

## Timothy Winters - My Diary

Friday morning, I woke... not that I slept; my sack left me covered in aches and pains which made me more grumpy than I already was - as I ~~the~~ had had no dinner. It was cold; famine and the hard stone floor didn't help either (it made me even colder). My hunger grew. I walked over to the cupboards, everything was empty - as usual - one maddy loaf lay at the back of the ransacked kitchen - five days out of date. I chose to leave breakfast. I walked over to the once-clean mirror which was now shattered with the remains of smashed beer bottle at the base of it. I used my stick-hairbrush I found to attempt to tidy my knotted hair but it stayed messy. As I stuck my boney fingers out to the front door, a thousand fears ran through me, I looked across the street.

I opened the door to an unpleasant sight - I saw the bullies walking to school - vandalising as they went. What would they do to me today? My mate - Charles - walked to school with me, we always took the long route and dordled as we went, ignoring school starting time - nine o'clock - we were almost an hour late. My teacher, Miss Cabbage, didn't help my problems at all - she only made things worse.

"Good morning, Timothy" she said in a croaking tone.

"Good m -" I tried to say.

"Just sit down!" she roared.

Then went the bell for breaktime - bulliedtime.

Charles didn't play with me - he knew he'd be bullied too if he didn't play with the others.

I saw the bullies coming over to me, menacing looks on their faces; I could feel my face dropping, my fingers trembling. I tried to run but I was hungry; I gave up; hopeless; I surrendered.

Maths class, I didn't fail, I was too hurt - I'm terrible at it, there isn't a point to try it doesn't matter, maths isn't important.

Hometime 3:30 4:00, School is 5'pose to finish at 3:30 but detentions are never far away, you'd think I live at school - I wish I did though. It's warm at school - plenty of food - Conny Segas scattered around like an arrangement of gloves, the plump pillows almost made me foam at the mouth. Dad had a nice bed, fluffy pillows, warm blankets (he promised me a cosy bed three years ago) but then mum left with a bombadier - and now looks at me, on the floor aching and groaning.

My head was cut and bruised - the boys at school hit me - I couldn't lie on the floor tonight - pillowless. I had to do something. Dad had lots of pillows, I'm sure he would mind if I took one, but I took one anyway. Suddenly, I heard footsteps coming up to me. Who was it?

Nanna came up the stairs with tablets in her frail hands - aspirin - She spoke in a soft voice.

"Sorry, Tim."

Today has been a standard day, as usual as ever, hopefully mum comes back soon, it's hard without her; very hard.

"Dear Lord, please can I eat tomorrow, please, I pray here now for mum, please come home. Amen."

## Timothy Winters - My Diary

Dear Diary,

Friday

I woke up at 08:30 not, caring about being late for school. I got up ~~off~~ the floor (where I sleep) and went to find some breakfast. There was nothing but my dad's beer in the cupboard so I had left over bread crumbs ~~off~~ the table. I had a cut on my face from my dad hitting me, for asking to have a bed. I put my small, scruffy clothes on and looked in the mirror. My cut was bleeding, but I had to go to school.

I opened the door and Mark was walking to school. I tried to avoid him. So I went the long way to school (as I hate it and don't think it matters). When I arrived in the playground it was deserted as it was 09:30, I walked through Reception, Mrs Cart wondered why I was late. I opened the door to class and everyone looked and stared at me. I was told to sit down.

After drawing on my desk in arithmetic, it was breaktime where I sat in the corner feeling rejected and lonely. The other kids teased me and didn't let me play their games as usual, so I just watched as nobody cared about me.

I always got detention at lunchtime, but I didn't mind because I got to miss break. I hated playtime. I was given lots of work but didn't do any, I just sat and waited for a meal.

Near the end of the day, we had afternoon prayers with the master. We talked about children who are less fortunate than the kids in our school, so I thought, they had no idea how I was feeling.

Hometime is the best part of the day, I avoid everyone on the way home and climb up a tree, I feel free and calm. I sat there for hours as my dad didn't care if I arrived home or not.

Meals are not very enjoyable as all I can find in the house is some moldy cheese and crusty ham from years ago. I hope tomorrow is better.

Timothy Winters - my Diary.

Friday:

Dear Diary,

On this cold winter's day, as I opened my eyes, I wished I could go back to sleep, but I had to get up and I did so, loosening my stiff back. Miserable as ever, I walked into the "dining room" and looked into the cupboard (containing a quarter of a loaf of bread and a sliver of butter). Dad must have got up earlier to go to the pub. I ate the bread and butter but wanted more, I always wanted more. I felt miserable. Then, I went and had a wash (with no soap); "brushed" my hair with a broken comb; scratched the bread crumbs off my crooked teeth with a bare toothbrush and painfully dragged on my ragged clothes. After that, I forcefully squeered my hole-filled shoes on. I felt tears in my eyes. I then forced myself towards the door.

Carefully, I opened the door and peered outside, checking for Alan Brown: the neighbouring bully. Quickly, I ran outside and headed down my secret short cut, cutting the time to get to school. I then began to dawdle. I didn't want to go to school - I wanted to earn money by doing little jobs and scavenging firewood for our home. I came out of my short cut and spotted the tall, iron school gates and all of a sudden I went tense. Alan Brown normally picks on me here - on new street. Taking a deep breath, I walked through the gates.

I didn't bother on my arithmetic, I never did. I just daydream and doodle on my desk. I didn't mind if I was in at lunchtime, which happened to me today. At lunch, I was last in the queue, but whatever the mid-days gave me, I would've eaten every morsal and licked the plate.

At afternoon prayers, as the rest of the class mumbles over, I always yell at the top of my voice, despite the look Mr Black gave me. As I listened intently to the masters every word, I begged the Lord would answer my call.

On the way home, I began scavenging for firewood, as stones were chucked at me from all angles. After being forced to flee by Alan Brown, I sprinted back to Suez Street, more miserable than ever. At 5:30 pm, I tried to get my sack more comfy, but it'll never get comfy. One lump of Cheese was all we had in the "larder". I ate it without a choice.

As I gloomily ate my cheese, I began to daydream. I dreamt of me being top of the class, living in a huge mansion with two loving parents. Suddenly, I was awoken by my dad arriving home from the pub, and I begged that he'd got more food. Not to annoy him, I decided to go to bed.

As I lay in my old rotten sack; I prayed to<sup>G</sup> god that tomorrow was better. Did better in maths perhaps. But it was never better - it's only got worse.

# Timothy Winters - My Diary

Dear Diary

23.3.52

I woke up this morning limbs aching from a long night on the kitchen floor the cut on my cheek stinging from where dad had whacked me with a broken beer bottle. I felt miserable. I could hear dad snoring - good, he wasn't up yet. I shivered. In the cupboard I found a jam jar but it was empty. I ended up biting some mouldy cheese. I wished I could sleep at school because they have proper heating. Here the cold knawed at my bones. As I went to where I kept my clothes (which were in tatters) I saw where several bottles had smashed. Dad was going to blame me for this.

I started to walk to school hoping this would be the day when mum came home and I would get proper food. Plates of steaming roasties and juicy succulent lamb. I would get proper clothes and a comfy bed. Suddenly a stone brought me out of my daydreams. It was Jeremy. I ran as more stones came my way knocking a confused cat to the floor. Finally I reached school gates and hurtled straight into the headmaster. I was late again.

I was escorted to my classroom. As I entered, everyone sniggered. I blushed. My teacher pointed to my seat.

"Sit!" she said sternly.

I sat. I didn't really pay attention because, no matter what, arithmetic confuses me. All those numbers and symbols jostling for a space in my brain. As usual I got detention for being late and for not finishing my work. The only good thing about school is warmth and food, otherwise I would just stay at home and hide in my sack.

When I finally got out to break I immediately looked around for Jeremy to avoid him! Unfortunately, we locked eyes and I knew he'd seen me. I decided to hide so I disappeared into a crowd of yrl's and then slipped into a shady corner. Suddenly there were some dull thuds from where stones were hitting the wood around me. Great, they found me. Then, the bell rang over the yard.

"we'll get you next time Tim!" hissed Jeremy.



I ran inside to grab a plate and get food. Just as I was walking to an abandoned table someone knocked all my food onto the floor!

"Whoops" someone said sarcastically.

I ran back for more but there was only 3 pieces of broccoli left. Still, I took them anyway.

On the walk home I took the long route. The longer I was away from dad the better. Finally, I couldn't stay out any longer, so I carefully opened the door. I could hear the crackle of the fire but no Dad. Hopefully he was out buying more beer. I crept into the kitchen and used some stale bread and the last of the cheese to make a sandwich. Then I lay down on my sack to sleep.

