

9. Settling In

Thursday: For sale sign gone. Funny, front door closed on its own. No draft, no air today!

Friday: First night over, inevitable chaos with kids and boxes. And that tapping in the pipes. Strange

Saturday: Can't get a plumber for a week! Still that tapping in the early hours. Where's my phone?

Sunday: Starting to get a bit wearing. Tap, echo, tap. None of us sleeping. What's got into the cat?

Monday: Kids off to new school, chaos again and nerves. Not helped with tiredness. Phone back!

Tuesday: Met some of the other mums. Strange looks when I said where we had moved to. Odd

Wednesday: Checked my phone, horrible pictures on it. All red eyes and haze. Must be the kids

Thursday: I said if this pipe business isn't seen to, then it's a hotel. We're all knackered! Even the cat

Friday: Sure I saw a man at the bottom of the garden, but it's by a river! So tired, must be seeing stuff

Saturday: Plumber came! Did a complete check and service, should be okay now. Where's the cat?

Sunday: Finally, a night's sleep! Even the cat came back. Very cold near the upstairs toilet, though

Monday: More pictures on my phone, like ol' Nick. Still, we all slept. Kids seem to like new school

Tuesday: Kids leave for school never looking back. Starting work from home, finally!

Wednesday: Tapping back, FFS! Kids all nervy, and I couldn't concentrate on work yesterday

Thursday: Argument with the plumber, need another one. One of the mums suggested a priest!

Friday: Tap, tappity, tap. Cold, and what are those flies down near the cellar? Cat gone again 😞

Saturday: He is a luv, but no way he could fix the pipes, and then he falls. Step ladder moved my ass!

Sunday: Between no sleep, him moaning about his back, kids all upset, and I can't work. Fresh start?!

Monday: Heading for our first month. So now we have a smell. Rancid. Must be the pipes, too?

Tuesday: Started crying in the playground, just so tired, and over-wrought, I think. Mums were so nice

Wednesday: Well, he's out of my hair back to work. Found the cat, won't tell the kids, yet. Horrible 😭

Thursday: Massive argument after dinner. He just won't accept something wrong with the house

Friday: Can't remember last time we had a good night. Swear I saw that shadow again. Closer

Saturday: All out to Mum's. Thank god. Don't think any of us keen to go back to the house!

Sunday: Woke at 3am. Tapping now banging. Kids swear blind they saw a shadow on the stairs

Monday: New plumber practically changed all the pipes and boiler. Will cost us a bomb!

Tuesday: Are you fucking kidding me? Noises worse, smell gross. Have to sue two plumbers now!

Wednesday: One of the mums suggested I look online. Load of BS about our house and violent death

Thursday: Must admit online stuff preying on my mind. Kids want to move back. He won't talk about it

Friday: Worst night so far. Noises, smell, and now scratches on the kid's room door. WTF?

Saturday: Spoke to the police. Desperate. Useless, suggested speak to GP. We're not ill/mad!

Sunday: Left the kids at Mum's. Shadow was back. Piercing red eyes. I'm not going to stay, either

Monday: Boss bollocked me, need to pick up on work. And he's staying at the house, fuckwit!

Tuesday: Kids and I sleeping, mum being so good. He won't answer my calls/SMSs. Scared

Wednesday: Something on the news about new cold or something. Nothing for concern

Thursday: Jesus. House a mess, he's a mess. Can't leave him like that! Mum'll have the kids

Friday: Shitting myself. He just muttered all night, pipes, smell, flies. Locked myself in toilet downstairs

Saturday: All my best crockery! He said it wasn't him. Why would he do that?!? Need advice

Sunday: GP called 'round. Gave us both sedatives, said he'd check with Public Health. Good man 😊

Monday: We're both feeling a little better on the pills. Brown water from the taps now, but they're new!

Tuesday: Can't believe it. We all have to stay home. Convid, or something. House brooding, but quiet

Wednesday: Mum says she's fine with the kids, shouldn't be for long. Usual shit overnight

Thursday: Why would all the pictures be on the floor? And he just sits there like a pudding

Friday: GP says nothing from PH, and this COVID business a priority. Almost vomiting with the smell

Saturday: Said I'd leave him and not come back. He just said we're not allowed to be out. Shit!!!

Sunday: Spoke to the local church. Can't visit, but will pray for us. Fucking useless. Can't stop crying

Monday: Mum says kids really worried. No shit. Noises, smells, flies, shadow now writing on the wall

Wednesday: What day is it now? He's bugged off, and I'm on my own in this hell! Fucking divorce!

Sunday: Where is he, that smell is unbelievable. All our money in this cesspit! Going to sleep now