



Historical Association

The voice for history

Write your own Historical Fiction

The Trench Diary of James Huxton, b. 1894-d.1916

By Edward Kane



The Trench Diary of James Huxton

b. 1894 – d. 1916

A Year 9 history project by
Edward Kane

Dear Mr and Mrs Huxton,

I am a fellow soldier/officer who fought beside your son in war. I have heard that the telegram has already arrived, and I am extremely sorry for your loss. In the past few months, James was like a brother to me. If it were not for that amazing man I would not still be here today. I am forever in debt to you and your family.

I am sorry I could not save him. I have failed my duty. I managed to grab some of his belongings, which I am afraid may appear disturbing to you. But it is the least I could do to at least save a part of him.

James was a gentle, kind hearted being even in the gloomiest of moments. He was a war hero. As we stood there, waiting to go over the top, we made a promise: to stick by each other's side until the end. I stuck to my promise, and I hope you will be happy to know that he was not alone when he passed.

Even in this dire situation, I was wondering if you wanted to come round to my house for supper sometime? I have two young daughters that I am sure your youngest would love. Their address is 19th Oak Lane, Dartford.

I just want you to know that you don't have to grieve alone.

That is all I have to say, I will leave you to rest now.

From John Smith, a dear friend of James

P.S. He is still by my side, and will be forever.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Huxton,

I am a fellow soldier/officer who fought beside your son in the war. I have heard that the telegram has already arrived, and I am extremely sorry for your loss. In the past few months James was like a brother to me. If it were not for that amazing man, I would not still be here today. I am forever in debt to you and your family. I am sorry I could not save him. I have failed my duty. I managed to grab a few of his belongings, which I am afraid may appear disturbing to you. But it is the least I could do to at least save a part of him.

James was a gentle, kind-hearted being even in the gloomiest of moments. He was a war hero. As we stood there, waiting to go over the top, we made a promise: to stick by each other's side until the end. I have stuck to my promise, and I hope you will be happy to know that he was not alone when he passed.

Even in this dire situation, I was wondering if you wanted to come round to my house for supper sometime? I have two young daughters that I am sure your youngest would love. The address is 19 Oak Lane, Dartford. I just want you to know that you don't have to grieve alone.

That is all I have to say, I will leave you to rest now.

From John Smith, a dear friend of James.

P.S. He is still by my side, and will be forever.

Property of:
James Huxton



Tuesday 4th August, 1914

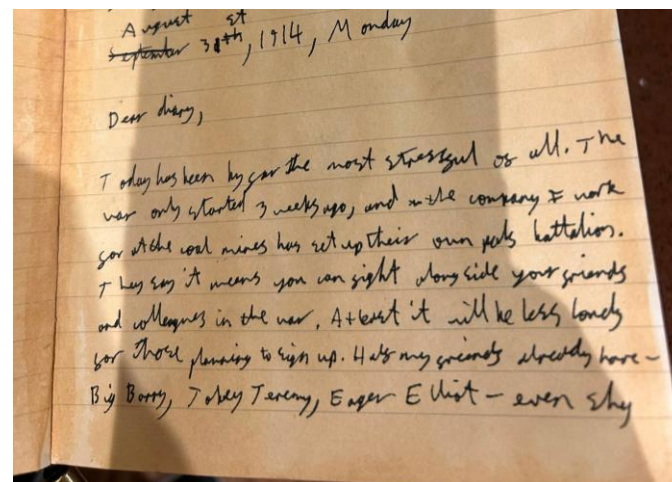
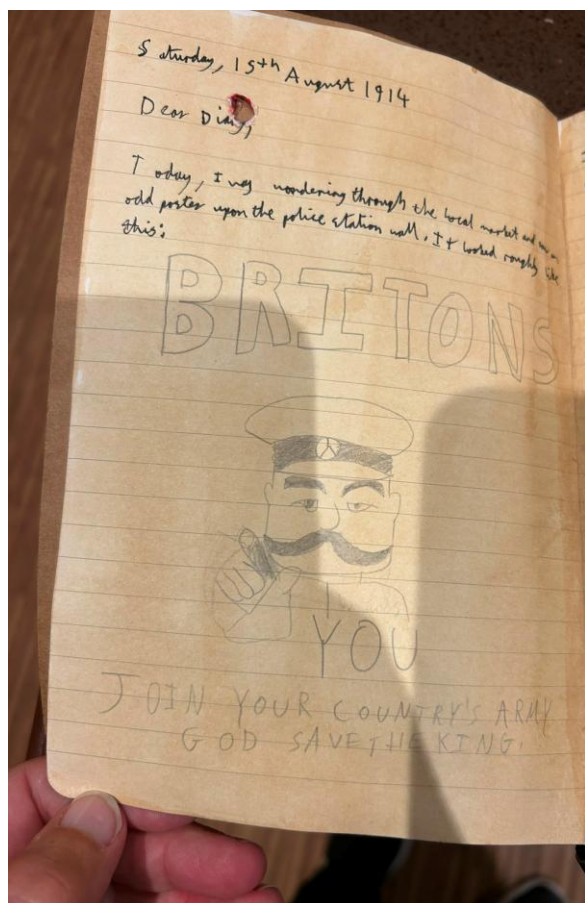
Dear diary,

Today is a grave day. Britain has just officially declared war on Germany. The lads down the mines wouldn't stop talking about it and what will happen. Although we are very far away from London down in Kent, news spreads fast, and what is usually a happy town was a miserable, silent place. Patrick - my friend who moved down here from Ireland a few years back - is already eager to sign up. I really don't see why. No one even has any idea what it'll be like yet - plus, he's only 19, just as I am. My mother and father didn't dare raise the topic, and my 11 year old sister (we call her Little Sue) doesn't have a clue what we're all so worried about anyway, bless her. That is all the updates for today, it is late, and I'll have to put in extra hours at the coal mines tomorrow to make up for my slacking today.

