

Friday 22nd April

Dear Diary,

My eyes slowly opened and adjusted to the early morning sun; I had the worst night ever. Every single hour, I woke up; I couldn't stop thinking about the man in the garage.

When Doctor death arrived I knew that this was my only chance to get out to the garage. I crept and tiptoed to the end of the hall, suddenly I realised I had to grab the food that I left under my bed, then when they weren't looking, I dashed straight out of the door. All I had to do then was to get to the man without being seen so I ducked and weaved around the windows.

It seemed like an eternity even though it didn't take that long it only took two minutes to get there.

The old, battered door called out to me telling me to venture in. When the door creaked open

a waft of dust flew at my face. In the very back of the garage, the man was sitting waiting for me to bring his food to him. Watching my step, I brought the food to the man, 27 and 53 to be exact, he let it rest on one of the crates.

He thanked me and I asked him if he needed anything else, he said no. Once he finished eating like an animal, which disgusted me, I said goodbye and washed up the dishes. I spent the rest of the day playing with Mina then I went to bed.

The day is over, thank goodness for that.