

Thursday 25<sup>th</sup> December 1914

Dear Diary,

Today is Christmas Day and I'm inside the trenches waiting and waiting and waiting for this cruel and horrid war to end. I have dreamed and longed for the day that I go home and enjoy some of my mother's cooking while sitting next to my small fireplace away from all of the terror that this world is being consumed by. Many of my fellow soldiers are suffering trench foot, this is the most feared disease known in the trenches. This looks very disgusting and many infected people must have their foot amputated

Since today is Christmas, our governments called a truce, both sides slowly and nervously crept out of the trenches terrified to meet each other for the first time. The one day that we were not fighting was relaxing and peaceful. We enjoyed hot cider with the traditional roasted chestnuts. While sipping my cider I knew that this pleasant day was going to end soon and that we would have to go back to

killing our new friends. We finished off with a nice game of football and a little bit of alcohol.

At 11:59 pm everyone crawled back to the trenches and prepared for what was to come tomorrow. It was now Friday and I was surprisingly woken up by a shell exploding a mere 50 feet away from me. I was injured horribly and deafened by the loud Noise. My ears were ringing for 2 minutes until I heard a loud shriek coming from my now dead comrade. I fell straight to my knees devastated as death was new to me. I looked at his dead body, as he lay motionless on the muddy floors of the trenches.

See you soon.

Yours truly,

William

By: Alexander Singh Year 8L