

SOURCE (D)



SOURCE (E)

9 December 1915:
 Foggy. Cool. Hit one man by a tree. Another one 50 yards right – he fell over a log. Then shot 3 men who went to help him.
 16 December 1916:
 Fine. 16 good shots. 7 known hits and feel sure of 4 more.

▲ *Diary of a British sniper.*

The biggest gun in World War One was a German gun called Big Bertha. It could fire a shell as big as a car more than 70 miles.

▲ *Taking a wounded soldier from the front line.*

SOURCE (F)

There was no hope. His head was smashed. Bits of brain lay in a pool under him...
 It took two hours before he died, with lots of men around him and the smell of the blood . . . crying out and gurgling, and a death rattle fit for a book.

▲ *The death of a soldier hit by a sniper's bullet.*

Night in the trenches

Night was the worst time for the men. Both sides sent out raiding parties who would attack enemy lines or try to take prisoners.
 Sometimes two raiding parties would meet in No Man's Land, and there would be a quiet, bloody fight to the death using *knives*, and *clubs and spades*.

Death in the trenches
 At any time a soldier might be *hit by a sniper* – a sniper could kill a man from half a mile away.

Or a soldier could be blown up or buried alive by *an enemy shell*. The worst thing was shrapnel – the red-hot bits of metal which flew out from an exploding shell. Even if the shell did not kill a man, dirt got into the wounds and he could die later of *blood-poisoning*.

More men died from shelling than died in battle. Many were sent mad by the fear and the noise.