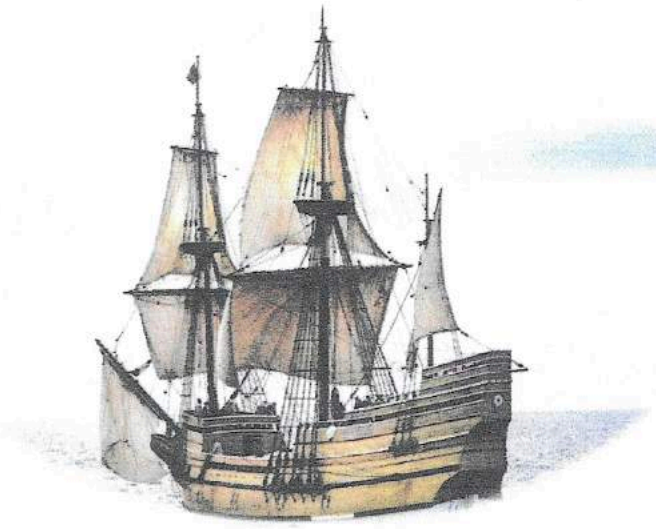

Dear diary, day september 17th 1620, I have been traveling on the may flower for 10 days, ~~left~~ only 56 days to go. There were 3 pregnant people on board, in total there was 122. Tired and weary, I woke up in a cramped corner, I sat up right. Dear diary. I have just woke up so i'll see how ~~many~~ my day goes. I was just adjusting my eyes aswell as listening to the sound of the waves carring the boat ~~and~~ and allong to the descination. Through a tiny slit in the boat, I could see tons of fish around the boat and the reflection of the sun.

Dear diary, it is thundering right now, I will keep you updated on how we do. A feeling of dread started to descend over me and blossomed in the pit of my stomach. The sound of roaring thunder was full of the sound of air

I were sat hunched in the corner but I got soking wet.

Heart pounding. Mind racing. My mind was so panicked and stressed out from the noise and monstrosity. The clouds were darkening and getting bigger. I thought I'd not make it out alive. It got windier and more hectic.

Dear diary, Everyone was freaking out because of the soaring thunder they took shelter. The wind blew sending cold shivers down peoples spines spine. It became lighter the storm was over, a shock of relief went over everyone. I could hear seagulls in the distance that means we must be close to shore soon. I just hope and pray that we will make it to land sooner than later.