

*Dear mother*

*Something bad happened today . After lunch I was out in the watchtower to spot enemy airplanes, but I was tired and hungry after the past week full of work. I had to take care of the sick Finnish soldiers and I think I caught an infection. I couldn't eat for days and felt so bad so when they put me up on the tower I couldn't focus. I saw an airplane coming towards us and I really thought it was coming to bomb our shelter. I immediately called the commander to let him know he should blast the plane into a million pieces.*

*They trusted me, but they shouldn't have.*

*Apparently, it was a friendly plane with a pilot and a wounded soldier inside. Now I'm sitting in prison, I don't know what's going to happen but it doesn't look very good. Last week they executed someone just for arguing with the commander, so I fear the worst. I miss home, I miss you, my brother, and our dog "Snorrie". I just want to come back home but I don't think that's ever going to happen again. Goodbye and take care.*

*Big love*

*Your daughter Saga*