

Dear Diary,

13<sup>th</sup> Day of December 1580

I woke at four in the morning for my first job as a servant ever.

As I looked down at the list, I saw that I had to prepare breakfast, bread and butter for their four-year-old daughter, porridge for the master of the house, and bread with no butter for the wife of the master. Picky or what?

I picked up the list and walked to the kitchen.

Oh, how I missed mother, Edward, Father and Catherine!

I wondered what to do with the food, so I looked around and spotted a holder, obviously for food, and placed the porridge in the covered pot over the fire.

I placed the bread on the table, and set the places.

Next I checked my list of things to do again:

Morning

Prepare breakfast, done.

Clean floors, not done.

Laundry, not done.

Bake, not done.

Feed cattle, not done.

Suddenly, looking at the long list of chores, I realised that being a servant was going to be a lot more work than I thought.....

Sincerely, Jane

Dear Diary

18th Day of May 1536

I sit here in the tower the night before my death with only my lady in waiting for company. Shall I never again walk those beautiful gardens at Hampton Court, and embrace my beloved daughter, Elizabeth? I am to be beheaded in the morning, but I have done nothing wrong. I shall be brave.

Only the king can save me now. I pray Henry will appear and tell me it has all been a terrible mistake. There is still time. He may seem like a monster, but I know the true man. I shall go to my grave loving King Henry. God have mercy on his soul. God save the king, God spare Elizabeth!

- A