

One Woeful War by Sophie

Running. I don't know where. Just running. Running away from all the noise. The guns. The shouting. The constant violence. The death. But you can't get away from it. You can't run away from war. You can never run away from war. It follows you around like a torpedo. It's horrible. All the lads, including me, thought it was a laugh at first, 'we'll be all back an' well soon!' one had said. He's dead now, poor lad.

Somewhere nearby a German soldier had started to fire a machine gun. It was right at me. I saw a small ditch and jumped into it. It would do. At least they couldn't get me. Ow. My arm hurts. It got shot through yesterday. The nurses are brill though, I'm telling you. I saw a shell go flying over my ditch. It sent mud flying into my eyes and mouth; oh well, it could have been worse. I imagined mum. Poor mum. Lost dad. Losing me. I'm certainly losing myself. Then I thought of the kids, the poor kids. They just think it funny. They won't. Then I thought of the country. They needed us. They needed me. Dad would be proud, I'm sure of it. Guns pounded my thoughts above, but I only have one thing on my mind. I will fight. I've got to. I raised my gun. The bullets ceased. This was my chance, I knew it.

I scrambled up to find no German soldiers, but four or five soldiers walking around dead bodies. 'One, two, three, four, five, six, we're one missing, where's Harold?' one shouted out. 'Here' I whispered. 'I heard sumfink, wait a minute Sarge, sir!' said one other whom I believed to be called Ben. 'Here...I'M HERE!' I cried, as frightened faces turned and stared at me. I ran. Not away this time but towards, to nurse, Mary, Ben, Sergeant Sir and a couple whom I could not remember names for. 'The Germans have left, surrendered! Ol' Sarge Sir here gave 'em hell of it, didn't you sarge? We're safe for now anyway!' cheered Ben.

But we weren't safe; you're never safe at war. The Germans didn't surrender, they wouldn't, it isn't right. They had a plan. A plan that has now been put into action. I knew it. I could just tell. They were coming. They were coming and there is no way back. The path is blocked. Five. Against Twelve. I think this is a battle that can never be won.