

Wednesday 10th August 1915

Dear Diary,

Yesterday might have been one of the worst days of the war. Unlike other days where we had lots of free time and I would play cards with Phillip, yesterday was non-stop fighting. It was my 'free time' and a guard came and got me and told me that I had to start fighting again. It was finally time to rest but my eyes wouldn't close I was too busy thinking that I will never wake and never see my dear wife, Gene.

I just got a letter saying that my wife just brought a new soul into this world. Gene named him after me George. I wish she could send me pictures so I could see his adorable face and his gorgeous smile. I am heartbroken that I can't be there with him to hear him say his first word or to see him walk his first steps. My son should have a father when he is growing up, to tell him his bed time story or to sing him a lullaby.

I hope this war is over soon so I don't have to worry about a tank going over me while I'm asleep and so I can see my beautiful wife again and my adorable little son.

Yesterday I was the one that had to check if anyone had trench foot and it was disgusting. If someone didn't have trench foot, they would have at least had foot fungus and the smells were horrible. One soldier called Robin had trench foot and I had to rub whale oil all over his foot.

The food here is also disgusting but at least I have something to eat. The bread is as hard as a rock yet as soggy as a pond; it's very weird. The only days I look forward to is Saturdays when we get our alcohol. If only mum could send her apple pie and her coffee to me and then I would be good to fight for another month.

The trenches are awful they are full of water from all those stormy days and there are dead soldiers and rats everywhere. Last night when I was trying to sleep a rat came and started to bite my socks and take some of my food and that rat was the size of a cat. I can't wait to get out of here.

Love,

George

By Irene Ricci-David