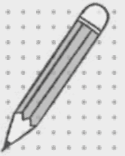
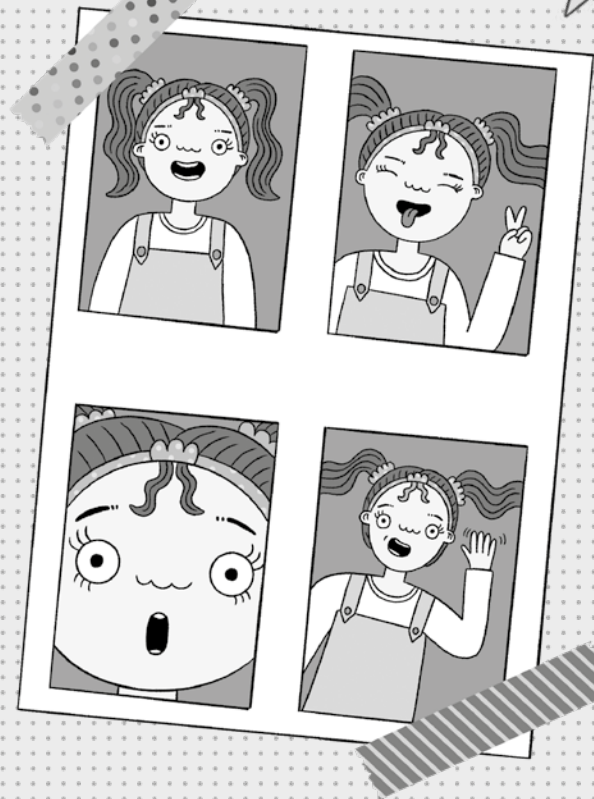


This journal
belongs to:

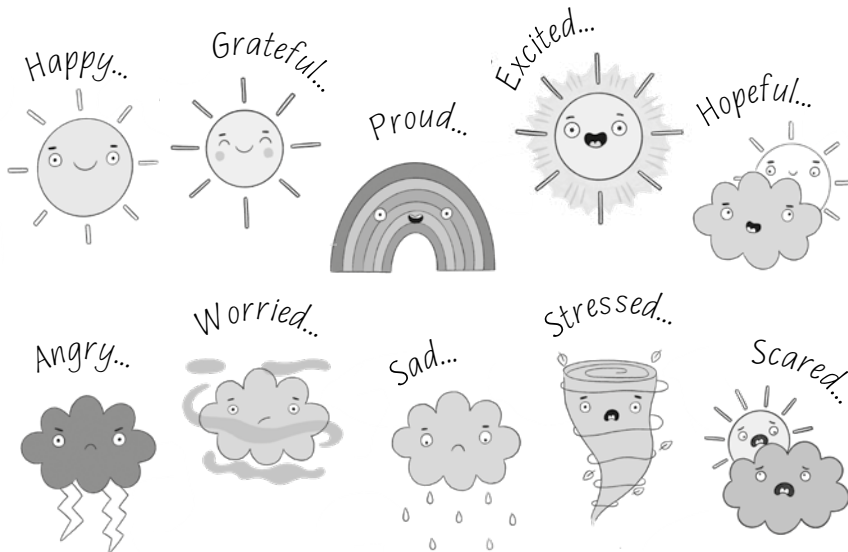


BELLA!



Welcome to your journal!

There are spaces all the way through to share the feelings you have experienced each day. You can use this page to create some of your own emojis to add in to your journal! This will help you to see how your feelings change day by day (and moment by moment!). Have fun, and enjoy finding out more about yourself and your feelings!



All about you!

My name is:

Bella

My eyes are:

Blue, like Dad's

My hair is:

Brown, and wavy and usually trying to do its own thing LOL!

Hobbies I love:

I love playing tennis with my family, swimming, dancing (I go to tap and modern with strict-but-nice Miss Ruby every week), baking - YUM!, and eating ice cream at Dylan's! Does that count as a hobby?

My favourite food is:

See above, LOL! And takeaway pizza - with extra pineapple!

My best friend is:

Rohisha - we've been friends for EVER and she's AMAZING!

My motto for the year is:

Be brave! Be bold! Be Bella! Hee hee! But seriously, I could do with a bit more confidence, so maybe writing in this journal will help!

Day of the Week: *Friday*

Feelings I experienced today:



Friday after tea, in my bedroom.

