

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 151

Dear diary

My house is completely destroyed, luckily I was out getting cans of food, now I am standing on our train station waited to get transported to some old military bunker we used during second world war. Not sure if it is any good but I guess it is better than nothing. My mom is standing beside me and talks about how her mother used to tell her about the second world war and how everything was dark and full of death. She has lost her focus as she does not even care that I am writing in my diary and the stories from her mouth is very confusing and hard to believe is true but at least I know she is alive which is more than I can say about Niklas. That reminds me I managed to get my turquoise stone from my father with me before leaving so I am not losing my only memory from him if my mother ends up being nuts by all the attacks and aliens around us. Finally the train is here so let us see if there is any room for us or the army will take all the room. No matter what I do not think I get more time to write. Niklas please return from the war soon, so we can be a happy family with the little new one on the way.

Good night diary.