

8th of May 1945

Dear diary,

Today was probably the happiest day of my life! We have just had a war and millions of people have fought for us in this doubtful time. Me and my mum (who is pregnant) moved to Rossendale in Lancashire, whilst my dad, brother and uncle were in the army. We are living with a farmer and his wife. We found out not long after we arrived that mum was pregnant with a baby boy! I was so excited! I had always wanted a little brother!

Later this evening we are having an amazing party to celebrate all the soldiers that have fought for us and the country. At the party we will have to turn on the radio to full volume, because we will need to wait for the Prime Minister (Winston Churchill) to make it official that the war is finally over. We prepared a lovely meal for our whole street! Rationing is still around but it doesn't really matter to us because we get eggs from the chicken hut and ham from some other pigs and flour from the mill and some milk from Daisy the cow. Mrs Johnson (the farmer's wife) has a 20kg bag of yeast up on her top shelf so we will never run out!

Fortunately, I am fond of people coming over and so are the farmers. On the other hand, mum is very cautious because of the baby. I am feeling a bit nervous too because we still don't know if dad will come to the party or if...I'm too scared to say what might have happened to him.

I am really excited about the new changes. Everyone doesn't need to be scared anymore about the fact that you could be bombed and your house blown up. Also, my brother, uncle and dad might be coming home for the party later tonight. I also have got a new toy from the farmers to say thank you for being very helpful around the farm. It is a toy of a pig because I told them it is my favourite animal. They said that the pig liked me too!

A few days ago, I we received a letter from the government saying that our house was bombed. Mum started to cry. I wanted to as well but I had to stay strong to help mum.

9th May 1945

Dear diary

At the VE party yesterday, my brother and uncle arrived but my dad wasn't there. They both didn't say anything about dad, they just came in and told us about the war. Finally, I gained up the confidence to ask them 'where is dad?' my brother started to cry, so uncle Steve took over. He was caught hostage and then got shot multiple times. 'How did you know about this?' I said almost crying. Uncle Steve explained that one of his pals had managed to escape from the hostage takers and ran straight to him and my brother (who was still in tears)!

Now we have lost our house and my dad. I ran up to my room as soon as Steve had finished telling us everything. By this time my brother had stopped crying. He came up into my room (after asking where it was) and sat down on my bed. I was still crying into my pillow. He explained to me more about what had happened in the army and try to make some bits funny to try and cheer me up. We were talking in my room for a good hour or so.

We went back down stairs and had the party. Before my mum tucked me into bed, she told me and my brother about that we were going back to London tomorrow. I stayed up all night to try and figure out how to persuade mum to stay. By the morning I had a little bit of a sleep and found a way! I was no way going back to London especially because we had nowhere to go! I went up to mum and asked her if we could stay here, at the farm, for a little while because I wanted her to be able to have a calm life and not stressed whilst she was having the baby and when he was older and we had enough money we could buy a nice house in London. She said we would have to ask the Johnsons (the farmers) first. I went to ask them if we could stay a bit longer. Of course, they said yes! They also said that the pig might miss me if I went so soon!