

DEAR MOM!

I APOLOGIZE FOR NOT WRITING TO YOU MORE. IT HAS BEEN REALLY TOUGH LATELY, THE HORRORS I SEE ARE UNHUMAN. I'M SHRINKING AWAY, MY BODY FEELS LIKE A STRANGER. I'M AFRAID I WON'T MAKE IT. EVERY DAY I FEEL LESS AND LESS LIKE MYSELF. ALL MY HOPE AND HAPPINESS ARE GONE. THE WAR TOOK IT ALL. MOM, I REALLY MISS YOU. I HOPE ALL IS WELL WITH YOU. I CAN'T LOSE YOU TOO, IT WOULD BE TOO MUCH.

BUT IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THE EVILNESS, THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING GOOD. MOM, I MET A YOUNG MAN YESTERDAY. HE WAS SO KIND. I FELT SOMETHING TOTALLY NEW. HE MADE ME SO NERVOUS, BUT IN A WAY THAT I LOVE. I HOPE WITH ALL MY HEART THAT HE SURVIVES. NOW YOU WOULD LOVE HIM. HE'S THE PERFECT MAN TO TAKE OVER THE FARM, NOW THAT DAD HAS PASSED AWAY. I HAVE A FEELING, THAT HE'S THE PERSON WHO'LL KEEP ME FIGHTING.

WITH LOVE, MARTTA.

2.5.1944

