



**MATILDE SILVA**

**11° LH2**

**THE LAST LETTER**

“Leipzig, Germany, February 18th, 1940

My beloved Freidrich,

I am writing just to say how deeply missed you

are.

You will be happy to know that our baby girl is all better now, and has started to babble new words - “mine” and “no”. This photograph of hers will show you how lovelier she is day by day.

Even though you claim to be safe, I never stop worrying about you nor praying for you. But fear not, my love, it will not be this war that will stop us from a lifetime of happiness together.

Do you remember when you used to come to my window every night before we were married just to wish me a good night and, sometimes, you’d tell me how you would never leave me? If only we knew...

I spend, now, every afternoon with that image in my heart awaiting for your arrival. Actually, as I write to you, I am sitting by that very same window where we first kissed, where I fell for you and where I saw you leave.

Nevertheless, Heidi and I know you will come home to us soon.

Be brave out there, Freidrich. We love you very much and cannot wait to see you again.

Yours always,

Klara and Heidi Lehmann”

I received this letter when we were in Belgium. I cried. I’m not going to lie, I miss home. We all do.

Every day is a new plea to stay alive. We don’t know when we leave, but most of us know we won’t leave. I just pray to God, every single night, to get home as soon as I can.

I've been here for so long I don't even count the days anymore. I believe that if I did, all this would be even more painful.

But this is war, whether I like it or not. And I'm not here to like it, I'm here to fight it.

I put the letter in my right pocket, right next to the lovely photograph of my baby girl.

The sun will be out in a few hours and I've spent the night reading this letter, the only reminder I have from home, over and over again. I wish I could write them back, unfortunately I can't, the paper we have left is reserved to the high commands of our troop so I don't have anywhere to write. We are now in France, but the advances are slow and the rumor is that English soldiers are waiting in Paris. I don't want to believe that, but I also don't want to die, so I'm not really impartial about this rumor. However, my troops command is to join the forces in Dunkirk, to help surround the English and then go to Paris.

It is now the beginning of May, and we are close to Dunkirk, we've lost a couple of men on our way here, and now, I ask myself every morning: Is today the day I die? And I pray that it isn't, and at night thank that it wasn't.

On the day we got here, this private, Hans, started talking to me, and one thing you must all know is that we have no friends here, we should not get attached to anyone because they are most likely to die; nonetheless, I told him my story, he told me his and at the end, he helped me more than anyone could. He was in charge of correspondence and gave me the chance to write back to my family.

"Dunkirk, France, May 10th, 1940

*Meine liebe,*

I know it's been a long time since I've written you. Know that I am as well as one can be in these troubled times, and that I think of you two every single moment of my day. I pray to survive but mostly for your safety.

If I'm not lucky enough to see you, my beloved family, again know that I died thinking of you and that I love you.

Of course I remember those nights, darling, when the moonlight would be reflected on your hair and your beauty in my eyes. Those were the days.

It's harder and harder every day to survive or to find the will to do so. Fortunately, I have you to hold on to.

Forever yours,

Freidrich"

When Klara received this letter, she knew that it would be last one she received, and by the window she waited eternally holding onto the belongings of her beloved soldier.

THE END