

Christmas in the trenches.

GOAL!! Cheering my little brother on as he plays. People running behind the goal. The clock hits three, the match ends and all the footballers change into their normal clothes. On our way home my brother Ryan and his friends were talking about signing up to go to war. I interfered and said it was too dangerous but they didn't listen to me. I was worried that they were going to join.

Back at home me and Ryan were talking and he said that he had made his final decision and he was going to join the war. My jaw dropped because I told him not to but he didn't listen but then I said that I would go with him. So he is not on his own with his friends.

So then the next day we went to go and sign up with his friends. We got in and then they said come back after four days. We went back after four days and we got our uniforms. They said come back later that day because we were going on a ship to our training camp.

In training camp we are learning what to do when a bomb comes, how to snipe and we were eating porridge..But what I am wondering is why Ryan, my little brother, wanted to fight in war?. That is what is always in the back of my head.

Me and Ryan are in the trenches now. I never thought it would be this dirty, filthy,dirty and have a bunch of rats and mice and built out of mud,sticks and meatol.After that we went to the support trench where we were getting ready to go to the front line.while I was in the support trench I seen all the soldiers eating, and there faces were shaking and there faces were red and they were sleeping wherever they could and we seen some injured soldiers.But we didn't think it was going to be like this.

Then they said "it was time to go to the front line".Everyone's faces turned red and our arms and hands started shaking after hearing explosions and guns going off.

We were walking for miles and miles then we were at the front line and we saw injured soldiers and fighting soldiers.And then they said get to work an sprinted back to the support trench.So we started fighting after that we heard a whistle after 5 or 4 hours everyone said it was a trench foot check but all the new soldiers had to stay and fight bombs were coming left and right. We had people fighting for hours and hours and then it was finally our turn for trench foot check.

After fighting for months and months it was Christmas everyone was sending letters home to wish there family a merry christmas and me and Ryan sent letters as well. But then a person from the enemy trench came out of there trench we were all ready to attack but then he said "Merry Christmas"

So I went out and said "Merry Christmas". Then after a few minutes more people from the enemy trench and my trench started coming over and started shaking hands. After that someone people started playing a game of football so we went back to our trenches everyone said merry christmas and went back to the trenches everyone fell asleep.

It was the next day we thought there would be fighting but there wasn't. We were surprised and there wasn't any fighting the next day either. We were worried that they were going to plan a big attack so we were getting ready and we all fell asleep.

Shots were fired left and right then we realised that they had been swapped with other people so then another massive war broke out everyone went over the top I stayed in the trench they sended a big bomb over. I got hurt. I closed my eyes. I never opened them again.

By Poppie, Year 6