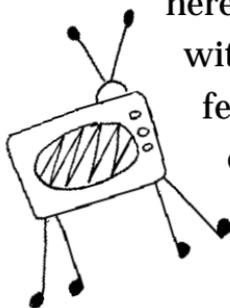
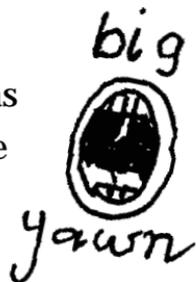


Saturday

Dear Me,

Good old Grandad, he's got some great ideas. He could see that I was bored silly and told me it might be a good idea if I tried to keep a diary. It really is a good idea, because I have nothing to do all day. I've come to live with him because Mum's in hospital. I haven't been



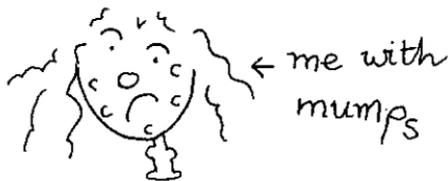
here long and I have no one to play with. His television has only a few useless channels and he doesn't even have a DVD player. Since I arrived here my day is like one long

yawn that never ends. I didn't expect to spend the last few weeks of summer here.

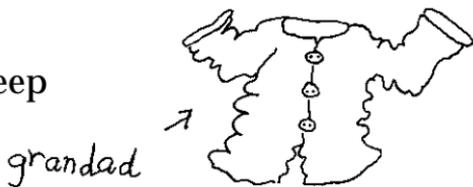
My friend Tracy lives near me and Mum and she's wild. We do lots of things together and play in each others' houses all the time. I don't know anyone here, wild or tame.

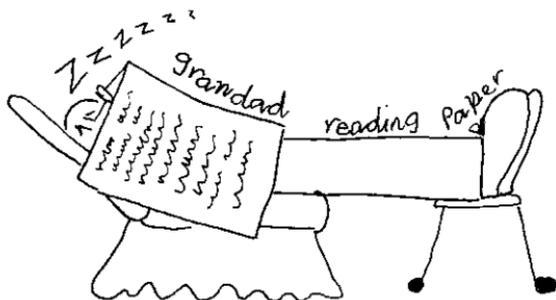
What's more my new school starts next week. I think when that day comes I'll have

to develop the flu or mumps or some illness that's so catching they'll send me home straight away.



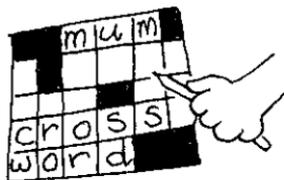
It's okay here because Grandad is really kind. He's sort of crumpled and reminds me of an old cardigan. He likes to read newspapers a lot. Sometimes he falls asleep

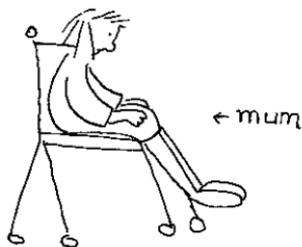




with them over his face and they go up and down as he snores, which is really funny to look at. I have to make sure that I giggle under my breath or I might wake him up. My Mum likes newspapers too. She always does the crosswords.

The day she went to hospital it looked like she got stuck on a clue she just couldn't find the word for. She had this sort of puzzled look on her face and she was looking into space and mumbling to herself



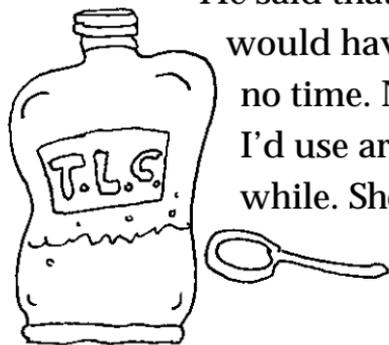


about things. She must have been thinking really hard about it because she didn't get the dinner and she just sat there.

Eventually it was getting dark and I got worried about her and phoned my Aunt Gemma. She came round immediately and called the doctor. He told us not to worry and all she needed was some TLC.



He said that a few weeks in hospital would have her back to normal in no time. Normal is NOT a word I'd use around Mum in the last while. She's sort of got lost in her own little world. She seems kind of sad and I



haven't heard her laugh for so long I've forgotten what it sounds like.

Anyway, I got so bored here I started to talk to myself in the mirror. It's not such a bad idea when there's no one else to talk to! A mirror can tell you lots of things about yourself. It can tell you when you're happy and when you're sad. It can tell you when you look tired or ill. It can tell when you look cool and advise you how to do your hair and clothes and stuff like that. It's quite nice talking to my mirror me and it's quite nice writing to me. There's nothing much else to do here anyway so I might as well. Though I know if anyone sees me they'll think I've gone bananas.

