

# A Letter From the Trenches

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# A Letter From the Trenches

My dear Palâ?â?!

Tonight the beginning of the end. The war shall soon \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_. The occasional proof of the large guns mingled with the bark of the smaller ones are but the first to toll the knell of Marsâ?!.going to \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_. It is \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_. The gliding breeze softly twirls through the tree tops glad to hear the tidings near and afar that peace is coming. Two white roses outside my door are but living to see the day and having seen, die. The shell pitted earth, scarred almost beyond recognition has turned itâ??s weary cheek to be smitten again, but this time in \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_because it is to be the last. Mars shall die. \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_on earth, good will to men.

But there is a tinge of sadness throughout for on the morrowâ?â?â?yea, even tonight, the price must be paid.

Tonight the small stream of rich red \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_shall begin to swell til a raging torrent makes itâ??s \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_in mother earth, which wrinkle neither tomorrow, sun, nor rain shall ere erase, tomorrowâ?â?!.the day never to be \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_.

Afar off, a murmuring \_\_\_\_\_ near the chatter of a solitary \_\_\_\_\_ gun. The earth shakes and the crash of a \_\_\_\_\_ tomorrow. The old monster afar back again proves slim and a steel message grimly sails afar over, telling them that we are coming. The baby cannon is \_\_\_\_\_ gone to \_\_\_\_\_ for it must be up early for there is much work to be done on the morrow. \_\_\_\_\_ is ready. The aviator tired with long days of picture taking rests together with his \_\_\_\_\_ partners. The bombers with laden machines await, but the coming hour tomorrow tomorrow.

Nights jet black \_\_\_\_\_ covers all with its morning veil. She is \_\_\_\_\_ for tomorrow she lifts her veil only to cover once more her many dead. Tonight she clings to these who leave tomorrow. Just one night. How many she knows not, but there will be many. She \_\_\_\_\_ she fears, her sons \_\_\_\_\_ but do they fear? They are brave. The walls shake and the big gun mumbles and \_\_\_\_\_. The smaller one chuckles and \_\_\_\_\_ heaves its whining missile. Echoes bring no answer. Tot-trot, tot, chuck, chuck, chuck.

The machine gunner is at his post and watchfully waits to waken his sleeping chums.

CRASH. An answer comesâ!â!â!â!.we expect you. We will \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_the men upon whom the duty falls to start the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_move. Snuggling quietly in their burrowed holes, some \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_awakeâ!â!â!. some dreaming of home, someâ!â!â!all awaiting the tomorrow.

This remarkable letter was unsigned.