



Brian Osborne - The Trenches

20th November 1915

My darling mother

I have been up in the trenches for five days and I was so dirty when I came back you would never have recognised me.

When I get home, which I hope won't be long, I won't be able to walk into our front door like a human person, I am getting more like a rabbit every day.

The dugout that I am in now is so small that I can't sit up and I have to crawl in. At this moment I am writing half lying down and half sitting up.

I will write you a list of what I will want you to send me if you can. A tin of Petit-Buerre biscuits, a tin of candles, some books, potted meat, a warm woolly waistcoat, a pair of gloves, some shirts and underclothes and lots of letters. The last are the most important....

Damn I am getting the neck-ache. You can't think how uncomfortable it is in here – the flies keep on sitting on my nose or eating up my chocolate. At night you hear the bullets going ping-ping against the bank on the other side of my trench.

From your loving son. Brian