This is the very first page of my gorgeous new journal, which my best friend Rohisha gave me yesterday (and I gave her a set of light-up pens, which she thought were really cool, BTW!). I wish I had some fun and exciting news to start my journal with, but actually I'm feeling pretty SAD. You see, the reason Rosh gave me the journal is because today was her last day at our school, which is Cavendish Juniors, because she is moving house. We've both lived in this town all our lives, but now she and her mum and dad have moved a few hours' drive north, like, ages away – it might as well be another country!



I'm trying to be my usual sparkly and a bit daydreamy self, but I feel *BLEUGHHHHHH*. When Rohisha first told me they were moving, just after Christmas, I was really shocked and I cried buckets, but then I didn't think about it too much for ages – it was so far in the future, it didn't seem real. But as it's got closer to her leaving I've been feeling sadder and sadder. And now it's actually



happened, *IT'S JUST TOTALLY RUBBISH AND I HATE IT!*

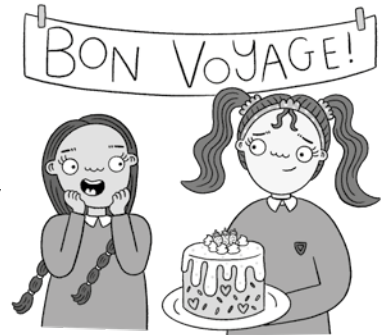


ARGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

Oh, that felt nice! Maybe Mum was right – she suggested using the journal to write down my feelings, as well as keeping a diary. She knows how *TOTALLY MISERABLE* I've been during this last couple of weeks, in the run-up to Rosh leaving. She keeps making me have sit-down chats with her too, which is nice (especially when they involve hot chocolate!), but they only make me feel better for a little while and then

the sadness comes back.

Last night, when I was baking Rosh her favourite chocolate fudge cake, I felt like crying right into the mixing bowl. And today was awful – we had a class “bon voyage” party for her with balloons and games and everything and I kept smiling somehow, but inside I felt *TERRIBLE*. I didn't say anything to Rosh, though, because I didn't want to spoil things, or make her feel worse about moving away. She's the one having to start a whole new life, after all.



The afternoon went so slowly, and then, all of a sudden, it was time to say goodbye, *SOB SOB!* Me and Rosh went out into the playground at home time as usual (after everyone did a very loud three cheers and big clap for her) but it wasn't as usual because her mum and dad were both there to meet her,

instead of one or the other.

Me and Mum went over to the car with them in the end, because us girls wouldn't stop hugging each other, and Mr Peters the caretaker was waiting to lock the gate. Mum joked that I was going to hop in the car and go with them. Well, I wanted to! But

of course, she didn't mean it, and anyway, there was barely room for Rohisha to squeeze into the back seat, because it was packed so tight with all the bits and pieces that hadn't gone in the removal van.

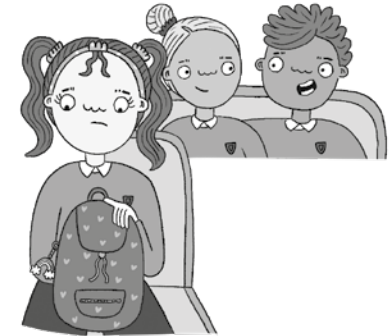
I managed not to cry until I got home and locked myself in the bathroom. For some strange reason, I didn't want Mum and Dad to hear me. When I was younger I would have just stood there howling in the street, but now I'm in Year 5, everything seems different. I knew they'd make me sit down and talk about it and



I didn't see any point in that. Rohisha's gone, and there's nothing they can do about it. I'll just have to get used to sitting on my own at lunchtime for the last few weeks of school until the summer holidays. And to

choosing library books by myself. And I'll have to try and act like I don't mind about sitting by myself on the coach to the Wetland Centre, when we go on our class trip at the end of June.

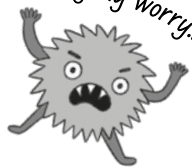
UGH, thinking about these things is really horrible, but my mind won't seem to stop! Mum's been acting all upbeat about me making new friends, but she doesn't understand what it's like – everyone's already got their friendship groups in my year. It's always been me and Rosh, just us, and we always liked it that way.





Ugh, I've just read that back and I sound SO sorry for myself! I'll try and be a bit more "me" but it's hard, because losing Rosh is rubbish, and to make things worse, I have a BIG WORRY...

My big worry...



