

# Diary Entry

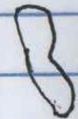
24/1/25

23rd of January, 2009  
Friday

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Dear Diary

I am writing on this piece of paper that I found in my back pocket because I honestly don't know what else to do. None of the boys are talking and a small ray of light is coming in, so I figured I'd write a diary entry. Anyway, today has been a wacky day. I don't fully understand what happened, but here's my (P) story: ✓ Good way to set up the situation



The day started normally, I was tired in the morning, then when I got to school, I prayed to Allah. Things really took a turn however, when a giant commotion happened in the village somewhere. I was frightened,

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but not so much so as to interrupt my time with Allah. These things happened sometimes, I would often be woken up with a bang. I learned to live with it.

But then the noises got louder and louder until I could make out voices. As teachers and schoolboys alike screamed in terror, I turned tail and ran into a classroom. I hid under a desk as the noises got louder still, shaking so much I let go of the desk for a moment so as not to draw attention to myself. My joints ached as I squished myself into a tighter ball than I had previously thought possible as the men made their way into the room. ✓ Great storytelling

After destroying the classroom, they