

Wednesday, 21 of October 2021

Dear Diary,

Today is my birthday and I celebrated it by another attack of the Germans. My life here is just a living hell. Dirt mixed with water surrounding me as I am in the swamp. Mud is everywhere. People have not been in the shower for a few months now. More and more people are coughing and feeling sick but there is nothing doctors can do other than send them home, which is also not possible due to the war. The constant bombing from the German side is lowering the moral of our army more and more each day.

The men in our army do not have proper weapons and often fight with weapons of the previous century. We have to sleep next to dead bodies, but we cannot always tell if they are dead. In our free time, we dig holes to bury the dead bodies, however, they become more and more every day. Our living conditions are disgusting too. Mud mixed with water and blood. The food is awful. Since the shortage of supplies, we do not have proper food. Our breakfast is usually old, moldy and stale bread and a small cup of cold coffee.

My boots got wet on the first day of fighting. It can rain for 15 hours a day. Rats go around and steal our food or even ruin our clothes by chewing holes in them. Since most people have not been in the shower for a very long time, there is also a very unpleasant smell in the air. There are also lice in our hair.

However sometimes when we have free time, free from digging other trenches or repairing the trenches, we play cards or talk. Most of the people came to the army because of the propaganda. We thought that we will be heroes but now we feel more like victims. Right now, I have to go to sleep because I want to get at least a few hours of normal sleep without fighting. I hope I will see you soon.

With Love and Hope

Dima

P.S I don't have enough time to write in my diary so if I don't write again in this diary then that means I am dead

Dimitry Deputatov Year 8