



# MEMORIES FROM WORLD WAR I

1914-1918

4<sup>º</sup>B-C HISTORY

IES LANCIA

*France. 15th of Novembre 1914*

**Dear Amapola Marinet**

Now that I have a little time at night I'll write to you to ask you how everything is? How about the family and the children?

Here in Marne things are getting worse, the situation is horrible, we spend the day fighting among corpses and we have almost no food left to survive. I have lived so many experiences that have left me horrified, do you remember my best friend Robert? He died a few days ago, I saw him with my own eyes, that left me devastated, but the leaders tell us to continue, they have already left us. I can't sleep at night thinking about everything we had lived together since the childhood. The living conditions are unbearable, we have to sleep with socks in our hands and we spend the whole day on alert. None of us like it here.

I promise this will be over soon and I will come home with you. I hope to be able to be there before Marie's birthday, so we can spend Christmas together.

He loves you very much,  
**Dad,**

An ornate, black and white floral border surrounds the text. It features intricate scrollwork, leaves, and flowers, with a central floral arrangement at the top. The border is symmetrical and frames the entire page.

La Nouvelle-Orléans,  
November 14th, 1916

London, Carnaby Street,  
3rd flat, 2nd floor A.

*Dear Addison:*

How is it going in London? I miss you so much and the only thing I want is the end of this terrible war to come back to you.

I'll tell you everything I can about our plans: we arrived New Orleans at 9 o'clock this morning to eat something and sleep and with that to face this war the best we can. We only need to stop our neighbours and I hope that the war will stop with that. I know these last months before I came to defend my country,, before France and UK signed the alliance, we have had to hide our sweet love from everything and everyone, since we fell in love at the cruise where I met you. Now that our countries are allies, we will never have to hide again; we will be happily ever after.

I promise I'll survive to see you in a white dress at our wedding, to see our kids running through our future house and to stay by your side until the day we die. This letter contains a ring inside,

I think you know for what it is. I want to start keeping my promises, and this is a big step towards that. I love you with my whole soul, Addison Lefevre.

With love, your future  
husband,  
Philippe Lefevre.

22nd February 1917

Dear Helena,

✦ I'm still in France, in the same trench since November. This is becoming harder each day, the infirmary is always full. Yesterday, I had 13 injured soldiers. Some of them had received a lot of shots in their bodies, while others had broken some bone. I'm full of joy, because today I could save a man with a shot in his head.

✦ I feel like this battle hasn't got an ending, almost every soldier in this trench is injured and they trust me to heal everyone. I have a lot of pressure and I'm risking my life everyday too.

I'm sorry I don't write you a lot of letters, I just don't have free time to do it. I know that you are very worried about me and I want to assure you that I'm fine. Sometimes I'm very scared, but I think about you and mother and it encourages me. I hope that mother is better with her cancer and I'm sure that you are taking care of her health. I miss you both so much.

Lots of kisses,  
Antonnie Wilson

Verdum. 23rd of February 1916

Hi brother:

I'm on the Western Front fighting at the Battle of Verdum defending France, we were going to do an operation called "Operation Judgment", was due to begin on February 12, but fog, heavy rain, and strong winds delayed the offensive until 07:15 on February 21, when an artillery bombardment began, German artillery fired about a million shells along a front. The stormtroopers followed closely with rifles slung over, to use hand grenades to kill the remaining defenders. I'm fine, I only have a wound on my leg. The reason I'm writing to you is because I'm hiding in a trench and I need you to send a rescue group to get me out of here please. I'll wait for them here.

PD: I trust you

From your sister:  
Ana Cardo



23th December  
1915

Dear Elisabeth,

After several endless months of war, we are finally resting in the trenches.