4th August 1914

Dear Diary,

Today is a grave day. Britain has just declared war on Germany. The lads down the mines wouldn't stop talking about it and what will happen. Although we are very far away from London, down in Kent, news spreads fast, and what is usually a happy town, was a miserable, silent place. Patrick - my friend who moved down here from Ireland a few years back - is already eager to sign up. I really don't see why. No one even has any idea what it'll be like yet - plus, he is only 19, just as I am. My mother and father didn't dare raise the topic, and my 11 year old sister (we call her Little Sue) doesn't have a clue what we are all so panicked about anyway, bless her. That is all the updates for today, it is late, and I'll have to put in extra hours at the coal mines tomorrow to make up for my slacking today.



August 31st, 1914

Dear Diary,

Today has been by far the most stressful of all. The war only started 3 weeks ago and the company I work for at the coal mines has set up their own Pals Battalion. They say it means you can fight alongside your friends and colleagues in the war. At least it will be less lonely for those planning to sign up. Half my friends already have – Big Barry, Jokey Jeremy, Eager Elliott – even Shy Shaun! It won't be the same here without them.

September 1st, 1914

Dear Diary,

I have a lot of explaining to do.

I woke up, as normal, and headed to work. Except the mine was completely closed, and all I could find was a small flyer on the floor.

JOIN THE WAR.

DULCE ET DECORUM EST, PRO PATRIA MORI

I can't speak Latin, but this phrase I know. It means: 'It is sweet and fitting to die for your country'

This small, flimsy piece of paper had just taken my friends away from me. Even my best friend, Patrick, was gone.

Trying to push the thoughts out of my head, I wandered home. When I got in, my mother asked me why I was home so early. I lied and said I wasn't feeling well. Just as I was about to head up to my bedroom, she called back to me. A letter had arrived with my name on it. Trying to be polite, I thanked her and took myself and the envelope upstairs.

At this point I perched on the edge of the bed and tore the envelope open. That was when something changed in me. Inside, was not a letter, but instead a pristine, white feather that drifted down onto my lap. The highest form of embarrassment. The deepest sense of disrespect. Suddenly, that war felt very welcoming compared to the hostility of staying home...

I am now on a train leading to a place called 'Shorncliffe Army Camp', wondering what to do. My friend, Patrick, is beside me playing cards with Big Barry. We are all together now, and together we will stay.

5 hours! It won't be the same back here without them.
September 1st, 1914, Tuesday
Dear diary,
I have a lot of explaining to do.
I woke up, as normal, and headed to work. Except the mine was completely closed, and all I could find was a small flyer on the floor...
TO JOIN THE WAR
DULCE ET DECORUM EST, PRO PATRIA MORI
I can't speak Latin, but this phrase I know. It means: 'It is sweet and fitting to die for your country'.
This small, flimsy piece of paper had just taken my friends away from me. Even my best friend, Patrick, was gone.

Trying to push the thoughts out of my head, I wandered home. When I got in, my mother asked me why I was home so early. I lied and said I wasn't feeling well. Just as I was about to head up to my bedroom, she called back to me. A letter had arrived with my name on it. Trying to be polite, I thanked her and took myself and the envelope upstairs.
At this point, I sat perched on the edge of the bed and tore the envelope open. That was when something changed in me. Inside, was not a letter, but instead a pristine, white feather that drifted down onto my lap. The highest form of embarrassment. The deepest sense of disrespect. Suddenly, that war felt very welcoming compared to the hostility of staying home...
I am now on a train leading to a place called 'Shorncliffe Army Camp', wondering what to do. My friend, Patrick, is beside me playing cards with Big Barry. We are all together now, and together we will stay.

James Huston
6 Church Lane
Aylesham

Dear Diary,
I have a lot of explaining to do.
I woke up, as normal, and headed to work. Except the mine was completely closed, and all I could find was a small flyer on the floor...
TO JOIN THE WAR
DULCE ET DECORUM EST, PRO PATRIA MORI
I can't speak Latin, but this phrase I know. It means: 'It is sweet and fitting to die for your country'.
This small, flimsy piece of paper had just taken my friends away from me. Even my best friend, Patrick, was gone.

January 9th, 1915, Saturday

Dear diary,

Today me and my battalion were startled by some big news. There is a lack of soldiers out in Europe, so much so that we are to be boarding a navy ship tomorrow and are being deployed immediately! It is quite a thrill but also a shock as we all thought we had two months left! Today I was given my ID number as a soldier: 78243, I was also given two cards with it on and my rank; obviously being private as I am a common soldier. Even more exciting, I have been given a real helmet and an actual rifle (something like 'British Lee Enfield', I think). We all can't wait to be shipped off and end the stalemate of a war!

