

Dear Brother,

Are you missing your big sister already? You'd better be! Everyone's missing you here; mum says she's even missing nagging at you to do your chores! Your friends come over too, to check if we have heard from you; we always have to let them down. Charlie's joining you out there you know so if you keep your eyes peeled you could see your best friend again. I can't wait until all you boys come back so I can see your laughing, smiling faces; telling us about your time there, your very own war stories. Anyway, I've heard that my little brother is the best equipped soldier in the world! I'm excited to hear about your weapons and your army clothes that protect you from the conditions in those horrible trenches. Mum's always fretting about you getting cold and ill, or not eating enough. I keep telling her that you're fine... but I don't know myself. I hope you are healthy and well, come back safe, I love you so much.

Love from your big sister, Mary

Lucie Moss

Dear Unknown Soldier,

I understand that you don't know me and I don't know you. I wish I could understand how painful it is to fight around friends or maybe family and see them dying before your eyes. Thank you for risking your life for us and our country. I believe you will get through this and survive. I wish I was there to help you with the war. Your family will be proud of you.

I've heard you're 15. Or 16. I guess I'll never know for sure. Your friend told me you lied about your age so you could join early. But why have you done it? Why lie? What is it like there and how do you feel?

Your friend tells me that you're a nice person and you're really caring. Your friend also told me that you wanted to go in early because you think it would make you hard so that you could get all the girls but you wouldn't get girls if you were lying in a battlefield dead. Please, for God's sake, please survive.

Yours Sincerely
Kallum Walker

Dear Soldier,
You are the Unknown Soldier that everyone knows about,
We might not know your name,
But we do know your story,
There's many questions not answered,
Like your name, age and about your life,
You gave up your life for your country,
And yet nobody knows who you are,
You are the Unknown Soldier
Whose story will be known forever.

Charlotte Dowling

My Dearest Steve,
I miss you dearly. I miss you. Your mother
and father miss you. Your friends miss you so much. We
all miss you darling!

Nothing has been the same since the war started; there is
no more laughter, fun or happiness. All conversations are
of an upsetting manner- women talk solemnly of their
husbands, fathers or brothers who died in battle despite
fighting bravely, honourably and valiantly.

I do not wish to ever have that conversation.

All I want is for you to return! I want and need you to
come home alive. So come home, for I will wait an
eternity for you.

From your beloved x x x

Shannon Meadon

Unknown Soldier tell me who you are
I'm your guardian angel watching you from afar
I'll cradle your silent fears
While your sweetheart, silently falling tears.

In years to come no one will know
Who you were because your face will not show
Poppies will grow where your soul lays
They will thrive for days and days.

Unknown Soldier where do you belong?
Because of you the birds sing their song
You put on your helmet brave and strong
While you grip your Bible, learning what's wrong.

In years to come no one will know
Who you were because your face will not show
Poppies will grow where your soul lays
They will thrive for days and days.

Unknown Soldier take my hand
Don't sit in the trenches where the food is bland
Don't take the gun, don't take a life
I know you want to fight for pride
Yet you don't want to remember your friend has died.

In years to come no one will know
Who you were because your face will not show
Poppies will grow where your soul lays
They will thrive for days and days.

Life has punished you, shellshock and pain
Don't you worry I'll be there, death wont be in vain
Your love won't abandon you, you'll never be forgot
You lay in locked deep within the earth

Adele White

Dear Soldier,

At the brink of war, here you stand on the railway to hell, soon the train will take you to the deadly depths of the French trenches, packed with foul rodents with horrific diseases. All the British government have give you is a thin layer of itchy cloth to protect you from the hailstorm of German shrapnel, from the rain of artillery. This shows that you are one of the bravest men in Britain because there are not many people like you, willing to die for what they believe in.

Thomas Pass

Dear Unknown Soldier,

I do not know your name but I know that you died with honour for your county and that you probably left some people behind. You might have had family members or loved ones that would miss you that might live on to prolong your memory.

I wonder how you died, whether or not you were alone or if you were with friends fighting in a blaze of glory. I know one thing for certain is that you would fight the imperialist German army.

In all my life it is horrible that we will never learn your name. To know it would be an honour, I would fight beside you.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori

Jay Cornes