London: Four months prior to the Nine Year War.

April, 2, 2036

My name is Peter Nolzzach and I have lived in London, England for six out of the 17 years of my life. My parents moved us out of the US because things were starting to get violent there. Things were nicer here though I do miss all my friends but I feel safer here to.

April, 15, 2036,

I am writing this entries mostly because my teacher has told me too but I also want be able to look back at my life later and see the changes I have seen. We only have to write three of them but I think I will continue to write them.

May, 1, 2036,

 Things are different here people are experimenting on weird things here. For instance back in the US there were things called drugs like weed and cocaine that made you feel good, they were illegal of course, but here they just came out with a prototype called soma that they are testing to see if it has similar effects but does not affect your health to much.

June, 5, 2036,

I guess it’s been a couple weeks since the last time I wrote in this journal but I have been so busy with school that I have had to slack off a little. Yesterday we had to practice a few drills at school, it was weird they didn’t tell us what they were for specifically but when we were escorted to the basement there was a bunch of dehydrated food and a lot of water like we would be in there for a while, I think war is becoming more and more of a possibility.

June, 30, 2036,

It’s been three weeks since my last day of school. I hate it I am lonely and all I have is a crying little brother. My life is damned I should have stayed in the US.

July, 7, 2116,

We were attacked, at first the house just shook like a wet dog then there was a huge bang and one of our windows shattered. When we looked outside we saw a small mushroom cloud and a few burning buildings, holy crap I am scared

July, 13, 2036,

The war has officially started; the announcement was on the radio about 11:30 am. The countries fighting are England, America, China, and Russia, verse Iran, Pakistan, and Iraq. I think the war has started because of religious reasons but also because of oil crisis. No more school for at least another six months. This is going to be a long summer break. Back in the US I was excited for break to come, I could relax, sleep in, swim, and NO homework. Now I would trade anything to be with my friends at school, this war is changing me.

August, 4, 2036,

That soma drug thing must have worked because each family got a free sample. I think the government is using it to distract us from the war. My parents told me that they wanted to try it first to make sure it was ok for us. They tried it and well I think they are still passed out on the couch. I am not going to try that stuff

August, 5, 2036,

 My parents woke up yesterday and said they had been on vacation and how awesome it was. It took them two hours to realize that it was just the drug and not real. It angers me to think that they can have a vacation and just leave me to fend for myself and my little brother.

September, 10, 2036,

Two more bombs dropped today and my parents have been thinking about moving out (Crap again). Oh that’s a happy thought my 18h birthday is tomorrow

 September, 30, 2036,

It’s my birthday and all I got was a bomb drop near our house and two parents who are now addicted to this soma that makes them pass out on the couch and think they are in paradise, while my brother and I are scared out of mind about being blown to bits. But on the positive side I can buy cigarettes, vote, and live on my own if I want. I would leave but my little bro is here and I don’t to leave him to live with two drug addicted parents with bombs going off, no matter how much he whines and how much annoying he is.

October, 12, 2036,

It’s been three months since the war started. The government is at war with its self now. Apparently a lot of people are dying all over the place. There are more and more bombs every day. And once a week we get a free bottle of soma.

November, 2, 2036.

The city of London is a wreck, bombs are going off, and people are dying, no food or water. To organize the people the government has decided to place us in “classes” for jobs. They claim it will end when the war ends and we will be able to have our normal lives again, in my opinion bull shit. They just don’t want to get their hands dirty with work. My family was put as a beta group. Who the hell is coming up with these names, there’s Alpha, beta (sounds like a disease), and there is three others that I can’t remember. I mean someone must have just spent three or four hours to come up with names. And there is a war going on and they are thinking of names for groups. My friend is a lower class and he is on soma twenty four seven. Oh and we never drive cars any more we walk or we fly (which sucks when you get sick all the time). How the hell is flying a helicopter any safer than driving. I just got my license to.

 November, 29, 2036,

This war is killing me so last night I snuck out. A couple friends and I went to the river and we talked for three hours. Man we all have a hard time getting through this. Nicks house was blown up by a bomb, his parents are both dead. Jordan’s dad was force to join the military and his mom does more soma then I thought possible, a full bottle a day, dam that’s a lot of drugs.

December, 15, 2036,

We were evacuated from our house today due to the amount of bombs in the area. We should return tomorrow I hope. I think this war is getting worse, more soma every day from the government. I am sorry but you don’t give every family a free bottle every week for a couple months and say it’s just a “give away” to see if people like it even if Christmas is 10 days away.

December, 16, 2036

We have returned but I don’t like it anymore, its different, we always have our bags by the door so we can leave in an instant if needed. My life just could not get any worst.

January, 3, 2037,

My parents are going to get themselves killed. They are so high in there god dam soma comas that if a bomb hits our house there screwed just saying mom and dad if you ever read this it’s not anything personal just the truth.

January, 28, 2037,

 The bombing is going crazy right now. In the last few days over 2,000 people have died, including Jordan, Nick, and Carl. There all dead and I am stuck here with drugged out parents with bombs going off. Oh how much I wish I could scream out with fear, pain, and anger. I wish I could kill every person who started this war. Make them suffer and have pain. I want to take from those bastards what they took from me family, friends, and comfort. I wish I could slit their throats and hear them scream. I can no longer hear the joyful sounds of my parents when I returned from school. No longer hang with my friends. I am left with nothing. Nothing, God help me.

February, 6, 2037,

The bombs are falling. I am no longer scared, if I die it’s not like I will be missed. This is just the end for me I think. Every time I hear the whistle of a falling bomb I just close my eyes and hope it’s not going to hurt too much. My life is over; I just hope that all this killing will make this world better at the end of the war. I think I hear a whistle now, if someone finds this remember what is was like before the war, and remember m