

31st January 1874

Dear diary,

I am sat in our **overcrowded** dormitory, we are supposed to be asleep but I can't. It is too cold. It is extremely **difficult** to see the page; I am holding this diary up to the window so that I can see the light from the reflection of the moon. Today has been as **miserable** as any other day, if not worse.

The master **stormed** into our room to wake us up at 4.30am and **ordered** us outside to wash our face using the outside water pump. **However**, it was so cold that the water formed little icicles at the end of the pump. All of the boys were stood **huddled** together in a line, trying to stay close for warmth. I tried to look for my sister, Charlotte, as boys and girls are separated at all times. We haven't seen each other since we entered this place, but I will not give up hope.

Breakfast was water and a small piece of bread left over from last night. I can tell it was left over because it was **extremely** tough to bite. **Soon after** we were ushered into the **bustling** workroom, where I was ordered to unpick old rope and separate it into threads to be resold. The material is so tough and scratchy that my fingers are crimson and **blistered**. The pain was so **incredible** that I wanted to cry, but I didn't dare. If the Master catches somebody crying he beats them with the cane.

To think that we do this all day, every day, for 5d a week. It isn't much, but I send what I can home to Ma to look after the baby. She needs it more than I do.

Dinner was exactly the same tonight, too. Small piles of stale crusty bread were on the table tops and bowls of cold gruel were **slammed** down before us. I **spotted** some of the boys **sneakily** stuffing pieces into their pockets to eat later. We are all so hungry.

When will this end? I **feel** weak and tired. **Sometimes** I wish I could run out of the doors and escape, but the last boy who tried was beaten in front of everybody. I can still hear his cries.

I had better get some rest, I will write to you tomorrow.

Goodnight.

From

Peter

vocabulary

Feelings

| | | | |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|----------|
| Miserable | upset | Exhausted | Saddened |
| Drained | Weak | Tired | Feeble |
| Troubled | Terrified | Afraid | Fearful |

Conditions

| | | | |
|---------------|----------|---------|------------|
| Overcrowded | Confined | Cramped | Overfull |
| Foul | Putrid | Smelly | Pungent |
| Freezing cold | Damp | Dirty | Dark / Dim |

Connectives

| | | | |
|---------|------------|----------|----------------|
| However | As well as | Moreover | In addition to |
| Since | Soon after | Despite | Although |

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