Dear diary,

What a terrible day! Today, Dad left for the war. Mum and I took him down to the quay this morning to begin his journey to France. I could tell that mum was upset and trying not to show it. She tries so hard to be brave but I can see that she is really worried. Maybe that is why dad asked me to look after mum. He realises she’s not as strong as she pretends to be.

When we arrived at the quay, there were so many families gathered to say goodbye to their loved ones. Everyone seemed to be crying but I just couldn’t. I was so proud of dad in his smart naval uniform. He looked so strong and handsome. As he embarked onto the ship, I felt my heart would burst. This might be the last time I see him! And then he was gone. Disappeared into the sea.

I pray that he makes it back ok. I am so worried that his ship might be torpedoed, just like the other one. Everyone says the war will be over soon but they’ve been saying that for a long time. What if he doesn’t make it home? What if his ship sinks? What if he is injured or captured? I can’t bear it. What if mum and I can’t manage the flowers and potatoes and we lose our crops and livelihoods? We could become poor! Starve! We might lose our home.

I can’t let that happen. I must be strong – for mum, for dad. I know I can do this! Besides, I have Daniel and Birdman. They will help – I’m sure.

Please let dad be ok. Please let him come home safely! Please.