

Write your name here:

<p>Beside us lies a fair-headed recruit in utter terror. He has buried his face in his hands, his helmet has fallen off. I fish hold of it and try to put it back on his head. He looks up, pushes the helmet off and like a child creeps under my arm, his head close to my breast. The little shoulders heave. Shoulders just like Kemmerich's. I let him be. So that the helmet should be of some use I stick it on his behind;--not for a jest, but out of consideration, since that is his highest part. And though there is plenty of meat there, a shot in it can be damned painful. Besides, a man has to lie for months on his belly in the hospital, and afterwards he would be almost sure to have a limp.</p>	<p>In what ways does this "fair-headed recruit" remind Paul of Kemmerich?</p> <p>What does this passage tell us about Paul's personality?</p>
<p>From the dark group stretchers move off again. Then single shots crack out. The black heap convulses and then sinks down. At last! But still it is not the end. The men cannot overtake the wounded beasts which fly in their pain, their wide open mouths full of anguish. One of the men goes down on one knee, a shot--one horse drops--another. The last one props itself on its forelegs and drags itself round in a circle like a merry-go-round; squatting, it drags round in circles on its stiffened forelegs, apparently its back is broken. The soldier runs up and shoots it. Slowly, humbly, it sinks to the ground.</p>	<p>Why are the soldiers so upset about the horses?</p> <p>Is killing horses the same as killing men? Explain.</p>
<p>The earth bursts before us. It rains clods. I feel a smack. My sleeve is torn away by a splinter. I shut my fist. No pain. Still that does not reassure me: wounds don't hurt till afterwards. I feel the arm all over. It is grazed but sound. Now a crack on the skull, I begin to lose consciousness. Like lightning the thought comes to me: Don't faint! I sink down in the black broth and immediately come up to the top again. A splinter slashes into my helmet, but has already travelled so far that it does not go through. I wipe the mud out of my eyes. A hole is torn up in front of me. Shells hardly ever land in the same hole twice, I'll get into it. With one lunge, I shoot as flat as a fish over the ground; there it whistles again, quickly I crouch together, claw for cover, feel something on the left, shove in beside it, it gives way, I groan, the earth leaps, the blast thunders in my ears, I creep under the yielding thing, cover myself with it, draw it over me, it is wood, cloth, cover, cover, miserable cover against the whizzing splinters.</p> <p>I open my eyes--my fingers grasp a sleeve, an arm. A wounded man? I yell to him--no answer--a dead man. My hand gropes farther, splinters of wood--now I remember again that we are lying in the graveyard.</p> <p>But the shelling is stronger than everything. It wipes out the sensibilities, I merely crawl still farther under the coffin, it shall protect me, though Death himself lies in it.</p>	<p>In seventh-grade language, what is Paul doing in this section?</p> <p>Why does Remarque capitalize "Death"? How is that significant to the reader?</p>

<p>The youngster will hardly survive the carrying, and at the most he will only last a few days. What he has gone through so far is nothing to what he's in for till he dies. Now he is numb and feels nothing. In an hour he will become one screaming bundle of intolerable pain. Every day that he can live will be a howling torture. And to whom does it matter whether he has them or not - I nod. "Yes, Kat, we ought to put him out of his misery."</p>	<p>Would you have made the same decision? Explain your reasoning.</p>
<p>Our losses are less than was to be expected--five killed and eight wounded. It was in fact quite a short bombardment. Two of our dead lie in the upturned graves. We merely throw the earth in on them.</p>	<p>Connect this passage to the statements from the doctors about "Bed 26" in chapter 2.</p>
<p>We remember mighty little of all that rubbish. Anyway, it has never been the slightest use to us. At school nobody ever taught us how to light a cigarette in a storm of rain, nor how a fire could be made with wet wood--nor that it is best to stick a bayonet in the belly because there it doesn't get jammed, as it does in the ribs.</p>	<p>What type of information is most valuable?</p>
<p>Albert cleans his nails with a knife. We are surprised at this delicacy. But it is merely pensiveness. He puts the knife away and continues: "That's just it. Kat and Detering and Haie will go back to their jobs because they had them already. Himmelstoss too. But we never had any. How will we ever get used to one after this, here?"--he makes a gesture toward the front.</p> <p>"When I think about it, Albert," I say after a while rolling over on my back, "when I hear the word 'peace-time,' it goes to my head: and if it really came, I think I would do some unimaginable thing--something, you know, that it's worth having lain here in the muck for. But I can't even imagine anything. All I do know is that this business about professions and studies and salaries and so on--it makes me sick, it is and always was disgusting. I don't see anything at all, Albert."</p> <p>He is right. We are not youth any longer. We don't want to take the world by storm. We are fleeing. We fly from ourselves. From our life. We were eighteen and had begun to love life and the world; and we had to shoot it to pieces. The first bomb, the first explosion, burst in our hearts. We are cut off from activity, from striving, from progress. We believe in such things no longer, we believe in the war.</p>	<p>In these three different passages from chapter 5, the men talk about what life will be like after the war. Explain their sentiments. What do they anticipate things will be like?</p>

What are the men's post-war plans?

Kropp	Westhus
Katczinsky	Baumer
Muller	Tjaden
Detering	

Explain how the soldiers are able to properly seek retribution against Himmelstoss.

Juxtapose the end of chapter 4 with chapter 5.