

**October 14, 1916**

Dear Mother,

I hope this letter finds you well. I miss you so much and think about home every day. Life here is very hard. We spend most of our time in the \_\_\_\_\_, where it is always cold and wet. The ground is full of mud, and sometimes the water comes up to our knees. At night, we hear the sound of \_\_\_\_\_ in the distance, and it is difficult to sleep.

The \_\_\_\_\_ is a terrible place. There are explosions everywhere, and we must be very careful. Many of my \_\_\_\_\_ have been hurt, and we have lost some good men. It is hard to see, but we must stay strong. I am very \_\_\_\_\_ sometimes, but I try to be brave for my friends.

We do not have much food, and the \_\_\_\_\_ here are terrible. Rats and other \_\_\_\_\_ are everywhere, and we must be careful not to get sick. Sometimes, we get a letter or a small \_\_\_\_\_ from home, and that makes us happy. The worst thing is waiting. We never know when the next \_\_\_\_\_ will start, so we must always be ready.

The land between us and the enemy is covered in \_\_\_\_\_, making it very dangerous to move forward. Some men dream of the day an \_\_\_\_\_ is declared so we can go home. Others believe that fighting is a matter of \_\_\_\_\_ and that our \_\_\_\_\_ will be remembered forever.

How is everything at home? Is Father still talking about that new \_\_\_\_\_ he read about in the newspaper? How is little Tom? I miss hearing his \_\_\_\_\_ every morning. I hope you and Father are staying safe and warm.

I must go now. Please write soon. Your letters give me hope.

With love,  
Your son, James