

This week in English, we are going to be continuing our work on Anne Frank. I hope that you watched the video from last week and found out lots of information about this famous young lady, as this will help you this week.

The task this week is to create a diary entry as if you are Anne, and you are writing to your diary. First of all, we need to think about what you are going to include in our diary entries therefore, I have attached a diary checklist below, that you can use to use when writing your diary entry.

Below, you will also see an example of a diary entry below. Read through the diary entry and underline/highlight any features that you can find using the checklist as well as ideas that you could use to plan your own.

It is now over to you to write an amazing diary entry, remember you are Anne Frank!

Don't forget to send them over to the teacher in charge of your home learning this week, we look forward to reading them!

Diary Writing Checklist

Did I...

Child

include the date and/or time that the entry was written?

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write in the first person?

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use past tense for the main events?

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tell events in chronological order?

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include personal emotions and feelings?

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use paragraphs to organise my writing (including an introduction and conclusion)?

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use an informal style?

☐

use time conjunctions and adverbials?

☐

English- wb 01/02/21

Thursday 14th June 1942

Dear diary,

Well this has been the most scariest day of my life! Luckily, I'm still here to tell the tale and hopefully shall be from now on.

At about half past eight this morning life was going as normal: well as in we were all creeping around in our stocking feet so the workers below couldn't hear us. Then it happened. The clank of footsteps could be heard coming up the stairs. I knew they'd reached the third step from the top - it creaked like grandmother's knees. Immediately we all stopped, stood still and held our breath. Mother went white as a sheet and made that face at me- like don't you dare make a sound! As if I would be so silly. This was our hiding place, our only chance of not being caught, our one secret that must never be told.

It was as if time stood still (though after I'm sure it was no more than five minutes) like the air had been sucked out from all around me! Nothing, no movement, no sound. Just waiting to hear if the steps would descend back down the stairs. My heart was beating like a drum; my ears were pounding as they listened for any sound that would indicate we'd been found. I stood like a statue staring at my mother, who was doing the same, making no movement no sound. One minute, two minutes, three minutes, how many had passed? Still we stood, frozen to the spot.

After what seemed an eternity the footsteps turned, making that gritty sliding on floorboards sound. Voices could be heard getting fainter and fainter. Whoever it had been had finished their chore and had moved on. My mind filled with the most dreaded thought. Who could it have been? Gestapo? Workers collecting something? I stared wide-eyed at my mother. The all-clear signal to move was given to me by my mother. I crept into my small, cramped bedroom at the back of the secret annexe and quietly pushed the door to.

Collapsing heavily, the biggest sigh ever left my chest! I was sure that was the closest we'd ever come to being found. I can't even imagine what would happen to us if we did. How long do we have to live like this? There are so many things I miss: my school friends; visits to the park; theatre trips and just being outside!

It fills me with dread, what will tomorrow bring?