

Dear Mr and Mrs Robertson,
I am very, very sorry that I must bring myself
to write such a sorrowful letter. I greatly regret
having to tell you that your only son, Philip, has
~~been~~ left us. I understand how you must feel about
this, being more than devastated myself, as
Philip was like a brother to me. I'm also sure you
want to know how this dreadful news came to be.
It was like this.

Our battalion was sent to go and defend a
village in northern France that was occupied by
the enemy. We came charging straight into the
midst and heat of the battle, straight into the
acrid smoke and whirling, choking ashes that
hung in the air. Dozens of different languages
merged together - ^Ggerman, ^Iitalian, ^Ffrench, ^Eenglish,
all shouting, some screaming with anguish.
A faint but distinctive whiff of aeroplane fuel
burnt the insides of our nostrils, making us wince
and making our eyes stream. We came to hide
behind the demolished town hall. I, only being
a medic, did not go out in front of ~~the~~ the
town hall, but Philip did. And that is when an
sniper got him between the ribs. He fell, but I
caught him in my arms, and there he died, in
his best friend's arms.

I remember, and always will, ~~us~~ the time when
Philip and I were children, about nine years old,
and we went exploring the nearby woods. In the
middle of the forest, I tripped on a tree stump,
landing in a holly bush and gashing my leg