

**9/7/1941**

Dear me,

“Goodnight,” or, “Goodbye,” Is something I say too often as a nurse. However, tonight as I stand in front of my mirror, all dolled up...it is as if my problems have shrunk to a minuscule size.

Signs of stress from the great war, have been covered by a glamorous mask; for now, a peachy blush coats my cheeks, instead of glossy tears, and my eyes seem to hold clusters of stars in them, instead of disdain. A regal, navy-blue dress, is draped over my body, complimenting my contours flawlessly... I can't help but stare and smile. Hopefully, everyone will believe this illusion, as I am trying to believe it too.

Anyway! I must not keep myself from a wonderful night, full of young, suitable Tommies.

Goodnight!

**6/3/1942**

Dear wall,

I had awoken to odd men barking incoherent orders, something like “Okiru, Okiru!” They wore tags on their uniforms, with bewildering characters that I could not decipher. Currently, my memory remains foggy, and I still feel something warm trickling down my temple.

Other than fear, I'm surrounded by abnormally tall, wired fences, twig-like women who wear tear-soaked rags, piles of faeces and towers of rotting corpses. The only comfort provided, is a faraway blossom tree, with enchanting petals, and words which I continue to etch with mud, into a rogue, concrete wall.

As I stare at the violet-blue bruises which decorate my body, and the scarlet that continues to ooze out of my knees, I start to feel the bile rising in my throat and the pounding in my chest.

**1/9/1942**

Dear wall,

I am so lost, so broken...I pretend that I haven't been ruined, that I haven't succumbed to the horror that plagues my thoughts and dreams... That the invisible wounds are reversible. However, I am far beyond repair. Pieces of my mind are held captive, to evanescent memories of crimson-soaked scrubs and haunting silence.

No sign of the indomitable human spirit, no smiles...just lifeless eyes, oceans of nothingness, and woman who have slowly become insensitive to the abuse...the hollowness. Our forgotten dreams and hopes, have been buried beneath pools of burning red and hatred.

Trauma becoming a protective haze, a fortification that is now used as a blanket for our souls. For now, I seek solace in the constellations, wondering if the dead are watching over me. Pitying me, like I pitied them.

However, this burden is not solely mine. My newly found sisters, which I have formed unbreakable bonds with, have made this place of turmoil, more bearable. We often have a good chinwag, recounting old fables and telling jokes. We love to beguile ourselves, seeking relief in foreign utopias. Pretending that this apocalyptic camp, is some sort of fantasy world. A world where flowers bloom endlessly, the innocent aren't punished, and peace is forever. However, our delusions cannot protect us from the harsh reality; In our world, anguish is inevitable.

**5/11/1942**

Dear me,

This evening, I discovered a new form of recreation, other than daydreaming desperately. My sisters and I, had discovered, song. Not long ago, celestial voices had intertwined, vocalising pent up emotions. "We sing of cherry blossoms, petals like snow. Of freedoms scent, the life we used to know," we chorused. The feeling had been addictive, almost spellbound...igniting sparks inside of us. Like a siren, it guided me...it guided me through a maze full of unspoken words, bittersweet thoughts, and nostalgic memories. "I think...I believe that we have found power in voice," one of the girls had said, and for once I hadn't felt defeated, I felt powerful. Amidst our desolate thoughts, and the chaos of war, we slowly began to find ourselves.

For now, as I carve recollections of today into a familiar, cement wall, I can't help but hum our new lullaby. A reminiscent melody...reminding me of who I am, who I was. Soft-spoken, harmonious... guiding me to a sound sleep. The gentle sounds continue to escape my lips...the alluring blossoms I once adored, now fall slowly to the ground- shrivelled up and wilted. However, my gaze is transfixed on the luminous beacons which irradiate the dark sky...they call to me ever so gently.

Goodnight...