

colossal weight our arms are sticks of straw, and our hand-grenades matches...

The days go by and the incredible hours follow one another as a matter of course. Attacks alternate with counter-attacks and slowly the dead pile up in front of us...

Haie Westhus drags off with a great wound in his back through which the lung pulses at every breath. I can only press his hand; "It's all up, Paul," he groans and he bites his arm because of the pain.

We see men living with their skulls blown open; we see soldiers run with their two feet cut off, they stagger on their splintered stumps into the next shell-hole; a lance-corporal crawls a mile and a half on his hands dragging his smashed knee after him; another goes into the dressing station and over his clasped hands bulge his intestines; we see men without mouths, without jaws, without faces; we find one man who has held the artery of his arm in his teeth for two hours in order not to bleed to death. The sun goes down, night comes, the shells whine, life is at an end.

Still the little piece of convulsed earth in which we lie is held. We have yielded no more than a few hundred yards of it as a prize to the enemy. But on every yard there lies a dead man.

-E.M. Remarque
All Quiet on the Western Front

Questions

1. List some of the emotions that the soldiers probably experienced as they lived in the trenches.

- (i) _____ (iii) _____
(ii) _____ (iv) _____

2. Why do you think Bertinck does what he does?

3. Why are the tanks "a terrible weapon"?
