

Q: To analyse a diary extract for the features and language content.



Dear diary,

My first day at Hogwarts has been surreal. Once stumbling off the Hogwarts Express, with my new friend Ron, I was staring up at the colossal, towering castle that was encompassed by an enchanted aura for as far as my eyes could see. This was it - my new home: I knew then and there that this is where I belong. Every beating, every bruise and every harsh word from the Dursleys had clogged up my memories for so long now, yet in an instant they were washed away and replaced by the prospect of adventure, heritage and friendship.

Illuminating lights were emitted from every window pane; glaring sparks danced off the moonlit lake; and whispers soon turned to excited chanting as we were inching closer and closer to Hogwarts. Neighbouring the castle, I noticed a sports pitch with four patchwork columns, each topped with a green, red, yellow or blue flag, almost touching the dusting of clouds above. What sport do wizards play I wonder? Beyond the grand entrance doors, an unlit sinister woodland had caught my eye: crooked trees almost burnt to a crisp and a peculiar mist hovered like an unwelcoming presence. The forbidden forest was haunted by the darkest magic ever imaginable: something I couldn't help but be fascinated by.