

1914, December 15th

Dear Diary,

Today I have killed two or three soldiers, not sure if the last one survived. My brother Garry said he killed five Germans which is almost my record! I don't believe him, he most likely miscounted.

Lately I have been feeling itchy all over, Garry said its lice from the rats. Not sure what I will do about that. John hasn't been seen for over a week now, I can't imagine what happened to him. The last time I saw him was when we were playing a game of chess (which I was winning) and he got called on to be the sentry.

I have had around three close calls, standing too close to bombs, stumbling on a mine field and accidentally stepping out of the trenches while under heavy fire.

I have found I am the youngest amongst us all. The 2nd youngest individual is a sixteen-year-old boy and I am fourteen and a half! The sixteen-year-old boy, Jake, is surprised how I got in but to be honest, I was always a large individual.

Thanks to Jake for suggesting starting a diary!

Love,  
Nathan

1915, February 2nd

Dear Diary,

I am now back on the battle field, luckily, with Garry, who also reminded me I had a diary!

Things now have worsened, Jake was terribly injured after being shot in the shoulder paralyzing his whole right arm though luckily he is still alive in a hospital but is unable to fight. Garry and I both have something wrong with our feet or 'Trench foot' as we call it here. Every step feel like burning coal beneath my feet.

I haven't eaten much in the last five days, the rats got to our rations first. My stomach constantly begs me to feed it, as if its threatening to eat itself if I don't. My energy is running low.

This isn't fun anymore, I want Jake to be back happy and healthy, I want to be back at home in my soft bed, painlessly resting in the comfort of my mom's arm. I shouldn't have gone, I am tired of the constant gun fire, of the endless suffering and knowing that you either die on the battle field or go back with shell shock. Someone, save us.

Love,

Nathan

By Veronika