“**As if I’ve got a LETTER FROM THE FRONT”**

**by Tchukin Vlad**

Oh, Mommy! I’m writing this letter there from,

And sending hello of son,

Remember you so native and its norm,

So good that words even stick in throat!

When read you this letter, you saw little boy,

Who’s little bit lazy and but wasn’t bad too.

Was running in mornings with schoolbag in arm,

Whistling with smile goes on first lesson with fun.

We were very carefree and silly sometimes,

And what we had there, we hadn’t appreciated,

And understood it, maybe, only in war:

Friends, books, the town’s disputes -

All was like in a dream, as Snow Mountains...

Let so, we will come back - we will estimate twice!

Now it’s stop line….

Having met at an edge,

As if herd of elephants stiffened,

And somewhere peacefully in the thick of the wood’s stage,

The voice of a cuckoo loudly was heard...

For life, for you, for native land -

I went towards to a lead wind bend.

In spite of hundreds kilometers -

You were and will be with me throughout all the cities!