

Letter written by Sergeant Auguste Garrot, oldest of five children, 158th infantry regiment, fallen on the field of honor, 6 April 1916

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

My dear parents,
If the great misfortune occurs, be strong to go on; you will know that your son has fallen in a glorious death, facing the enemy.

It's you who I am defending, my dear parents, it's my fatherland, it's the great Republic, one and indivisible.

Thanks to the blood spilt a peace will be born that my brothers will enjoy. I am the oldest, and it is right that I defend them. Happily, they will never know the horrors of war.

Father, you can be sure that your son never had a minute of cowardice.

Oh! Papa, mama, all of my brothers and sisters I have had your names on my lips right to the end.

Adieu. Long live France.
Auguste Garrot