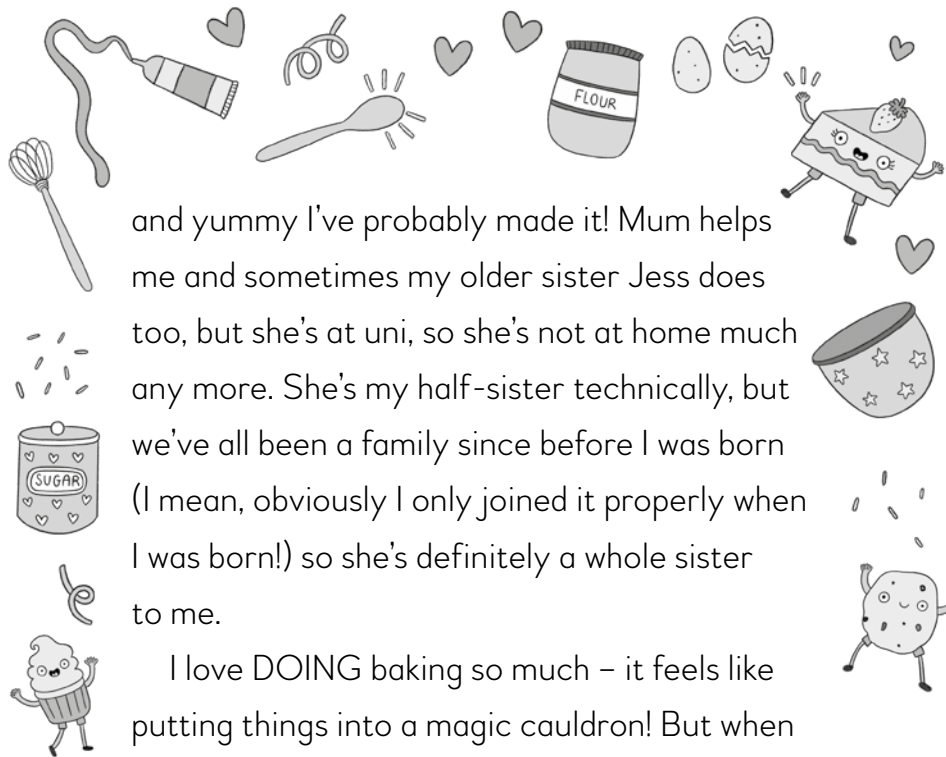
I have to do my class talk on

Tuesday -

like, this coming Tuesday ... in four days' time! We have to stand up and talk for twenty minutes about something we're

passionate about in front of the

entire class, and Mr Lacey our teacher, and Ms Adeyemi our TA. It's supposed to be a fun thing, but I'm absolutely dreading it. Most of the class have done theirs - Rosh actually volunteered to be one of the first! And she totally loved doing it. I'm doing it on baking, which I love - I make cakes, cookies, pastries and ... well, if it's sweet



and yummy I've probably made it! Mum helps me and sometimes my older sister Jess does too, but she's at uni, so she's not at home much any more. She's my half-sister technically, but we've all been a family since before I was born (I mean, obviously I only joined it properly when I was born!) so she's definitely a whole sister to me.

I love DOING baking so much - it feels like putting things into a magic cauldron! But when it comes to TALKING about it, I know I'll go all red and flustered and my tongue will feel massive, like when I practise with Mum. She helped me make prompt cards to break my talk up into chunks, but they aren't helping that much. Eeeeeek! Just thinking about it is making my heart go *boom-boom-boom* in my chest!

Oh, gotta go. Mum's calling me down to watch a movie... Which is part of her Cheer Up Bella plan! Fingers crossed it works...

Day of the Week: *Saturday*

Feelings I experienced today:



Saturday afternoon. Back at home, after swimming.

Hello, it's me again! Well, who else would it be? Ha ha! Wanting to write in my journal was a good excuse to come upstairs and have some time to myself – and of course Mum's happy that I'm writing down my feelings. She took me to Dylan's ice-cream parlour after swimming, as usual, which was lovely of her. And she tried really hard to make up for Rosh not being there, which was even more lovely of her! She got a big raspberry sorbet instead of a coffee and sat at the table with me. She usually sits on one of the stools at the counter and chats to Ben, the manager. Me and Rosh have our own table,



which feels really cool. Well, it felt really cool, when she was here. I guess it's another thing we won't be doing any more – UGGGGGGHHHHHH!

“So, what shall we get for tea tonight, Bella?” Mum asked, probably to stop me staring sadly at the table. “Dad thinks pizza – a proper takeaway, not from the supermarket – for a treat. But you can choose, and it can be anything you like. Curry, Chinese...”



I did try to smile as I licked my vanilla and fudge ice-cream cone, but the smile went wobbly. “Thanks, Mum,” I said. “But what we normally have is fine. Something from the freezer.”

Mum looked around at the other customers, pretending to be horrified. “Can you not sound like I only ever feed you ready meals!”

“And you don't have to keep trying to cheer me up all the time,” I added.