

My Food Diary

	Breakfast	Lunch	Tea
Mon	Porridge. So cold it numbed my tongue from it cooling for a few minutes in the cold outside.	Roast chicken from one of our chickens. It was Bessie, I felt horrible when I found out.	We ate one sandwich per person with a small filling of cheese and spam or ham I can't remember which.
Tues	Bacon from one of the pigs we breed. Sadly, it ended eventually.	Pie filled with vegetables from our private allotment and I had to fetch a few eggs from ol' Bessie's batch since no more will appear there anymore.	Leftover Bessie from the day before, I hate myself at the moment.
Wed	Bacon from the kind man next door to us since he had more food for himself since his family died. I didn't ask how but was just grateful.	A morsel of fried egg and chicken from Barry the chicken. We have two cockerels left and we won't eat them... yet.	A small clump of something that apparently had beef in it. Most of it near to being classed as liquid.
Thu	More cold porridge. My tongue once again thawed. Why does the war have to have the worst weather?	Mary the chicken. Why do I even name them?	More Mary.
Fri	No more Mary. I forgot to eat or maybe my new school made their schedule to clash with my breakfast time, and yes, I do have set mealtimes.	I once again didn't eat because I forgot something, and that was my lunch from home.	Beef. Named it Gerald/Geraldine. What an odd coincidence that a set of twins at school have those two names.
Sat	I was forced to eat a carrot roll.	Lucky, not, more carrots served with Bessie's sister, Brenda, the agony isn't getting any better.	Sandwich with spam inside.
Sun	Bessie's child, eggberta, fried with some parsley.	This time it was eggbridget, the second child of Bessie. (she was the best out of all of them, apart from Bessie. RIP Bessie).	The kind man from next door came round with sausages and mash from his home grown potatoes. RIP potatoes.