January 9th, 1915

Dear Diary,

Today, me and my battalion were startled by some big news. There is a lack of soldiers out in Europe, so much so that we are to be boarding a navy ship tomorrow and are being deployed immediately! It is quite a thrill but also a shock as we all thought we had two months left! Today I was given my ID number as a soldier: 78243. I was also given two cards with it on and my rank; obviously being a Private as I am a common soldier. Even more exciting, I have been given a real helmet and an actual rifle. (Something like British Lee Enfield, I think). We all can't wait to be shipped off and end the stalemate of a war!

February 9th, 1915, maybe Wednesday?

Dear diary,

We have arrived – a day ago in fact. I was too busy to write. But, after a day of living here, I can say it is definitely very quiet at Reserve – except for the occasional sound of a shell going off in the distance. The trenches, I have found out, are dirty tunnels with no roofs. There are rats everywhere – in the medic tent, in the main walkways – and in the little holes we are forced to dig ourselves to sleep in. We were supplied with some odd shaped shovels to do it with.

February 9th, 1915

Dear Diary,

We have arrived – a day ago in fact. I was too busy to write. But, after a day of living here, I can say it is definitely very quiet at Reserve – except for the occasional sound of a shell going off in the distance. The trenches, I have found out, are dirty tunnels with no roofs. There are rats everywhere – in the medic tent, in the main walkways – and in the little holes we are forced to dig ourselves to sleep in. We were supplied with some odd shaped shovels to do it with.

April 1st, 1915, I think it might be Monday.

Dear diary,

The reserve trenches are always eerily peaceful and quiet. But today, I received what should've been exciting news, but instead I was filled with terror. Tonight is my pals battalion's last night in this trench. Tomorrow, we are to journey to the front line, merely 300 m from the Germans. Our battalion leader, Captain Smith, will also be coming with us. At least we're all moving together. I don't know what I'd do without my friends. Nonetheless, we still had a good joke today (being April Fools' day) and I'm glad that, despite the fear, we can still be ourselves and enjoy life. The conditions in these trenches have not improved in 2 months, but I will push through. Victory for Britain!

April 1st, 1915

Dear Diary,

The Reserve trenches are always eerily peaceful and quiet. But today, I received what should have been exciting news but, instead, I was filled with terror. Tonight is my Pals Battalion's last night in this trench. Tomorrow, we are to journey to the Front line merely 300 metres from the Germans. Our battalion leader, Captain Smith, will also be coming with us. At least we are all moving together. I don't know what I would do without my friends. Nonetheless, we still had a good joke today (being April Fools Day) and I am glad that, despite the fear, we can still be ourselves and enjoy life. The conditions in these trenches have not improved in 2 months, but I will push through. Victory for Britain!

April 30th, 1915

Dear Diary,

The nights are no longer quiet. All I can hear is the dreadful sound of gunshots as I wonder if I will make it through the night. I have already shot 3 Germans since arriving here, as I have been on sniper duty. I do not feel good about it. But, a supporter for the enemy is the enemy, and killing the enemy is why I'm here.

April 30th, 1915

Dear Diary,

The nights are no longer quiet. All I can hear is the dreadful sound of gunshots as I wonder if I will make it through the night. I have already shot 3 Germans since arriving here as I have been on sniper duty. I do not feel good about it. But, a supporter for the enemy is the enemy, and killing the enemy is why I'm here.

November 31st, 1915

Dear diary,

I do not know what to say. Today is one of the gravest days of my life. I will try to break it down simply and as unemotionally as I can:

Shaun's hammer couldn't take it anymore. Being home was lit the fuse in his head, and over the past few days, he missed home more than ever. This morning, he was missing from the small cave he had dug himself to sleep. We searched everywhere - the kitchen, the medic tent - even Captain Smith's dugout (don't worry, he let us)! A few days later, we were walking calmly across a meadow. Support trenches still have some safe, untouched areas. That's when we

found him - our beloved friend - lying on the ground, motionless, a bullet hole straight through his unprotected head. I will not go into any more detail, but I am for sure going to get Captain Smith to find out what happened.

November 30th, 1915

Dear Diary,

I do not know what to say. Today is one of the gravest days of my life. I will try to break it down simply and as unemotionally as I can. Shaun couldn't take it anymore. Being on home leave lit the fire in his head, and over the past few days he missed home more than ever. The other morning, he was missing from the small cave he had dug himself to sleep. We searched everywhere - the kitchen, the medic tent, even Captain Smith's dug out (don't worry, he let us)! A few days later, we were walking calmly across a meadow. Support trenches still have some safe, untouched areas. That is when we found him - our beloved friend - lying on the ground, motionless, a bullet hole straight through his unprotected head. I will not go into any more detail but, I am for sure going to get Captain Smith to find out what happened.

