

Monday, 23 April 1945. I've had a relatively good night, despite the constant shelling. No work today: I think it's over with the work in the brickworks. Last night the boss came to say goodbye: he had tears in his eyes. The tone has changed in these five years. It's sad, though, because it's the same here as everywhere else: there are good people, but unfortunately they're not the majority, and they're the ones who have to suffer. It's 8 am. I'll sleep in the bunker, because the pearls come from every direction and it's not a good idea to sleep in the barrack hut! This morning I thought I saw the Russians in Tegel, but the artillery is still thundering. It's true that it's not yet the end of all hope... I had to stop writing this morning when the first Russian soldiers came by at eight, just as I was least expecting to be liberated today. We saw infantry first. I can't put into words how happy we've been since eight o'clock this morning, because not far behind the infantry came tanks and hundreds more. All the foreigners are out on the pavements and joy is written all over everyone's faces. The Germans are hiding in their houses; a lot of vehicles have stopped to give us cigarettes and bread. The day has gone by quickly.