

Dear Mr and Mrs Smith,

I am very sorry but Tom has died. He was a great friend to me. I remember when we used to walk to school together and playing in the woods on the way back. We use to sledge down the big hill in the winter. We would build a snowman at the bottom then sledge right into it and get snow all over us. What fun we had.

Now I will explain what happened. We ran for shelter through the smoke and tumbling buildings hearing the crying of people whose houses had been bombed. We reached the wall. We were trying to fight the Germans back, so we could free the ~~vater~~ town. He looked around the wall, to see if the way was clear, when he was shot. He died a quick and painless death. I held him in my arms until he died. There was nothing I could do. Just before he died, he told me to tell you he loves you.

He was a fine soldier. A loyal friend and brave too. Was proud to fight for his country. He was the jolliest of us all. Always making us laugh. Great lad he was.

When the war is over I will visit you. I will never forget Tom.

Love
Jim

An extraordinary
piece of writing.

Well done

(5/4)



I am pleased with what I have written.