

Freya Lindsay



Thursday 16<sup>th</sup> November 1918



Dearest Mother,



Whilst I'm writing to you in this rat infested, mucky trench, bullets are soaring rapidly in the smoky sky. It's also rough in the war but I have to work through it.



I'm in the trenches while I'm very sadly watching bombs above me.



Right now, I'm in the trenches it's dark. I've got shivers and goose bumps. I'm scared but brave.



I will hopefully come home. If I don't, I will remember you.



Kind regards Ray



p.s I hope to see you.



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