Two extracts from a letter from Thomas Baker Brown to his father from somewhere in France, 13 January 1917. He writes about how much mud there is in the trenches.

“Like North Shields the weather in this salubrious spot is only fifth rate and after you’ve been among the sandbags for a day or so it is hard to tell which is mud and which is soldier. However we still manage to smile + look cheerful + think of leave (if there is such a thing).”

**Question:**

What is Thomas looking forward to? Is he hopeful he will get it? Pick out the words that show you this.