December 1st, 1915

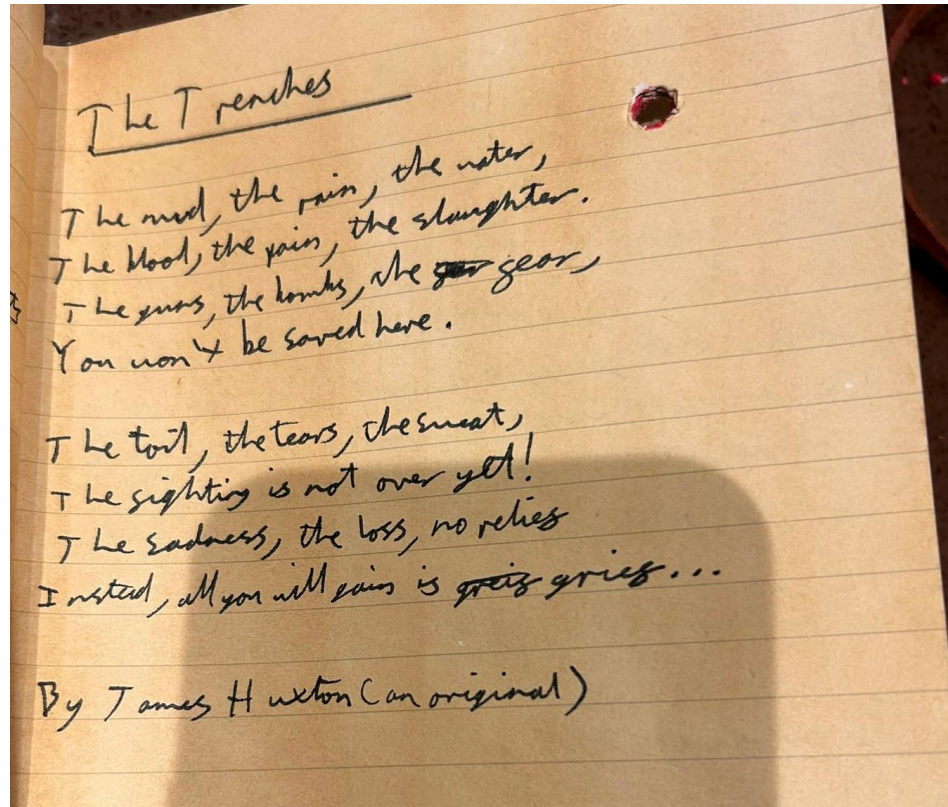
~~Dear~~ Dear diary,

Shot for deserting, Killed by our own. My anger is only just being held within, and my friends are furious too. Patrick says it is so disgraceful for killing a poor young man because he wanted to go home. Only 20, the poor soul. I must forget about this, Captain Smith told me, or I'll just get in trouble. Well, there it is, maybe it's not just the German monsters... we are too.

December 1st, 1915

Dear Diary,

Shot for deserting. Killed by our own. My anger is only just being held within, and my friends are furious too. Patrick says it is so disgraceful for killing a poor young man because he wanted to go home. Only 20, the poor soul. I must forget about this, Captain Smith told me, or I'll just get in trouble. Well, there it is, maybe it is not just the Germans that are corrupt monsters... we are too.



The Trenches

The mud, the rain, the water,

The blood, the pain, the slaughter.

The guns, the bombs, the fear,

You won't be saved here.

The toil, the tears, the sweat,

The fighting is not over yet!

The sadness, the loss, no relief.

Instead, all you will gain is grief...

January 6th, 1916

Dear diary,

My heart still hasn't resumed its normal pace and my hands can't stop fidgeting. Patrick has gone to take a lie down to process it all, and the other three are sitting with each other in complete and utter silence.

In exactly two days, we are to be ordered to run across the deadly No Man's Land with Captain Smith leading and attempt to raid the

German trench. We all know how it always ends we've seen it first hand - we just never thought that it would be us...

January 6th, 1916

Dear Diary,

My heart still hasn't resumed its normal pace, and my hands can't stop fidgeting. Patrick has gone to take a lie down to process it all, and the other three are sitting with each other in complete and utter silence.

In exactly two days, we are to be ordered to run across the deadly No Man's Land with Captain Smith leading and attempt to raid the German trench. We all know how it always ends, we've seen it first hand - we just never thought that it would be us ...

January 12th, 1916

Dear Diary,

The raid was somewhat successful - at least according to the Brigadier. It was 4 days ago that I woke upon that one, fateful morning. I have not been able to bring myself to write about the events of January 9th until now.

When we woke up, we all headed straight for the front area of the trench, where Captain Smith was waiting for us, his trench whistle hung loosely around his neck. The whistle that would be the start of it all, as well as the end.

After a long moment of waiting, of silence, and of mentally preparing ourselves for what was to come, Captain Smith blew the whistle. The next events all happened rather quickly and are still covered by a sort of fog in my head.

A rush of adrenaline hit me, and we jumped over the trench wall and into No Man's Land, following the Captain's lead. To our surprise, we caught the Germans completely off guard - there were only a few snipers active. As we were running, the machine guns were quickly manned and they began to brutally mow us down! Shells fell all around us, my long distance vision blocked by dust and shrapnel. I didn't dare look over to any of my friends - I knew one mistake would cost me my life.

