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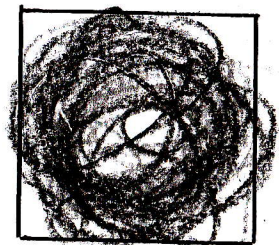
Dear: Lucia,

There are loads of patients, just lying in the medical tent, their faces pulling painful expressions as if the life is being sucked out of them. I feel sorry for the soldiers who had no chance of surviving, just waiting for their heads to fall back and never rise back up again.

People are yelling and I can hear distant bombs exploding. Life is so bad here that the thought of living in a tiny cottage in a lonely street seems like a ^{luxury} luxury hotel.

lots of love from: Lucinda

XOXOXO



Mrs. Stone

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