

Dear Diary,

Today, I travelled to the edge of town by omnibus. I've never been on one before because they're much more expensive than travelling third class by train.

It was only an hour's walk from me omnibus stop to the gates to Lytton House. I started off on pavements so, for that part, I managed to keep the hem of me dress almost clean. As I followed the road into the countryside, it became dustier and dirtier and harder underfoot.

Then, there in front of me were the gates, just as I'd had them described to me, with a huge stone gatepost either side. They was mighty grand, with a stone lion atop each of the pillars.

The gates was unlocked, and I began me long walk up the gravel drive. Took me half an hour or so to reach the house. And what a house.

It's four or five floors high. There's a basement, a ground floor, a first floor, a second floor and, tilting me head back, I could see that there were some windows up in the roof, what meant attic rooms too. To live and work in a place like that would be...Well, I have no words to describe it.

Suddenly, I felt all wobbly, like Mrs Hansard's aspic. Overcome with nerves, like. Who'd give me a job in a place like this?

### Key

Choose a different colour for each key feature listed below. Then try to find examples of each feature in the text and highlight them.

Dear Diary

Past tense verbs

First person (I/my)

Feelings words

A range of punctuation