

Dear pasta, my old friend, It has been years. I now take my time to write you a letter before I die from the dreadful wars. The US is suffering with everything we have. We have been fighting non stop. But now I am dreading my death. How are the kids. I bet there all grown up, I bet they miss their mom to... To sad that she passes when they were just babies. Now that you only have them and nothing else. That's why i'm writing to you. You see like a man of many hats. Ever since you have joined, I find that you putting your time into the military is a brave thing. But I now know that risking everything i have for my country is so worth it at this time. You are one of the best men in your part of military and that's why I invite you to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. It's where the branches were formed and so that why I invite you my old friend. We can share a room and fight in the wars like the good old days. We are waiting for your answer and hope you make the right choice. I was very lucky even to get to write you this letter so my old friend I hope I see you here in Kansas.

Sincerely, spaghetti o's