

Dear Mother and Father,

It's been a while since I've sent a letter to you. I was wondering how you guys are doing. Is Sarah, my younger sister doing well. Are you guys doing well? I'm a bit scared if you guys get caught up in this war. You won't believe how harsh it is here. I don't know how long it's been since I've sent my last letter. I'm even having trouble remembering the last time I've sent you guys my letter. It has probably been several months since I've sent my last letter.

I'm doing pretty well. The company I'm in has a bunch of nice guys. They've welcomed me with open arms. To be honest I'm really close to some of them. Mom, you don't have to worry about me not being able to fit in properly. There's a guy called Johnathan in our group. He's a guy I've been really close to lately. People say he's been here for a while so he's been helping me out in my work, telling me what to do and how things work out in the trenches.

I've really miss staying back home in the country-side. Those cold winters, the warm campfire, working out on the farm and playing around with my friends and siblings back at home. Even though I've been welcomed by my company, it doesn't go without saying that living here in the trenches is easy. It's harsh, I've seen many bugs and rats crawling around. I've seen men that came back from the battlefield with severe injuries. It seems like I'm going to be sent out to battle soon. It's scary, sometimes I have thoughts of deserting and just running back home. These are the kind of worries I have if you truly want me to be honest. However, I resolved to fight. Not for the country but instead for you guys, living back safely back in the home. For the future of both my family and friends. So don't worry about it, I'll make sure to come back to you guys.

Your dear son,

Rainier Jorge

The Somme, 20 August 1914