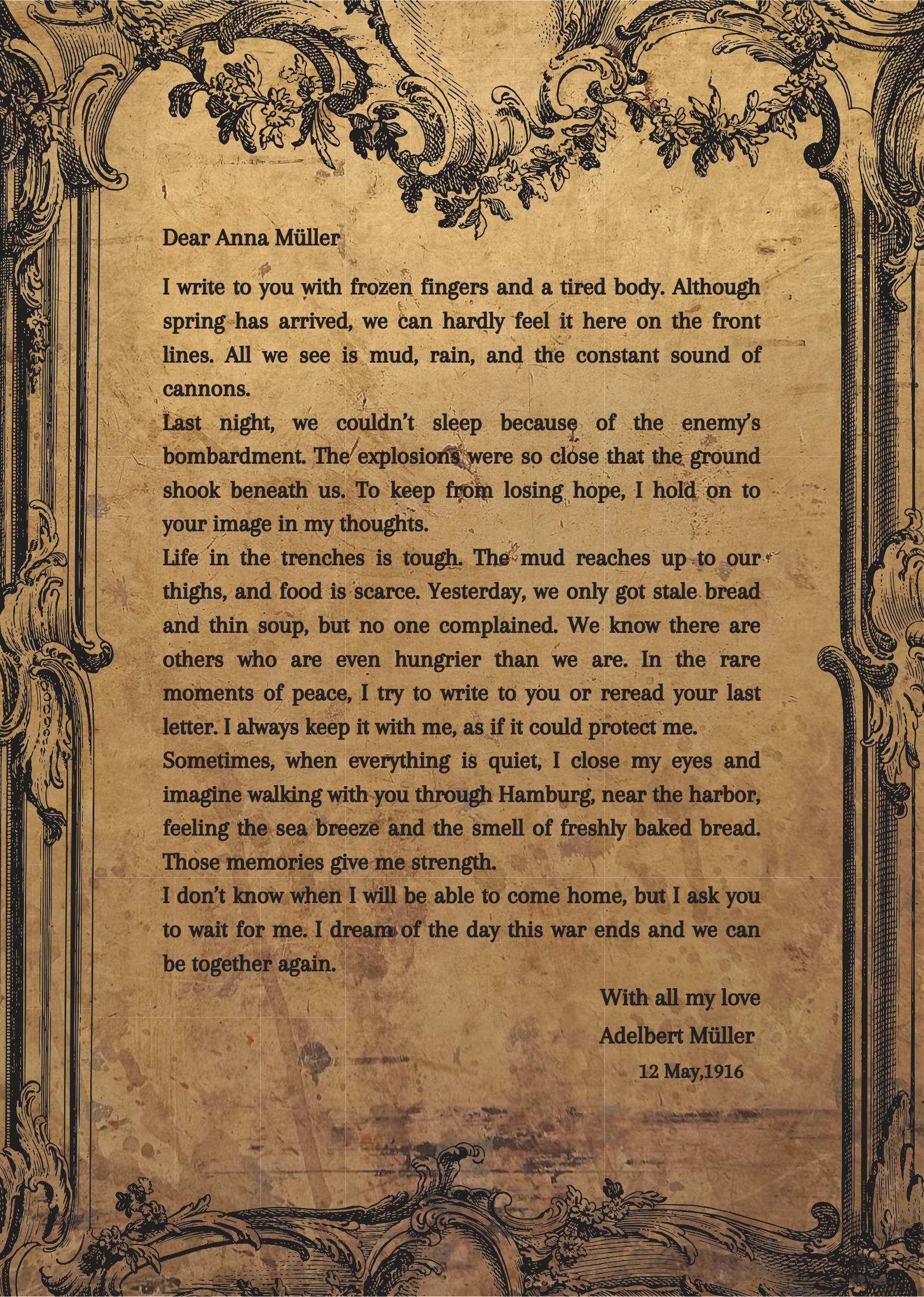
Thanks to this period of tranquility we can celebrate the holidays in a safer way. Here we are preparing everything necessary to celebrate Christmas. In a few weeks I will be able to return,

Because I have had a big injury to my right leg, wait for me at our house taking care of our little ones. I miss you so much my love, I hope I can return to your side soon.

Sincerely,

Pedro Picapiedra



An ornate, black and white decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns frames the text. The border is most prominent at the top and bottom, with vertical elements on the left and right sides.

Dear Anna Müller

I write to you with frozen fingers and a tired body. Although spring has arrived, we can hardly feel it here on the front lines. All we see is mud, rain, and the constant sound of cannons.

Last night, we couldn't sleep because of the enemy's bombardment. The explosions were so close that the ground shook beneath us. To keep from losing hope, I hold on to your image in my thoughts.

Life in the trenches is tough. The mud reaches up to our thighs, and food is scarce. Yesterday, we only got stale bread and thin soup, but no one complained. We know there are others who are even hungrier than we are. In the rare moments of peace, I try to write to you or reread your last letter. I always keep it with me, as if it could protect me.

Sometimes, when everything is quiet, I close my eyes and imagine walking with you through Hamburg, near the harbor, feeling the sea breeze and the smell of freshly baked bread. Those memories give me strength.

I don't know when I will be able to come home, but I ask you to wait for me. I dream of the day this war ends and we can be together again.

With all my love  
Adelbert Müller

12 May, 1916