

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 181

Dear diary

Time flies even that there is war around you. The little resistance that have found me, has grown big 5 members the past day so now we are 25 people. The new ones had guns and without giving me a choice it was decide that I should at least have one of the guns as they all talk about how good I am at shooting. Good thing the guns first arrived here today as my energy has been so low that I worried I would have shot myself in the foot if handling a gun. We also found a working radio and while it is peace and quiet here, they talk about that several towns around the world has already been burned down to the ground but we, humans, are not giving up. The Americans are still going nuts with all the army equipment so there is a chance we will make out of this alive. Not sure I believe the news as the news reporter repeated the same news 3 hours later. I know the leader is with on that. Which reminds me I have not introduce you to him yet, his name is Adam, he is 53 years old and a former sales man before the little alien war we have at the moment which also reminds me that I have to cross out Adam for my child as I am not sure Adam, the leader would think highly of it. Anyway we talked and decided to turn off the radio to save the power we had plus we had to start looking for more food or maybe a military outpost because the growth of the group, takes it toll on the food. Guess that was all that happened today.

Good night diary.