Wednesday 4th November 2020

Dear Diary,

Today, I went to the dentist because of my bad tooth. It hurt so much!

Before I went, I brushed my teeth as hard as I could.

At 3pm, I finally went to the dentist. I absolutely hate the dentist. I mean, who does like the dentist?

A little while after I arrived, Mr Erstwhile called my name loudly. He looked like a really old man and wore really thick glasses that made his eyes look like tennis balls.

As soon as I sat in the chair, he took one look at one of my really bad teeth and told me it had to come out! I was horrified! First, he tried to take it out but it wouldn’t work. Then, Miss Veal tried to take it out by tying floss around my tooth and falling out of a window, but it still wouldn’t work. Finally, as I was lying in terror, Mr Erstwhile took a large swig of mouthwash, gripped tight, and yanked my tooth out! I was in so much pain! I still am.

I hope I never go to a dentist ever again! How could I after all of that?

Alfie

Informal, chatty
Date
Looking back and ahead
past tense
first person
rhetorical questions
preposition of time