***The Wave***

**December 22 2004: 19:08PM**

**DIARY ENTRY NO.2**

**My name is David Wildwood, I’m 14 and I'm moving to Thailand with my parents. It's a lot to take in you know, moving so far away. My bags are packed and my pass-port is up to date. My house feels so empty... I'm exhausted. But I can’t stay in my room all day. At least I’ll be able to visit my aunt there, she’s moving too. Anyway I’ve got to get to the airport. Our flight's due nine o`clock. I'm hoping I won’t get too bored, the flights ten hours thirty minutes. Anyways my Mum's telling me to get ready, we are leaving soon. After all I can’t stay on a laptop screen all day. I'm already quite tired.**

**Goodbye,**

**DECEMBER 22 2004: 20:31PM**

**DIARY ENTRY NO.3**

**The long wait for the plane to Thailand awaits, thirty minutes away. My auntie's gone to get us some food to eat before the plane is due. I'm having a few mixed emotions, like I feel sad, but yet nervous but I still feel exited. It’s such a long trip though. *Ten hours?* My aunties back with food, oh she wants me to turn it off I'm being “Antisocial”. I better turn it off soon she get all angry when I'm on my gizmos, as she says. It’s kind of funny sometimes but I’ll tell her I'm not hungry. Either way she bought fish I hate fish it’s plain and sour and it’s drenched in vinegar. I also hate vinegar. It just gives off a funny taste *And* smell. I’m really not that fond of my auntie. I’ve already spent ten minutes on this laptop. The flights due soon I better get going.**

**Goodbye,**

**DECEMBER 23 2004: 06:23**

**DIARY ENTRY NO.5**

**We have *finally* landed. I'm so glad that’s over with. Aunt Jennifer has been talking for the *whole* ride here. She’s been pestering me for about seven hours. All that was just personal questions. She's not even my real aunt. She's actually my step Dad's sister. She's also very nosy. In my opinion she’s vile. Luckily my stepdad can’t come, for the first year at least. He's taking care of his mother. She's very sick. She has dementia and she’s in a hospital back in England. It’s so hot over here compared to England. The temperature is like thirty two degrees here. Thank God we're next to a beach, There I’ll be able to cool down after I get my swimsuit on. It’s strange the way they let random elephants roam the beaches. Anyway I’ll have to stop looking out an airport window and get a move on.**

**Goodbye,**

**DECEMBER 23 2004: 10:20**

**DIARY ENTRY NO.6**

**I still haven’t acknowledged the fact that tomorrow is Christmas Eve. Also, I’ve only realised now that typing a diary in the middle of a day is a bit pointless. From this day forward I will I will write at the end of a day. The other diary entries will be just for fun but this one will be for real. This will be my actual diary rather than useless words on a screen. Though, I guess you could say this is useless words on a screen. But putting that aside apparently they do water polo on the beach. I guess that will help me get used to here. After all I’m going to have to live here. I might have to learn to speak whatever language they do. That means I’ll also have to go to school here. Eventually this will not be as bad as it is now but time will tell that. Now I sound like Mum with her old phrases and stuff like that. Anyways I have to go.**

**Goodbye,**

**DECEMBER 25 2004: 07:34**

**DIARY ENTRY NO.7**

**I am lucky to be alive. That’s all I can say. Six words. Let me tell you what happened Christmas Eve. The winds were strong, and the elephants were going wild. I saw a seven year old girl on an elephants back running to its family. Waves were crashing against the large boulders like thunder. The sky was sunny. No clouds to be seen. The wind as sharp as a knife. Then the ground was rumbling. Then the initial wave came. Sirens were going off. I ran to the tallest building. The stair rumbled. The water was chasing me until half way up it stopped. Then a second, much larger wave came. My eyes were blurred.**

**By Joe Buchanan**