

Dear Spaghetios,

things on the front line have been pretty rough lately and i havent showered or bathed in a nice bathtub in a year. Man i sure do miss that bath tub. Three of my men died following the civil war and now i'm here with the captain who treats us like dogs. Well my kids both died a year after my wife did so when i die this painful misery life, at least i'll be able to see my wife and kids again. I remember back in the good old days at boot camp where we were sent to Texas. Ahhh the good old days where i still had my wife and my kids. I know this letter is shorter than i'd like it to but i got to get back to the fight.

Sincerely Pasta