I woke up to hear Dad shouting at Grandma. I could also hear the crashing of an empty beer bottle. Looking at my watch I saw it was 9:28 pm. I thought about trying to help grandma but she had never helped me so why should help her. It wasn't like she was mean to me it's just she ignored me which is quite upsetting.

I tried to get back to sleep but I was cold hungry and broken glass was digging into me. And that's why I'm up at 11:49 pm writing this.

## Timothy Winters - My Diary

Friday:

Dear Diary, I don't know what to write. I can't write. My back is as stiff as an old rusty door. I have half an hour and then I'll go to bed. It all started this morning. I had to get up with my stiff back, I was hungry but there was no food in the house. There never was. We only had food when mum was around but she left years ago. I was abandoned by her. There were only a few crumbs, but they were useless. Next, I got dressed in my clothes. I couldn't afford a uniform but that didn't matter. I went to the mirror and licked my hand. Then, I used my hand to comb my hair. I had to clean my teeth with a twig and, believe me, it wasn't the best experience of my life.

I grabbed my shoes and jumped out of the front door. I suddenly got hit by a stone and then I saw who threw it. It was my friend and I was confused. Why would my friend throw stones at me? It was all too much. I took a hidden shortcut through the wood. I dawdled a bit because I knew the sooner I got to school the sooner I would have to face arithmetic.

The bad thing about arithmetic is that I'm not good at it. It was TORTURE when my teacher, Mrs Hawks said we had double arithmetic. Mrs Hawks was nice to everyone, well everyone except me. It's just because I'm poor and everybody loves to jeer at me. I'd do it my own way, the better way. If I listen to her again I think I'm just a bit stupid, but that's what everyone thinks.

OK, arithmetic was bad but breaktime was even worse. All I wanted to do was to sit alone. The bully had different plans. He decided to take a lot of small rocks and throw them at me. I decided to run but then I fell over my shoelace. No one could be bothered to teach me how to do them. I grazed my knee and it started bleeding. Of course when someone else fell over everybody went to check if they were all right. Only one person came to check on me. That was a cat. It was all too much to take in.

It was lunch after break. Lunch was the best part of the day. I went to the lunch queue and of course I was last. The dinner lady gave me less food because I was poor. Oh well, I still got to eat it.

After lunch, it was prayers. The annoying thing is no one could be bothered to listen to me. When the head told us to say Amen I screamed it as loud as I could.

"AAAMMMIEEEENN!"

That is what I screamed.

Finally, it was hometime! I didn't mind that I was sent last. I got my plastic bag and ran out the door.

Unfortunately the bully was waiting for me. I didn't want to deal with him so I kicked him. It felt good. I ran all the way home and I just went to bed. I had a small drop of water and a few bread crumbs. I went to my sack and fell to the ground asleep.

May 13<sup>th</sup>

## Timothy Winters - My diary

Dear Diary,

I woke on the hard floor in my small sack. I was exhausted and all my joints were aching and (from the other room) I could hear my dad still snoring. I kicked aside the empty beer bottles which were scattered carelessly across the kitchen floor. There was a pong that filled my nostrils when I breathed in; it was no surprise, really, see, I live on a street named Suez Street. It was named this because of the stink, and that it was built on top of a sewer. Because of this Suez Street is almost uninhabited.

I searched the cupboards for food: nothing as usual. I sighed and walked over to the cracked and dirty mirror and examined my unevenly crooked teeth. I attempted to flatter my unbrushed hair but I knew, no matter what I tried, I could never tame it. I went to get my old, untidy clothes from the end of my sack. I had taken them off for the night, as well as my too-small shoes, which have given me countless blisters and rubbed my heels raw. I struggled through my clothes and forced my shoes on my feet, which had the longest nails ever. I was sort of looking forward to school, not because I was going to see my friends - as I don't have any - but because I would eat my first, and probably last meal of the day. But I was dreading my lessons; especially arithmetic. Maybe today wouldn't be so bad? I was wrong.

I trudged towards the door with a rumbling stomach. I knew I was late - like always. With my head hung low, I dragged my feet over the jagged cobbled stones. I could just about hear the bell and laughter coming from the school in the distance, I can't even say how much I wish I had a different life.

I finally arrived at school at around 10 o'clock. I opened the classroom door, everyone's heads had turned my direction to see who it was and immediately faced their work again; disgust and disappointment filled their faces, it was obvious why: I was here. I sat down at my one-seated desk and doodled absentmindedly, thinking about lunch.

I ignored every word Miss Bull (my teacher) was droning on about until she asked for everyone's math homework, I hadn't understood a word of it and I just couldn't be bothered. When I told Miss Bull I hadn't done any homework, she gave me detention.

It was finally time for assembly. I avoided eye-contact with everyone, they were all staring at me: a trace of hatred was visible on their faces. I sat at the back of the hall and bellowed, "Amen!" when it was time for prayers of children less fortunate.

Lunch! Lunch! Lunch at last! I barged my way past everyone until I was at the front of the long, meandering queue. I took everything I could eat. It wasn't nearly enough to fill my belly. I ate every morsel quicker than you could say my name. I licked my plate completely clean. However, no-one else did. Maybe this was something else people didn't like about me.

Detention: great just great. I sat slightly reluctantly; detention was always awful. Miss Bull gave me a spare sheet of homework, I stared at it. I didn't get it. I filled in random numbers and a few squiggles too. I handed in the messy and hurried piece of homework and ran before Miss Bull could call me back.

It was already night-time by the time I got home. I threw my shoes against the wall. They bounced back and smashed several beer bottles. Broken glass carpeted the hard, stone kitchen floor. I found no food - again - in any cupboards. Well apart from an ancient slice of stale bread, which I combed on but it was too stale to even break apart. I gave up and drank deep from my cup, which held murky brown water.

My Grandma dosed me with aspirin and I went to settle in my sack. I had no idea what time it was. To pass a bit of time, I threw bits of glass at the door. Before I knew it, I had fallen asleep.

20/4/18

## Timothy Winters - My Diary

Dear diary: Today was just as depressing and saddening as any other day for me. I woke stiffly from my sack and gently felt the new deep cut that had appeared on my cheek. Blood trickled down my face and onto the cracked floorboards of the kitchen floor. Father was already up as I could hear the overpowering sound of bottle after bottle being chugged, thrown and smashed as he finished them at a crazy speed. I lifted my legs heavily out of my sack onto the bloodstain on the floor from where father had thrown a beer bottle at me the night before.

Limping over to the "cupboard" in the corner of my room (It's really just a cardboard box), I gently pulled out the ~~the~~ pieces of cloth that I call a pair of T-shirts and trousers. Wobbling over towards the ever breaking mirror, I checked my chipped and misshapen teeth. No more cracks I thought to myself, that's good. I tripped and stumbled down the stairs towards the "table" (really it's just another cardboard box). To my amazement, there was an entire piece of buttered bread on the table. I shoved it down my mouth before anyone else did. (Turns out that piece of bread was father's, I got a right whipping when I got home).

The journey to school was rough, but no rougher than any other day. As I limped slowly towards the ever-so-familiar alleyway which led to the town centre, my feet began to bleed. I looked down to find a nail stuck halfway into my flesh. I let out an almighty scream and watched as everybody laughed at the boy who was poor and useless.

Then I just sat there crying, not because of the nail, but because of life. I sat and thought why me, what did I ever do to deserve this? Then I got up - wiped the blood off my feet with a filthy rag I had found on the floor and slowly limped to school (stopping halfway to throw some stones and the "old bombardier" sign).



\* I arrived at the school gates (that were locked as usual) and climbed over them.

I wobbled over to the classroom door preparing to be scolded at by Mr Scar. I knocked on the door and waited and waited and waited. I could see the expression on his face, it was a mix between of "Oh lord no" and "If I just stand here maybe he'll go away." But I didn't, so he slowly scooted over to me, opened the door and smacked me across the face. Told me to go to the head and slammed the door. (The head gave me a long whipping for being so late).

In maths, all the numbers and words that Mr Scar was talking about just floated around my head in a thoughtless bubble. I could feel the numbers trying to squeeze into my head but they just couldn't. Why is maths important anyway? It's just adding a bunch of pointless numbers.

When I arrived home, I reached out a skinless finger to the plank of wood we call a door, I heard my dad screaming about something (that probably wasn't worth screaming about). So I decided to go round the back. I crept into the living room (being careful to avoid dad), and sat next to grandma. She gave me a piece of bread and what looked like a cup of juice. So I just gobbled it up and drank my "juice" and then I think I just fell asleep. I hope tomorrow is somewhat better than today.

## Timothy Winters - My Diary

Friday

Dear Diary,

I woke up this morning and had a really bad back from sleeping on the kitchen floor on a sack, it was freezing! I got up and looked for breakfast but there was nothing. I knew dad was awake because I could hear the clunking of his beer cans. I tried to brush my hands but it didn't work. I put my illfitting clothes which were really tight. My shoes were so small to the point they gave me blisters.

