***Teacher modelled example:***

Dear Diary,

It has been an interesting day so far. This morning, I got what I always wanted…but we will come back to that later. I’m still not sure if I have done the right thing. Sat in my bedroom once again, I will talk you through the dramatic events of my day.

Early in the morning, my Mum informed me that we would be going to Mr Carter’s farm. This is something I love to do as it means that I can wander off and see all of the animals. My Mum is a vet you see, so she is often called to farms to help sick animals. Today the call came from Mr Carter, he is a stocky, middle-aged man and he was wearing a dirty waterproof coat. I don’t like him. Today, like most days, he greeted us with a grimacing scowl on his face. After we arrived, I could feel my body bubbling with excitement. I didn’t want to stay with the grown ups for long because I had been promised that I would get to see pigs. Piglets to be specific…and I love piglets.

On the farm, I could see that Mum had a job to do. There had been some issues with the cows but it wasn’t something that I could help with, although I am extremely helpful. So, I made my way to find the piglets. Well… it was more of a skip. Mr Carter informed me that there were 11 piglets. How adorable! When I arrived, I could see them. I found a sleek large white pig that was lying on her side in a bed of straw. Sucking busily at her long double line of teats was a row of silky little new born piglets, pink with black splodges. Most people dislike the smell of pigs but I love it! I counted them and what a shock I got. At the far end of the row, from underneath the biggest and fattest piglet in the litter, there was a movement in the straw. A rustling sort of movement. It was another piglet! A tiny frail looking thing. I felt so guilty yet nervous, I needed to help, but how? If I didn’t help, it wouldn’t survive.

I needed a plan. Somehow, I needed to remove this piglet and take it home. All I could think about was that I must rescue this little runt. I carefully cupped my arms together and rolled the miniature piglet up, close to my chest to keep it warm. I knew I couldn’t walk home with it as my Mum would be suspicious and Mr Carter lives in the middle of the countryside. So, I moved the piglet to my side and carefully placed my jacket over its delicate body. It was so small that it didn’t even make a visible lump. My plan was to somehow get myself and the piglet into the car and home without anyone (especially Mr Carter) noticing. I would need to find somewhere warm but secretive to keep it, but I couldn’t leave it there to die! I knew that Mum would have supplies, even though they are in the forbidden medicine cupboard. It would be worth the risk because I would be distraught if anything happened. I am now responsible for this little piece of life. My piglet, Truffle.

Will Truffle Survive? I hope so!

Jasmine