

**Read the text below. Practise reading aloud and fluently. If possible, read this to an adult. You can use the video that goes with this lesson if you would like to echo read with a teacher.**

Dear Diary,

12th June 2019

It is my third day in this hell hole and I can honestly say that things are not getting any better. I had hoped that mum's advice would be right and I'd settle in eventually. However, that is yet to be the case. Why would she agree to send me to a place like this?

Today has been particularly dreadful and I am feeling down in the dumps! The morning started like every other - a shrill alarm clock was sounded out across the whole of the camp. This was an early warning of the horror that was about to commence! Like zombies, we **hastily** dressed in the **discarded** clothes which were nearest to hand and stumbled towards the canteen, which squatted just beyond the pine forest. A foul stench greeted us, warning us to stay away. Before we could turn to leave and retreat to the relative safety of our dorm rooms, we saw that one of the bossy, over-enthusiastic instructors was ushering us in, where things were only going to get worse. **Despondently**, we joined the snaking line and finally arrived at the serving counter, where a range of vile-looking food lay lifelessly before us: cold fried eggs, which appeared to have a jelly-like substance covering them; congealed bacon swimming in grease; and baked beans which were as hard as bullets and seemed to have separated from the sauce. Appetizing it was not!

After forcing down the bare minimum of food, I reluctantly headed to my first activity: rock-climbing. Now to say I wasn't looking forward to this would be an **understatement!** Heights are my worst enemy and now I was to spend the next two hours attempting to avoid the instructor's gaze and hopefully prevent myself having to ascend up the terrifyingly-high wall. I think that I might be more keen to take part if I felt my safety wasn't in jeopardy; if my life wasn't hanging in the balance. The instructors at Little Wonder Summer Camp are possibly some of the friendliest people that I have ever met. However, this does not mean I trust these spotty, newly-qualified teenagers to look out for my safety: they are barely older than me! The harnesses provided are **threadbare** and worn, whilst the helmets are dented and the strap buckles loose. This does not offer much hope! Yet, of course, I am selected first (I truly believe they look for the least confident to go first, purely for their own amusement) and I gingerly scaled the much-used wall, my legs quivering, my hands sweating all the while ensuring that I never looked down.

After a full day's worth of horrifyingly-energetic activities, I returned to my **dormitory**, which I share with five total strangers. Obviously, upon arrival, I had been separated from the few friends I had arrived with and forced into this uncomfortable situation with children who are more keen on staring at their iPad screen than engaging in conversation. Due to mum's insistence that I wouldn't 'need' my iPad, I have nothing in common and every night have retreated to my bed. If you can call it a bed. This camp bed is quite possibly the most uncomfortable thing I have ever slept on; a washing line might provide more comfort! A scratchy sheet and a lumpy pillow, both with their own unique stench, are also provided ensuring that a decent night's sleep will never occur. I honestly can't imagine how this trip will ever get better. Oh well, only four more days to get through!