**Underline the text**

* Feelings = red
* Time = blue
* 3 examples of past tense = yellow
* Your favourite description = green

What kind of text is this? \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_



EXTRACT 1

**May 17th 1941**

I’m still at home, Dad’s joined the army and Mum’s going to be an ambulance driver. I’m as cold as a freezer and I have a sick feeling in my stomach, but I don’t think that’s because of the lunch I ate. I gradually walked out of the door to the train station. There was a poisonous smell in the air because of all the bombing and the fires. I always dreamed of the day I’d ride a train but instead of getting closer to my dream I drifted further away. I lifted my carry case onto the train and found a cold, still deserted cab, with just Miss James sitting silently. I waved goodbye to my Mum and then sat down.

**May 18th 1941**

I was waiting in the town hall. I was sort of nervous. My knees were knocking and I couldn’t feel the bottom part of my legs. A tall, strict looking man walked past our row. He stopped at me. I didn’t want him. He sneered at me. I started shaking. Rapidly I lost control. I fell back and smacked my head on the wall behind me.

**May 19th 1941**

I woke up in an old tattered rag of a bed with a sweet looking girl next to me. A woman was leaning over me. I asked where I was. She told me that her brother had picked me and I should stay in bed because of a serious head injury. My head was spinning. I was aching so much I thought I was still bleeding. I felt like someone was repeatedly hammering a nail into my head. Every little whisper sounded like a bomb had hit. It was so bad I wanted to scream in agony but I couldn’t let it out. I laid my head on my pillow but my head started hammering again. I wept.

[*https://www.makewav.es/story/4817/title/diaryofanevacueebydanielbradshaw*](https://www.makewav.es/story/4817/title/diaryofanevacueebydanielbradshaw)

EXTRACT 2

MONDAY 26TH JULY 1943

Today was a very emotional day, and we're still all upset.

The first warning siren went off in the morning while we were at breakfast, but we paid no attention, because it only meant that the planes were crossing the coast. I had a terrible headache, so I lay down for an hour after breakfast At two-thirty the sirens began wailing again, so I hurried back upstairs. Just as well, because less than five minutes later there was a loud boom. The house shook and the bombs kept falling. I was clutching my 'escape bag' because I wanted to run away. I know we can't leave here, but if we had to, being seen on the streets would be just as dangerous as getting caught in an air raid. Before long the smell of fire was everywhere, and outside it looked as if the city was covered in a thick fog.

Later on when I went to bed at nine, my legs were still shaking. At midnight I woke up again: more planes! I leapt up, wide awake, at the sound of the first shot. I stayed in Father's bed until one. However, the planes kept on coming.