29th April 1615

Dear Diary,

I thought of a brilliant idea today: to put on a play. Not an ordinary play, but a play to reveal the fiendish truth about my Uncle - a play about a murder: a king pouring a flask of poison into his brother’s ear. Sound familiar?

During the play, my eye was drawn to my uncle. His face was becoming as blood red as a pomegranate. That fiend defiantly, selfishly murdered my innocent father. His shoulders were tense, his fists were clenched and his head ferociously turned. He was staring at me - directly in my eye. My heart was thumping. Suddenly without warning, and passing fell and wrath, he ran, he ran out of the room. “The play must not go on!” Further and further away.

I will kill him and I will make sure he will suffer a miserable life. He will be remorseful, when he *will* be begging for life. I will imbrue him through his stone heart. I will make my father proud. The scarlet sheen will soon be drizzling down on him. Even now every time I think of him it fills me with anger and hatred. He will not live for long…

*Hamlet*

*(Hattie)*