

# Desert Life

Aim: To write a diary entry as if you live in a desert.

Linked to [topic work](#).



I have included a link of a day in the life of a young Maasai girl, just to give you some ideas.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XQ7wV9DeEqw>

You can write about any desert, maybe you want to write about the day in the life of an indigenous Australian person.

Remember to look at your topic work before you do this as it should help you.

You are writing in the first person, so you are pretending to be the child living in the desert.

Here are some questions to think about before you start writing.

- You can not switch a tap on and have fresh water, you may need to walk for miles for it.
- What animals are around you, do you feel safe?
- What if you are sick, there is not a car to get you to the doctor.
- Do you go to school, or do you have to help farm the animals and try and find water?
- Is you family nomadic, do they have to pack their home up and travel?
- What is the weather like? Is it hot in the day and cold at night?
- How do you get food?
- How long is your day?

Remember when we started our diaries for 'Floodland', we talked to the diary as if it was our only friend. How might you start this diary entry?

How are we going to start the diary entry?

Dear Diary,

We need food. I hate to steal, but what else can I do?

We need to 'talk' to our diary.



I've never been so scared.

Could we start it like the story began... I ran! I ran fast! I ran for my life!

Water. Water everywhere. I hate water.  
Why did the water have to cover our home.

My home isn't my home anymore. It's a prison. Hell. People fighting each other for food.

This is one of the timeline diary entries we wrote in 'Floodland'.

Draw out the time line of your day, starting with waking up, are you hungry? What you do through the day, and then going to bed. Are you coughing because of the smoke in your hut?

### A 'normal' day in Norfolk.

I wake up and look around to check that none of my stuff has been taken. I check for my **dad's** compass in my pocket. I couldn't bare to lose that. I eat any food that I have managed to **scavenge**. Then and only then do **I let the day wash over me, hanging over me like a thunder storm ready to strike**. I look outside to see if anyone is there, I don't want people to know where I sleep. Then, **as quickly as a rat running for cover**, I leave my **'home'**. Even though I know no supply ships will have come, I walk to the beach to check. Nothing. I make my way to the allotments to work for some **meagre scraps** of food and any milk the few cows we have may have produced. I eat a stale piece of bread that I am given for working. If I am lucky, I get a vegetable to eat with it, raw! Then, as the darkness creeps in like the water, I sneak **'home'**. I collect some fresh water from the well (I don't know how we still have fresh water) and carry it home. When I get back I am too tired to think, thankfully and I fall **into a restless sleep**.

## Steps to Success

1. Remember your punctuation
2. Make you diary entry flow.
3. Put it in time order.
4. Show case your writing, use similes, add lots of description.
5. Check your work.