

May 10, 2020

Dear diary,

Today, was a day like any other. This morning, the sun poured in between the slats in my blinds and woke me up earlier than usual...so I guess that's different. I could hear birds tweeting and a jogger outside for their once-a-day, daily exercise. The rhythmic tapping of their shoes tap...tap...tap... echoed off the desolate streets and alleys around my flat. Still, I felt ready to take on the day so I stretched with my feet over the side of the bed and let out a little sigh. Today would be a good day.

I decided to make scrambled eggs for breakfast while I read my novel. It doesn't seem like a sensible idea but I've got better at it over the last eight weeks – balancing the spatula, turning a page with my free hand, scanning between pages and pots. It's true, practice does make perfect! So, while finding out what happened after Cameron's heart surgery, I dusted my meal with pepper and curled up at the table.

It wasn't long before I felt two pairs of eyes, burning a hole into the back of my head; others were hungry too. I took a quick break and grabbed some aromatic basil from the countertop, scrunching it up and tossing it to the buns. They happily noshed beside the table while we ate at the same time.

After my usual bout of boredom, I decided to try something new! I decided to...