

19th March 1946

Rebuilding

Dear Diary,

this month has been a traumatic struggle for my whole family. My beloved grandma passed away (May she rest in peace), my poor father fell out of a tree and has temporary amnesia meaning he can't remember anything; he can't even recognise me, mum or my sister Gwendylin and Sophie (my best friend doesn't like me anymore. Just to add to the sorrow, our house was destroyed in the war. I'm crestfallen.

Two days ago, me and Gwen came across a cantankerous, frail old woman, who had a prolonged, crooked nose and unruly hair. Then, she reached out her dainty arm to give me a leaflet with four sploidy words, a date and the place written on it, which said: *Day Of The Dead*. I must be truthful, I had no clue what this was so me and Gwen argued over it for a while then we took to mum. I had so many questions for the old woman, How did she know about grandma? Was she grandma's friend? Did she notice I was unhappy? When we got home, mum told me ~~the~~ the leaflet was a festival called day of the dead when you could celebrate the lives of your loved ones. I was curious to see what the letter was telling us to do so we got ready and left our dusty apartment then we made our way to the town hall.

In the recently rebuilt building, there were beautiful, blooming flowers and a large dish of pale blue water lilies, three plates of carrot ~~biscuits~~ biscuits (from the war) and a colossal screen with a rug surrounding the small room. The only things I didn't like were the deepening silence of the room and large statues of soldiers

towering above me. Then, the mourning began. Every light in the room - some - went off. It was beautiful. It was magical. It was illuminating. Once he had spotted grandma, dad stood up and bellowed, "MOTHER IN LAW!" Me mum and Gwen shared a flabbergasted look. We were all thinking, 'Did he just remember something??' After this, I instantly spotted my grandma on the screen thinking about poor old shellshock grandpa. My heart ached.

Mum decided this was a good time to leave so we walked towards the exit. As I was touching the door's smooth, plastic skin, I spotted Sophie out the window. The sorrowful Sophie approached me and asked "Do you want to be friends again?" Of course I said yes and then dad told me he remembered everything.

This month didn't end so bad after all. Dad got his memory back, Sophie is my friend again and we are all closer to grandma and the truth is, I'll never stop loving her. To be honest, I think a bit of rebuilding is what me and the rest of my family needed.

I'll talk soon! From,

Lydia Stamper.

Rebuilding

Bob, who was the C.E.O of a company called SubNO (good company.) But one day, there was a colossal earthquake that wiped out his company and others around it. Bob was devastated. All of his hard work, working late hours, his dedication was all for nothing.

He went home with tears running down his cheeks. But he saw that there is no home to go to. He screamed on the top of his lungs. "No family, no company, no home what should I do God?" said Bob.

A voice whispered in his ear, "rebuild your lives." He knew what to do. He worked hard because of the list he made which was:

- House, (check)
- Company,
- Family,

But making a company wasn't easy. He worked as a shopkeeper and finally (after a year) he made his own company rebuild.

Finally, (the hardest of them all) a family. He couldn't forget his old family but he had to rebuild. He had to find:

- a loyal wife,
- nice children.

But it wasn't as hard as making a company because right in front of him was a loyal wife with three children. His dream has come true.

So he has rebuilt his life and finished his list.

This is what is like to rebuild your life and as you can see, you can rebuild your life.

Rebuilding

I've lost myself and need to find it.

The rainy, night glooming over me
I held my head high, the grass rubbing on my feet
The wise owls flying past, the slow deep breaths I take
The creaking of the door, the telephone beeping

I've lost myself and need to find it.

The dark, mystical, gloomy forest ringing in my ear.
I'm ready to find myself, I have no fear.
The dried, crunchy leaves fall slowly down as the wind howls.
The textured branch on the soft ground.
The sounds of a beautiful waterfall falling down.

I've rebuilt myself and I made it.

The dancing trees, the little ants crawling.

The frog's little riddits

The sudden cool breeze

I love it here, it's so wonderful

I've found and rebuilt myself.

Laiba Choudhury 5VT

Amirshaya

Rebuilding

In a excruciating war, parents lost their children

someone lost their house and

someone lost their limbs and

someone lost their precious items,

War is bad for countries,

If they are still in good position.

then they can go to work

and can rebuild some demolished

items.

something can't be rebuild.

But some things can be rebuild.

Some things that can't be rebuild give

sorrowful emotion everyday.

I ask to god to help rebuild them a life.

Give them a tranquil life.

Rebuilding is hard but we must

keep trying.