

Dear Diary,

Day 138

Every day brings the same misery as the previous and as the next. There is nothing. Nothing to do apart from staring into the overwhelming empty room with rusting corners of the bunker. I sit and replay the tape in my mind and think about the children playing. I feel trapped and lonely nobody to play with. Loneliness filled my chest with empathy. I wanted to reach my goal; today was the day I could release my happiness; today was the day that I had been longing for. I hardly slept a wink - and when I finally did fall into a deep sleep - I continued to have the same dream, I always have of flying. What does this mean?

I know I shouldn't I can't; not after everything we've been through together. What if I've been there before. I could be out there before she'd even notice. I remember the way before The Incident...

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I had to do it, I was eager and impatient, I had to. With my mask, protective goggles and most importantly the player. Graping windows and jagged doors concealed the happiness of life before when Lana and skipped through the town. I was beginning to feel a great unease about what lay ahead. Bending my knees, I leapt upwards in one swift movement. Towering above layed crumbling walls and narrow alleys. I walked right pass the houses. Silence filled the air. There was nobody to be seen. Walking through the lanes, there were posters hanging from the walls about concerts and festivals.

My eyes strained to pierce the sunshine and darted wildly from side to side, certain there was someone or something behind the huge boulders of the shattered columns. This place felt lonely; the manor house was surrounded by high, red brick walls. Although this town was not quite what I had remembered, who was I kidding, of course it wasn't going to be the same—I had been trapped away for so long. Almost as though my mind of their own, I began walking to where my memory could recall those uplifting sounds. As I walked I saw many posters hanging from the wall. The breeze howled towards my face. While walking, I noticed gates in front of me, making a shadow. This is the place. This is this place where I had been mesmerising every moment since Lana bought the recorder. This playground is where Asmara offered me a hand when I greezed my knee. And there over by the tree was Ameera who asked me to play with when I was lonely. Memories flooded back through time when my mummy used to kiss me goodbye at this very gate; I miss those days so much. Arriving at the once vibrant and bubbling playground, overwhelming vibrant sounds took over me.

My only choice was to take this filthy gas mask off, so I can become free. All these times I have spent home. Trapped. This is my only chance. I need to be happy. This is my only way to bring happiness to me. My heart filled with sadness. I need to get rid of it. So I took one deep breath... the last breath...