21st July 2132  
Today I'll become real soldier of Earth Army. I was called soldier before but I was only kid in academy who likes guns. Only thirteen of us stayed after nine years of hard training. But it wasn't difficult if we want to compare this with that what awaits us. Real weapons, real pain, real fight. We mustn't make any mistake. Nobody will turn off the simulation if something goes wrong. However I'm not afraid of this situation. I'm proud that I can fight for my country.   
I don't know what will be my first order. I don't know how long I will stay alive and where I will die. People die here every day. Only about hundred lucky guys can stay in base and control battle robots. Why only one hundred? Government thinks that it isn't any danger here on Tera. They are wrong. Without all those people our Earth would be in serious problems. Everyone here calls them rarities. But if you want to become one of those elite soldiers you have to stay alive after seventy battles. Maybe this limit will be reduced soon because these men are old and many of them should be on retire already.   
24th July 2132  
I've just came back from canteen. It's awful food here. They give us something what should be a meat and little bit of vegetables. I remembered my home and delicious dinners. My mum used to cook the best steak. I love every kind of meat. I could eat this all time. But I ought to be happy now because at least I have something to eat. It may change soon.   
I've been assigned to the 45st Infantry Regiment. It's one of those better squads. I can be happy or not. 'Better' means that we have more space and we theoretical get more food. But it also makes us one of these regiments which easier get to the battlefield.   
My commander is one of those who don't like and don't need new technologies. Also he hates every 'rarity'. Soldier is a man who will fight with knife in hand. You won't be one of them. I don't let you.' He says it all time. He is right in some way. Soldier should be ready to sacrifice his life for country. But if something help us not to hurt ourselves why we have to reject it.   
I finished my first training here today. I had to get up early but it was worth. It's beautiful sunset here. Now it's the season when day is eight hours long. I can see this three times every Regular Day. But I have time for this only in the morning.  
25th July 2132  
It was 3 o'clock when something woke me up. Three trucks were coming back from the Southern Mountains. About thirty people came out from those vehicles. They were exhausted. Lot of them couldn't walk without help. There was one young boy. He wasn't wounded. He sat down on a bench. I could see fear in his eyes. He didn't want any help. Other people have already known what happened. This boy has been fired home hour ago.   
Nothing more happened beside one thing. Our regiment got first order. We will go for the mission tomorrow morning. Everyone is excited but little bit scared too. After that what we saw today it isn't bad to be afraid of that what waits for us.  
I can't sleep. I don't know if it was good decision. Maybe I should stay at home. Maybe I should try to be normal man in normal city. But it's too late for retreat now. I have to do that what will be my order.  
26th July 2132  
I'm writing this when first trucks are preparing for mission. Our one will be somewhere on the end of caravan. I can't write more now. I'll check my whole equipment. I don't want to notice that I don't have something when we will be in track.  
27th July 2132  
I'm in my bed already. We came back from mission today morning. We had to do some stuff in base so I couldn't write. I don't have much to say after this. We didn't even shoot. We were only there to wait and protect those magazines. But nothing happened. There was one rarity with battle robot. He didn't have anything to do as well. I noticed this robot isn't in a good condition. Many scratches and cracked shield. I thought that machine which has so important task should be perfect and reliable.

*This notebook has been found in a war base. Nobody knows who is the author.*