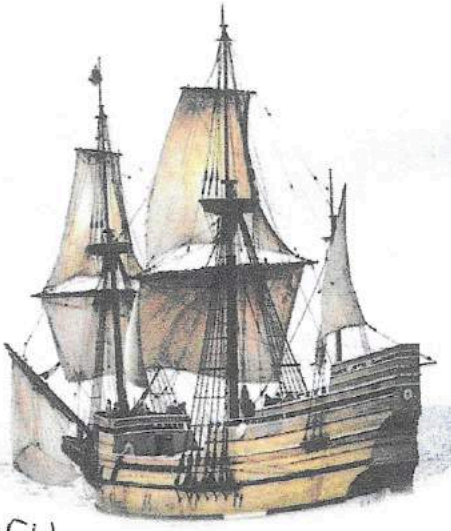

Dear Diary
Today is the 25th of September and I have been travelling on the Mayflower for 9 days now; and none of them have been enjoyable. Exhausted and weary, I was woken from my unpleasant sleep by the sound of the thrashing against the boat. As the sleep cleared out my mind, I ~~slumped~~ sat slumped in the cramped space. In that second, a feeling of dread descended over me and grew in the pit of my stomach. Through a small crack in the boat, I could see

Slivers of light that led me out
to the top deck. As I weaved in and
out the twisted sail ropes, that
littered the floor, my footsteps
fell in time to the cacophony of
the waves crashing. It was 6 o'clock
in the morning and most people
were awake. Piercing through
the canopy of storm cloud's,
the morning sun revealed itself.
For several moments I didn't breath
and looked around me; vast oceans
, that stretched as far as the eye
can see, surrounded our boat.
An eerie silence filled the air and
hope filled my heart. As ~~breeze~~
the breeze woke from its slumber
, it blew life into the atmosphere,
letting the world know of it's presence.
The fragile sails on the boat
began to shake, and fro,
dancing to music only they can hear.

Bella

Suddenly, the light faded. Cold and icy, the wind blew, sending a shiver down my spine. In the distance, dark, dense clouds began to gather. A storm was on its way. Like a brick, realisation hit me - I was left to the mercy to of the sea. Twirling and circling above, the clouds grew larger until the whole sky was grey Below me, the waves reached a crescendo colliding continuously against the Mayflower.

Bella 10 Years old