**Letter of a Roman soldier**

Dear family,

Life is tough up here in the moorland but I get through it. I am very tired as last night I was one of the few on night watch, looking out for those sneaky Barbarians. Since then, I have been trying to make the most of our 3 hour rest. It’s hard to get peace and quiet with all eight of us sleeping together in our tiny cramped room. As there are people who sometimes can’t sleep and spend all night reading, their candles bright and shining. The food is disgusting at first but you get used to it. We are all friends here but we don’t get very much chance to talk, apart when we’re on the toilet of course. Every night I dream of coming home and seeing you all, but I know there’s still 20 years until then. Enclosed are a pair of woollen socks I made when I was off duty. Hope little Zenphili is alright.

From your love,

Imogenious.