

5.

Dear Diary,

Moping in this unforsakten came proves to be unhelpful. As I suspected, I feel like there is nothing left to fight for. My chances of survival are becoming slimmer by the second I converse with my leather diary. I'm scratched bruised and bleeding. My body is a museum of injuries: bruises; darker than the night sky, my blood a flowing ravine and my scars as irritating as a midget. I began to reminisce the past.

As I waded back through the crystallised glistening water, my heart skipped a beat. It tore it apart to observe the Beagle struggling: she pleaded for help, her wood pushing hard against the merciless tide and her mast flapped for mercy. My body stiffened and trembled whilst the treacherous beating continued. The Beagle was part of my family. Now she was snatched away from me. With one last toss of her head she disappeared. The rest was a blur.

I arrived on the island once again, but this time washed up, the rancid, acrid sand greeting me impolitely (meaning choking me and making me deaf as if closed my ears). An ominous shadow hovered over me. A beast threw

me high up into the air sending shivers down my spine. My mind drowned with negative thoughts.

My feelings changed drastically. Was it possible to endure this much turbulence? I'd say no. I shifted my gaze only to see two jagged rows of pearly teeth. Frighteningly, the dragon looked down to me, teeth glinting in the sunlight. I discovered it was a dragon, by looking at its long bony snout. The dragons eyes showed it was an arrogant creature.

A splash of water brought me back to the present. I must find somewhere to stay (above sea level height).

Until then,
Thomas.

By I.V Year 5 Riverside