

Tim Hetherington (17)
1988, March 14 - Monday

What makes a friend,..

Σύν μοι πίνε, συνήβα συνέρα συστεφανοφόρει
Σύν μοι μαινομένωι μαινέο, συν σώφρονι σωφρόνει.
Drink with me, spend your youth with me, love, marry me.
Crazy, be crazy with me , wise, be wise with me.

Monday was normal, normal, normal, like every monday
But no letter.
I had no games either.
And I had no time to think.
There was no sun or rays of light.
Nobody laughed
I still have not emptied my bins.
But no letter
I did not go outside once
Not even once.
We did not have an english lesson.
There was no cooked breakfast.
Nothing exciting happened
And there was no letter.
Not one of my lessons was not tedious.
Time did not stay for tea.
Nor did anybody else for that matter.
American politics are not interesting
Neither is Paul Gavin
And I did not get a letter
Not even one.

1988, March 15 - Tuesday

No letter.

Only work.

No sport.

Neighbours.

Freebees.

No jam.

No porridge.

No calls

A Boring class

rested

Sat in chair

washed

twice today

Did a shit

Did not shave

Toast

Played tapes

Henshit on duty

Did poster

Thought

wrote this

talked nonsense

looked outside

Did not go out

laid on bed

apricot crumble

bed

without a letter.

