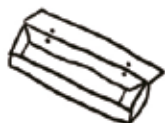
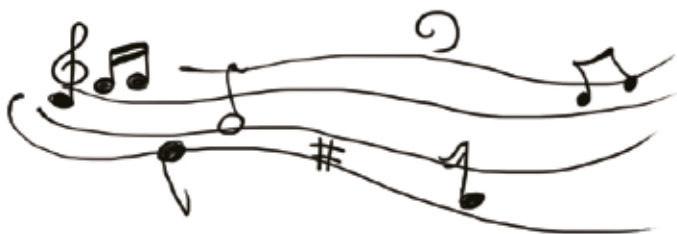
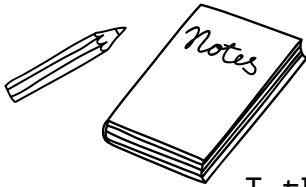




HELLO



Welcome to my diary.



I thought it might be good
to write about what's

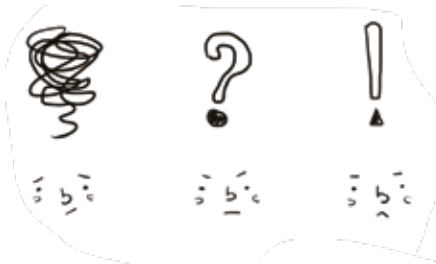
going on

This is my way of
where I can say **WHATEVER I WANT** and
HOWEVER I FEEL

talking

BLA BLA BLA...

Which at the moment is a bit like this...



There's lots of STUFF in my
to come out so

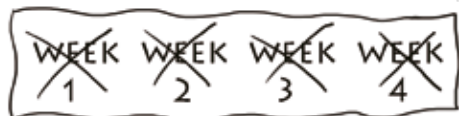
head



and it needs

...here goes

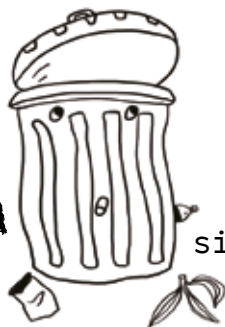




Dad went away 4 weeks ago.



It's been a bit **RUBBISH** since then.



At first I **thought** he was away working.

That's what I was told...

BUT now I know that's

NOT TRUE !!!



I feel really

Let down

I HATE



and not telling me that
Dad was in prison was
a **BIG FAT ONE!**



I knew something was wrong.
But I never guessed that's what it was.

I felt **ANGRY**.



HATE



Then I felt **SCARED**.

Then I felt **SAD**.

NICE COMBINATION!



I'm **worried** about Dad.



Is he locked up all day?
What is prison really like?
Is it an awful place?



Are they even feeding
him properly?

Why has this **happened**?



Did I do something wrong?
So many questions buzzing in my head
- it feels like it's going to



Day
2

SCHOOL



School feels WEIRD.

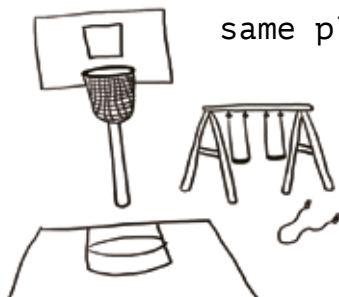


Why's that?

Nothing has changed -

same teacher, same classroom,

same playground -



$$\frac{3}{7} - \frac{1}{7} = ?$$
$$52 \times 24 =$$



but I feel DIFFERENT.

I think it's 'cos I know
what's happened to my Dad
but my friends don't.

Secret



It's like I'm carrying a
giant invisible secret.

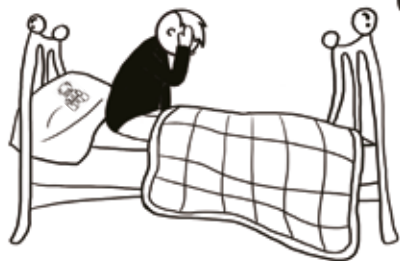
It's impossible to hide.
People seem to
know something's WRONG.

Questions questions questions

“What’s wrong?”



“Are you feeling ok?”



“You’re so grumpy these days”

I’ve been yawning all the time
- no wonder - I can’t sleep
properly just now.

So even my teacher
asked me if everything
was all right.