We reached the German trench, Captain Smith somehow still unharmed, and Patrick by my side. I was the first to jump in, but a German was right there waiting for me. I couldn't think. I pulled my bayonet out of its sheath and stabbed him 5 times. He fell, groaning for a second before being silenced by Captain Smith's rifle. That is a true horror that I created, and yet it will still haunt me forever.

January 12th, 1916

Dear Diary,

The raid was somewhat successful, at least according to the Brigadier. It was 4 days ago that I woke up on that one, fateful morning. I have not been able to bring myself to write about the events of January 9th until now.

When we woke up, we all headed straight for the front area of the trench, where Captain Smith was waiting for us, his trench whistle hung loosely around his neck. The whistle, that would be the start of it all, as well as the end.

After a long moment of waiting, of silence, and of mentally preparing ourselves for what was to come, Captain Smith blew the whistle. The next events all happened rather quickly and are still covered by a sort of fog in my head. A rush of adrenaline hit me, and we jumped out over the trench wall and into No Man's Land, following the Captain's lead. To our surprise, we caught the Germans completely off guard - there were only a few snipers active. As we were running, the machine guns were quickly manned and they began to brutally mow us down! Shells fell all around us, my long distance vision blocked by dust and shrapnel. I didn't dare look over to any of my friends - I knew one mistake would cost me my life.

We reached the German trench, Captain Smith somehow still unharmed, and Patrick by my side. I was the first to jump in, but a German was right there waiting for me. I couldn't think. I pulled my bayonet out of its sheath and stabbed him 5 times. He fell, groaning for a second before being silenced by Captain Smith's rifle. That is a true horror, that I created, and yet it will still haunt me forever.

Captain Smith turned around and told us we had done enough, we had lost 17 men, but had killed far more.

Suddenly, a loud gunshot rang through my ears as the Captain fell to the ground, a bullet lodged in his knee. I finished the German off with accuracy and precision. I do not know of why I feel forced to write all these details, but I want to acknowledge my sins somewhere, no matter how gory.

Me and Patrick both knew what to do. We lifted the Captain up, one on either side, and began to stumble across No Man's Land. There were absolutely no chances of us making it back alive with a good 150 metres of limping over shrapnel while avoiding machine gun fire and the deathly explosion of shells.

Captain Smith turned around and told us we had done enough, we had lost 17 men, but had killed far more.

Suddenly, a loud gunshot rang through my ears as the Captain fell to the ground, a bullet lodged in his knee. I finished the German off with accuracy and precision. I do not know of why I feel forced to write all these details, but I want to acknowledge my sins somewhere no matter how gory.

Me and Patrick both knew what to do. We lifted the Captain up, one either side, and began to stumble across No Man's Land. There were absolutely no chances of us making it back alive with a good 150 metres of limping over shrapnel while avoiding machine gun fire and the deathly explosion of shells.

Patrick fell to the floor immediately, dropping the Captain in a pile of wet mud that softened his fall. I forgot the guns were even there as I stood straight up and rushed over to my friend. I felt a sharp pain in my hip. They had shot me.

Luckily, being trained for 6 months, I knew it wasn't fatal. In fact, my adrenaline slowed down the pain by a lot, so much that I got to Patrick. But it was too late. A bullet had penetrated his skull, and his eyes were a milky white. I moved my hand over his face, closing his eyes for respect. That's when it all hit. I sat there in the middle of No Man's Land with about 10 snipers and 2 machine guns trained on me and I sobbed. I do not know how long for, but I wasn't myself.

Finally, coming to my senses, I looked up, 'why hadn't they shot me?', I remember thinking. Then I saw. A small head just popped out over a trench and all he did was smile and saluted me. They were letting me live. Letting me go. It was in that particular moment that I questioned, Who is the enemy? These men clearly weren't, and my side of soldiers are (or were) kind-hearted too. What is the purpose of war, where neither side is the enemy?

Whatever good deed they were doing, I knew I had to use it whilst it was there. Using all my strength, I picked up the Captain and slung him over my shoulder. Me, being a young, skinny soldier, this was a big challenge. I didn't have to walk for too long until I made it back to the...

Patrick fell to the floor immediately, dropping the Captain in a pile of wet mud that softened his fall. I forgot the guns were even there as I stood straight up and rushed over to my friend. I felt a sharp pain in my hip. They had shot me.

Luckily, being trained for 6 months, I knew it wasn't fatal. In fact, my adrenaline slowed down the pain by a lot, so much that I got to Patrick. But it was too late. A bullet had penetrated his skull, and his eyes were a milky white. I moved my hand over his face, closing his eyes for respect. That's when it all hit. I sat there, in the middle of No Man's Land, about with about 10 snipers and 2 machine guns trained on me, and I sobbed. I do not know how long for, but I wasn't myself.

Finally, coming to my senses, I looked up - 'why hadn't they shot me?' I remember thinking. Then I saw. A small head just popped out over the trench, and all he did was smile, and saluted me. They were letting me live. Letting me go. It was in that particular moment that I questioned, who

is the enemy? These men clearly weren't, and my side of soldiers are (or were) kind-hearted too. What is the purpose of war, where neither side is the enemy?

