

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 41

Dear diary

Today was a bit weird day as even it was normal then it was still different. Niklas and I was relaxing after the day's work and I complained to him about the kids while he talked about the military and just as he mentioned that that the airforce was looking for new pilots, we watched a pair of F-16 fly over our house. I knew he was was in the army not the airforce so did not worry much about them until he mentioned he might join them but when he saw my look in his eyes, he quickly changed and said it was just an idea he got as his squad leader had found him a great match for it but if I did not like it he would stay on the ground. I smiled and replied I would prefer his stayed on the ground but if he really wanted to go flying in the old F-16, he should know he could go if he really wanted if he promised he would take care and call every time he was going flying. He laughed at me and replied he would but he did not have any plans of going beside he would not fly the old shit but some newer plane named FX-1736z which was both faster and more safe for the pilots. I guess I better go to bed so Niklas do not get angry about the light or that his pilot dreams are in here.

Good night diary.