

A month unfathomable

2/14/13

Dear journal,

I got ejected from the war due to an injury on the field, it was around noon when I got my orders to go to the front. It was Mustafa and I side by side, there was a grenade that landed next to us and scared us half to death. The grenade was a dud. Right after a lone bullet slid through the joint between my right pinky and my right hand. I guess most would be happy about being sent home, they'd feel lucky to go home I presume. I don't feel lucky. I'm sad. I want to be with Mustafa, Hannah, and tanner, making sure all is well. speaking of Hannah, something, I don't know, "sparked" between us, kind of odd seeing how it happened whilst in the middle of a damn war. I presume she is the only one that could make me go through this. Hannah's great. Her eyes, sparkle like the moonlight I swear it.

Dec.1.1942

Dear Hannah,

Hey sweetheart, how are you? I've been thinking about you nonstop lately, I'm on in a 707, on my way home to new York as I'm writing this, in front of me is lieutenant Dan, he got both his legs blown off. It makes me feel lucky you know? All I got was a fucking pinky shot off, it feels weird, doesn't really hurt, just weird. I guess the pinky isn't really that useful in the first place. But I miss you already. I wish I was still there, so I could make sure you're okay.

Dec.1.1942

-Jason

Dear Mustafa,

Everyone over there fucked without me? No need to answer that, I know they are. I'm worried about you guys. You, tanner, and Hannah. You guys mean the world to me and I'm saddened that I cant be there with you, makin sure you guys are okay its all kinda queer talking about this, like its absolutely nothing you know? So when I was on the plane flying home there was this guy in front of me who got his legs blown off, I feel lucky it was just my pinky.

Dec.2.1942

-jason

Dear Hannah,

I got home today. Sydney, my niece welcomed me home by running through the yard butt ass naked screaming for me and greeted me with a big hug. It felt a little weird, when she screamed that is. I got paranoid, I tensed up a little. It felt like the time we cleared out the village and those

little Japanese girls ran past us, Tanner wanted to shoot the kids too, you didn't let 'em. I think that's about the time I fell for you, showing compassion in a time filled with hate.

Dec.2.1942

-Jason

Dear Hannah,

I tried riding the new underground electric train. Two men dressed in black were grappling with this elder woman, grabbing for her purse, I can't believe that I did it, before I enlisted, I never would have anything like this, but I quickly ran over to them and shoved my foot up one of their asses, then pushed him into his fellow mugger, man that's when it got crazy Hannah. There was another I didn't see, he attacked from behind with a knife, I sliced off his hand Hannah. *I sliced off his hand.* It seemed like nothing until people started screaming, I guess I forgot where I was.

Dec.16.1942

-Jason

Dear Mustafa,

Things have changed so much since the war started, there's new underground train, I cut off this guy's hand, I flipped out, but hey he was really asking for it. What's new? I bet you guys are burnt like refried shit without me.

Dec.18.1942

-jason

Dear Hannah,

I had a nightmare about you last night. You died. By the hand of a Japanese mortar attack. It was awful, I don't think I've ever had a dream that bad, your corpse kind of split in half from the mortar landing between your legs, then you split, all the way up to your head. You were smiling I honestly haven't been able to sleep that much since I got back anyways, but last night It was only a couple of hours until I woke up in the cold water coming from my body, a puddle of sweat beneath my shivering body.

Dec.20.1942

-Jason

Dear Hannah,

Sydney decided to wake me up Christmas morning, I nearly killed her. She put her hands over my head and screamed my name, my hands wrapped around her throat. I choked her. She still has bruises around her neck. Well, I don't know how it is over there, but there's tons of snow here. There's talk of the war being over soon. I don't believe it though, not with what I've seen. Happy New Year.

Jan.1.1943

-Jason

Dear Jason,

It is pretty shitty over here. My legs gone, Got blown off by a 'nade. kinda ironic isn't it? our friends have died. Tanner, Jefferson, Hannah, David, and even captain. We need you here.

Happy new year I guess.

Jan.1.1943

-Mustafa

Dear Hannah,

I got a letter today. You know what it said, what should I do?

Jan.5.1943

-jason

Dear journal,

Hannah is dead, tanner is dead, captains dead for god sake, I might as well be dead. It's not worth it, Mustafa is on his way over. He got his leg blown off. I could use him. All I have left is what's left of him, and my writing, it takes my mind off of things I guess. It's been a living nightmare. When I lay in bed at night, I don't think about what most would think about at night. Girls and money, dreams about being famous? No, that's not me, that's not me at all. My dreams are of having those dreams, to be normal. I think about all the death that happened to my friends and what they experienced while dying, each night a different friend. The first night it was Hannah, it happened the night she died. A mortar split her in half. I could feel my body split as if I was her.

Next I felt tanner, he was shot. His death was probably the worst, it hurt more than the other ones. He was shot in the shin, he lied there for hours. A soldier came up to him. It was a jap. He stabbed in through the head. I'm glad though, he could have left him to suffer. It was a kind deed. I hate to say it, but tanner didn't deserve the courtesy. I block out most of the faces, but only the faces, I still remember the countless Japanese girls that were walked out of a room crying moments before tanner stepped out with a satisfied smirk from ear to ear. There was a few times I myself was scared of tanner. He chose using a machete or his hands rather than his gun. He always seemed to enjoy it in my eyes.

Captain died a way that suited him well. Protecting the people he cared about. There were six or seven of the Japanese soldiers. Surrounding them there were loud bangs and bright flashes. The dirt around started springing up in the air. captain pulled out his ankle gun and shot at three of them and saw them fall. While Mustafa was taking care of two other enemies, another threw a grenade. Captain picked up his feet and landed on top of it. Mustafa was still to close to it and just like that there was a loud bang, similar to thunder and his leg disappeared. Captain was killed.

Mustafa is supposed to get here tomorrow. I'm looking forward to seeing him. I want to know what actually happened, to try and prove myself. Finally somebody who actually knows how I feel, someone who I can talk to.

Jan.6.1943

-jason