I wanted to scream
NO IT’S **NOT** !!!!

but I said “YEAH FINE”

Why did I do
that?

The truth is too “scary” to tell.
I’m worried people will make
fun of me if they find out.

Even Jay. And I’ve known him
since the first day of school.
Maybe he won’t be friends with
me any more?



Good friends should care
shouldn’t they?

Maybe I will tell someone...

Day
3



I really want to see Dad,
but sometimes I don't.



That seems **wrong** and
then I feel bad.

The thing is I really don't
want to go to a prison.

It's going to be **DARK**
and **SCARY** isn't it?

At least that's how I
imagine it. Maybe I'm wrong?
Who knows?



The truth is that I feel a
bit **FUNNY** about seeing Dad
as well.

What if it's **AWKWARD**?

I haven't seen him since he
went away.

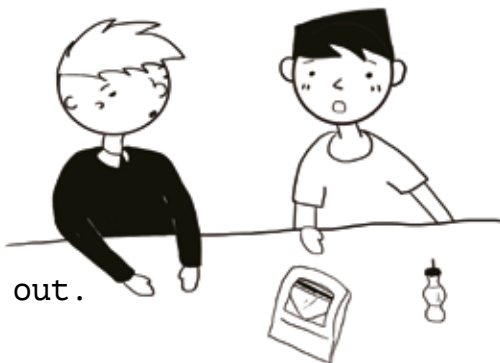
Anyway, am I even **allowed**
to see him?



Sometime it feels like
everything has changed.

At least one thing has got
better - I actually told
Jay about all this.

I just blurted it out.



He was really shocked
but straight away he said



“What a NIGHTMARE that must be for you”.

He “promised” not to tell anyone.

But he also thinks I should
tell our teacher Mrs. Scott.



He even said his mum would
be great to talk to if I wanted.



jay's mum



It just feels good
that I'm not the only
one who knows about
this now.



Happy birthday to me! Happy birthday to me!

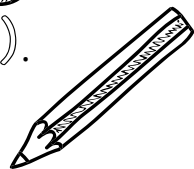
Is it happy? Not sure.

Normally on my birthday Dad comes into my room with presents and sings Happy Birthday



(really badly).

Not this year.



Mum gave me a card that Dad had written. That was nice but I'd much rather he was here.

I'd normally have a **Party**
but I don't want people at the house.



It feels as though things that
are normally good
have been **SPOILED.**



Mum has ordered a pizza for me
and Jay instead.

NEXT YEAR I'll do something
Bigger and **Better!**

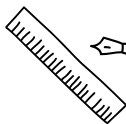
Mum said that we'll just have to get used
to things being **DIFFERENT** here for a while,
but also that there are new things we could
go to at the prison -



there's a
sports day
coming up and
a **Christmas**
party at the
end of the year.

**sports
day** 





Today should have been **GOOD**

but ended up **BAD**



There was a **CONCERT** at school.



My class have been
practising songs for
WEEKS.

It's been pretty good.

Sometimes I've even
FORGOTTEN about all this
stuff when I'm singing.

LOADS of parents were
there and the **WHOLE** school
were involved.

Mum came along to see the
BIG EVENT.

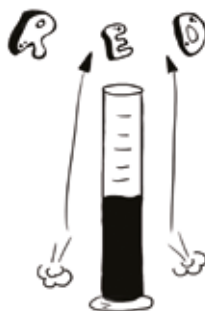
Ruby said
"Is your Dad not here?"



I got **flüstered** *



Then she said.
"Why are you
going all
red?"



Then what made it
worse was that I
could see Mum getting
a bit **TEARY** when we
were singing.

Why did she have to do that?

I feel like everyone will
know **SOMETHING** is happening.

I'm **tired** of being different.



Jay says
"Just get on
with life and
let everyone
else get one
with theirs".

I wish it was that **SIMPLE**.



something **BIG**

happened today.

Is everything **OK** ?

That's how it started.

Mrs Scott asked me
and out it all came.



I told her

everything

It felt like it's all been
building up inside me so
it was like a volcano

ERUPTING

She looked a bit


surprised



I suppose she's met Dad
before at Parents evenings.
But she was good about it all
and said it wasn't my fault..

She said I could talk to her or
someone else at school if I wanted.

Whoever I found easiest.

I could let them know
anytime I visit Dad or if
anyone is  **picking on me**
or I'm finding this stuff difficult.



