

Year 4
Rowan Class

Dear Diary,

I absolutely pray that my white lion is safe with the Frenchman. He seemed enough of a kind gentleman but well, let me explain ...

It was a rainy day (I can tell you that for sure) it was extremely miserable which suited the mood I was in. Father glanced angrily at me, then at the Frenchman. "Sorry to tell you sir," said father, "that my idiot of a son here set the lion free!" Suddenly just as if it had been a signal, the white lion padded through the gate. Even though I was mad at him for coming back I ran up to him and hugged him tight. He was as skinny as a pencil and dripping wet. We hurried inside, immediately dragged tons of meat into his bowl and watched him lap it up like a dog. I sat and stroked him, my eyes full of tears. I glanced at the Frenchman shyly, his face a kind, trusty face but not smiling. A tear rolled down my cheek so I looked away, I had to look away. The Frenchman placed a warm hand on my shoulders. "Don't you worry. I will make sure that your lion is safe. I'll call him the white prince. I will give fresh meat every day and free straw every night."

By Daisy Bradley