



Monday 3<sup>rd</sup> September 1666

Dear Diary,

As I gaze out of my window, I feel the need to write about the awful sight that meets my eyes. I can see enormous flames setting the buildings on my street alight. To my left and right, the terrifying sound of crackling wood beams crashing to the ground, pierces the air.

Despite still being inside, I can feel the heat of the blaze on my skin. The smell of burning wood wafted through the door cracks as I watched smoke swirling across the black sky.

Terror takes over me as I realise that the monstrous fire is getting worse by the minute. I must act, and fast.

