

# Example Text: Diary/Journal

## My Diary

Saturday November 6th

I woke up early today – couldn't wait for the tide to change. As soon as I got down to the surf, I checked out the waves. The break along the beach was pretty lame. So then I looked over to the headland for the point break. It was pumping!

A bit after 6:30am the sets were getting stronger and the face was smooth and glassy. Some other goofy footers came over and we caught up. The wind was starting to gust in from the south. It was going to be now or never.

It was hard work getting past the first line of breakers, but boy was it worth it! With six foot swells I was in my element! I dropped in on the biggest tube I've had in ages and rode it all the way through the green room. But just before I blasted through the end, I got totally worked over. I was stuffed!

After spitting out about a tonne of sand, I got back out there and had another couple of runs. But the wind was starting to spoil the party and was messing up the waves, so I packed it in and took off home. Better luck tomorrow. I love summer weekends!

