

# Charlotte

October 14 2001

Charlotte. My dear Charlotte. Leaving you behind has almost killed me. I love you so much. Words cannot even begin to express the pain I am experiencing. Although it has been less than week, I'm yearning for your touch. I miss every part of you from the dimple on your chin to the way you paint your toes yellow because it reminds you of the sun. I promise, I will come back to you, I promise. I am arriving in the province of Zabul tomorrow morning and so my adventure begins. If you ever find yourself sad, read this, think of me if you are in pain. I will be home soon. 18 months isn't long to wait. Please, wait.

October 29 2001

Charlotte, it is so bad. I will never let you experience such pain and suffering that surrounds me. It would break you. The only thing that is keeping me sane right now is your smile. Being here is like living in a gray misery. A thick veil broken only by your memory. The city of Qalāt is my home away from home. Charlotte the people idolize American soldiers. They are so happy, all of them but by god charlotte they are all so thin. It's painful too look at the skeletal children. Meet eyes that have seen far too much. No one should live the way they do. Human feces on the street, homelessness, the norm. Please my love, stay safe, stay strong I'll be home soon.

November 21 2001

Charlotte I can't do it, I'm not strong enough. Please, help me. When I sleep my dreams are ridden with death and despair. Too many innocent lives have been lost. I was warned not to make friends here because it's easier to see a stranger die. Charlotte, I should be dead. I should be six feet under but instead it's a man by the name of Will Dunham. Regret is the worst punishment. I wasn't watching my back when we were under attack. I was reckless and now a man is dead

because of me, his blood is on my hands. He was 18, Charlotte. I need to come home, alive. Please, god I need you Charlotte.

January 2 2002

Charlotte, I miss you. I miss the way you wear your hair and how you always smell of orange and peppermint. I miss orange and peppermint. I am so tired Charlotte, so tired of the smell, the heat, the death. I'm tired of being scared. I don't sleep anymore. I sit up at night, listening. Waiting for that dreaded sound. The blast that wouldn't let me come home. I'm tired of seeing all the people, the afghan people. They treat me like a hero. I'm no hero, Charlotte, I'm a murderer. I take lives. Real people who may have a Charlotte are dead because of me. Why do I have to kill these people? Please Charlotte, I'm not trying to scare you. I love you dear Charlotte, I love you so much, please never forget that.

March 7 2002

Charlotte, how's life at home? Do you still have tea with Betty on Tuesday? Is Mr. Jameson doing all right? Do you still take your toast with salt and honey? A young girl was selling things on the side of the trail today. It is suggested that we don't buy things because if the beggars saw that we had money, we would be bombarded. I had to break the rule today. Her name was Farah. I bought a small salt shaker from her. The china painted with yellow flowers. It reminded me of salt and honey.

June 14 2002

Charlotte, I love you. I need to come home, so I can see your face. My dear, help I'm forgetting. How long is your hair, is your favorite colour blue or green? I'm forgetting I'm so sorry please god let me remember.

Dear Mrs. Charlotte Harker

It is with my deepest regrets that I must inform you that Private Carver Small was shot on the 17 of June 2002.

His service will be forever remembered

General Stuart

July 10 2006

Carver, my love, I promise, I'm not scared, I still take my toast with salt and honey and Mr. Jameson is just fine. Farah is four today. I'm taking her to visit you this morning for the first time. You know she looks just like you. When I look into her eyes, Carver, it brings me to tears. I love you Carver, I love you so much more than words can describe. Yes Carver I'm waiting, I will always be waiting. Waiting for you to come home. Please... Carver, come home.