

## The Railway Children: Diary Entries

### Peter's Diary

This is preposterous! There must have been some sort of mistake! We simply cannot live in this dingy hovel for the foreseeable future and I for one will implore Mother to find us some place much more suitable. How dare those beastly men turf us out of our own home so that we are forced - yes, forced - to live in such squalor. There is not even the faintest sign of any curtains, cushions or bed sheets for heaven's sake! The walls and floors are the foulest I have ever seen in my entire life (even filthier than the church cellar) yet Mother says we ought to be grateful that we have someplace 'cosy' to live. Well, this is certainly not my idea of 'cosy', I dare say! Ever since we arrived, we have looked high and low but our investigations have been completely futile and now I shan't look any further. Goodness know how those people in Africa manage to exist in their mud huts with only a fire to keep them warm, I say! I am supposed to be tucked up in bed, fast asleep (or so Bobbie says) but I have spent the past twenty minutes sat on the cracked, wooden stool listening to the wind whistling through the many cracks in these pathetically paper-thin walls. Damn and blast this whole affair! And I have not even mentioned the nasty little bed bugs that I discovered after pulling back the rough, scratchy bed sheets. What evil little brutes they are! Over my dead body shall I be sleeping in that bed tonight or anywhere else for that matter. Not for all the tea in China. Mother ought to send a letter to the King of England himself and demand that we be rehoused some place more acceptable. Ridiculous, simply ridiculous!

### Roberta's Diary

Oh, how I do wish that Peter would pipe down about our new house! I have tried to comfort and console him since our arrival but it has been no use, I am afraid. He simply will not accept that this is our home for as long as Daddy is away and that we shall have to do without all the comforts which we are so very used to (a soak in a hot bath would be just the ticket right now, I must admit!) Poor Peterkin. Once he gets a bee in his bonnet, he simply cannot let it lie and for the past thirty minutes he has paced up and down complaining about this and that. Heaven knows how he was accepted into the Boy Scouts with that attitude! All I know is that dear Mother has already explained many times over that we shall just have to be patient and understanding during this difficult period and that we are not to make any fuss whatsoever while we settle in and she searches for those belongings that are essential to everyday life. Indeed, there was not even any sign of a broom (big or small) to sweep the grimy floor with or pots or pans for us to cook even the tiniest bit of supper! Yet, never fear for tomorrow I shall raise at the first sight of dawn and accompany Mother into the nearest village to purchase those precious essentials. Truth be told, I am deeply worried about her. She looks so desperately pale and drawn and although she puts on a brave face, I can see that deep down she finds this whole sorry nonsense very distressing. In actual fact, I have just finished wishing her a good night after hearing her sob at that awfully horrid kitchen table. She did not even have the energy to wipe away her tears, the poor darling. Oh, fancy her crying in secret like that! I do hope we get to leave soon.