

A Letter From the Trenches

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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.