Whatever good deed they were doing, I knew I had to use it whilst it was there. Using all my strength, I picked up the Captain and slung him over my shoulder. Me, being a young, skinny soldier, this was a big challenge. I didn't have to walk for too long until I made it back to the...

January 16th, 1916

Dear Diary,

I am extremely sorry for the interruption, but I think I already pretty clearly explained what happened. And, since I wrote, I have received very big news that I have mixed feelings about.

I have been directly promoted to be a Captain Huxton, and am taking over Captain Smith's role as company officer. This loss. Oh, and by the way I'm in a local, temporary hospital recovering from my injuries. Apparently, because the bullet only hit/skimmed right on the side of my hip, I will be fit to return in 3 weeks. They will keep me here for that time.

January 16th, 1916

Dear Diary,

I am extremely sorry for the interruption, but I have already explained what happened. And since I wrote, I have received very big news that I have mixed feelings about. I have been directly promoted to Captain Huxton and am taking over Captain Smith's role as Company Officer.

Oh, and I am in a local hospital recovering from my injuries. Apparently, because the bullet only hit/skimmed right on the side of my hip, I will be fit to return in 3 weeks. They will keep me here for that time.

January 28th, 1916

Dear Diary,

The local town has a wonderful green park that is green and unaffected by the war. I spent most of today wandering around the gardens with Captain Smith – however, he told me to call him John. I think we are definitely friends now.

John handed me a small, light box that was wrapped up in brown paper. Curious, I opened it. Inside was my very own, brand new trench whistle with the number 1916 engraved on its side. The feeling of responsibility is real now, and I can't avoid it.

Also, apparently my battalion has moved location

January 28th, 1916

Dear Diary,

The local town has a wonderful park that is green and unaffected by the war. I spent most of today wandering around the gardens with Captain Smith – however, he told me to call him John. I think we are definitely friends now.

John handed me a small, light box that was wrapped up in brown paper. Curious, I opened it. Inside was my very own, brand new trench whistle with the number 1916 engraved on its side. The feeling of responsibility is real now, and I can't avoid it.

Also, apparently my battalion has moved location since I was injured. Instead of returning to Ypres, me and John will be deployed to a place called The Somme – John has to recover for another month or two though, so I will see him there.

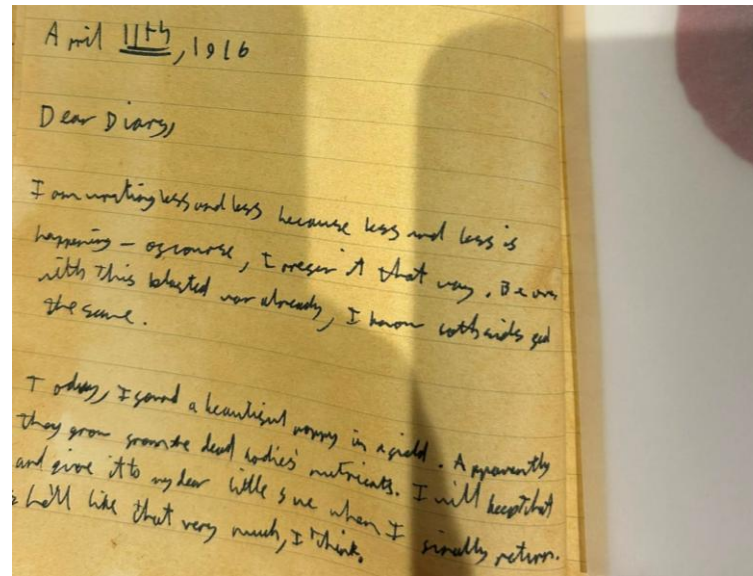
Since I was injured, I instead of returning to Ypres, me and John will be deployed in a place called Somme – John has to recover for another month or two though, so I will see him there.

April 11th, 1916

Dear Diary

I am writing less and less because less and less is happening – of course, I prefer it that way. Be over with this blasted war already, I know both sides feel the same.

Today, I found a beautiful poppy in a field. I will keep that and give it to my dear Little Sue when I finally return. She'll like that very much, I think.