Unfortunately, I had to go to school. My teacher was called Mrs Saunders, she has always trying to tell me off as much as possible. The walk there is always the same, wet, miserable and cold. The wind is always biting me. I've never got any friends to walk and talk to. I couldn't really walk properly because I was limping badly. I was always late (as usual).

In lesson time, I just doodle on my desk or on my work paper and I day dreamed through the whole lesson and if I do listen, then I just got confused and get told off for doing everything wrong.

When it was lunch, I got really excited because it was the only time that I could eat proper food. I always sat on my own. I also licked the remainders off the plate to benefit and get every single bit of food. Everyone always stared at me but I didn't care because I was used to it.

When I'm on the way home, I didn't get excited because my home is very cold (unlike school) and there wasn't any there. The journey was always as bad as the way there.

While I'm on the way home, I've got nothing to do. I usually just look for sticks and stones to try and make a fire so I can be warm but I can never find any. I couldn't do my homework because no-one could ever be bothered.

All I had for tea was some water and a tiny bit of cheese.

When I decided to go to bed (in a sack on the kitchen floor), I couldn't get to sleep because all I could hear was my dad and grandma beer and gin bottles into the bin.

And now I'm writing this. I hope tomorrow goes better unlike today.

December 21<sup>st</sup> 1938

## Timothy Winters - My Diary.

Dear Diary,

I woke in our cold, drafty kitchen, lying on the hard, lile floor. My joints were aching as I sat up and climbed out of the sack underneath the table which acted as my bed.

I wandered around the kitchen, looking for some food, perhaps a crust of bread. at last, I found what I was looking for: an old piece of stale bread. I ate it hungrily as it was the first food in 24 hours. I then peered into the cracked mirror in the hall to try and improve my look; sometimes the other children laughed at me because of my appearance. I ran my fingers through my hair, trying to make it stay down.

After I had made myself as presentable as I could, I squeezed my feet into my tight leather boots and slammed the door behind me. I dragged my feet for a while, thinking about how different my life was compared with the people in my class. Then I picked up the pace, remembering how annoyed Mr Joy got when I was late (as usual). When I arrived, I trudged into class, everyone staring at me.

Mr Joy roared at me before ordering me to sit down. His voice passed me like a whisper as I stared at my torn, dirty leather boots. After another boring lesson filled with words I couldn't understand, I slowly shuffled into the playground where I was ignored and teased.

Lunch was always the best part of the day, and also the first and last meal in 24 hours. I licked my plate 'till it was clean. I made my way back to the playground before another tiresome lesson with Miss Tremble, Miss Tremble, the other kids called her.

I always had detention for some reason or another, this time with Mr Joy. After a long lecture about how naughty I had been, looking weary after a hard day shouting at innocent children, he let me go early.

I dragged my feet for a while, my energy drained by the spiteful words of the other kids and the bitter shouts of my heartless teachers. When I finally arrived home, my dad was in the kitchen with his beloved bottles of beer which he cared for more than me, his own son. Grandma was in the dirty old chair by the fire holding a half empty bottle of gin. I stumbled into the sack on the kitchen floor where I took refuge at night. That's where I wrote a recount on my day.

## Timothy Winters - My Diary

Dear Diary,

Friday 2nd September

I woke up to aching joints - as always - and a draught making my ears sore. Freezing, I went to try and find food even though I knew nothing would be for me. Shadows loomed over me and I can remember that I thought someone was watching me. In the cupboard, there was a big loaf of bread but it had my dad's name written all over it. I sighed as my tummy rumbled and walked miserably out of the room.

Beer bottles were scattered all over my hard bedroom floor and I kicked some out of my way. I stood in front of my rusty mirror and tried to make myself look presentable for school: that probably won't happen though. My hair was sticking up, again. I gave up. My bedroom soap was leaking so I put an empty bottle under it and it made a comforting dripping sound.

I was an hour early for school but I'd nothing to do at home so I thought I would enjoy the journey - I was until it rained. Trudging through the downpour, I was realising how pretty the trees looked when soaked. Surprisingly, I wasn't the only one in the playground, but that didn't bother me.

I walked into my English lesson, already bored and started doodling on my book, not listening. I couldn't wait for my warm, hot lunch later. Then, I heard my name being called and I got asked a question but the words just got muddled in my head. I was really distracted. Sharp, aching pains shot through my back from sleeping on the hard, cold floor.

I shot to the front of the lunch queue with a grin on my face. I s'pose I do have a friend, the lady that serves me lunch, because she always gives me extra food and smiles the biggest smile. I think that is what friends do. I ate very slowly but finished every morsel.

After a few more lessons, I walked back home through the puddles (it had stopped raining). It takes me fifteen minutes to get home and tonight I ran back hoping there was good for me.

I walked in my house and shivered at the horrible smells jilling my nostrils. All I could hear was an eerie silence that was broken by my Nan's snore. Tip-toeing in my room, I found some stale bread which I am still nibbling now. I hope that tomorrow brings a better day.

Timothy Winters

## Timothy Winters - My Diary

Friday

Dear Diary

This morning, I woke up and the sun had just started to rise. I looked out of the window and saw the frost was glistening on the windows. Again my back was aching from sleeping on the cold stone tiles, my sack was itchy and torn and I desperately needed a bath. I crept into the living room, to see if dad had gone to bed last night. As I turned the corner, I heard a smash - he had thrown a glass bottle at the wall. I knew he had been up all night drinking beer. After, I had looked around for my breakfast I found some stale bread. I also looked for some jam, I found a jar but it was empty. I put on my clothes, that were filthy and had lots of holes in them and tried to brush my hair and teeth before I left. I looked at my reflection in a glass bottle and hesitated to leave the house.

As I walked down the street I saw some boys from my class, but I didn't join them because I knew all they would do was make fun of me. So I decided to delay my arrival time at school by taking the long way. I could see some boys sniggering at me and looking me up and down, not only that I went down an alley way and some teenagers beat me up and threatened me. I ran off as quickly as I could, so I could get away from them. I could just about see the school gates, so I walked even slower. As I walked into the classroom the lesson had already started - every body started at me and I could see people whispering and sniggering about me. My teacher - Mr Riley - gave me detention after school for 2 hours and I was faced with humiliation and total embarrassment. I should be used to it but I'm not.

I didn't pay attention in arithmetic because I didn't understand the questions and I don't get any help. I'm told to sit at the back of the class room on my own. I'm behind in class but I don't understand all of the



numbers and questions.

It was no better at morning breaktime, I was on my own staring at all of the other children playing tag and playing with conkers on string. I wished it could be me playing with the boys in my class, maybe even playing football with them. Sometimes the boys did come over - I had a funny feeling in my tummy they were going to be friends with me, but I doubted myself and knew that they wouldn't - they didn't be nice to me, they just pushed me over and hurt me. When I told the teacher she didn't believe me and said I was getting the boys into trouble.

Lunch was even worse, when the bell went I rushed to be first in the line but when I was the dinner ladies told me to go to the back of the line. It's not fair. When I did get my food - I was last of the whole school - I licked my plate to get all of the crumbs off it. I go and ask for more they said I was being greedy.

I don't get the point of prayers and assembly it is just a waste of an hour. I didn't pay attention I just day-dreamed and acted like I was paying attention. I was listening when the master mentioned the unfortunate children. Nobody gets that I don't have a good life. I was the loudest person saying "Amen".

I don't usually go home on time, I normally get detention as I come in to school (I'm in detention every day). I tried to sneak out of the class room but I'm always caught. Every Miss Parker isn't watching me - It's like she has eyes in the back of her head. So I was with her for two hours watching her eat biscuits and cakes (with every bite was making my mouth water and make me want one).

At bed time I found good scraps. I tried to make my Sack as comfy as possible. I can never sleep with the cold Stone Slabs beneath me. No matter how hard I try I can't sleep. So I just stare at ceiling and until my eyes hurt.

Today hasn't been a great day, so I hope tomorrow is better.

## Timothy Winters - My Diary

Friday morning

Dear Diary,

Waking up today was the as always, freezing cold and very uncomfortable. The hard, stone floor ~~got~~ harder than usual, and my sack felt like it had frosted over. I got up and tried to wash, but no water came out, I don't even think any water was in the house, no good either: just beer. Trying to get dressed, I heard the clanking of beer bottles down stairs, father must be awake. I found a 5 day-old slice of bread, and snatched it out of ~~the~~ pantry. Combing my hair was as tricky as fighting a many headed serpent, it was so knotted and tangled I could not do anything about it. People bullied me at school, and I was anxious about what they might say to me, but ~~Dave~~ Dave will help, he always does.

