



September 2, 1915,

Dearest mother,



I really miss you I will hopefully be coming home soon. I'm getting sick and tired of those disgusting rat-infested trenches whilst bullets are soaring rapidly in the eternally dark sky.



I'm really scared and disgusted, as you know I hate killing, and I can't wait till I can come home more than ever, especially as there are giant rats as big as cats. They are so disgusting and diseased. I get ill pretty much all the time!



It's really scary here in the war, especially with my job of sometimes poking my head out of the trenches to see if the enemy is near. I have done this 100 times. 7 of those 70 there was an enemy and I nearly got shot in the head!



I am now being sniper, which is terrifying, waiting for my post to end. I can't wait for the Great War is over, and never do any fighting again. So if I survive I will have a forever peaceful life.



Hoping to see you soon, Stay Safe!!!

Love from,

Ray

xxx♥xxx♥

