

The Horrors of War

All Quiet on the Western Front excerpt

During World War I, soldiers fighting on both sides suffered the horrors of trench warfare. The following excerpts are from *All Quiet on the Western Front*, a novel written by Erich Remarque, a soldier in the German Army. Read the excerpts carefully, and then answer the questions that follow. Be prepared to share your answers with the rest of the class. “The line” mentioned is made up of trenches and holes in which the men lived.

... Behind us lay rainy weeks — grey sky, grey fluid earth, grey dying. If we go out, the rain at once soaks through our overcoat and clothing — and we remain wet all the time we are in the line. We never get dry. Those who will wear high boots tie sand bags around the tops so that the mud does not pour in so fast. The rifles are caked, the uniforms caked, oily mass in which lie yellow pools with red spiral streams of blood and into which the dead, wounded, and survivors slowly sink down...

We occupy a crater and get surrounded. The stink of petroleum or oil blows across with the fumes of powder. Two fellows with a flame-thrower are seen, one carries the tin on his back, the other has the hose in his hands from which the fire spouts. If they get so near that they can reach us we are done for, we cannot retreat yet.

We open fire on them. But they work nearer and things begin to look bad. Bertinck is lying in the hole with us. When he sees that we cannot hit them because under the sharp fire we have to think too much about keeping under cover, he takes a rifle, crawls out of the hole, and lying down prop on his elbow, he takes aim. He fires — the same moment a bullet smacks into him, they have got him. Still, he lies and aims again; — once he shifts and again takes aim; at last the rifle cracks. Bertinck lets the gun drop and says: “Good,” and slips back into the hole. The hindmost of the two flamethrowers is hit, he falls, the hose slips away from the other fellow, the fire squirts about on all sides and the man burns.

Bertinck has a chest wound. After a while a fragment smashes away his chin, and the same fragment has sufficient force to tear open Leer’s hip. Leer groans as he supports himself on his arm, he bleeds quickly, no one can help him. Like an emptying tube, after a couple of minutes he collapses.

What good is it to him now that he was such a good mathematician at school....

... the tanks have become a terrible weapon. Armored they come rolling on in the long lines, and more than anything else embody for us the horror of war.

We do not see the guns that bombard us; the attacking lines of the enemy infantry are men like ourselves; but these tanks are machines, their caterpillars run on as endless as the war, they are annihilation, the roll without feeling into the craters, and climb up again without stopping, a fleet of roaring, smoke-belching armourclads, invulnerable steel beasts squashing the dead and the wounded — we shrivel up in our thin skin before them, against their colossal weight our arms are sticks of straw and our hand-grenades matches...