As I stepped out of the house, the sun almost blinded me because my house only had had the sun to light it. Dave lived across the street from my house, so I waited for him. He then came pelting out of his house and I could hear shouting as the door swung shut behind him. Dave and I were friends from the beginning, we had always had the same interests. We started chatting about books, and he gave me one to borrow because my dad never bought me anything. Some bullies were across the street from us, so we darted down a side ally and came out at the school gates. The building was big, and the children were unkind and pleasant.

As I walked into school, the two bullies swaggered over snoring and smirking at my clothes like they did every morning. They started pushing me into the walls, but as soon as Dave stepped in to help, my school teacher arrived (Mr Adamand) and he soon put a stop to it. Nobody messed with Mr Adamand, and, as I took my seat without Dave by my side, I felt oddly alone. English ~~wasn't~~ wasn't my best subject, and I didn't really pay any attention, but when Mr Adamand is breathing gasp down your neck,

you had to look like you were doing something, or otherwise you're in two hours after school writing lines. Mr Adamant told us to get on with doing what we did yesterday, I started to write, and the glow of words, like a river I suppose, just rushed into my head, like a dragon swooping into my brain and dropping words onto my page with ease.

At the end of the lesson, I met up with Dave and we practically ran down to the canteen because I was so hungry; I got there first and ordered everything I could, then I raced back to my seat and shoveled everything down in one before I licked the crumbs of my plate even before Dave could sit down, he was cool with the way I ate, but everyone else thought it was gross.

Arithmetic was like a school bully to me, it was like someone had switched off my brain whenever I walked past Miss Sharp the maths teacher. When I took my usual seat at the back of the class, and started my doodling again I found where I left off, I was drawing Dave's name in graffiti-style writing. I love my drawing, and I draw anywhere I can. I came to an abrupt halt because it was Dave saying it was assembly time.

The Headmaster, Mr Cooper, was stood in the middle of the hall, I didn't listen to half of it, but I found myself shouting Amen when Mr Cooper did a prayer about less fortunate children. Me and Dave ran home so we could play football on the field, after an hour Dave said he had to go, so I lay on my back and drew the sun sinking over the horizon.

Bedtime was the worst time of the day, I haven't got any homework done, but this diary has kept me going for a long time, I just hope things get better from here.

Dear Diary:

I woke up this morning all achy, I looked around the room, the sun hadn't crept through the boarded windows yet and the walls of the kitchen were cold. The once full bottles of beer were scattered on the cold table-top, when my hands touched them icefall ran down my spine. The damp roof looked as if it was about to collapse on its self. I knew Father was up as I could hear the clink of his beer bottles. My sack (bed) was uncomfortable. I placed my foot on the frozen tiles, my foot was chilled to the bone. I crept down the corridor to the cupboards. Behind an out of date biscuit tin was a jam jar, but I was out of luck, it was empty. So I went to the dinner table but only a dried out piece of bread was there. The room was dark, the orange glow of the hot sun seeped through the windows, the thought of school made me shiver in my shoes. I walked to the door.

Opening the squeaky door, the sun blinded me, so I walked straight into a puddle, my feet were now cold, wet and stinging. "Why do I have to go through this?" I thought to my self. I walked further out, only to find the school bully throwing stones at. I ran fast and far. I was in sight of the white school. The windows were clean, the floor was sturdy and the walls weren't squeaky - the opposite of home. As I approached the warm school I could see I was late, just like everyday. When I reached the classroom, the teacher shouted at me for being late again, but at least I was warm.

I sat down at my desk, it was stinky and had alot of scrawls on it, I felt miserable as the children laughed at my untidyness and scars. Our first lesson was Arithmetic (the worst one) I was terrible at it and truly hated it. I didn't listen. I just doodled and the thing was my teacher (Mr Mean) doesn't help me. School was terrible and it was worst when I was hungry.

The sun was shining but I felt as if it was a storm inside me, I sat in a corner, a dark corner, spiders the size of human eyes crawled behind me, but I didn't mind, I just wanted a mate to lift me up when I was down. But sadly no one would, the bully walked towards me, I knew it would be a bad time, he pushed and pulled me, he called me names. Suddenly I let out a scream but the bully laughed and said I was a wimp.

I despised school almost as much as home, the teachers were mean and horrible, the lessons were hard and terrible. But home was worse the creaky walls and water-logged roof, my bed or should I say sack was messy and hard. Please can tomorrow be better. The sun set behind the horizon and the moon cast a mysterious glow over my head.

Timothy Winters - My Diary

Friday 11<sup>th</sup> September 1922

Dear diary,

I woke up, my whole body aching. An early morning breeze blew through the cracked, dirty windows and I could hear the tweeting of the birds outside. My tummy rumbled, so I opened the pantry door and checked for something to eat, but all I found were a few stale crusts of bread. I guess it will have to do, I thought, and sat down on the cold, stone floor. It was rare to even find a crumb in the pantry, because all the money we earn is spent by my dad to buy beer.

I put on my old, tatty clothes and went upstairs to try and make myself at least a bit presentable before I began my trudge to school. The bathroom hadn't changed at all. The bath was gilled with spiders, and the toilet was still gull of that murky brown water. I looked in the cracked mirror - which was, as everything else in the house, dirty - and shivered. My teeth were crooked, some even missing, and my hair was all over the place. I tried to smooth it down, but there was always a patch sticking up, no matter how hard I tried. So eventually, I gave up and walked downstairs, where I put on my shoes (which had an uncountable number of holes in them) and walked out the door, on my way to school.

As I closed the door, I could hear the bell chiming way off in the distance, signalling the start of school. I was late. Again. It wasn't my fault though; we didn't have a working clock in my house, so I never knew what time it was. As I started walking, the blisters on my feet began to rub. I had been wearing these shoes for a year and a half now, so they had become way too small. But I was used to the pain, so I just kept on walking.

About fifteen minutes later, I was walking through the school gates and into the playground. When I finally reached the classroom, I was scolded by the teacher for my lateness and given an after-school detention. A group of boys sniggered at me, but I kept my gaze away from them and sat myself down. The piece of sharp tin I found a few weeks ago was good for carving things in my wooden desk, so I took it out of my pocket and started scratching away. At least it took my mind off my hunger. Well, at least until the dinnerbell sounded.

I swiftly stood up, but the teacher wanted to talk to me before I went, so I just stood there, gazing helplessly at the throng of children glowing out of the classroom and into the corridor, on their way to the dinner hall. But when I finally made it, everybody was already lined up, so I ended up at the back of the longest queue I had ever seen.

I felt like I was dying. My throat was killing me because I hadn't drunk any water all day, and my tummy was rumbling so loudly that pretty much everyone in the dining hall heard it. When the queue finally dispersed, and I was at the front, I felt overjoyed at the sight of food on my plate. I sat down at a nearby table, and within about two minutes my plate was empty. And I mean totally empty. I had licked it clean, which is normal for me. I didn't want to waste a scrap of food, as it would be 24 hours until my next.

After that, time passed very slowly, but eventually the bell to signal the end of school sounded. "I'm saved!" I said as I ran out of the classroom and down the corridor. I still remembered the detention my maths teacher gave me, but I didn't care - I couldn't stand school any longer. But as soon as I walked out through the gates, I slowed my pace down, and started to dread the sleepless night that was to come, until an amazingly sweet smell reached my nose, I looked up from the



pavement to see an enormous sweet shop standing next to me, with jars full to the brim with different flavoured sweets! I wished I could taste one, but I knew that would never happen, so I turned my gaze away and continued my trolley home.

When I finally arrived home, I just sat on the floor and dreamt of things that I knew would never happen. Things like being a billionaire, and my beloved mother returning home.

When I thought it was a good time, I lay down in my sack, ready to welcome sleep. But sleep didn't come. So I just lay there dreading the next day.

# Timothy Winters - My Diary

Friday

Dear Diary

Today I wake-up thinking it would be a better day as the sun came streaming through the misty windows, I realised my back was badly cramped from lying on the tiled floor. My dad was up already drinking and probably had a head ache from the night before. I should've avoided him but he threw the bottle at my head, the cat was sure to leave a scar. I started my search for food, I was ~~gaily~~ ~~unsuccess~~ unsuccessful but I managed to find about ten conglabes. Next, I dashed up-stairs to avoid the beer bottles, I started to brush my teeth but it was hardly going to do anything as I didn't have any tooth paste.

I dawdled the long way to school in the warm weather. The weather which was lovely (which meant even I was warm even with small clothes) however, even with it being hot, the thought of bullies waiting for me at the gates sent a nasty chill down my spine. When I got there, the greeting as usual was the company of bullies everyone else ~~avoided~~ avoided me or cowered away. I prepared for a long day of being beaten. I felt dreadfled.