She asked how Mum was doing.

She said it must be **hard**
for Mum...

Mrs Scott said she'd see
us both if we wanted.

PNEW ~~~~~

...it feels like I'm not **hiding**
so much now.



Maybe I won't
even get in

trouble

for

yawning !





I'm feeling **good** - I saw Dad!



It was **fun** to see him although it was **sad** saying goodbye at the end

(actually to be honest some of it was a bit **BORING** as Mum and Dad were talking to each other.

But boring is better than **bad!!**)



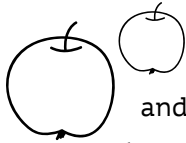
Me and Dad had a **LAUGH** just like we used to before all of this happened - his **jokes** are still really bad.



Dad says his days are **fine**

He gets to go to a  **LIBRARY** 


and a



and everyone sits
together for meals.

   
workshop

Now I know he's **OK** there.

The people at prison were quite **friendly** 

I thought they would
be really

 **STRICT** and  **shouty**

But it wasn't like that at all.

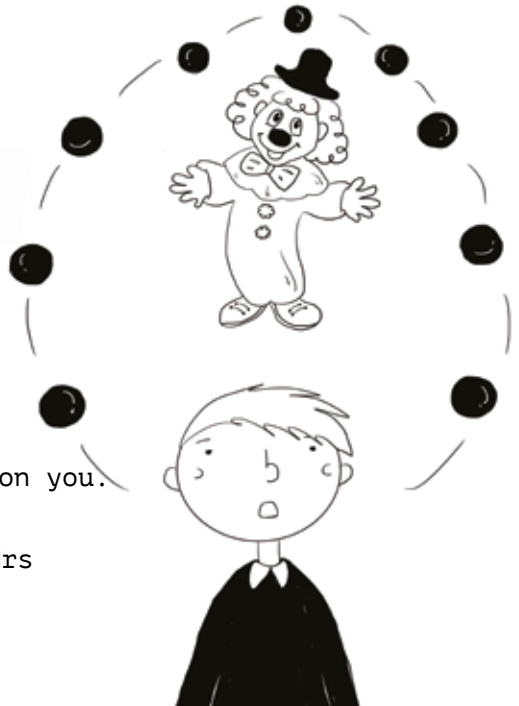
Mum and I chatted about what
we thought of the prison.

We decided it was
strange but **not scary**

So many things you spend
time **WORRYING** about don't
even happen!

It's just your mind
playing tricks on you.

I'm going to tell Jay and Mrs
Scott that I saw my Dad.



Today

A week of my diary
filled in already...

What a

ROLLERCOASTER!



> ANGRY...



Happy!

Sad...



*Confused!



SCARED!



...relieved

... all of those in
seven days?!

I think I'll keep

WRITING...

6 7 8



It feels good to let all of this

OUT!



I've started saving a few things too
to show Dad when all this is over;

The concert invitation,



picture of Jay and me,

and an

ENORMOUS

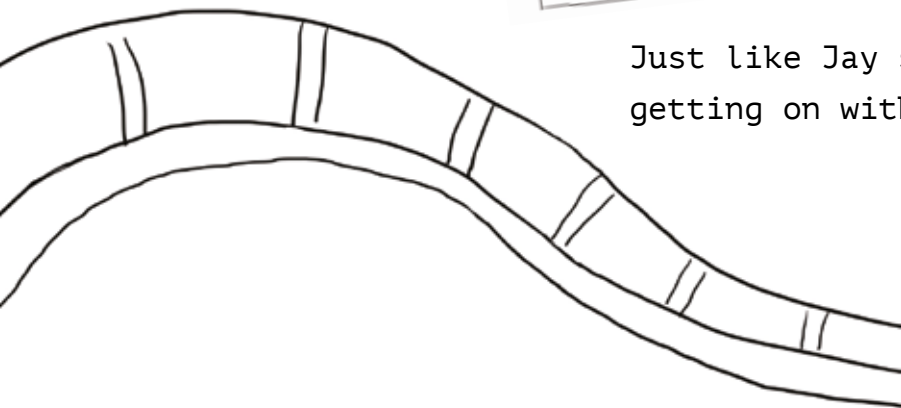
pizza!



Birthday
cards



Just like Jay said..
getting on with life.





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