

Title: requiem of a dead man

1 July 1916 France, river Somme

It's been a rough day my sweet Julia, the German forces have encroached upon the River Somme, every day Mortar units rain down hellfire on our battlements never ceasing in their plight to end our lives but our spirits unlike our battlefield haven't been razed, one day sweet Julia, I will make it home to you and our son.

13 July 1916 France, river Somme

It has been 13 days since I last wrote to you sweet Julia, I apologise for the wait but recently the Germans have been becoming more brazen in their attempts to thwart our goal of ending their regime, unfortunately we lost private Taylor earlier this morning to a Jerry patrol group, we buried him in the ruins of a ruined coffee shop on the river bank, the bravest burn out the fastest as they say.

15 July 1916 France, river Somme

My sweet Julia, we lost 19 men today, the Germans introduced us to the latest in 'Jerry' engineering, a lumbering behemoth of metal that our boys have begun calling 'hellcats' as they unleash hell out of their mouth like a demon feline that's language is death and destruction, fortunately the things falter after being hit with enough artillery to knock down a church so we've got that going for us, if we can hijack one of those things this battle will be over in days!

18 November 1916 France, River Somme

It has been many months since I've last messaged you my sweet Julia but I bring good news! The Germans have given up the ghost on trying to take the river and we've managed to drive them nearly out of France back to the sty they came from, I shall see you soon my sweet Julia.

9 August 1920 France, Berdun Castle

My sweet Julia I am so so sorry for not being able to come home to see you and our child, but the war has continued further into France, the German war machine has deflected our previous victories and have channeled them into a full on assault on Berdun Castle, I have been drafted into taking up arms with the French in repelling this attack but I fear this battle may carry on longer than I previously anticipated.

12 January 1921 France, Berdun Castle

The Germans are relentless, they have introduced us to even more of their monstrous creations, a massive flying abomination of steel the Germans have been calling 'Metallteufel', I

asked Gunnery Sergeant Francois delacroix what it meant and he fearfully answered "metal devil", I fear this war may end with the Germans claiming victory on France.

18 February 1922 France, Berdun Castle

This battle has raged on unending for the past 2 years, I am running on fumes, currently my sweet dandelion. The Germans seem unrelenting in their assault on this castle. I am almost tempted to desert and return to you in London my love but alas I March on

6 March 1922 France, Berdun Castle

Finally the battle is over, the Germans have receded back into their god-forsaken country, we have new orders from the commander to chase them back into Berlin and we set out tomorrow, write you then my sweet.

7 March 1922 Germany, Rhineland

We have travelled into the Rhine in an effort to end the German reign once and for all, the Germans have been on the offensive for long enough, the British empire has had enough of these extremists attempting to take over the world with their aggression, we shall chase these dogs back into the squalor they appeared from and if given the chance completely off the earth entirely.

19 March 1922 Germany

We have chased the Germans back into their own land and although we face much resistance from the military and the local militia 'the black dagger' we are pushing strongly into their country and we plan to take over Berlin in an effort to end all ideas of resistance from the army.

12 august 1925 Germany

It has been many years since I last wrote to you my love but I bring amazing news, we pushed them out of Berlin! The German forces have all but died off and the rest are currently awaiting punishment back in England, unfortunately we still have orders from the commander to put down all foreign resistance to our efforts who have surfaced in response to the failure of the German war machine, the amount of resistance we have faced by locals has been staggering but they will falter soon, they will all fall to our might, no matter the cost, no matter the sacrifice, we are soldiers and we shall fight!

5 December 1925 Germany

We have destroyed most of the resistance except for the populations in Poland and in Belgium, we are still losing men but reports from our spies indicate that the losses faced by the resistance is much much larger than our losses, this is a great sign for the British empire.

3 July 1926 Britain

I have returned to England my love. I long to see you and my child after our decade apart. I trust that you haven't remarried and that our son knows the things his papa has done for his safety and the safety of the British empire. I shall return to you by Sunday my love.

I cannot wait to sit in your embrace my lover forevermore.