

19	17	14	18	16	13	18	пт
20	15	19	17	14	19	сб	
21	18	20	18	15	20	вс	
22	20	17	21	19	16	21	пн
23	21	18	22	20	17	22	вт
24	22	19	23	21	18	23	ср
25	23	20	24	22	19	24	чт
26	24	21	25	23	20	25	пт
27	25	22	26	24	21	26	сб
28	26	23	27	25	22	27	вс
29	27	24	28	26	23	28	пн
30	28	25	29	27	24	29	вт
*	29	26	30	28	25	30	ср
*	30	27	*	29	26	31	чт
*	31	28	*	30	27	*	пт

# Dear . . .

By: Jesper Christiansen

## Day 17

Dear diary

Yes, finally, I am so happy and tired today but today we are two. I am so happy that Niklas is living in the same apartment as me even my landlord was almost changing his mind when he learned that we were not getting married before next year. Good thing my mom could talk some sense into his mind after we arrived with all the packing boxes. My apartment feels like a new place after getting all Niklas's things inside from his buddha figure taking almost half the window to his old dinning table to he inherited from his old grandma who died a few years back. It was a hell to get inside as I do not have the sight for moving objects though doors but we did it and did not cancel the wedding over it even that my landlord laughed a lot over us. The shooting stars also seem less scary when I am with Niklas, guess I was just scared of dying and leave him alone in this world or the other way around. The scientists still have no clue about why they are here but they are working out from a theory saying that a crash between two big asteroids in the asteroid belt has hit each other and is now giving us shooting stars almost like rain. They are certain we are safe even some of the comets might reach ground.

Good night diary.