

Monday 17<sup>th</sup> May 2021.

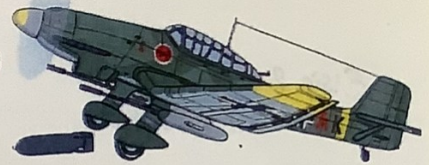


On Tuesday morning, the rain stung their face and hands, for that it was going to be harder to fight. People were falling like stones, the trench was wet and hailstones were like ice melting into your hands, the feeling cold but hot, a weird feeling. The dirt of a bomb washed over them like rain: It scattered like freshly fallen snow. Imagine a world where the sun always shined, when the flowers bloomed, where no one killed one another and everyone was nice to each other. That place wasn't here. If you want that your better off at Tjener for the next 20 years... Life in World War II is NOT that in a promise.

"Get up the ladder boys! do yourselves proud!" Sargeant panted.

William Climbed up the cold ladder that hurt to the touch. Men that were brave enough scrambled to the top. "Come on, Francis!" William prayed.

Decaying flesh flooded their noses and wet mud up to their ankles. Watching dead men fall down into a corner. "If any of our men stay here or run towards you... you shoot 'em dead! understood?" sargeant said eyeing Francis in particular. "Rather be up there than here!" Francis saluted.



The two soldiers who were engulfed with fear  
Went over the top...

The Battlefield was vast and four years before  
It was perfect for picnics, daisies would bloom, tulips  
around the perimeter. Now it was battered and tired  
with destruction. The grass was grey, black, or on  
fire. The grass looked as if it was lying down.  
Red, orange flames everywhere. The state of this.  
Britain will NEVER be the same again...

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In the rat infested trenches, there was a sea of khaki helmets which were sardines in a rotten, old tin: they were all engulfed with gear. I imagine a place that was blood stained, gullied with gear and rotten to the brine the trenches are that place. "Come on lads, come on!" exclaimed Charlie. Out of the blue, a whizzing bomb hit the surface of the ground just outside of the mouse, trenches. The trenches are woolly mammoths. Suddenly, a second bomb hit the surface of the trenches leaving blood stained mud and dirt littered all over the ground of the trenches: it was a pigsty.

"All right lads, if any of our troops turns back you get this rifle and shoot them dead, ok!" shouted Phillip the commander with a stern tone to what he had



just address to his soldiers.  
"Ok sir, yes sir!" replied the soldiers including Andrew and Charlie with a hint of gear and a upbeat tone.

"Ok Andrew, you get this rifle and shoot them dead!" explained the Commander Phillip, angrily.

"Yes sir, ok!" Andrew squicked like a little, scared mouse.

"Ok, ~~now~~ now let's go lads, let's go!" demanded Phillip with a bad tone. Out of the blue, a man with a small, black whistle in his mouth come to the main part of the trench and blew the little, black whistle to began the second day of war.

Before approaching the ladders, a scottish man with a scottish outfit on grabbed his bagpipes and started playing it for the

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soldiers to have more courage  
for the biggest battle of their lives  
(war.) As well as climbing ladders  
Andrew and Charlie took a  
deep breath before approaching the  
battle field, the soldiers  
went down one by one like  
skittles on a bowling alley  
on the battle field. They had  
to pass meatle structures known  
as hedges to get to their hope-  
fully prisoners their enemies. Will  
they make it back alive or will  
they all die and lose the  
war...?

As Alexander scrambled through the deep, thick underground trench. They clustered together, they could feel the dirt rush down their face as if it was raining. They could feel the damp wood enclose their nostrils, the bayonet's blade was as sharp as a cactus's spines. The sea of Khaki helmets then turned. I imagine a place full of rats, where the floor was cascade iron shavings, where depression was the only feeling: the front line was that place.....

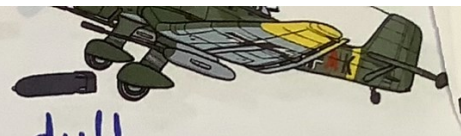

He heard a person call from behind him "On your ladders boys, up you go; up you go," the depression on their faces stole their soul like a virus. Then sergeant, Lincolnbrough stormed through and shouted "You take this rifle and shoot them dead, you shoot them dead he mumbled you s "Up your ladder to your work," He yelled



then the whistle blew.....

' They ran up the rungs of the ladder, some fell; some didn't. The toxicated air burned through their lungs. Bombs going off around them, there were trees however they didn't look trees, it was as if it was black and white. Bagpipes wailing like a pod of whales. Thunder dancing through the midnight sky, shining like ~~the~~ the moon. This was the Somme however Alexander called it death night. Alexander ran scratching his face in barbed wire sitting like a duck in the blood-filled water, they said "this is the end."





I imagine a place so dull  
and dark, where even a hive  
of bees could not compare, the  
face of depression, where contagious  
and lives hung desperately in the  
balance: The trench four, seven,  
nine, two was such a place.

Baron, lifeless souls lined up  
waiting to go out into the jaws  
of death. Ash and dirt filled their  
lungs as the toxic, obsidian air  
glowed past them like a ghost.

Andrew heard little of what  
was being said around him. "This is  
your sergeant speaking! If any of  
you make one wrong mistake you  
won't be living ~~because you~~  
~~can't make it~~ any longer. It is  
down to you what happens today  
do you hear me!?" "YES!" the  
~~the~~ frightened soldiers replied "I said  
DO YOU HEAR ME?!!!" "YES!" at  
that moment that's when the whistle  
of death blew and bagpipes began  
to play.



Over the trench, Andrews eyes met the realisation of complete devastation. Andrews rifle <sup>was</sup> pointing towards. He didn't take a breath as he edged towards ~~to~~. Sprinting through the air, most likely for the last time, Andrew gripped onto the <sup>rifle</sup> ~~rifle~~ and gulped nervously.