

Dear Father,

I do wish you were here, I arrived at the farm about a week ago and I am still discovering new places. Mother and I sleep in a barn with other lovely ladies. There aren't many children, mostly adults. Suddenly it started raining rapidly and the yard became very muddy.

A week ago I got a blouse, long skirt and an over coat for winter. Sometimes I wish for you to come home. Yesterday I was given the jobs to look after the horses, feed the ducks and collect the chicken eggs from the pen. That reminds me, the cockerel wakes me up every morning at 4am.

Mother and I miss you a lot and we hope you will come home soon and we can be together, just mother, you and I. Although you are gone I still feel you are near with Mother and I. I Hope you are well, I miss you a lot and wish you were at the farm with us and that the war never started. I hope you are reading this and not a nurse reading it to you in hospital. You are probably knee deep in mud right now and are hearing all the gunshots and bombs. I've got to go, Mother is calling for me. I hope to see you soon.

Lots of Love,

Elizabeth xxx