

Saturday 7th October 1939

Dearest Diary,

Something marvellous happened today! I was pumping water into the bucket when Mrs Brennan rushed out, all agitated. She told me to hurry in, change from my pinafore, put on my own clothes, brush my hair and come into the front room - where I had never been before. Mum was there! Even Mrs Brennan had not expected her to visit so soon.

Mum and I walked and shared her sandwiches. She clutched my hand and I answered her urgent questions cautiously. She let slip how much she missed me. Was that why she visited so soon? She commented that I looked paler and thinner, but was reassured that I was just growing. Then Mrs Brennan made a banquet of ham, eggs and cakes! I even had a chair, and Mrs Brennan made no mention of dirtying its good cover.

Mum looked lonely and her eyes glistened when she departed. This time I struggled to restrain selfish tears. I certainly did not complain about being cold in bed or having to get water from outside. Only you can know that dear diary.

Your loving friend, Margaret