

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 37

Dear diary

Today is my parents 27th wedding day so of course that means my old mom is sad and down while I am more normal even he of course meant a lot to me too. The rock he gave me the day before the crash really means the world to me and I am talking to it almost daily just like I am writing down in this diary. Niklas finds me weird at times when I do that but then I just say that he went to search for a rock too and which then makes him laugh loudly. My father was a good man, he worked as geologist which was how they meet in the first place. He was out looking for rocks that he could study when my mother was out looking for flowers she could sell and by pure luck they was searching the same place. My father knew he had found the treasure when he watched my mom but he was never good with words which was one of the reasons he had become a geologist while my mother loved the nature and wanted to give people a chance to get it inside their houses. She was the speaker of the two and soon they was having milkshakes at the local bar before they really fall in love with each other. I wonder what type of rock he would give her this year as he always found the most beautiful rocks and gave her, I guess he would have found the meteorite before Niklas unless they have decide to go hunting together. I never knew that Niklas liked rocks before he wanted to search for the meteorite but guess you learn something new every day. I spend a hour with my mom on the phone because she needed to talk about father so now I miss you too. She would not come because she was busy in the shop because of a weeding but we still found time to visit your grave. I do not know what happened to you other than that car crash. Live never ends the way you expect it too. Now I will sleep while holding your beautiful rock in my hands.

Good night diary.