

Dear Owain,

I have now travelled by boat to France. We landed at the docks near the border into Germany, unfortunately it was chucking it down but even worse, a German boat landed at the same docks as ours and there was a small fight. Luckily nobody got hurt and we marched safely to where the trenches were to be dug. It took nine hours to dig the trenches! But it got done. In the trenches there are three rows of ditches all connected up with other ditches, there are also small rooms set into the mud for the troops to sleep in.

Later that day the fighting started and after only two and a quarter hours there were thirty eight people dead on our side. In no-man's-land there are lots of shells on the ground, mud, holes from the shells (that are full of water) and barbed wire. Lots of it! All in a tangled, rusted mess. There are lots of people in the front line including: pilots, bombardiers and fusiliers. There are also some clever tactics such as flying over German trenches to see what they are doing and digging underground, chucking a bomb in the passage and setting it off. In the army we don't have much stationary, but we do have guns, cannons and planes.

Now I have told you about the fight I need to ask you a question, is Barry, your cousin still in hospital? I would like to know. I know times have been hard. Oh and by the way, I heard the house has been converted into a hospital, so just try and get over it all. I do miss your pie. I hope I don't get killed.

Love from Simon.