

Saturday 6<sup>th</sup> June 2020

Dear Diary,

Today, I woke up and a smile spread across my face when I realised it was a Saturday. I climbed out of bed and completed my morning routine; wash, get changed, make breakfast and brush my teeth. For breakfast I found that there was a range of cereals to choose from and toast that had been semi prepared by mum supposing that there was a knife and plate out. I could see that Mum had already gone to work by the short letter she left me on a pink, shabby post-it-note which read she had gone to work and would be back slightly later than usual.

Once I had finished my morning routine, I glanced over at the clock and saw that it was already 12:32. I was puzzled as I was sure I woke up early today. I decided to just ignore it and head into the living room. I pulled down the blinds due to the brightness of the sun. I walked over to my console and turned it on. I scanned my eyes across the selection of games stacked messily beside it. I eventually chose out one of my favourite shooting games and put it in the console.

Played for ages and was unaware of time but I managed to play some good matches before mum came home. She opened the blinds and placed a carboard box on my lap she said that she had bought me a present. Confused at why she had done this for me, I put my controller aside and slowly turned over the carboard flaps which secured it. I was shocked when I saw a dog spring out of the box and pounce onto my chest. I was delighted, I had never had a pet before. I lifted it up into the air as its mouth opened wide to reveal his shiny white teeth. My eyes wandered over to his front leg it seemed to have been amputated I threw it onto the floor in disgust. Had mum done this on purpose? Why couldn't she buy a normal one?

Frustrated I picked my controller back up and continued playing. I kept trying to ignore the dog, but it came to my attention that he was not going to stop playing with the red ball he found I kicked the ball into a cardboard box and watched as he struggled to run and get it. He fell over many times trying to walk across the rough carpet but managed to make it and knocked it onto him. I hesitated to move closer when there was no movement but soon enough the box was jumping around and crashing into everything. I found it slightly amusing but did not think he was worth my time. It was really distracting that he kept jumping around but eventually he escaped and brought the ball back to me. I sighed and reluctantly tossed the ball into a corner. He stumbled into the corner and hid in the pile of boxes and papers from over occasions and after a short moment climbed to the top of the pile to show me the red ball clutched in his mouth. I laughed and decided that maybe he was a good dog and just because he had a missing leg doesn't mean he is worthless.

I picked up my crutches and switched off my console leaving my controller on the coffee table. The dog looked up at me panting and smiling. I smiled back and walked to the door. He followed me going between my crutches. I shouted up to mum that I was going outside. I picked up the ball and threw it into the garden.