

Diary-Writing is entirely a personal short artistic piece of writing. It is not meant to be read by any one else. In the diary-entries the writer records some of his important and unforgettable experiences, events, incidents, unexpected happy or sad situations, or his experiences of success or failure. They are recorded in one's diary the same day in a short and precise form. Since such important and unforgettable situations or incidents do not happen in our life every day, diary-entries are also not made every day. In course of time, these entries take the form of the author's autobiography to a certain extent.

### Some Common Rules of Diary-Entries

Since Diary-Writing is entirely a personal matter, there are no definite rules or any prescribed format for writing the same. However, there are certain points which every diary-writer must keep in mind. These points are the following :

- (1) First of all, Day and Date should be written.
- (2) Below that the time of entry should be written.
- (3) Thereafter some meaningful and artistic heading for the incident or experience should be given.
- (4) Then the incident or experience should be recorded briefly but artistically and effectively.
- (5) In the end the writer should put his signature.

#### Model 1 Diary-Entry

Wednesday, 15 Jan., 2012  
8:30 p.m.

#### Angel of a Man

I am a young girl of 19, a student of Rajasthan University, Jaipur. I was travelling by night-bus from Jaipur to Agra. I was on a sleeper-berth.

Suddenly I woke up with a jerk and came to know that the engine of the bus had suddenly failed. It was a lonely place with bushes and thorny trees all around. I came down from the bus and was terribly frightened and shivering with cold. All the passengers went away by different means or on foot. I was left all alone on that pitch dark night. Suddenly I saw a man coming towards me on his bicycle. I froze with fear. The man came and got down from his bicycle by my side. He politely addressed me as 'sister' and said that the place where I was standing was very dangerous. He said, "Sister, if you could trust me, I would take you to my home about two kilometers from there by my bicycle, and in the morning I would get you a bus to Agra." He appeared to be a cultured, polite and refined person. I had no option but to accept his offer. He took me to his home. It was a one-room mud - house. After offering me a cup of tea, he made me sleep in his only room, and himself slept in the open verandah outside. At day-break, he came to my bed with a cup of tea and woke me up. I saw in his eyes light of brotherly love and sympathy. He offered me light breakfast very affectionately, and then accompanied me to the nearly bus-stop to get a bus to Agra, I was so overwhelmed by his affection and kindness that I could not ask even his name or address. To me he was an Angel of a Man.

**Preeti Dube.**

#### Model 2 Diary-Entry

Sunday, 20 Jan., 2012  
9:00 a.m.

#### Knocking at the Door at Midnight

Today I was all alone at home because my parents had gone out to attend a marriage. I studied till 10 O'clock in the night and then bolted all the doors and windows very carefully, and

retired to bed. It was my first chance to sleep all alone in my home. I felt frightened, but I slept. Around midnight I heard a knocking at the door. I wondered who could have knocked at the door at that hour of the night. I did not move. Again there was a knocking. I could not have the courage to ask who was knocking. He may be a robber or a decoit wanting to enter into the house. I thought of calling the police, but I did not have the telephone number of the police-station. I also thought of calling some relation or friend by the phone, but I had become so nervous that I forgot all telephone numbers. I lay awoke, frozen with fear. The knocking at the door continued the whole night. I counted minute by minute until it was morning. When I heard people walking on the road in front of my door, I collected all my courage and opened the door. Then I discovered that I had hung a bent iron bar on the hook of the door, and this bar was beating against the door by the breeze blowing

outside. This was the secret of the knocking at the door. I laughed at my folly.

**Rashmi Agrawal.**

## Exercises

Make Diary-Entries on the following topics—

1. How I miss my mother !
2. Faith in God's justice.
3. How I escaped being drowned !
4. My first day in the College.
5. When I topped in the I.A.S. examination.
6. The day I retired from my service.
7. My encounter with a robber.
8. How I was cheated by a friend !
9. When I won a Gold in the Olympics.
10. How my luck favoured me !