

Tuesday 12th September 2017

Dear Diary,

I had the most disastrous day EVER today! You won't believe what happened to me. I woke up all positive and sharp, the sun was shining off my nib and I could smell fresh paper in the air. The day had started so well until...

Crash! Duncan's dog Spike hit the shelf with such a force that I tumbled down onto the cold, hard floor. Before I knew it, I was in spikes mouth shaking from side to side like a chewy dog toy. Could life be any worse? I had to ask! Have you ever been eaten and then spat out? Well that's what happened to me and let me tell you, it's disgusting. I barely recognise my tanned self.

I should be seeing the world; colouring chocolate in Africa, shading in the stumps of the Amazon or colouring the brown bears of Canada.

Green crayon is off dyeing the pitch at Old Trafford, Yellow crayon is traveling around Egypt and where am I? I am stuck here with that horrid mutt spike!

I would rather be snapped in two then spend another second in the jaws of that beast. All I want is some peace and quiet, sat on my shelf next to my best friends glue and ruler. I wonder what tomorrow will bring. It can't be as bad as today was, right?

Not so Tanned crayon