

Dear Diary,

I am writing this from my bunk bed in our little caravan, with the oil lamp burning. You won't believe what happened last night!

My dad was out poaching and was meant to be back by 10:30pm. I fell asleep and when I woke up, it was 2:10am! I was very scared and worried and had a bit of a dilemma. Should I go and find him or should I just stay at home? I decided I had to find him. I thought one of the keepers might have caught him or he might be lost, so I needed to do something.

I then had a second dilemma. Should I walk or should I take the Baby Austin in the garage? In the end, I knew I had to drive there because it would take too long to walk.

Driving along the narrow country lanes at night was terrifying and at one point, I thought a police car had found me out. Fortunately, I made it safely to the deep, dark woods and after searching through the witch-like trees, I found my father at the bottom of a never-ending pit! I was so relieved to see him but felt a bit hopeless too. How would I get him out of there? Luckily, we had some rope in the car and I managed to drag him out. It was exhausting!

Thank goodness we were able to get home and avoid the keepers. It was pretty exciting but I don't think I would like to do it again!