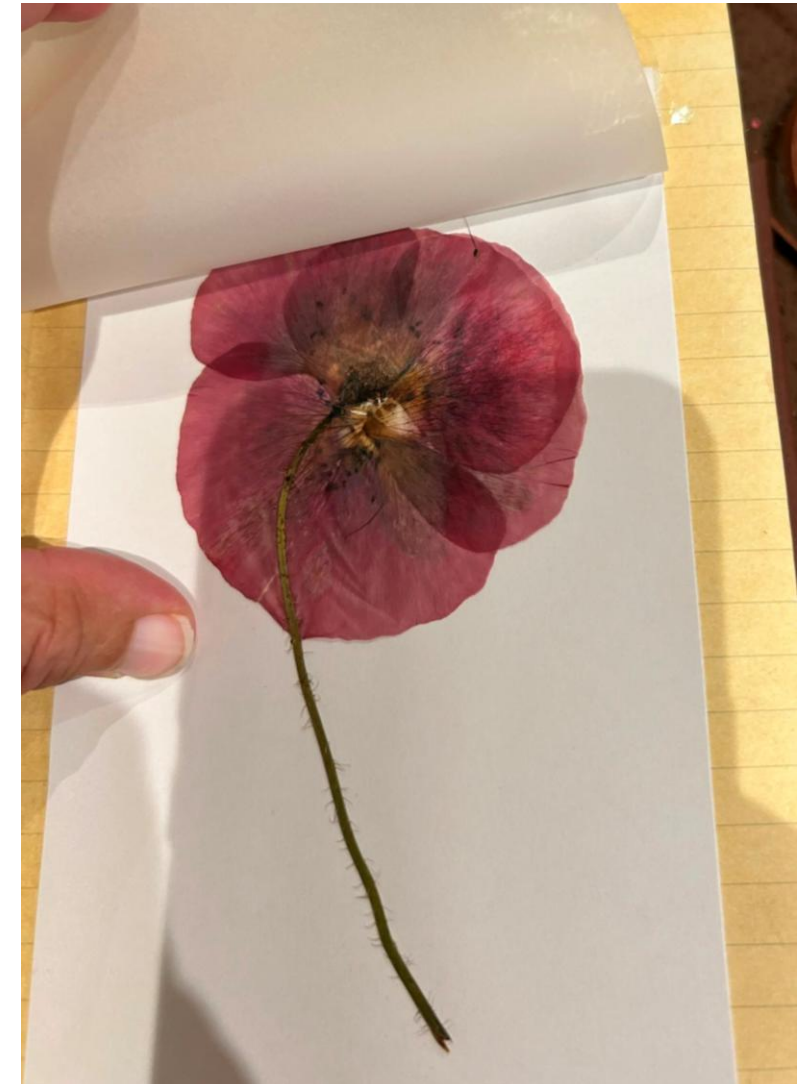


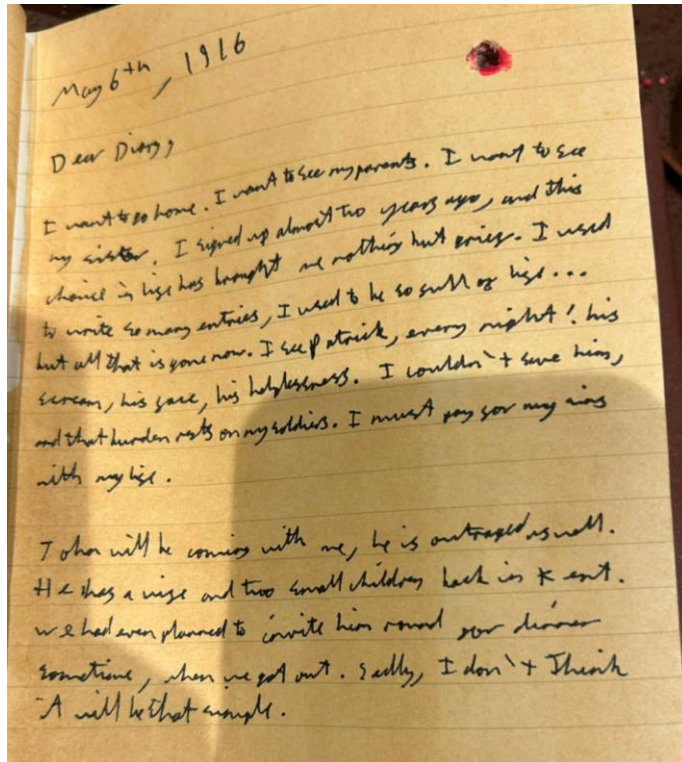
April 11th, 1916

Dear Diary,

I am writing less and less because less and less is happening – of course, I prefer it that way. Be over with this blasted war already, I know both sides feel the same.

Today, I found a beautiful poppy in a field. I will keep that and give it to my dear Little Sue when I finally return. She'll like that very much, I think.





May 6th, 1916

Dear Diary,

I want to go home. I want to see my parents. I want to see my sister. I signed up about 2 years ago, and this choice in life has brought me nothing but grief. I used to write so many entries, I used to be so full of life ... but all that is gone now. I see Patrick every night! His scream, his face, his helplessness. I couldn't save him, and that burden rests on my shoulders. I must pay for my sins with my life.

John will be coming with me, he is outraged as well. He has a wife and two small children back in Kent. We had even planned to invite him round for dinner some time, when we got out. Sadly, I don't think it will be that simple.

May 7th, 1916

Dear Diary,

I have gotten up early to write my final entry. Today, I will blow the whistle, and send 30 men to their looming death. I am not a religious man, but even I have prayed to be saved. But my luck has run out. I know that. And so, as the sun rises over No Man's Land, I will leave you on this note:

May 7th, 1916

Dear Diary,

I have gotten up early to write my final entry. Today, I will blow the whistle and send 30 men to their looming death. I'm not a religious man, but even I have prayed to be saved. But my luck has run out. I know that.

And so, as the sun rises over No Man's Land, I will leave you on this note:

Flatten

The Truth of War

Tighten your helmet, ready your gun,
Join in with the what your leaders call fun,
Play along with their little game,
And you will be shown no shame.

While they sit at home, sipping their tea,
You are out doing anything but flee.
They are corrupt and you are not,
But they won't be the one getting shot.

