

Tuesday 5th November 2019

LO: We are learning to use rich and varied vocabulary.

Last week was truly dreadful. Today, this morning, my darling Abilene left to her education, placing me on the window-sill. Then I was left there, gazing at the outside world. Then I saw a boxer dog, just like Rosie and I stared into space ~~and~~ thinking of a tragic moment that took place last week...

It all came flashing back to me. It was like I jumped into a portable of when the dog ruined my reputation. I felt the dog's heavy drool and ~~its~~ its hot breath. I remember standing nose to nose, shouting for mercy. It was a traumatic experience. It slowly pattered reversed and then! Yes.

It darted at my good looks and in his <sup>sword</sup> ~~scattered~~ like teeth ruined my marvellous elegant, maroon robes. In a blur, I saw my beautiful clothes were transformed to <sup>ruined</sup> damp, old rags split and to shreds. My heart was also. I was dying but then my life was fading just because the window was shut. There was a knock on the door.

Ten, quick knocks woke me from my trance and eagerly, Abilene came shooting through the door calling for me. A small shiver travelled down my spine because of a loud noise after silence. Even though I was excited and there was a smile on my face but ~~and~~ I couldn't show it because my mouth has been delectably painted on. I had the urge to run into ~~her~~ my missstress's arms. ~~It~~ It was too late. I lay in Abilene's cozy, soft arms and my mind was taken off the traumatic flashback.