At breaktime, school began to feel like prison as I felt like running away the only thing that stopped me was it was no better at home. I had no friends to meet me outside so when I stepped foot a series of horrors ran inside me; one would come true. Every day my life is one nightmare, people, nobody cares about me which makes emptiness dominate inside of me.

After break there was maths. I had no hope in this lesson. The teacher still believed I had hope by putting me next to ~~stew~~ ~~stew~~ students but it did nothing. At lunch, people avoided me because of my look so I get left out. I ate as much of my food as possible because I was starving as I only have

Stale bread otherwise I will go hungry.

After lunch my headmaster held prayers in assembly for children who don't have enough food, a clean home, or enough money. Little did he know; he was praying for me and my family. I always shout Amen the loudest hoping it might help. At the end of the day I had to run home before the bullies could get me but as usual they caught me. I don't see the point all I did was try and try but numbers get mixed up in my head and letter don't come out on paper like they should; what's the point in school if I just get told off? I only I was good at something.

At night I try to make my bed as comfy as possible, but it was hard to do that when you're on a cold stone floor. No-one says goodnight to me. Now I'm about to blow the candle out. Goodnight diary.

15.10.1925

## Timothy Winters - My diary

Dear Diary,

Today was gloomy and miserable; I woke up on the hard floor that I called my bed. My back was aching and my head was throbbing - the after-effects of the aspirin. The stench of beer hung heavily over the damp kitchen like an unseen presence, always there. I lifted my head from the cold stone and reached for the clock. I could just make out the numbers behind the grimy shattered cover. Light was coming through the dusty windows and causing shadows to jump across the dripping walls. I sighed, it was 9:35.

I pulled myself from the bed and dragged myself past the discarded, foul-smelling bottles. When I passed the main room, I heard dad snoring. I felt my belly rumbling. However I knew there was no chance of breakfast. I went to the bathroom and tried to gladden my hair (it was no use). Then I tested the tap, no water emerged. No surprise there, - we still couldn't pay the bills. My clothes were tattered and worn - stretched across my body. I remember having a headache and I can't recall anything until fifteen minutes later when I pulled my worn-out shoes onto my too-big feet.

I pulled open the derelict door and stepped out into the street. The noise of the outside world hit me like an a thousand pound ball of solid steel. My head felt like it would explode. I staggered backwards a few steps, then proceeded onwards towards the school. The church bell chimed ten. I was an hour late, again. I wondered why I overslept every morning. I don't much like school, - I only come for the hot meal at twelve. If there wasn't that, I wouldn't even turn up. I stumbled towards the iron wrought gates and entered the school courtyard. I was about to enter my classroom when Mr Danger found me.

Danger wasn't his real name, but if you got on the wrong end of his hooked nose and scowling eyebrows, that's what you were in. Unfortunately, he was also my teacher. He dragged me into the classroom where the rest of the class was seated. We were doing arithmetic. As I walked towards my stool, I think I heard several boys snigger. I sat down at my desk and stared at the work in front of me. All I saw were black lines on white paper. I am aweful at arithmetic - I can barely count to ten.

A while later, when the rest of the class had gone out to break, I was waiting for my teacher to re-enter the room. I always feel like an outsider at school, no-one likes me. All my classmates poke fun of me - it's better being inside at break, where they can't find me.

Finally - I remember thinking when an hour of boredom was over - it was lunch: the highlight of my day. I never missed lunch because it was the only hot meal I ever had. I think it was soup and bread today. I ate all of it and licked my bowl clean. I am always last to finish lunch: partly because I eat every last crumb, partly because I didn't want to go out with the rest. Eventually a dinner lady found me and pushed me outside. I went to my bench (well I call it a bench, it was really 2 logs with a plank of wood in between).

I sat there until afternoon recess was over and we all went into another mind-numbing lesson. Finally the lesson was over, I thought it would never end.

I remember the rain was hurling down onto the streets, soaking everything. I took a breath then walked into the rain. Everything blurred into shades of grey and black. As I walked, the streets became emptier and emptier until I reached my house. A gloomy shack on Suez street.

I pushed on my door, it opened with a screech. Dad and Grandma were sitting in the main room - drinking. It's all they ever do now, since mum left. I continued into the kitchen. My belly was rumbling already.

The cupboards were still empty. Anything in there was always eaten by the adults. Now, I am lying on the cold hard floor I woke up on. My candle stub is dying down. I hope tomorrow will be better, but I know it won't. My life is one endless repeat. I wish I have a better life.

Timothy Winters

Friday 20<sup>th</sup> April 2018

## Timothy Winters - my Diary

Dear Diary:

Today was just as dreadfull as any other day was for me. I woke up at the crack of dawn, as usual, my back was aching painfully from sleeping on the hard, cold floor, father must have already got up, as I could hear the clanking of his beer bottles. I pulled myself out of bed and clawed about in the dark for my T-shirt, I placed my hand on its guiney surface and started getting dressed - occasionally squinting to see better (there were no working lights in the house and the sun had not yet risen) - I pulled on my trousers, which were rapidly getting peppered with an ever-increasing amount of rips and holes. I bruised my cheek with my hand and blood dribbled onto it, I looked in the cracked mirror to discover a gash cut on my face, blood dripping out of it onto the rough floor which was surely responsible for it. Once dressed, I attempted to brush my hair with a stick I had found the previous day to no real effect.

It was then that my stomach started grumbling uncontrollably, I walked over to the one small cupboard in our kitchen, stopping half way and hesitating from screaming as I stood on a shard of glass from a beer bottle that father had thrown on the floor angrily last night. I opened the cupboard to find a plate with a few bread crumbs and a couple of cornflakes on it, not the worst start to a day, I thought to myself, but it was not going to stay that way as my day continued...

I opened the door hesitantly and stepped out onto Suez street, a street that had been pulled into the trap of poverty for many years. I dundled down the cobbled road, stopping at the bakers shop and gazing dreamily at the many heavenly delicacies within. I once again stopped outside the alleyway were Muggin (a stray cat that I had befriended and shared many joyfull evenings with) lived. She seemed in a bad mood, but accepted her usual pot on the head before I moved on, heading towards school.

For the best part of an hour I walked on, unwillingly to school, until arriving at the gates, I was the only one there and knew I was late. I forced myself through the main entrance and towards my classroom, when I arrived arithmetic had already started and morning prayers was over. My teacher - Mr Crabby - yelled at me and gave me that horrible stare that only he was capable of. I sat down at my desk and didn't pay attention for the rest of the lesson - what was the point, I'd missed most of it. Once arithmetic was over, Mr Crabby started shouting us all out of the door for ~~break time~~ time, then, muttering unspeakable words to himself, disappeared down the corridor. I emerged slowly onto the cobbled playground and hurried off to my favourite hiding place - a dark corner away from most of the other kids - in order to avoid the bullies who were capable of pestering me for hours. My stomach growled, I thought about the bakers shop next to my house and then about the gar-gum-perfect school dinners, which were more than fine by my low, low standards, before my chain of thoughts was interrupted by the bell and I once again dragged myself through the doors. After this, I managed to "survive" a few more lessons with the devilish Mr Crabby. Then was my favourite time of the day - an oasis of sunlight in a sea of misery - it was time for lunch!

Lunch was pleasant as I managed to find a table to sit at alone, as I prefer my own company to anyone else's. As usual I was the first finished, despite licking my plate clean after eating. From this point on, my day at school went by in a blur of boredom, breaktime was spent kicking pebbles alone, lessons were spent daydreaming and doodling on the desk and before I knew it school was over.

Freedom at last! That was what I thought as I dashed out of school, I had a whole two hours in which I could do whatever I pleased before going home to number sixteen Suez Street. For about the first half hour of my allotted time I played target practice, throwing stones at the sign dangling from the local pub (The Old Bombardier) - this was one of my favourite past-times. Once bored of this, I strolled back to Muggin's alleyway to find her curled up in her nest of old clothes, putting. I walked over to her and curled up with her, but before I could stop it, sleep came to me.



When I awoke, the sun was creeping down beyond the horizon, how long had I been sleeping for? I said my goodbyes to Muggin and dragged myself home. When I opened the door, father was in the kitchen, he saw me and yelled at me for being three-hours late. He lobbed a beer bottle at me, which hit me in the chest, I screamed with pain as glass showered around me, father left the room, his beer bottles clanking. I limped into bed and started writing this entry.

Thank you for listening, diary - I hope I haven't depressed you too - much and that tomorrow will be a better day.

# Timothy Winters - My Diary

Monday 25<sup>th</sup> September 1899

Dear diary.

I woke up on a miserable rainy day, dreading another terrible day at school. So there I was, cold, tired and hungry. I wanted breakfast, but gran never went shopping, my only meal of the day was lunch and that was at school.

