

Friday, 25th August 1944

Dear diary,

It's been a while since last time, I have been busy taking care of the brave young men fighting for us. I just took care of the last man before my break, I've been working for so long already.

Even if it may cost my life, I am honored and happy to be of service. I know my family is waiting for me at home, taking care of the farm, and I'm proud of my brothers fighting for us in the front line. I'm actually not sure, if they are still alive, but no news is good news, and if they died, they would have died in honor fighting for us.

Today was hard, but every day is. I was woken up by gun shots, and few moments later there was a hard knock on the door. A man slumped in the door and a puddle of blood was forming besides him. He was the first of many men we took care of today.

Also, I was supposed to give out food, but the food delivery never came. I hope that everyone is okay, and the food was given to someone who needs it more, the men here are almost doing fine without it. It's just sad that this was the third time this week that we didn't get food.

But now I have to go, a new emergency has emerged.

See you next time.