

20.5.1944

Dear diary,

Today was a hard day. I woke up at 6 am and started my working day in the hospital. Because of a big explosion in a city nearby, a lot of heavily injured soldiers came in. Some of them died moments after they arrived. It was heartbreaking but sadly I got used to it. I went from one room to another and tried to help as well as I could. I am so sad that we can't help everybody. We are with a lot of Lotta's, but not enough to take good care of every soldier who comes in.

While I was preparing the room for surgery, I heard a loud scream across the room. It came from a soldier whose face was covered in blood and mud. When I approached the man, I realized who it was, and I started to cry. It was my brother.