

A Mother's Diary

Hello again.

I am sat here in the kitchen, broken. This morning, I waved goodbye to the sweetest and most angelic children a mother could wish for. I can only hope that they find a house as warm and caring as ours at the other end of the line. Pamela sent her son, Richard, away last month and has already heard how he is doing brilliantly on a farm in Woolacombe. He's absolutely besotted with the place, so she tells me. Maybe Carl and Francis will find something that they enjoy as much. I can only hope. It would be nice for Carl to do something out of doors for a change: all he wants to do at home is sit around the house and play cards. It drives me mad when he gets under my feet. I'd give anything to have to chase him out once more.

Of course, I suppose it wouldn't be as bad if I weren't alone. There's still no word of David nor of the plane and his regiment. With each day that goes past, I lose more and more hope. It broke Carl and Franny's hearts to go away with no word from their brother. At least I know that my beloved Peter is well: another letter arrived in the post this morning, it certainly brightened up my day for a while. He's in a little village somewhere outside of Cologne. He can't say exactly where, of course - the Jerry are trying to read all of the mail now. What will they stoop to next?

If they don't come back soon, I'm worried I'll drive myself mad around the house. At least I have work to keep me going; we're all pulling overtime at the factory. They can't get enough of us to work the machines but the number of uniforms to stitch keeps growing. We all do our bit, it's the least we can do while they're out there suffering.

It's a wonder we get anything done with all the sirens at the minute. We've had another three today. I know they are vital, heaven only knows what we'd have done four nights ago if we hadn't had the warning and made it into the Anderson. It dropped right onto Woodside Avenue just around the corner. We felt the shake all the way through the ground. A tin of national dried milk fell right onto Mr Gribbin's head, and he's been moaning about it ever since! I told him he was

lucky it was only a tin and not a bomb, and he'd be better off buying his own shelter next time if he's to moan about ours!

Tomorrow is a Sunday, so there won't be any post. In a way, it makes it easier not having that to worry about. Hopefully, Monday will bring a smile with it.

- *Janice*



INFERENCE FOCUS

1. Why does she wish she could chase her son out once more?
2. Who is Peter? What makes you think this?
3. How does she feel about the Jerry (Germans) at the end of the second paragraph? Explain.
4. What does she do for a job?
5. Why do you think she is relieved that there's no mail on Sunday?

VIPERS QUESTIONS

V

Use the context of the diary to work out what **besotted** means.

E

Explain how you know that Janice worries about Carl.

R

What is Carl's sister named?

R

On what night did they have to rush to the Anderson? Explain how you know.

P

How do you think the mother will actually feel on Sunday when there is no mail?

Answers:

1. She misses him now he is away
2. Her husband, she calls him her beloved Peter
3. She doesn't like them - she calls them "filthy swine"
4. Stitches uniforms for the soldiers
5. She can't receive bad news

V: In love with or excited by

E: She worries about him getting exercise and him being happy wherever he has been sent to

R: Franny

R: Tuesday night. The diary is written on a Saturday (tomorrow is Sunday) and it was four nights ago

P: Worried that they've died and she's just not heard