

Well, yesterday was not a day I wish to remember in a hurry! I'm even struggling to write it down now because it makes me feel very unsettled. When I went down to breakfast, dad's chair was empty! Mum didn't seem to know where he was, so as you can imagine I felt quite upset and worried. To top it all off, it turns out grandma isn't well either. Mum made her a cake, which looked lovely and she got me to take it to her. (I'll tell you what happened with that later!) Not sure how mum had the energy to make it given how she was feeling at breakfast, she looked in a very sombre mood and almost a bit fragile.

I was also concerned that she hadn't eaten anything. Normally she's a big breakfast person and is *always* moaning at me to eat mine! I really didn't know how to deal with the situation and I felt like the house was closing in on me. It was like the house was a battlefield and I was one of the enemies! I was feeling depressed about the whole situation, could it get any worse? I decided to write post-it notes and put them around the house telling dad how I missed him, not sure it will do any good though!