Dear Diary,

Worryingly- my father has been missing for days now. At night time, the darkness seems even more frightening. Shadowy monsters crawl and fight, howl and growl on my walls, whilst I try to sleep. Is it my fault that he left? Did I drive him away? Why did I doubt him and his stories? I should’ve trusted him. I really wish I’d been brave enough to enter the cave that fateful day! I just couldn’t… Fear consumed me! Oh- I hate the dark: inky, still, frightening.

Because he’s been gone so long, I’ve made a decision! Even though I’m afraid, I’m going to go and find him. My brain is full of spiders! They crawl through my brain, and over my skin, but I am determined to find him. If I succeed, I’ll know that I’m a Brownstone. I’ll leave as soon as the sun rises, before mummy wakes up. My heart (which is pounding harder and harder as I write this)is full of fear, but if I ever want to see my father again, I must go! I’ll take Wind Weaver’s feather, and hope for the best. For now I’ll sleep. Tomorrow will be a difficult day…

Dear Diary,

With wet and shaking hands, I write. I have flown long and far, across countries. I’ve seen extraordinary things: flowing rivers, majestic mountains, sputtering volcanos… Wind Weaver carried me safely to Egypt. It is hot and humid here and the air is full of exciting new smells. In the morning Wind Weaver will carry me to the Sphinx, where he will leave me- alone! I am a bundle of nerves. Spiders still crawl in my brain, and across my skin. Only the image of my loving father keeps me going. Whatever I face tomorrow, I’ll be ready for it. The Sphinx - which dominates the night sky here- glistens beneath the stars.

For now, I’ll try and sleep. It’s hard. One question keeps tumbling through my mind. Will I ever see my father again?

Dear Diary,

I did it! I am a Brownstone. Today, I faced the devil, and lived! My father is safe. Whilst I write this, he is sleeping next to the fire, which has kept us warm all evening. I think I can hear him muttering in his sleep. He is tossing and turning and dreaming of snakes. Perhaps I’ll dream of snakes too… The dark doesn’t seem to bother me tonight. It seems silly to be afraid of the dark, when you’ve faced the devil himself.

You know what? You wouldn’t believe it if I told you. Today my way was guided by the light of a magic eye! Today I met Gods: Ra, Anubis, Isis, Bast, Thoth… Today I conquered! I journeyed through the depths of the Sphinx. I vaulted over scarab beetles, escaped the jaws of alligators, dodged the living dead and finally pulled my father from the coils of a giant snake. After my ordeal, I’m too tired, and too shaky, to explain everything now. The details of today are etched into my brain forevermore. So, I’ve got my whole life to tell my story. Guess what? I am a Brownstone after all!

**Identify how and where the model is successful.**

**Identify the links that make this piece of writing succesful**

**What is our LO and SC?**