

Monday 23rd February 2026

Write in character

3 in 3

1. I spent twenty-two pounds on a new bike. ✓
2. Faisal sped down the rickety stairs and sat at the bottom to tie his laces before he dashed out the front door. ✓
3. you will buy a new book.

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Dear my beloved wife,

On this, our anniversary, my thoughts are fixed on you more than ever. How I wish I could spend this day by your side seeing your beautiful face once more. For now, the photograph you sent in your last letter must do. I miss you terribly and it pains me to think how long we have been apart. I pray this letter finds you in good health and good spirits, yet, as we ready ourselves for another push, I fear this might be the last time you hear from me. The hardships we have made in recent weeks have cost us dearly, and I cannot help but dread what awaits.

Not a single day passes without the thought of you in my arms. I often recall the blessed day you agreed to become my wife, and the moment we stood betrothed to God. I long for evenings when we returned home after long hours in the fields, sitting in our quiet kitchen, sharing the stew you prepared. These memories keep me steady when I look out across No Man's Land and see the enemy waiting.

To speak truthfully, life on the front line is worse than I ever dared admit. I know I lied in my earliest letters but only to spare you worry. We sleep during the day when we can, on the cold ground, with our helmets for pillows

and helmets for and our coats for blankets. Every moment I live with the fear of a bullet finding me, or worse - becoming caught in the barbed wire and left there until the end. The ~~are~~ artillery seldom rests; its pounding becoming caught in the barbed wire and left there until the end. carries on day and night making true sleep near impossible. When at last exhaustion takes me, my dreams offer no comfort. I hear the cries of the wounded left on the field, begging to help I cannot give. I always wake drenched, drenched in cold sweat. I pray God spares me such a death - slow hopeless, drained of blood and spirit.

Forgive me for writing of such horrors, but I needed you to know the truth. I am trying my best to be brave and, with God's mercy, I have endured this far.

If I survive this next battle, please send some biscuits. The ones we are given here are so hard a hammer could scarcely break them. And perhaps they might rid me of the dreadful taste our tea - leaves - smelling of petrol as it does. Only strong bitterness of coffee masks it.

At any moment, the whistle may blow and will go over the top. Before that happens, I wish to tell you once more how dearly I love you. These few years we shared have been the brightest part of my life. Thinking of you gives me strength I did not know I possessed. Should I fall my love, I beg you not to let grief consume you. Do not waste your precious days - share them with another who can cherish you as I have.

Please send my love to my parents and thank them for their prayers. They mean more to me than I can say.

I must finish this now.

yours forever,

Jas