

A Letter From the Trenches

1. Noun _____
2. Noun _____
3. Noun _____
4. Noun _____
5. Noun _____
6. Noun _____
7. Noun _____
8. Noun _____
9. Noun _____
10. Noun _____
11. Noun _____
12. Noun _____
13. Noun _____
14. Noun _____
15. Noun _____
16. Noun _____
17. Noun _____
18. Noun _____
19. Noun _____
20. Noun _____
21. Noun _____
22. Noun _____
23. Noun _____

24. Noun _____

25. Noun _____

A Letter From the Trenches

My dear Pal.

Tonight the beginning of the end. The war shall soon _____ Noun _____. The _____ Noun _____ proof of the large guns _____ Noun _____. with the bark of the smaller ones are but the first to toll the knell of Mars...going to rest. It is dark.

The gliding breeze softly twirls through the tree tops glad to hear the tidings near and afar that peace is coming.

Two white _____ Noun _____ outside my door are but living to see the day and having seen, die. The shell pitted earth, scarred almost beyond recognition has turned it'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 morrow...yea, even tonight, the price must be paid. Tonight the small _____ Noun _____ of rich red blood shall begin to swell til a raging _____ Noun _____ makes it's crevice in mother earth, which wrinkle neither tomorrow, sun, nor rain shall ere erase, tomorrow....the day never to be _____ Noun _____.

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

Nights jet black _____ Noun covers all with it's morning veil. She is sad, for tomorrow she _____ Noun her veil only to cover once more her many dead. Tonight she _____ Noun to these who leave tomorrow. Just one night. How many she knows not, but there will be many. She _____ Noun she fears, her sons asleep...awake... know, but do they fear? They are brave. The walls shake and the big gun mumbles and _____ Noun. The smaller one chuckles and _____ Noun heaves it's 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 _____ Noun comes....we expect you. We will _____ Noun the men upon whom the duty falls to start the forward move. _____ Noun quietly in their burrowed holes, some asleep....few awake....some dreaming of home, some....all awaiting the tomorrow.

This remarkable letter was unsigned.