**Letter 2 Instructions**

For this letter, you will write a letter to Ma explaining what has happened in preparing for the war and what happened in the first battle.

**Notes for Letter #2: Chapters 3-4**

* Train ride- luxurious (sleeping like lords and eating like kings) No one talked of slavery; just “lawbreakers and wrong thinkers”
* Maryland- slave state; people thanked Charley for fighting to end slavery; woman gave Charley a sweet roll; he didn’t know why she was crying but did see her being dragged back inside a house by a white woman who was shaking her fist at the train. Charley couldn’t believe that one man could own another and didn’t know how the rebels could win this war being so poor.
* Battle of Bull Run begins in Virginia
* Massey’s head gets blown off.
* Charley sees two bullets collide. Large amount of bullets flying in the air….
* Lieutenant Olafson had been hit in his left upper arm, and told Charley they needed to fall back…He watched the lieutenant get shot in the chest and head.
* Charley runs as fast as he can but when he makes it to safety, he vomits.

**Note:**  Full page in length; Underline two brush strokes; Underline two forms of figurative language.

July 21, 1861 (Proper Heading)

Dear Ma, (Salutation)

Body should include: **two** forms of figurative language and **two** brush strokes. Be sure to underline them on your letter.

Your son, (Proper Closure)

Charley (Signature)

Sample Letter 2

July 21, 1861

Dear Ma,

A lot has happened since my last letter. I have witnessed things I never thought I would see - both good and bad. I suppose I’ll start with the good things. So, I’ve experienced what it’s like to ride a luxurious train. I didn’t know that something so simple could make one feel so special. “**We slept like lords and ate like kings.”** Oddly enough, no one even talked about slavery except “lawbreakers and wrong thinkers.” However, slavery is a real thing, Ma.

I saw it with my very own eyes, and I still don’t understand how it is that we can own another person. This one sweet slave woman gave me a sweet roll, and then she was dragged back in her house by a **wretched white woman**. There is something about it that don’t feel right, and I do understand why slaves thank us for fighting to end slavery. However, I do not know how the rebels expect to win when they are so poor.

On another sad note, fighting to end slavery has its ugliness all its own. **The “Battle of Bull Run”, the worst battle I’ve seen, started in Virginia.** Here, I have seen people’s heads blown off, bullets collide, and Lieutenant Olafson shot in the head and chest. **Crying, yelling, and panicking, I ran as fast as I could to safety.** As soon as I found shelter, I vomited over and over. Sure, I was able to stay alive, but there was nothing that could protect my eyes from what it had seen. No one should have to see what I saw, Ma. I don’t know how I will ever get those images out of my mind.

 I must go now. Writing of this has made me sick and sad. I miss you, and I miss my brother. I love you both.

Your son,

Charley