**Letter 4 Instructions**

For this letter, you will write a letter telling Ma or Orren about the Rebel soldier you met and what occurred after.

**Notes for Letter #4: Chapters 7-8**

* **Disease spread through the camp like fire. Somebody was always sick.**
* **Charley and the rest were kept moving just working at repairing the shelter, keeping it clean and cooking.**
* **Charley became adept at camp survival.**
* **A rebel soldier spoke to Charley and wanted to trade tobacco for coffee.**
* **Charley noticed the boy was dressed poorly and looked dirty.**
* **Charley and the rebel soldier discovered they were both farmers.**
* **They both thought the war was stupid.**
* **Charley had to kill horses to get meat for the sick men.**
* **They had to march south.**
* **They attacked the rebels and killed their horses.**
* **Charley attacked anything and everything that came into his range-slashing, cubbing, hammering, jabbing, cutting - and always screaming, screaming in fear, in anger and finally in a kind of rabid, insane joy, the joy of the battle, the joy of winning, the joy of killing to live.**
* **Charley thought he had been hit, so he went to the surgeon’s tent.**
* **Charley saw hundreds of men dead at the tent.**
* **Charley had to stack dead bodies like bricks to stop the wind from freezing the doctor’s hands.**

**July 1, 1863**

Dear Ma, / Dear Orren,

**Paragraph #1:** Catchy introduction

**Paragraph #2:** Tell what happened

**Paragraph #3:**  Reflect; What would Charley reflect about? Maybe how much alike they were, or how stupid they both thought the war actually was? Maybe how it felt to kill to stay alive.

Note: Include two brush strokes and two forms of figurative language must be used. One page in length!

(Closure)

(Signature)

Sample Letter 4

July 1 1863,

Dear Ma,

I’m lost in my head, Ma. I’m struggling to deal with all the emotions I am feeling. This is nasty work. There is nothing patriotic about fighting and killing to survive. I have had to make choices I never thought I’d have to make at such a young age, nor did I think I could be drawn to such darkness. The war, fierce and threatening, has ripped through my soul.

I found that I am not the only one who finds this war stupid. I met a rebel soldier who felt the same way one night while I was out on guard duty. We talked and did a little trading. In that moment, we were not enemies. We became allies since we each had something the other wanted. Never in a million years did I think I would talk to the enemy, but I did. However, I never saw him again after that night. The truce was over, and we headed into our third battle. It was awful. Slashing, jabbing, and screaming, I attacked anything and everything that came my way. What was worse was that I enjoyed killing to stay alive. I thought I had been hurt, and in the course of seeking help from the surgeons, I found hundreds of dead men. Their bodies were used to make a wall to keep the cold out from the surgeon’s tents since the cold froze their hands. The dead became shelter.

 I still wonder about the rebel soldier. I wonder if he is still alive. If he is alive, is he wishing he was back home like me? I also think about those bodies stacked like a brick wall. If they knew how their bodies were used, would they be okay with it? I guess I’m full of questions. Don’t be bothered by me though. I’ll be just fine.

Your son,

C. E. Goddard