

Kitty,

We are all locked into a rubber ball that is bright and hot. Where nothing from back home can enter. This is how it feels – right now I am sitting in the city center and am drinking some cognac, at the spot, where I waited for Cal. It is 5:30 [?] pm. If it weren't for the first lieutenant, I would be some 130 kilometers from here, as a common soldier driver [*Translator's note: adding missing punctuation, otherwise grammar makes no sense*]. This way, my life is easier, I draw all sorts of things and paint signs. I would like to have films developed, wash clothes, and buy razor blades and socks.

It is nice that there are many people out and about on the streets and sit in restaurants. It smells like apartments well-maintained by women and culture [*Translator's note: this might also mean, women, well-maintained apartments and culture... the grammar seems to contain mistakes*]. Damn, how one can miss all that, even in a dreamlike period, which one has come to see as some kind of purgatory and does not regard as real.

Again and again, the smell of burned ships transporting sacks of mail reaches us [*Translator's note: a direct translation would be "mail sack ships". The "ck" of "sack" has been crossed out. Maybe he wanted to say "Postschiffe" as in "mail ships"*]. Some envy me. I have a letter from April 16, being the Chosen One that I am! It must have been similar during medieval times.

You have a telegram from me. What else? The most comrades are very uneducated and almost all of them speak a different language than I do.

The lack of imagination that is common here would have your jaw drop, even if you were not an educated person. But egotism is in full bloom. But we should probably chat about these things [*Translator's note: I believe the author means that they should better speak about these things in person, but it is not entirely clear from the wording*]. Some comrades have very good hearts and that itself is a big deal. Most of them are just terribly young, what can you say! Only among us Schofers will you find old men like me [*Translator's note: no reference found for "Schofers"*].

Recently, our First Lieutenant said: "Well, we have a lot of work for [you], so don't think about your wife." Well, he is not married and would have never ended up in this southern city, had it not been for the war.