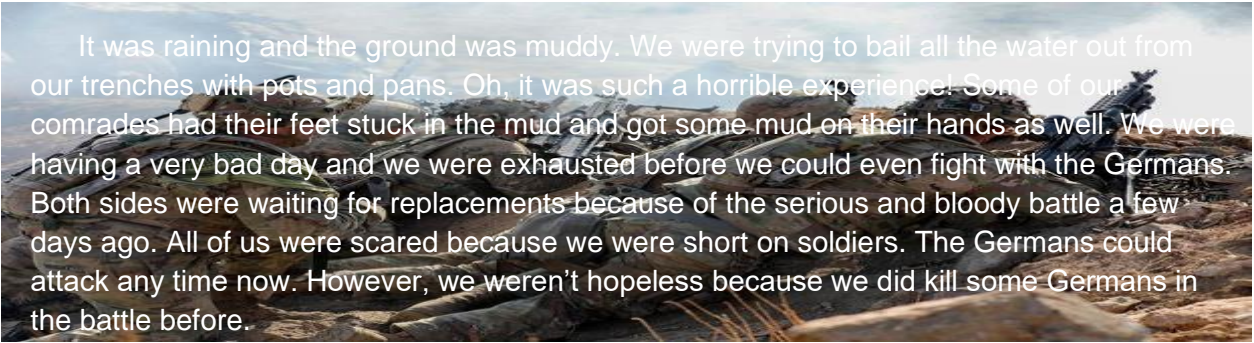


A Letter Home about the Christmas Truce by Jacinda Wong Cambridge 6

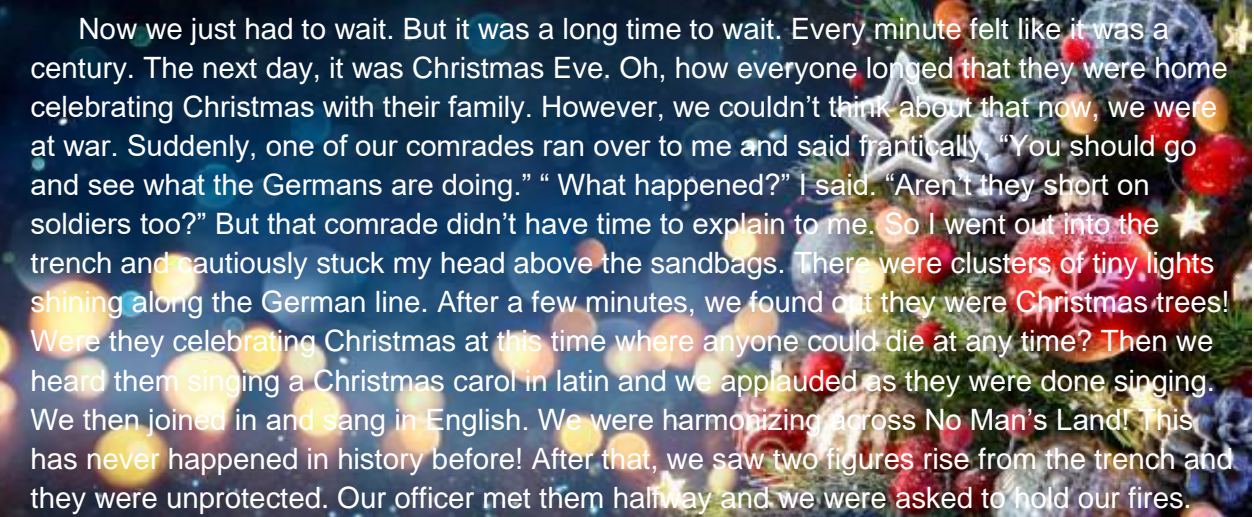
25th December 1914

Dear Mom,

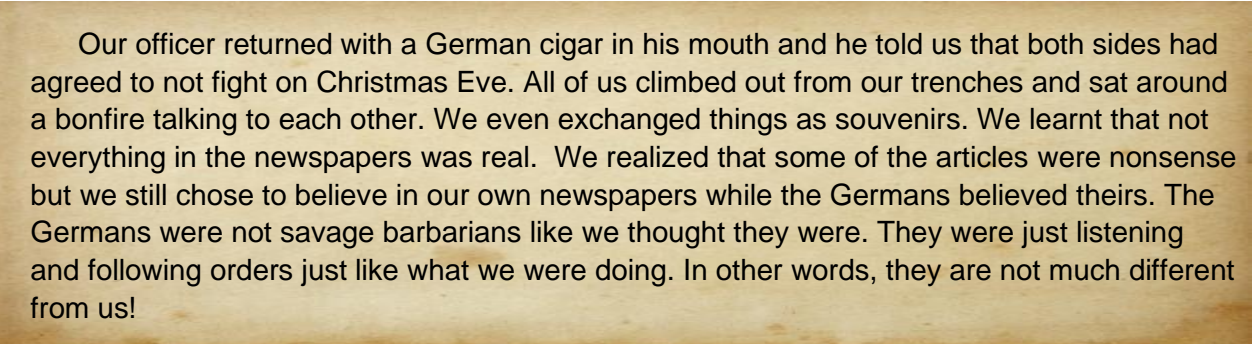
How are you? I hope you are in the pink of health. In this letter, I am going to tell you an unbelievable experience of mine.



It was raining and the ground was muddy. We were trying to bail all the water out from our trenches with pots and pans. Oh, it was such a horrible experience! Some of our comrades had their feet stuck in the mud and got some mud on their hands as well. We were having a very bad day and we were exhausted before we could even fight with the Germans. Both sides were waiting for replacements because of the serious and bloody battle a few days ago. All of us were scared because we were short on soldiers. The Germans could attack any time now. However, we weren't hopeless because we did kill some Germans in the battle before.



Now we just had to wait. But it was a long time to wait. Every minute felt like it was a century. The next day, it was Christmas Eve. Oh, how everyone longed that they were home celebrating Christmas with their family. However, we couldn't think about that now, we were at war. Suddenly, one of our comrades ran over to me and said frantically, "You should go and see what the Germans are doing." "What happened?" I said. "Aren't they short on soldiers too?" But that comrade didn't have time to explain to me. So I went out into the trench and cautiously stuck my head above the sandbags. There were clusters of tiny lights shining along the German line. After a few minutes, we found out they were Christmas trees! Were they celebrating Christmas at this time where anyone could die at any time? Then we heard them singing a Christmas carol in latin and we applauded as they were done singing. We then joined in and sang in English. We were harmonizing across No Man's Land! This has never happened in history before! After that, we saw two figures rise from the trench and they were unprotected. Our officer met them halfway and we were asked to hold our fires.



Our officer returned with a German cigar in his mouth and he told us that both sides had agreed to not fight on Christmas Eve. All of us climbed out from our trenches and sat around a bonfire talking to each other. We even exchanged things as souvenirs. We learnt that not everything in the newspapers was real. We realized that some of the articles were nonsense but we still chose to believe in our own newspapers while the Germans believed theirs. The Germans were not savage barbarians like we thought they were. They were just listening and following orders just like what we were doing. In other words, they are not much different from us!

If only the rulers of our countries would stop fighting and make a truce. Then we would be able to return home. I do hope this war will end soon. Everyone does.

Yours sincerely,
Andrew