

Dear Mum,

I am missing your warm, cosy voice slowly fading away in the misty distance. I wish I could be back home with you. Today something extraordinary happened.

You are very lucky not to be here because it is cold, damp and wet with mud squelching underneath our worn-out feet. Spreading across No Man's Land, I can see the lifeless bodies sinking down into the mud. My young skin is getting awfully crumbly under my thin layers. I have seen flying bullets firing in the distance.

Back to the amazing thing that happened. On Christmas day the Germans softly sang the wonderful Silent Night in lovely German. Someone in our trench starting singing too. With some pride in our hearts we started singing with our friend. This was one of the best things I have ever done at war. I suddenly surrendered after the thought of you. I was walking towards the Grizzly Germans. My heart pumping like a meteorite.

Shortly after I was standing out of the terrible trenches someone from the other team popped up. I felt a shiver through my spine. The other brave soldier looked scared too but we both carried on, reluctantly walking towards our opponent. I could hear thousands of muddy footsteps tiptoeing behind me as if I was being sneaked up upon.

As we came together I told him my name and he told me his. When he said his name he spoke in German, however I could understand it . His name was Otto. I shook his crumbly hand and he shook mine. Suddenly I felt some appreciation flowing through my helpless body. The rest of the army met everyone else; afraid they would join the heavily sleeping. But someone in the distance kicked a ball in the air.

I realized we were playing football but I watched cheering happily. The game ended with the sound of the familiar bombs. After the game, I gave Otto a scrumptious bar of chocolate. As we both ran back to our horrid trenches, I felt depressed and heartbroken, so annoyed that the next day could have sent Otto to Heaven.

I hope you have a brilliant time putting up your Christmas tree, Merry Christmas.

Your loved one, Jim.xxx

**By**

**Harriet Duncombe, Year 4**