

10th September 1666

Dear Diary,

It is the second day of being on the river watching the fire rip into all of the buildings. I once had a beautiful house and a respectable job at the workshop which has all been destroyed in a few hours! The fire began at the bakery on Pudding Lane when the baker forgot to put out the fire after baking his bread. The gigantic flames then spread across buildings rapidly creating an atmosphere of panic.

My wife and my daughter quickly grabbed what they could and joined everyone else on the boat. We sailed far into the River Thames but still the fire looked bigger than ever. People began running with buckets to fill at the river to put out the fire but it wasn't working it almost seemed like the fire was getting angrier and angrier! My children held onto me tight. I was scared but I had to be a hero for them. We only had a few pairs of clothes and yesterday's cold soup on board with us. We are all cold and wet. I have never felt so hopeless and sad in my life.

I must return to putting out the fire now. I will write again tomorrow if I am still alive...

Dear diary,

During the middle of the night, Jane (my maid) had some terrible news for me. She stated that a few blocks away from where I live there was a fire. I was not that shocked to hear that, so I decided to doze off. As soon as I woke up the next day I discovered something abhorrent. The fire had spread and became very more severe. Jane had some more dreadful news: she said "The Fire started in the bakery on pudding lane from a spark which hit something and that is what has caused all this chaos!"

I ran and gathered all my most important belongings then hid them in the cellar very deep underground so that it would stay away from the fire or any thieves. The flames had risen way more than I had expected and the fire had spread. And I was shivering more than ever.

This alarming fire continued. It was a horrifying sight. And it was getting closer to our house. After it got too risky and I decided to run over to my friend's house. His name was Sir Rider. He lived in Bethnal green I took all my belongings which were in the cellar. As soon as I got there I was safe and sound.

The END