

# World war 1 – soldier letter essay

[Business](#), [Strategy](#)



Army camp – Germany My Love, I am lying here listening to the random gunshots in the distance not letting me sleep. Attempting to sleep in this tiny tent with several patches sowed onto the roof. We arrived safely to the camp.

There will be no drill today therefore I will have time to write you several more letters. We arrive fairly late here to the city; we marched to the main tent to have some dinner. The food is not so bad, every time reminding me of those wonderful hot meals you gave me every night. Setting up the tent was not much of a problem; we had the help of a high officer who obviously has had experience building the tents.

Our equipment has started to arrive but my low rank has kept me waiting for my equipment. I will hopefully be promoted next month when we start to attack and I can finally show off my strategy. Once I get promoted I promise dear I will send all the money I get straight to you and our son. Speaking of our son how is Toby doing? Does he still want to be a soldier like daddy? I miss you guys so much.

Corporal James is staying in town so he let me have his stuff. He let me have his pack of supplies, gun, poncho, and numerous other things I don't know what are used for. Tonight was rather rough because I slept on the ground in a tent with just about 12 people in it. Some of the soldiers are staying in town at hotels. Altogether, things are in rather poor shape, but I suppose it takes a little time to get used to things. A few of the soldiers act like a bunch of bums instead of soldiers, but they will get that taken out of them when

they get to a real camp once the war actually starts. Harry knellson was on kitchen duty the first thing.

Harry Potterson was stuck for guard duty last night, thank god I wasn't put for that, I would have fallen asleep immediately. It must be exhausting walking up and down in front of a row of tents watching the other soldiers sleep. Even though the experience has been quite a let down at least the entertainment last night was uplifting. Well, I got so much people in my tent that I can't think straight. Sorry that is rather a poor excuse of a letter, I will write again soon, I promise. I miss you incredibly; this will all be over in no time. With lots of love, Indian Jonson.