

## Christmas Eve Truce

William is joining up the army, feeling a bit pressured by the people surrounding him.

William's palms are shaking and he's sweating as he walks up those stairs, everyone around him cheers and applauds but he has a bad feeling about this in his guts, there's voices swirling around him.

The more he's pressured, the more he shakes.

He keeps hearing voices saying,

"Don't go, you're going to die, don't go..." but he didn't listen, he was already feeling pressured.

William sighs as he keeps walking up those stairs.

He looks back waving at the people, knowing this was the last time they would see him.

He then turns back and keeps walking before entering, he was shaking, seeing faces of his beloved ones and his family swirling around, he could hear his own heart beat getting closer...and closer... then a tall man gave William a sheet of paper to sign, William then takes a pen with his shaking hand and signed it.

The tall man then took him to the train station to go to the army, he felt sad about leaving his hometown but he was forced to. Later on the train he saw London he made a "Wow!" sound but remembered this wasn't an adventure. It felt like hours had passed by, one of the young men looked at William, "You alright, pal?" the man said with a questioning tone.

William was sweaty all over, the young man patted his shoulder with one hand.

"It will all be alright!" reassured the young man.

In the train William looked out of the window, he didn't recognise where he was.

Soon, they reached the trenches. The trenches looked crusty, dusty, and muddy, rats lying around everywhere! And there was a smell coming from the dead rats! William made a 'ew' noise as he covered his nose.

"What's that smell?" gagged William,

"It's those dead rats over there, lad."

Said one of his teammates pointing to the crowd of dead rats, William's eyes widened as his mouth dropped open, then the captain rang his whistle to get everyone's attention.

"Let's go to the communication trench, follow on!"

Everyone including William followed the captain. They have a problem, they go into the trenches.

Each one of them took a seat on the sandbags, some of them sit on the cold hard muddy ground, William looks around, his eyes widened, he says to one of his pals,

"This is where we'll have to stay?" he questioned,

His friend replied "yeah, pretty horrible right?"

William sighs. He sits on the ground, he looks around, William takes out a photograph of his family. William is now glancing at photographs of his family sadly because he misses them very much.

A tear dripping noise is heard, but who IS crying? The captain blows his whistle.

"Listen up boys! In five minutes we will be going to the frontline!" The captain yells for the ones in the back to hear.

"Don't you have feelings for those who will die, including me?" William spoke up, his tone was rough and aggressive and loud, the captain laughs then turns serious "What's feelings without pain, no pain, no gain"

And with that... They start walking in a line to the frontline, William hesitantly walks behind them marching down with his rifle in his right hand, held against his chest he prays that he won't die, he knew this was a bad decision but had to do it for his family, they keep marching down until they reach the frontline.

They look over the top and see a light.

"Hey, what's that light in the distance?" someone asks, everyone looks in the way of the light.

"It must be the enemies ready to attack!" someone else says.

"Or maybe it's a christmas tree!" a young man says rushing over to go to no man's land but William stops him,

"Are you dumb? It could be a trap!" William says hesitantly, he definitely wasn't planning on dying and wasn't planning for anyone else to die, not on his watch!

They all start to hear the enemies going to no man's land but they're not running... they're walking! Surprising right? You wouldn't see soldiers walking, you would either see them running, sprinting or running away.

William goes up first, his hands high up in the air to show surrender, he slowly walks up to them, putting his rifle down on the floor, he extends his hand out to one of them as they shake hands, the others then go join William and shake hands with the others.

"Do you want to play some football, boys?" asked one of them. The captain then goes to them, he clears his throat very loudly

"We're not here to play games," the captain strictly says.

"But sir we don't want to fight-" but the captain interrupts.

"I don't want to hear it! It's now...or never!" The captain demands.

"No sir, we're going to play football I'm done with fighting" William speaks up  
One of the soldiers get a football out as they all start to play, one of the soldiers are the goalkeeper and the others are players

Later on they go back to their trenches, the captain looks like he was devastated as he face palms himself in the face

"Why didn't all of you fight!" the captain says with a sigh as he shakes his head slightly

"At least we didn't die!" William says confidently as he stands strong

And then, they all get sent back home...