

# 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.