

12th August 1846

Dear Diary,

I arrived at the workhouse last week with my family and I hate it!! When we first arrived, me and Jimmy, my brother, were separated from Ma and Da. Yesterday was the first time I saw Ma since and I was only allowed talk to her from a minute!

This place is horrible. It’s cold and damp and the rules here are SO strict. We’re not even allowed play cards let alone games. A lot of the people here are sick so Jimmy and I have to be careful that we don’t go too close to anyone. There is a rumour going around that it is the fever. That’s the disease that Cathal Murphy our next door neighbour died from we really don’t want to catch it.

The food here is just as awful as the place. We get one meal a day which is like oatmeal, it is all cold and gooey. I can’t rememeber the last time I ate a good meal.

Hopefully these problems that are around the country will end soon and we can go back to the farm.

Tom