The journey to school was also really bad, trudging through the wet mud, as I get to school using the field behind my house. If I go on the streets, I get a lot of people bully me of my appearance. As I was walking through the field, I heard the bell ring, so then I sprinted as fast as I could so that I didn't get another detention added to my tally. I got to the gates, my head teacher MR. Scott was there waiting for me, "another detention for you, Tim," he said.

After the lesson assembly, we had arithmetic, which I think is the worst lesson ever. I sat at the back on my own, and never listened to my teacher. All I did during the lesson was doodle on my desk, I got told off for it a few times, but after the lesson I licked my finger and tried to get what I could off.

I kept looking at the clock as my tummy continually rumbled. The lunch bell rang so I raced to the door to line up. I always made sure I was first, this was my only meal of the day I had to make it last, in fact I licked my plate clean everyday. Sometimes I would go back for seconds but that was only if I was really hungry.

Friday 20<sup>th</sup> April 2018

Timothy Winters

Dear diary,

This morning, I opened my eyes, the floor was cold and I was tired. After a minute, I got up from my sack and slowly walked towards the table - there were a few crumbs from the night before. With nothing else in the cupboards, I had no option other than to eat them. Anyway, it was better than nothing. After that, I went to the door, opened it and then went outside to see if there was any water in the rain pipe, by luck, there was. I reached my hands in, cupped them so no murky water would escape, then drank, I drank and drank, though it did not taste nice. However, it was expected. I went back inside, though it was no warmer than outside. I didn't need to get changed as I was wearing the only clothes I owned.

I walked noisily over to the door, I was nervous. I pushed it open and a rough splinter stuck itself into my ~~hand~~ rough hand. It hurt. I huddled out of the door feeling miserable, (yet again) this gave me even more reason to walk as slowly as I could. On my way, I saw someone, however, unusual, they turned and ran around the long way. It wasn't a co-incidence, it was because I was there.

I walked into the playground. No-one there. I crept slowly and carefully into the classroom. My classmates turned and stared. Everyone giggled, my teacher didn't stop them. I looked at the clock - 45 minutes late! That was when she started shouting. Of course, I was too hungry to listen. That was when I noticed the person sitting next to me slide across to the next desk. I know today would be a long day.

I sat down (all alone) and stared out of my favourite window. I saw birds fly by and wished I was with them. I did not listen to a word my teacher was saying - I couldn't, I was too hungry. I waited, as usual, for lunch. All I wanted then was to be at home. School, for me is horrible.

When lunch finally came I was pushed last in the queue. When finally it was my turn to get lunch not much was left for me as everyone else had gone before. Anyway, at least there was something left. I wished there was more. I went to sit down but everyone went to other tables. At one quickly then licked my plate.

At break the other children didn't want to play with me because I didn't look like them. I decided to sit in a small, dark corner. I found, now, more than ever, that seconds felt like minutes, minutes felt like hours. I tried to think of happier things, but it was hard if you live a life as terrible as mine.

At last break time had finished. However, this meant that lessons had started. I hid for 10 minutes for until I went in.

Again, my teacher checked at me - I didn't care. I walked to my desk and noticed everyone staring. I ignored them by staring, again, out of my favourite window. I waited, waited. Then waited some more. I waited for school to finish.

Eventually, it did and before my teacher said so, I ran out of the classroom quicker than she could call me back. As soon as I was out I started to a walk. Home and school were both bad, but home was a little bit better. On the walk I got hungry so I got an apple off the floor. When I got home, I went to my sock got my diary,

and this is what I wrote. When I finished, I closed my eyes and went to sleep. Today was boring and miserable. I hope that tomorrow will at least be a tiny bit better than today was.

## Timothy Winters - My Diary

Dear Diary,

Thursday 19<sup>th</sup> April

I woke up on the greasing cold floor with my back aching. I heard snoring, snoring from my dad. More beer bottles lay scattered on the floor, I wished he would stop drinking and look after me. I was starving (like every day), without school meals, I don't know what I would have done. It was always a struggle to get out of my dirty sack. I eased my legs up and tried to stand up, it was hard work but I managed it.

I went to the cupboard to see if dad and grandma had left anything to eat. I found some stale crusts and a bit of butter to sweeten it up, I was still hungry but I s'pose it was better than nothing. I tried to make myself look presentable - it wasn't easy with only one top, one pair of britches, and some tiny, leather shoes. Everything was covered in holes and smudges of dirt. I looked in the cracked mirror, trying to stick my hair down, but one clump of hair, right in the centre of my head, would not go down. In the end I always had to leave it.

I trudged up the lane to school, I saw people staring at me. I dawdled down the lane trying to be as late as I could. I hate school, well, apart from lunch time, as it was my only hot meal of the day. I always arrived at school late, right in the middle of assembly.

Today was no different, as I walked into the hall, eyes turned, looking at me like usual. Then someone sniggered, and then it started, the whole room pointing and laughing.

Why did I have to go to school? I wish I could leave my life behind and start a new, happy life. I walked to the back of the hall, so no one would see me, but as I walked, my footsteps echoed. After Miss Burn had finished trundling on, prayers began. No matter how loud I shout 'amen', nothing changes. I am still the unluckiest boy ever.

I couldn't wait for lunch, it is my only hot meal. I always scoff my food down, it feels so nice, some warm food inside me for the single time all day. I wished there was more food for me, just a morsel more would be better. My classmates were laughing, having fun, I would love to have some friends, someone I could chat to about my family, to talk about how I feel and for someone to help me with my maths. But that's never going to happen, 'cause I, Timothy Winters, am, the boy nobody likes.

At the end of the tiresome day, I slumbered back home. My feet were aching, making me limp. I looked in bins as I went (looking for some food), I was starving.

All I got at home for tea was one piece of stale bread, but it didn't fill me up. My family don't care: I wish they did. I tried to do my homework, I struggled without any help, numbers were floating in my head, trying to sink in, but they couldn't.

I got into my sack on the cold floor, I wondered what time it was - we don't have any clocks in this house. No one tells me when to go to bed, I just have to drink my aspirin and carry on growing up.



## Timothy Winters - My Diary

Dear Diary,

Wednesday 14<sup>th</sup> April 1926

Today was no different, I woke up with aching joints and a sharp pain in my spine. The kitchen floor was rock solid and left me exhausted and cold - my musty sack providing no heat or comfort, just itching pains everywhere. Last night was horrendous, Dad was snoring and muttering, there was a sour smell of beer wafted around my nose. The irritating noise of the roof leaking, mice scurrying and clanging in pipes echoed around the kitchen as I tossed and turned in my sack.

I lifted myself out of bed (out of sack?) and got dressed, putting on my dirty, raggy and patched clothes. I shuffled around and managed to find two stale pieces of bread and a slab of old butter. After 'breakfast' I caught sight of myself in a cracked, and brown-around-the-edges mirror. My gear was there cutting down my right cheek and my hair was (yet again) stuck up, no matter how hard I tried to tame it, it never stayed right. I put on my tatty and battered shoes and got ready to leave.

The door creaked and moaned when I opened it as if it were alive. The outside light hit me as I stepped into the world, and on my walk to school, I purposely dragged my feet along as I was never in a hurry. My highlight of the day is always a delicious hot meal at midday so I didn't need to rush. I felt miserable and drowsy as I had no sleep at all. I heard the church bell ring nine times and children marching into school. Alone, I walked to school feeling dreadful.

As I walked into assembly, everyone's eyes stared through me, I slouched down at the back of the room. I was so gripped with gear, I could have sat in a corner rocking back and forth muttering nonsense. The first lesson of the day was arithmetic, as I sat down everyone scraped their desks away from me as if I was a disease. Arithmetic was hard, all I see is a bunch of number creating a painful headache. As a circle had formed around me, as people had moved away, I wasn't surprised, I s'pose I would've done the same. I'm just the odd one out.

When the bell rang for midday, I swear I could've smiled, but no, after years of misery and loneliness I've forgotten how.

As I walked into the canteen, my stomach rumbled like an earthquake and my throat was as dry as the Sahara. Today was my 'favourite', slop, which is bacon fat soup with lumps of week-old chicken. It looked grey, and no one would be seen eating it, so I could have seconds, thirds or even fourths. I licked every morsel off my cracked plate and washed it down with green water and got pudding I had an old brown piece of cake. 'Yum'.

Detention was miserable my head was exploding with stuff I was supposed to remember, and I couldn't wait, already, for lunch tomorrow. I just scribbled on my desk as the seconds ticked by. I was waiting for the bell.

As I trudged home, I heard the merry laughter of kids out with their mates playing football or any other ball game that they

could think of. I wish I could play with them, or anyone. As I walked past, everyone went quiet and even the birds seemed to pause for seconds, my life couldn't get any worse. I'm never lucky.

