

Analysis of Diary Entry Features Answers

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

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.

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.

