

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 2

Dear dear diary

It is now the day after my boyfriend asked me to marry me in exactly one year starting yesterday. I was just so high afterwards that I could not focus on writing letters inside you but my plan is to write you every day until my wedding day to remind my future self of my ups and downs the year before it happen and maybe as a way to tell the story to my father in the heavens. Yeah I know it is stupid to start with something sad in my diary when it is supposed to be a happy time, but my father died a bit over 3 years ago today just right after he gave me the most beautiful turquoise jade stone and told me that it will help me grow as a person and rightly so. If you have to know he died in a car crash, I am still sad about it from time to time but the jade stone is helping me remember all the good things we have done together over the years from the snow ball fights to the fishing trips. I wish that he could have walked me down the aisle but now I have to do it on my own or maybe get my old mother to do it for me. Anyway the butterflies in my belly has finally stopped flying around like crazy, so guess it is time to sleep.

Good night diary.