

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 23

Dear diary

Today was both a good and a bad day. Good, the shooting stars disappeared suddenly early this morning. They have been gone since and that least to the bad. The last shooting star I heard was a massive one so it work me up and before I could even think a single thought in my head, Niklas was already up and getting dressed. I asked him what he was doing and he said that his military training told him that the way the stupid stone had sounded, he knew it would had hit the earth not far from us and he had to go search for it to be one of the first reaching it. I got mad as I had plans for us but he rather wanted to search for the rock so there you have it we had our first argument and we have not even share place for a week. I feel sad for arguing with him but I am telling you instead of him because he has not been home yet but there is still no shooting stars so I am sure it was the last one. I am glad they are gone but why did the last one of them had to land close to us. Anyway I am off to bed as I can finally sleep in peace from those rocks.

Good night diary.