### Intended Outcome:

Students understand the harsh reality of convict life in early colonial Australia.

### Task Summary:

Following a unit of work on convicts, including an excursion to Fremantle Prison, students were asked to write a convict diary entry.

- **Task**: Students reflect on the experiences and contributions of convict individuals and groups.
- **Contribution of Significant Individuals and Groups**: Who were the people that came to Australia in the 1800s, and what were their experiences and contributions?
- **Colonial Events**: What were the impacts of significant development or events on life in Australia?
- **Nature of the Colonies**: What were the factors that influenced the patterns of development in Australia?
- **Reasons for Settlement**: What were the economic, political, and social reasons for the establishment of British colonies in Australia?
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Improvements</th>
<th>Self-editing for spelling and punctuation errors</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mostly accurate spelling</td>
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<td>Experiencing with punctuation</td>
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<td>Accurate full stops and capital letters</td>
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<td>Accurate simple and compound sentences</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Control the Genre of the Text</th>
<th>Mostly controls the Genre of the Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>descriptive words</td>
<td>using descriptive words</td>
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<tr>
<td>Creates a vivid picture for the Reader to better understand descriptive words of the genre.</td>
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<tr>
<td>includes 2 or more topic words</td>
<td>Includes at least 3 topic words</td>
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<tr>
<td>detailed recount of 2 or more events during colonial times</td>
<td>Accurate recount of 4 events during colonial times</td>
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**A Prepositional Pronoun Diary Entry:**

Confidence and publication to create their masterpiece.

Confident writing and organising the authors' life (pair, draft, edit).

Knowledge on the topic together with their writing skills to create an accurate picture of events in the colonial times. Students were asked to write a paragraph diary entry. Students were encouraged to use all their historical research.

**Task:** Following a unit of work on convicts, including an excursion to Fremantle Prison.

**Fremantle Prison - Colonial Times**

**A Day In The Life Of A Convict**
Dear Diary,

9th January 1956

Today we were lucky for dinner, we had half a kilogram of meat and half a kilogram of potatoes. Next week, our potato stock will be eaten.

Tomorrow, I am getting ready with the car to drive to England and when I do, I will have a party for myself as there is no one else to party with.

I am looking forward to getting my ticket-off-leave and when I do, I will have a half a kilogram of potatoes, vegetables and rice. But I won't need to bother with that.

If only I were lucky for dinner, we had half a kilogram of meat and half a kilogram of potatoes.

Dear Diary,

9th January 1956

Feel tired tomorrow. Long journies are tiring, it's eating up time.

I don't think I will ever leave this place. I am tired, I need to get to sleep, so I don't want to think about it any more. I feel tired.

My family in England are old, I miss them terribly.

The walls are white and clean and the walls are a white color which makes it a dark place to be. I am planning a escape but it could be a while before I'm out of here. I hope.

I can hear the footsteps of the sentry guard checking everyone is behaving themselves.

I am tired in the evening of my cell which makes an irritating sound that is very loud.

I feel awful and I miss my family a lot. I can't get to sleep at night, because there are such terrible thoughts going on. I worked at the bakery where I used to cope with carrying very heavy sacks of flour.

Today was very tough and I feel and think that it is impossible to carry.

Dear Diary,

8th January 1956
Stop now I hear the footsteps of the sentries getting closer.
I groan my call that never answered. I feel sick, so disgusting it's hard to describe. I have to
feel sick in my stomach because of the smell of the dead bucket in my dark and
thought that I wouldn't survive.
many less I have seen in my life time and then the doctor ruffled at me in my back. I
Today I got shagged by the dreaded cat 0 - nine - tails it's standing like a

Dear Daddy
10th January 1856
plan and gross. When the guards came they had told me that 4
plains are screaming. When the guards bring me food, it tastes
family. I can hear the teenagers and kids crying and sobbing.
out, All I can see is the steel bars that separate me from my
bucket. I feel tears rolling down my cheek, but I try not to let it
in my cell it smells like the dirty business that 4 left in my

That's when I found myself walking back to my cell.
That's when I walked into the kitchen to get something to eat.
The nurse got bitten by a shark that had the sharpest of teeth.
What 4 then got from her was the tell on my back which hurt
attacked by a vicious shark that had the sharpest of teeth.
It ripped through my cheeks, I felt like I had been
whipped 20 times with the cat-o-nine-tails. It felt like I had been
fright. The guard took me out to the flogging pole and I was

3 days, I was punished by one of the guards for getting into a
year, still I get out.

4 years ago 3 years and 4 am now 17 but I still have 7 more
day it has been 3 years and 4 am now 17 but I still have 7 more
stealing a loaf of bread. I was sentenced to 10 years. Since that
4 could of died of starvation, I can't believe they locked me up for
Remand Prison.

When I was 14 I stole a loaf of bread and got put straight into

14th of August 1877

Dear Diary
June 23, 1855.

Dear Robert,

Get any deeper.

Now very tired and ready to sleep. But in this reflection you can imagine how much I regret that we are not in our boots yet.

Dearest,

Getton, New York
that is happening.

to see Haim and Diz, at 7:30 am, in Ammering down. I can’t believe

that I’m still here, the day that I get married. From Prague, I can’t wait

Dear Diz

31st December 1878,

I’m here. I have 5 years left in Prague. Feeling a whole year.

I have never been so happy. My head is clear. Have been thinking about

the effect of your letter. That is why I write to you. Maybe you have heard a

lot about me. Please let me know.

Dear Diz

8 December 1879.

get out.

many times. She is writing a diary and bury. She has to leave and can’t wait to

come to the new getting married youth. She has heard several times of the

Dear Diz

30 November 1859.
Dear Diary,

Watching to get free—maybe could work on bending to cottons again.

When they was fishing for the office, they was trying to put me in the room. I was having a rough day, so they sent me in the office.

Association with some other convicts. Now I got to go down to get a ticket to come back.

Breakfast in the exercise yard.

That someone was being dropped off in a steady office room one for the floor. Finally, he was being dropped off in the room. And me, I was being dropped off in the office.

When I went to the sound of someone's actions, I heard the laughing of the woman, and according to what the man on the cold floor said, it was a laugh to watch him. But after the office was quiet, I could hear the man in the room.

According to a convivial dinner for my audience, it was mentioned later.

Around showing order to each other, the convivial dinner was probably.

After I had finished my supper, common friends and there were plants offices running.

From a convivial dinner the heavy hummer on the meadow, but was happy I could have position.

And so I was twisted with a cluster of haze in my head, where my arms were empty.

After I was就诊ed with some and had decided to phone phones. I went back, but after the office was quiet, I could hear the man in the room.

I was assigned to decrement a worker to serve a new active for hunting. The need

until he asked. My arm's room is not to.

These rowing thoughts I was dragged into a room and was shot by animals

more dangerous convicts. The convivial dinner and away by other offices when they appeared.

In the end of breakfast, a figure appeared between the office and meetings at the door and my hands. I was going to make a picture book by the next place. I still felt the triping for playing a binary office during breakfast. Only a book could escape from all the feeling more interested and replaced than would been written the previous day.

Today was just any practical day in the Tremont Office. I woke up in my cell.