For evening meal I had one piece of stale bread, a rock solid lump of jam and a few cake crumbs. My dad and Nan were asleep near the grate, I wished for my mum to come back and we be a happy family again.

Whilst I write my diary in the casting light of a candle, my mind runs with ways of how to make my mum come back. I feel downcast and annoyed with my mum, my dad, and myself. As I lie in my sack, my mind starts slowing and my eyes start closing as the aspirin kicks in.

## Timothy Winters - My Diary

Friday

Dear diary, I woke up on the wrong side of the bed, well wrong side of the sack that I was sleeping in. I rolled out of my 'bed' and stepped on the greasing tiled floor thinking how horrible this day would be to the other children. My leg was aching. I could here ~~her~~ <sup>my</sup> dad throwing his empty bottles in the overflowing metal bin. Clink! Clink! I strolled to the oak table and looked in the cupboards next to it for good. I found a half eaten piece of bread but I still ate it because I was starving. I quickly ran to the tap to wash my hands and face because that is all I had to wash my self with. I just got dressed before school and I stared at my self in the broken mirror. Before I'd opened the front door I thought horribly awful would be.

I walked down the steps dawdling to get on the path to go to school. I always dawdle because I want to be late for the maths lesson, I don't like maths at all. My clothes felt tight like they always did; they had holes in it too. Still dawdling I went down the path. I saw someone. They saw me. I ran. I didn't like seeing kids, I felt lonely.

When I got to school I was 30 mins late. I lumbered into class, staring at everyone who sniggered at me. I only had ten mins left of the boring maths lesson so I just doodled on the old, wooden table.

It was half ten when I went outside for breacktime and all I did, as usual, was sit in the corner and let the other kids bully me. I can't be bothered to fight the boys back anymore. Stones and pebbles got chucked at me all the time.

Lunchtime is a real struggle for me, I always get to the front of the queue but I get pushed all the way back because of them boys. As soon as I got my food everyone was gone but I didn't care because I got to enjoy my lunch by my self. I ate everything off my plate and didn't even leave a mark.

At the end of the day, us kids lined up to go to the end of school prayers - at the back of the line, as usual. When I sat down, I felt my knee bleeding from all those bullies, my bruises hurt, and my bones ached. I heard the master say, we hope for people who are less fortunate than ourselves and I didn't realise how loud I said Amen.

Bing, Bing! The bell sounded for home time. I sprinted home carrying my school satchel. I was just hoping that there were some leftovers on the kitchen table. On the way home, I threw some stones at an old pub where my mum was taken away.

Walking up the stairs to my door, I could smell the beer that my grandma was sipping down. I found some mouldy cheese on the table. Feeling hungry, I still ate because I don't enough but it's not my fault. I got into my sack and tried to get comfy.

And here I am now, writing this in my diary how bad my life is. I'm just hoping this mess will end.

FRIDAY 19<sup>th</sup> JULY 1938

Dear Diary,

Today started off as usual: I woke in my tattered potato-sack bed, aching and shivering with cold. The smell of musty sewage drifted through our smashed windows, and steady firelight proved that the only warmth in the house was still glowing. But I wasn't allowed in the comfy sitting room - that was only for my alcoholic father and drunken grandma. I walked over to the new pile of beer bottles, which had been guzzled free of its contents and cast aside by my 'parents' the previous night.

Walking through our house, I stopped to check my reflection in the rusty mirror. My hair stuck up as if it was trying to get away from my not-so-handsome attire, which was my only set of clothes. It consisted of a thin, filthy green shirt and a pair of irritatingly itchy trousers. Then, I scoured the dusty cupboards for a morsel of food, but remained unsuccessful in my search to end hunger. Carefully picking my way through the forest of empty beer bottles, I reached my tattered shoes, which were more rags than footwear. I put them on anyway.

I trudged to school, dreading what lay ahead. A usual school day only had one beacon of shining hope in the schedule; lunch. But I feared my teacher, I was terrified of my peers and petrified of my headmaster - I was not so popular of for my society. I was usually very late, as I don't have a clock and 'sleep' in too much. Rubbing my eyes, I carried on with the lengthy journey to school.

I arrived midway through assembly, and even the master stopped and stared at me as the door slammed and I entered the hall. People were still sniggering and whispering as I sat down, my green, ripped clothes sticking out like a sore thumb in the sea of neatly ironed blue uniforms. Assembly finished a few minutes

later, and lessons passed slowly as I was scolded by teacher for not paying attention. My test sheets lay there empty as I carved doodles into my worn oak desk. Then the bell rang for lunch.

I skipped happily down the hall aiming for the cafeteria. When I got there, I didn't even care I was at the back of the que, nor did I mind the hopeless oatmeal slop they shoved onto my plate. It was my first meal of the day, so I didn't care what it was! I sat down, no-body caring to include me. Eh, I didn't mind. I practically hoovered the food off the plate, hands stuffing every morsel of grub into my feeble mouth. I cleared my plate and dragged myself back to class.

The afternoon passed slowly, and as the bell rang at 3:30, I stayed in my seat for after-school detention as per usual. I sat gazing out at the drab London skyline, smoke expelling from various red-brick chimneys the size of my house. The grey skies put a frown on my face as I walked home an hour later, still longing for the warmth those chimneys would provide. As soon as I arrived home I crawled into my sack, hoping to catch up on sleep I found ever elusive. Who wouldn't, in this rough rag?

## Timothy Winters Diary

Dear Diary;

Friday 20<sup>th</sup> April

Dear diary, Today I woke up from my sack on the floor, my hand ran over the cut on my cheek (from when my dad hit me for mentioning mum,) which stung painfully. I pulled on my only filthy clothes-which were ripped- and then walked over to the cupboard. I opened it to find a box of out-of-date cereal. As I emptied it, only 6 cubes pour out of it. I felt hungry and tired. I slouched over to the half broken mirror. My mouth fell open by how lazy and scruffy I looked. I felt utterly unwanted. My back was aching from the stone floor. In the bathroom, halfway through soaping my face, I spotted the soap (that should make me clean,) was dirty! At the front door, my hand shakily reached for the handle, I hesitated: what was the point of going if I had no friends to play with and never understand any of the lessons?

As I walked to school I felt worried "what was miss g'na say?" I didn't know the time. Was I early or late!? I saw Ellie, as I approached, she turned away. She was a bully to me. As I got nearer, a stone got caught in my shoe. Finally, I was here. As I walked past Matty and his gang everyone fell silent. I felt sad and deserted. Why won't anyone talk to me? As I walked (trembling) into the classroom, everyone's heads turned to me, laughing and sniggering. I wished I could yell at them all and say 'STOP!' But unfortunately, I was too shy.

Aware that everyone was staring at me, I slowly made my way to my seat (which always had scribbles on from when I was bored). Unfortunately, today's lesson was maths, which I could neither get my head



round, so I dreamed about what would be awaiting in the cafeteria. Then I suddenly heard the bell which meant 'Lessons End in Ten Minutes.' So I automatically asked to go to the bathroom (so I could sneak off to lunch)!

As I busted through the doors of the lunch hall, I ran to the start of the queue, I was the first! I received a mountain of food and made my way over to a table. Even though I was piled with: Chicken, Potatoes, Carrots, and a muffin, I was still extremely hungry, so I licked my plate. No one saw though because I was the only one on my table, no one wanted to sit with me. My next activity was my favourite.

On the way to the assembly hall, I was pushed and shoved, I had to sit at the back cramped against the wall. Luckily I was still able to see Mr Karl and his big book on prayers. He started to read one about children, who don't get looked after at home, who are always turned down by everyone. I thought it sounded a bit like me, but even I was glad to have an education, even if I didn't know anything! So as the prayer ended, I drew my breath and roared 'AMEN!' All the children (and Adults) head turned towards me. But I didn't care, I want a better life than this.

Finally it was home time. Even though I didn't enjoy being at home, it was better than being pushed around at school! I slouched out of the gate and headed to sewer street (my road - usually all the children avoided it, due to its rotten smell. As I was about to cross the road, 3 6-year olds pushed past me laughing. My dad was always the same. Whenever I am sad, I think of mother and when she would return. I know she will one day, Dad thinks otherwise!

As I carefully opened the fridge, hoping not to wake up gran, I took out some mouldy cheese and nibbled of parts, alert to save some for tomorrow. On my way to the sink, I tripped over dad's empty beer cans, cutting my lip. Unaware of the pain, I picked up a cup, covered in sticky mud, and filled it with water to drink. It tasted like wet earth.

Feeling cold and extremely uncomfy, I adjust my black sack (which had holes in and my legs and feet poking out) and lay down. My pillow, as usual, was taken by dad. I felt frozen. I wanted it to go back to normal, with mum, dad, and gran all laughing and smiling together.