As you lie there injured, you won't be saved,
No matter how kind or well behaved,
So what is war, is not glory?
Ha! What a lie!

Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori...

By James Huxton (an original).

The Truth of War

Tighten your helmet, ready your gun,

Join in with what your leaders call fun,

Play along with their little game,

And you will be shown no shame.

While they sit at home, sipping their tea,

You are out doing anything but flee.

They are corrupt and you are not,

But they won't be the one getting shot.

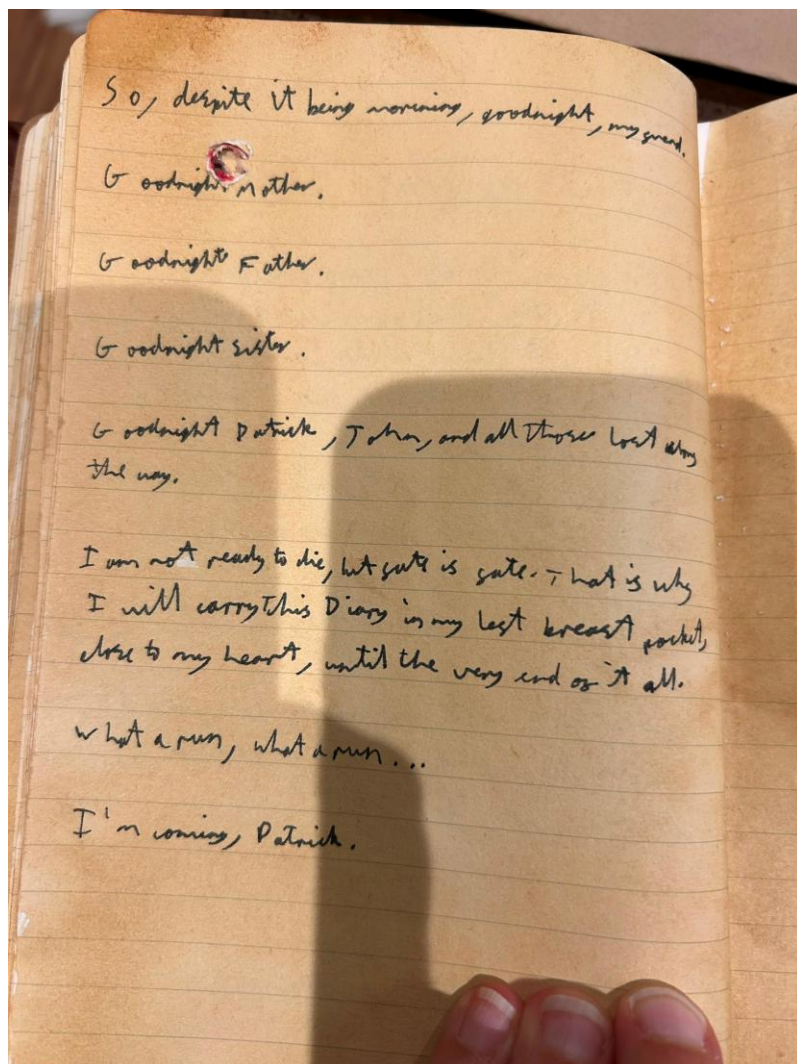
As you lie there injured, you won't be saved,

No matter how kind or well behaved.

So what is this war, if not glory?

Ha! What a lie:

Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori ...



So, despite it being morning, goodnight, my friend.

Goodnight mother.

Goodnight father.

Goodnight sister.

Goodnight Patrick, John, and all those lost along the way.

I am not ready to die, but fate is fate. That is why I will carry this Diary in my left breast pocket, close to my heart, until the very end of it all.

What a run, what a run...

I'm coming, Patrick.

So, despite it being morning, goodnight, my friend.

Goodnight mother.

Goodnight father.

Goodnight sister.

Goodnight Patrick, John, and all those lost along the way.

I am not ready to die, but fate is fate. That is why I will carry this Diary in my left breast pocket, close to my heart, until the very end of it all.

What a run, what a run...

I'm coming, Patrick.

Trench Diary Homework Project

Name & Class: Edward 9x3

WWW

Quite easily the best trench diary that I have ever read. Firstly, the presentation of your trench diary is remarkable – where did you get the whistle from?!

You have such a brilliant way of writing which made every word seem so real. Your soldier's reasons for signing up were so excellently written and how by a year in, he starts to question why – though you write beautifully about the friendships he has made whilst serving.

Slightly lost my senses when you mentioned *Dulce et Decorum Est* which is one of my absolute favourite Wilfred Owen poems. The fact you wrote your own poem makes me adore your diary even more.

You capture the struggles for the soldiers incredibly well and the negative consequences of going back to the front after home leave.

The events of your soldier stuck in the middle of No Man's Land and the German soldiers letting you go and your soldier questioning who the enemy even is belongs in a blockbuster film!

The last entry really broke my heart and the letter to his family was such a gorgeous touch too.

EBI

Does your soldier have any understanding of how the war started in the first place? Would he have been aware of who Archduke Franz Ferdinand was?

Beyond

Gold Award – and a Headteacher's Award too