

1st June 2020

Dear Diary,

Wow! Can you believe this is the start of the 11th week of lockdown? Although some things are getting back to “normal”, it all seems very strange still and I wonder what the future holds.

Way back in March, I was sooo excited by the thought of time off school – the sun was shining, mum and dad were both at home and to be honest, it just felt like the Easter holidays had started earlier. When I look back over what I wrote here during those early weeks, it just felt a bit exciting – like when you get a snow day off school, or the boiler breaks and you get to spend a bonus day at home.

Some bits are still great; I can eat when I want, lie in like every day is Saturday and I’ve learned how to do loads of cool things like cooking, painting, and I’m now a whiz at the hula hoop! We get to eat together more often as a family and I’ve even realised that my younger brother isn’t (always) as annoying as I thought!

VE Day was fun – looking out from the doorstep, all the road had flags and posters up and people were even sitting on the street rather than in their gardens. I know that it was supposed to be a day of national celebrations and it’s not what people had planned, but it was still good to be a part of something special. Tea parties were set up outside houses and at 9 o’clock, everyone started singing “We’ll Meet Again” – was so bizarre, but lovely.

Now though, I sit here in my bedroom and it’s all got just a bit boring: same walls, same faces, same routine. I get up, get on with my school work, play outside a bit and go back to bed! I miss chatting with my friends – I mean, we’ve talked obvs, but it’s not quite the same through a phone screen or game console. Proper face-to-face contact where you can laugh, run about and share ideas is what I crave now.

It was my mum’s birthday yesterday and we tried to make it fun: we even made a cake to surprise her (although finding flour was apparently a right pain). Grandma and Grandad popped by for a visit, but they’re still not allowed in the house so it was a pavement wave and chat. Can’t wait to actually give them a massive hug. Then we went for a walk, but there are still no cafes or restaurants open, so we couldn’t eat out, but instead came home for a garden picnic with just the five of us.

As I go to bed tonight, I think about the future. Schools are different and friends are apart, but we’re getting through it and making the most of this weird time. Tomorrow will be more of the same: this new normal, but I know that like Dame Vera Lynn herself said, we will meet again and I can’t wait!

Until tomorrow...