

Letter written from his hospital bed by Géo Farret, private first class a few days before his death

Source: **La dernière lettre écrite par des soldats français tombés au champ d'honneur 1914-1918**

Limoges, Tuesday, 15 September 1914

Dear parents.

I've ended up here after forty-eight hours on the train.

Happy to arrive last night. I am in a temporary hospital, according to the circumstances, in a former barracks.

I am not bad.

The neighbors of my bed are Parisians and we laugh and talk.

Carefully taken care of by the doctors and the nurses of the Red Cross. It's happy because I'm here long enough.

I have the right leg pretty much destroyed by a shell burst and a light wound to the right arm.

Don't be worried, whether it is long or short, if it is sad or not, there are so many who are dying here.

And then, if I suffer, I am content because it is for something that requires us to sacrifice everything.

All my friends and comrades from the company were on Thursday morning dead or wounded, I don't know. The 72nd is very much decimated (in the 11th company there only remain 70 of 250).

Be happy of the certitude that you have now. I embrace you with all of my heart, papa, mama, Jacques.

Don't forget to hug my dear aunt Aimee and all of the Maufroy family.

Géo Farret