

**LO: Can I plan a diary for MICHAEL**

Introduction - reflection on the day. Main feelings

- ◇ Devastated, alone, broken hearted
- ◇ Isolated here for every never to see family
- ◇ Stella is only friend
- ◇ Kept alive by stranger

Main

- ◇ Washed up due to a stupid mistake - safety harness
- ◇ Frightened of: Forest, creatures, noises sun-burn and the mosquitoes.
- ◇ Things that bring comfort: the sea on his skin, the dog, the food
- ◇ Kensuke -

Frightening

Mysterious

Cruel—no fire—exiled

Kindness/ confusing

End- hopes for the future

- ◇ To be friends with this strange man
- ◇ To leave the island and be rescued

**Success Criteria:**

First person

Past tense

Time connectives

Chronological order

5 senses

Thoughts and feelings

**Year 5 Grammar Skills  
we have learnt!**

**This is an opportunity  
to show you can use  
them in your own  
writing:**

**Ed opener:**

**Exhausted by ..... I**

**Scared about ..... I**

**Parenthesis extra  
information**

**( )**

**' '**

**- -**

**Reported speech**

**Relative clause**

**Complex sentences**

**(open with When, Even  
though or whenever)**



# TIME CONNECTIVES



Time connectives to begin with	Time connectives to move time on		Time connectives to end with	Time connectives for surprise
firstly	next	afterwards	at last	suddenly
this morning	secondly	a few minutes later	finally	without warning
it all began	after that	a moment later	in the end	all of a sudden
to begin	then	before long	eventually	in the blink of an eye
first of all	later on	at that point	at the end of the day	within seconds
initially	as time passed	after a while	to end the day	out of nowhere

apprehension

sinister

parched

surreptitious

baleful

mellifluous

impenetrable

cacophony

infinitely

balmy

invigorated

## Michael's birthday

Dear Diary,

I am numb. My beautiful, funny boy is lost. My husband cannot look me in the face, the guilt he feels is beyond repair. Should we ever have sailed?

When we woke to find Michael and Stella lost, there was a fever of despair that ran through us both. We screamed and shouted out into the wide empty ocean— nothing. Exhausted by the overwhelming realisation that Michael was gone, I crouched on the deck and sobbed uncontrollably.

Gradually, I began to hear a voice in my head and my heart telling me he was alive, that I had to search for him. I told Peter that we had to turn around and navigate ourselves towards the many thousands of islands that dotted the Pacific Ocean. I explained that I knew he was alive and we had to act. Even though we were both overwhelmed with grief, we bravely sat down and plotted our next moves. Before long, we were criss-crossing the ocean seeking any sight of land. We were unsure about where we were and how far we had travelled in the night but we had to take control.

I will find my beautiful boy. Even if it takes me weeks, months a year, I will find him. My heart is in pain but not broken. I can feel him. I sense him. He is mine and I will find him.