

Model Text - Diary Entry

Based on The Wolves on the Walls

Dear Diary,

Last night I heard scratches and terrible, terrible noises coming from inside the walls in the house. Scratching and clawing, gnawing and rustling. I think the walls are alive with wild animals. There were howls and whines and yowls.

The next morning, I awake to find jam smeared on my bedroom walls. It dripped from the picture frames and the ceiling. My mother's jam jars laid empty and scattered all over the walls.

Later that week, I swore I heard my father's tuba being played from behind my bedhead.

The following day, my sock drawer had been emptied. _____

At least I have my best friend, pig-puppet, to look after me.

+_____. However, I wish I lived in the Sahara

Desert where there are palm trees and camels roaming the sand. We could live

_____. We need to move before it is all over!

Write tomorrow (if I'm still here!)