

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 337

Dear diary

I supposed to be asleep now and Niklas, his men and midwife Rosetta all think I do but how am I going to sleep in this noise. They are yelling at each other but mostly at Niklas as they question his motives behind his actions. If you wonder what action they talk about then I can say it with one word "me". They are blaming him for me being the reason that we are stuck here far away from anything with almost no food and no army in sight. I want to stand up and defend myself but my belly and low energy is not helping me so I have try to sleep instead. Tears are running down my cheeks as I am writing this as I do not want to be the reason for all the bad things happening. Blame the aliens instead as if we start blaming ourself the aliens will win easily as only a united humankind can beat them and force them away from our world. I am sorry that I m pregnant and I am sorry that you have to live with me like this while the world is breaking down around us but I want to be the good wife and just walk away. I just have to wait for them to sleep even I am not sure how I will get past our guard for the night. I am sorry that Niklas has to go though all this pain and I have been so focused on myself that I forgot about his feelings and what is worse I forgot about my mom who I still have not seen since the attack on the bunker. I wonder what happened to her, I wonder if she is still alive somewhere thinking about me and her grandchild. I hope she is still alive in some camp. Enough writing about what is happening and let me clear my eyes for all the tears and focus on the stars for a moment. Please