

Dear Friend,

I've only got ten minutes to write this before the nurse comes round again, to feed me my horrible dinner of sprouts, cabbage, liver and brown rice.

You could say I woke up on the wrong side of bed (I think I broke my nose). Once I'd got dressed I went downstairs – and when I say I 'went downstairs' I mean 'fall down the stairs and almost decapitate myself' – and ate breakfast, which went down the wrong hole and ended up choking me.

Getting to school wasn't much fun either: it was pouring with rain and I got soaked to the skin. Once I had arrived, the Headmaster called me to his office. Just as I arrived someone opened the door and hit me in the face with it. Then I stumbled backwards in a plant pot, breaking it and my arm.

During PE, when I sat out because of the broken arm, Bartholomew Trout whacked a cricket ball towards the sky. It plummeted straight onto my kneecap, which broke immediately. I hobbled back to the school and fell flat on my face, breaking my other arm and three toes.

After school I went to the park to calm down, by sitting on the climbing frame, but fell off and cracked my head open. That was when somebody finally called an ambulance and I was brought to hospital.

I had: broken two arms, one leg, three toes, six fingers, fractured one ankle and cracked my head open. Still, at least the food's better here than at school.

Yours in pain,

Erin