A morbid sight, a sight one will never forget. Vividest of all in my mind remains the impression of a German skeleton, near the edge of our own trench. Dead for nearly a year perhaps, shot in some night attack, trying to cut the wire. A skeleton hand from which the wire-cutters had long since fallen, crumbled on a strand, a skull

grinned at the sky, a uniform mouldered,
That, and the blackness of Death. No
peaceful drifting across the Divide, but black-

ness and distortion.

Thus the aftermath: the price. . . .

which with black.

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round.

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