  
to see the doctor for advice, but comes home  
with a black mind and says the doctor was  
sick.

I then smelt a putrid smell, Thomas was  
vomiting. His symptoms however improved but he  
hasn't died. He keeps shaking uncontrollably and  
shaking all the blankets off him. We're all praying  
he'll be ok and we'll be ok. God help us.  
Have mercy on our souls.

① IP P x2 ETA x2

Thursday 26th January, 2023

Learning to write a diary entry based around historical events.

14th July, 1348

Dear Diary,

I used to be fine about the plague but when I woke up, that all changed. First, I was woken by the sound of loud, chesty coughing coming from downstairs, it was Mother. She said it was nothing, I really hoped that was true, I just didn't want it to be what I thought it was. After, I got myself some breakfast as mother was too ill to do it. Then I went to work with my father where he carves shapes and pictures out of stone with the other masons (people who also work there), while I fetched water and put up scaffolding. But mother has been acting strange and this morning she wanted us out the house as soon as possible.

Now, I've got a feeling she did that for our own good and she didn't want us to catch the awful plague off her. While father and I were walking down the streets of London, we saw a few dead babies and we heard lots of coughing. I pretended I was okay about the plague. (Inside I was more worried than ever.) The one thing that hasn't changed is how busy and full the streets are. Especially knowing it's hammering it down <sup>with</sup> rain. Surprisingly, knowing how busy it was, there was an eerie silence, as if everyone's mouth had been zip-locked shut. Finally, we were there, stood in front of us was the tall, towering figure of the cathedral. We wanted no time in getting to work. It was quieter than usual as we have lost a handful of masons over the past few weeks. Sadly, I was on my own as the ~~the~~ Black Death has wiped out most of our children workers. I was running to and fro fetching water buckets and putting up scaffolding, I looked fine. (Inside I was tired and wanted to go home.) Another hour of boredom goes by as the time creeps into the afternoon. The distant bells ring for 2

0 clock. Finally it was home time, as I and father trudged  
trudged along the now strangely empty streets the rain had  
stopped. But it was still damp. After we got home, we saw  
mother sitting very close to the stove with a metal bucket  
set beside her. Mary kept on checking on mother every  
10 minutes or so to see how she's getting on. I am at  
loss what to do during, mother isn't getting better no  
matter how hard we try, If anything she's getting worse.  
After our traumatizing day, nobody was really up for  
supper. Our neighbors, the Jenkins family, got wiped out in a  
week! So is it us next? God help us! Have mercy on our souls...

(I) UP ♪ x2  $\diamond$  E+1 x2



Thursday 26th January, 2023

Learning to write a diary entry based around historical events.

1348, August 1<sup>st</sup>

Dear Diary,

I'm scared, Petrified. I knew God was angry when he sent lashing rain at Father, but I could've never guessed THIS is what He would send down...

I was woken up by Mother calling me down with a worried tone in her voice, I could tell something was wrong. A chesty cough echoed the house as I went down the stairs to my mother looking pale and giving me a weak smile. (Inside, I knew she was worried, but I didn't know why.) What was

happening? Was I too young to understand? I was determined to find out.

After breakfast, Mother sent me out to get bread. Although it was raining, the streets, which were usually full, seemed barren. The only thing I could hear was the thundering of the rain and the distant sound of coughing in the grey veil of fog. On my way back, I realised there were weird lumps under my arms. Mother said they were nothing. But she was worried I could tell. The more time passed, the more I worried. I was at a loss as to what to do.

Once Father came home, he dried his boots and the first look at my pale, sickly self he got, he rushed me to my room. -

did I do something? I heard Mother  
weeping downstairs and Father comforting  
her.

Though I don't remember much, I know  
strange, red patches appeared on my  
arms. I'm still up here, in my room,  
writing, not knowing what's happening  
or why it's happening. I'm sure every-  
thing will be alright... Right?

Whatever happens, God have mercy on  
Mother, Father and Brother, please...  
I'm begging you...

(I)  $\Psi$   $\Psi$   $\times 2$   $\diamond$  (E+A)  $\times 2$

Thursday 26th January, 2023

Learning to write a diary entry based around historical events.

15<sup>th</sup> August, 1348

Dear Diary,

I'm worried. Really worried. I knew today would not be a good day. I woke up normally, ready for work, but instead of being woken by my family serving breakfast, I was woken by the sound of harsh, chesty coughing. ★ As I entered my parent's rooms, I saw my Mother crying depressingly. When I came up to her, she tried to pretend everything was fine. (Inside, I knew something was terribly wrong.) When I went downstairs, I found Father in his rocking chair, the one his father used to sit in, uncontrollably shaking. As I approached him, he did not turn his head to look at me, but continued looking at the fire. "Morning Son,"

he mumbled, still not looking at me. "Let's go to work," he croaked. I quickly ate my breakfast before heading with my father to work.

As I walked through the streets of London, I tried to ignore the red crosses painted across the doors, but my eyes nervously twitched from one to the other. After what seemed like hours walking through the deadly silence and stench of decaying bodies, we finally reached the towering spire of the cathedral. When we entered, we stared in shock at the awful scene. This month we started with 10 masons, 10 masons I tell you, and now there is only 4. Can you believe it Diary! As usual, I got to work placing scaffolding and sharpening chisels, but work is now hard and stressful as there is more work and less workers. It was as if the plague was surrounding us, plucking the lives of our fellow masons like a hawk snatching its prey. As if it couldn't get any worse, I soon found out my

beloved father had the Black Death. He doesn't even have enough strength to hammer a nail! This is hell on Earth. I feel like my entire life is being pulled apart. I tried to be brave and tough. (Inside, I was shaking with grief.) As we returned home, father suddenly collapsed, meaning I had to drag him all the way back! When I reached our door, arms aching, I found a menacing red cross painted across it. ✓

As I entered, Mother screamed in terror as she saw me pulling father along the ground. We quickly got him as close to the scorching fire as we could, followed by making him a bed. My sister Mary is extremely confused, but we are spared to tell her the dead father. It turns out father was not looking at me because his face is covered in black and red spots. I am at a loss of what to do - I really do hope father will survive. Do you think he will Darcy? I'm

assured to tell you the truth but I don't think he will. Father is not improving, despite being next to the fire he's still complaining he's cold. His chances of survival are slim and I'm praying he will survive and the rest of us stay healthy. I feel like there's no point praying, after what has happened I have no hopes for the future. I've heard the entire Jenkins family were killed in a few days. Will that be us next? God save us, have mercy on our souls. All I can do is try and stay brave. (Inside, however, I'm not sure I can possibly do it.) The more people catch the plague, the more London falls into this eerie silence. Hopefully we will survive, Darcy. ✓

(I) UP 1!  $\diamond E+A \times 2$