



## *Dear diary,*

It is 25th December 1944. It should be the happiest time of the year, but I don't feel like celebrating. Normally my mom would make turkey for me, but now it is old bread. We must bring a Christmas dinner for the wounded soldiers. We, the Lottas, did our best to cook a lovely soup, but we don't have enough vegetables. There was a bomb attack yesterday, so there's many new wounded soldiers.

Immediately when I heard the attack, I ran to the place with the other Lottas. We helped those who were worthy of saving. When I looked around, all I saw was misery. The last thing the dying soldier saw was the northern lights. Last night a lot of soldiers didn't make it because of the cold, they froze to death. Tonight, we're going to sing songs for love, hope and for peace.

Nancy