1969

## Timothy Winters - May Diary

2 3rd April 1969

Dear Diary:

This morning I woke and looked in a glass ~~had~~ bottle as a mirror. Then I looked for food to eat but all that was there was a half bowl of cereal. I look for milk but there wasn't any so I used water. After that I went to brush my teeth, yet again, there was no paste so I got dressed. I walked over to Nan and dad but they just ignored me and carried on drinking and chatting around the fire place.

When I opened the door and saw Craig, who never waits, I walked the short way to beat him to school then laughed at him. At when I get to school there is one seat left that seat, was mine. "Sit Down Timothy Winters!" Mrs Roe screamed.

In arithmetic I didn't listen, I drew on the desk and thought of my mother, who ran off with a bombardier. Also my dad got once being helpful.

At morning prayers we prayed for children less fortunate than ourselves the loudest person in the room was me screaming "Amen!" When Mr Lord told me off I had to go to detention after school. Our school always gets Mr Lord annoyed by not knowing page 69 verse 2 of the bible off by heart.

After morning prayers we went out to play; no one played with me or came over. If they did it was just to make me feel bad and to make fun of me. No kid dares to talk to me if they did it was for their money (£5).

Lunch, I was last but had nice good like carrots, chips + mash potatoes. I was the first done then licked the left overs of my plate. Then I waited for detention to start. Every day I had the same food I loved it !!

At detention, which I always went to, I didn't listen instead I worried about my mother (the only person who listened to me and in reply didn't give me ~~aspirin~~ aspirin). I also doodled on my desk about my life. If I had a small fortune I would spend it every week, month or even day on good.

3:30 pm is the worst because I had to go home to people who didn't want me to exist at all. When I climbed into sack (on the kitchen floor) and wrote this, I say good night then go to bed.  
Good night.

## Timothy Winters - My Diary

Friday:

Dear Diary,

I woke up, my back hurted from sleeping on the cold kitchen floor though this was normal to me, I was stressed. I knew my grandma was awake because I could hear the creaking of her ancient rockingchair in the dining room, where she always sat, drinking her bottles of gin by the grate. My rumbled tummy rumbled to wake me up from my usual daydreaming which also kept me late from school. So I went downstairs to have some breakfast which, most times, we never had. I had a look anyway. After a few minutes, I ended up eating some greasy cheese and some breadcrusts.

I headed off to school, my naked feet were cold. Although I had shoes, my feet still got wet because they had holes in them and they were too small. On the way to school (torture), I saw some of the nicer kids who politely said "Good Morning" (which no one ever said to me) and carried on walking. I also met my best - and only - friend who I chatted with about the news and football which he and I adored. As I made my way into school, I got sniggered at by some of the school's and, as quickly as possible, I made my way into the toilets to hang around and sulk.

As my first lesson, I had arithmetic which I hated and wasn't very good at either. My teacher, Mr Battle, handed out some work sheets which I thought were about long division or something. I don't normally pay attention to lessons. Instead, I doodle on the old, brown desks.

At last, breaktime has arrived. Although I usually got picked at, it was the most enjoyable - but still dreaded - time in school. Chase (my best friend) and I usually just sat in a corner and chatted or we played catch with the ball we shared between us.

Later that day, our headmaster - Mr axe - held or boring afternoon prayers for children less fortunate than ourselves. Little does he know that I am one of those children. The ones that are poor in family as in money and food, the ones whose parents don't care about their not much loved children.

When school was over, I quickly rushed home to see if we had any food in the shelves or anywhere in the house for me to scoff down because, although I had lunch, I was still starving.

I heard my grandma's loud loud snoring coming from the livingroom in the back of the tiny, old cottage on Suez Street. After a while of searching for scraps of food, I found an ancient apple behind the fridge wondering how it got there. But now, here I am on the kitchen floor in my uncomfortable sack trying to include necessary punctuation which my teacher day by day taught me in detention for scribbling on my desk. Now I just need to go wash myself with some dirty kitchen water and an even dirtier towel my family share (Although my dad and grandma never wash themselves). I need to go now. My dad is shouting at me for eating "his" apple. I hope I will have a better day tomorrow. Bye.

## Timothy Winters - My Diary.

Friday: Dear Diary,

At eight o'clock I woke, stiff from lying on the tiled kitchen floor. I walked slowly into the dining room rubbing my eyes, but all that was there was some stale crusts from the night before - but I ate it anyway, as I was hungry. I quietly strode outside (nobody else was awake) and picked up the bucket of rain water from outside the bathroom and dipped my finger in. I rubbed it on my teeth, I don't have a toothbrush, I dressed quickly, but my clothes were itchy (they were covered in dried up mud). After that I went to see if anybody was awake - they weren't.

I opened the front door, and saw my only friend Charles. We walked slowly to school (purposefully). As soon as I walked into the classroom my teacher shouted at me and I cried, but everybody else in the class laughed at me. As we walked into morning prayers - the headteacher glared at me, I tried to keep back the tears, but they just streaming down my face - this was not fair.

At break, I sat in the corner alone - like always, and then Charles came over to me with half a piece of toast. I shouldn't have taken it but I was starving. He asked me if I wanted to join in their game, but I couldn't, if I even made one mistake they would all laugh at me and that had already to me enough today, and I didn't want it to happen again.

Next it was lunch, I was last in the queue - again. Most of my plate was soggy cooked vegetables, I hated them but I was starving so I shoved it down my throat anyway. After I was finished I licked my plate, everybody stared at me, but it wasn't my fault - I was hungry.

At the end of school, I ran home, the only thing I could find in the cupboards was some moldy cheese, so I ate it, I had nothing to do so I just played with a

piece of paper that I found on the floor. I wonder if tomorrow will be any better.

By the evening, grandma was in a good mood, she gave me a piece of bread and butter and an extra sack. She gave me a glass of milk, I really do hope tomorrow is better. And then I think I fell asleep.

Goodnight diary . . .



# Timothy Winters - My Diary

Friday

I woke up in the dark stiffly, feeling cold and tired. I had an old egg for breakfast and it was dirty even before it was cooked by Dad. Granny was sleeping on the couch. She was ~~dry~~ drunk after drinking gin. I brushed my teeth with no tooth paste, I got dressed in my holey jumper and my filthy trousers. I was ready for school.

I ignored Dad and Granny when I left the house and walked to school. I saw a friendly cat on the way to school. I was lonely for the whole day because I had only one friend. I scratched the cat and it purred. I felt relaxed because the cat was my friend.

I wasn't looking forward to going to school because I didn't want to go. Also I was bored of assembly because I don't like the stories. My tummy ached, lunchtime couldn't come soon enough.

I sat on my own again today. The other boys were chatting. It was loud, my ears were pulsing. I ate my lunch quickly. Then there was more work to do.

I went yay when it was hometime. I couldn't wait to leave school. I ran home and loved being out in my backyard, enjoying the sun on my cheek. I closed my eyes and imagined being at the beach. Dad shouted me when it was dinnertime. But I knew there was not enough to eat. Grandma was sleeping on the couch by the fireplace. I ate bread for dinner again.

That evening, I was sitting in the corner doing nothing. I dreamed of lunch time because I'd had lots to eat. I wish my dad would talk to me and my mum would come home. At bedtime, I hoped to dream about <sup>her</sup> coming home. I'd be happy to see my mum again and things will get better.

## Timothy Winters - My Diary

Friday:

Dear Diary,

I woke up at 7:50 in the morning with sun only just risen. As usual, I'm starving, bored and very very very cold. The only time I ever have a good meal is at school. I could already hear father clinking his beer bottle with gran. I felt forlorn. Getting dressed, I stared at myself in the cracked mirror wondering what I'd done to deserve a life like this. Once ready, I scrambled towards the dusty cupboard scavaging for any little crumb of food but, as usual, there was nothing but air.

Dreading the day ahead, I stepped out of the squeaky door. Then I quickly ran to a secret short-cut. But then I was on the floor. I looked up, only to see Bill. He was one of the school bullies. Then before he killed me I got up and scurpered. When I eventually reached the school gates, I was so relieved - I thought I was a gonner.

My first lesson was maths, not that it actually mattered because I don't listen in any of my subjects in school. After boring-old-maths it was break, were I just sat in a corner waiting for Bill to come and beat me up which, as usual, he did. Then it was history, were I fell asleep and dreamt of having a normal life with basic items.

When my teacher woke me up it was time for lunch - my only meal of the day. As usual, I'm last in the queue. I had a ham sandwich with a cake for pudding and a glass of milk. When lunch was over, our school

Started were we sang a song and read some prayers. Then it was finally hometime, and I was so excited to play with my popped ball. And now I'm here with my diary on my hard cold floor in my sack, hoping for a better day tomorrow and not a horrible day like today.