**Work 1**

Good morning Lt. Jones,

I hope you have almost packed all your stuff. Next week you will be here at European Union Kampala Camp and I will be back home.

This email is not to scare you; it is just to provide you a brief idea of what you are going to find here. The Camp is divided in two main areas. One of them is the living area, where all the foreign instructors are accommodated. This is not the Palace Hotel but the shelters are quite comfortable and cozy. The other zone is the training area. That part is mainly populated by large military tents, where theory lessons are given, and four shooting galleries for practical training. Besides, there is a huge fenced area attached to the compound for driving training.

My friend, enjoy these days at home because you are going to miss it during your 3 month tour here at Somalia.

Best regards

Lt. Martinez

**Work 2**

Sir,

It is long time since the last time I wrote you. I have been really busy at my current post as training Officer in European Union Kampala Camp, Somalia.

As you used to say during our tour in Strasburg, this is such a small world. Do you imagine who has just arrived in the Camp last week? Captain Smith, the one who served you as Executive Officer in Madrid. I do not remember the way you came in our conversation, but he also has only good words about you. There is no doubt Captain Smith and I are going to spend a nice time remembering everything we have learnt from you.

In two weeks I will be back home. My wife insisted me it would be very nice to share a weekend lunch all together, children included.

I look forward to hearing from you before arriving home, in order to have time to clean up my barbecue set.

Very Respectfully,

Lt. Martinez

**Work 3**

What’s up John,

How are you doing this week? Here we have just said bye to the Spanish Ambassador, who paid as a visit this morning.

I cannot find a single adjective to describe that man. The Protocol Officer is about to commit suicide. The Ambassador has passed by all the basic protocol rules for this kind of events. It has been the funniest day since I am here in Kampala. I do not want to describe you everything, only just imagine the following. Departure time, all the authorities ready to wave the Ambassador and suddenly, instead of shaking the hand of the wife of Kampala’s Mayor, he kissed her, men. Imagine that? They are Muslims. The face of Kampala’s Mayor was indescribable.

By the way, when were you going to get married? I have not yet asked for some leave because I do not remember the date.

Keep me informed about the events, do not forget I am your best man.

See you,

Daniel