

Analysis of Diary Entry Features Answers

Written in first person	Uses informal and chatty language	Describes author's thoughts and feelings	Written in past tense
Inverted commas for direct speech	Adverbials of time	Addresses the diary directly	Ambitious describing words

21st February

Dearest Diary,

Oh, my goodness! I've never been so frightened in all of my life! Yesterday, I was actually eaten by a wolf – that's right, eaten – and I lived to tell the tale. Can you believe it? Me, Red! Or 'Little Red', as everyone seems to want to say. Hmph.

It all started when Mother sent me on yet another one of her errands. Don't get me wrong, I do love to visit Granny, but is it really necessary to take baskets of food all of the time? She couldn't get through this basket full of cupcakes even if she was having daily dinner parties with the whole village! And I do wish that mother wouldn't pester me so: "No dilly-dallying, keep to the path, and never ever talk to strangers. Do you hear me?" Pester, pester, pester.

Anyway, off I skipped in the beautiful sunshine, down the path to the lane and through the forest, waving to the old woodcutter as I went. It was such a lovely day; animals were scampering around on the ground and birds were chirping in the trees. I got quite carried away, until I heard a silky-sounding voice from the shadows.

I knew right away that this was one of the wolves that Mother had warned me about – he was a very fine-looking gentleman with thick hair, bright eyes and very big, white teeth. He claimed that he knew Granny, and I'm ashamed to say that I believed him, Diary. He must have been very, very clever, because even now, I can't figure out how he knew where Granny lived.



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I was oh-so hungry, Diary, and the cunning wolf convinced me to stop for a snack. I mean, my stomach was really, really gurgling! I really didn't stray from the path for long, and of course, I thought that I was perfectly safe! How wrong I was.

I arrived at Granny's cottage without a care in the world, but when I walked through the door, my heart sank. Granny was sick! I could see hardly anything of her, so I leaned in close, and when I did – oh, Diary! You wouldn't believe her eyes! Large and yellow – I was sure that she was deathly ill. When one long ear popped out from under her nightcap, I thought that I should surely call for the doctor at once!

But all that was nothing, Diary, compared with what I saw next. As she spoke to me, Granny's quilt slipped down to reveal a muzzle with long, sharp teeth. I thought that the bottom had dropped out of my stomach, and I began to shake so violently! I said the first thing that came to me:

"Oh, Granny, what big teeth you have!"

