

I have had such a long day at the factory! Sewing, sewing and dreaming about the rich Victorian kids at school. The kids singing rhymes and playing with each other lots and lots of fun games, fresh white uniforms with no rips, reading the writing and learning...-"Do your work Venelope! Snap out of them dreams I tell you and stop slacking otherwise you won't get your wage!" That was Mr.Roberts, my master destroying my dreams yet again.

I am 5 years old with a dream of just wanting to go to school. All my brothers and sisters work here, all 7 of us we all have a wish to go to school and live life like the rich kids. I am hungry, cold and tired. I haven't slept for ages and haven't eaten for days. I work 13 hours and earn just 1 shilling a week which pays for papa's medicine. I wish I could save my money and buy myself the red flowery dress that we sew with a matching bag so I could be ready for school.

I sewed 800 dresses today, 200 ties and 5 bags. I have become an expert at sewing but hopeless at trying to read the numbers for the measurements. I just finished a long tiring day at the factory. Now I'm off to my next job which is to sweep Mrs.Stacy's chimney hoping to not get stuck because there will be nobody to pull me out...