Dear Mom

So far joining up for the war has been the worst mistake I’ve made in my life. The trenches stink, there are dead bodies all over the place, there are not many people and we don’t really talk, so my best friend is a rat. I called him Cat because he’s as big as one. I have trench feet - in fact more than half the people here have it. As well as rats there are also lice which aren’t much better.

Whenever I go out to fight I think that I’m going to die but I get lucky it must be the Holy Bible you gave me when I left.

I hope life isn’t as bad with you as it is here.

Hope I can come home soon.

 Thinking of you always,

your son

John Bishop.