

*A diary entry of Michael, the protagonist of the novel Skellig by David Almond.*

*Written by Nikodem Z. from 9H*

Dear Diary,

I feel weird. I can't understand; what was the point of moving here? Nothing is going well. My baby sister still feels bad. Even her face looks dead white and her hair as dark as the darkest place in the world. Sometimes at night I'm coming to stay next to her cot and I look at her soft, innocent body. Then I'm thinking what would happen if I found her lying on the floor, dead? Shortly speaking I can say that since we arrived here I can feel someone's presence in this house.

Few days after we moved here I found someone, lying in the garage with cobwebs and bluebottles around his body and insects on his head. When I first saw him I could admit that he was dead, but in fact he wasn't. I called him the "mystery man" because when I first talked to him he didn't answer my questions. Well, if the answer for the question is "nothing" then ok, but I guess a proper answer should be different. He asked me If I had an aspirin and he also said numbers "27 and 53". I didn't have any idea what he meant by those numbers and what they actually mean, but I found out about them next day. It was Chinese take away. He wanted them so I brought them to the garage with an aspirin too. It was a dark night - the blackbird was singing and I was sitting in the garage with someone who I had never seen before. I was so terrified. I wanted to run away from there and tell everyone that there's a man inside the garage. But I didn't do that because I wanted to find out some more information about him. When I came out of the garage I didn't know anything, only that I needed to go away and I still heard in my ears how he had repeated numbers "27 and 53". I also met a new girl. She's called Mina. She is a bit of a strange girl because she looks into the sky, draws birds and talks about the evolution for most of the time when I'm talking with her. At school I felt different than normal, as if I was going there for the first time in my life. I couldn't focus on the lessons because I was thinking either about the man from the garage or about the baby. Mrs Daldo asked about the baby. I answered that she was doing well. I lied to her because my parents said so. If we're talking about my parents I really get fed up with them. My mum everyday asks me to do this, to do that and I really get sick of it. I hope that it will end in the next few days. I tried to stay awake that night. I went to the garage to the "mystery man" and I was a bit surprised. When I touched his shoulder leaning against the wall I felt something on his back. It was hard and strong. When I asked him what it was he gave me the same answer as for the other ones, which is "nothing". Why is he so inscrutable and mysterious? What is behind his back and why doesn't he want any help from anyone or even from me?