

No-Man's land,
A landscape only to be seen by the loved dead,
The ground and the sky looks like a destructive demon
was set free.

The trenches,
A slender canyon where suicide calls,
The calm before the unbelievable storm,
Where your best friend was a lifeless plant,
The place where soldiers are drunk with
depression.

The city,
A black silhouette on the horizon,
The bombers are like metallic vultures surrounding
their prey,
The bombs are like an ark being stamped
on.

The war,
An unpleasant time to live,
It isn't child's play,
Not an exciting festival,
It was a slaughter house.

by James
Greenwood.

The angel war

Deafening cannons booming,

As I rushed away in gear,

Innocent men trembling to their death,

I once had a dream to represent my country but not like this.

Trying to sleep almost impossible.

Fears of gas corrupting our lungs,

A toxic tidal wave gilling the trench just like a tsunami
flooding a beautiful helpless city!

The great war more like the angel war.

The endless metallic rains gilled the skies.

Gas bombs land and cause a terrible destruction.

6 kg of gas gills the air, glittering, choking, drowning.

Soldiers had one desperate dream and that dream was as
simple as just seeing their families again.

Bent under trenches,
Away from swarming bullets,
Hidden from the gas that surrounds the air,
We suffer in the thick green sea.

The rampaging bullets pick us off one by one,
This fearsome terror is not a bad dream,
The noxious war will never be won,
This pointless war shall always be known.

Every man dropping like flies,
Every man falling like dominoes,
The echo of pain and fear surrounds us,
The lives washing away like a tsunami.

By
Halle

You can't run,
You can't hide from this vile place,
Mortified, depressed,
Full of regret.

Depraved people killing the innocent,
Not caring or bothering,
Just death after death,
Until the population goes down by millions.

People drowning,
People bleeding to death,
People crying in agony,

Gas spread like a disease,
I was too weak to survive,
Now blood was dripping like rain,
I hope people don't have to experience this again.

Now I lay beside my grave.
Too ill to even bother,
I am just one out of millions who have died,
Just too many lives gone to waste.

Their despicable behaviour,
Will now be known by others,
Our effort and sacrifices,
Will cherish in hearts of loved ones and one another.

Sofia Grace Fitton

Age 10

The Last Breath

Gas shells expanding like green fog,
Silver bullets raining down like hailstone,
Not even a bit of light crept through the dark clouds,
The ground was as dark as coal.

An obnoxious feeling creeping into minds,
A vile sickness crawling up throats,
Discombobulated thoughts blowing up like bombs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the end.

Drunk with fatigue holding on by a thread,
Wondering why I decided to do the tortuouse task,
Crash, Bang, soldiers taking their last breaths,
Bitter bloody mintriness fingers shaking as I take my last
shot -

Boms exploding like fireworks,
People dropping like rain in England,
In the trench, down below,
No mans land, where noone want to go.

A green swarm of mysterious mist,
Sucking the innocent lives out of stumbling soldiers,
Draining life like blood dripping from an open wound,
Dark, wet, sloppy, heart-wrenching battle.

Thoughts swarming my head like bee's in a hive,
Could I make it, could I survive,
Legs aching, heart pounding, Gas-shells dropping,
No escape.

Frankie

Bullets roar as they appear out of the gun,
Crawling out of the trench,
trudging in the soil,
eating all hope.

Whispering in gright,
because there is no light,
the tsunami of smoke,
drowning you in gas.

A tornado of bodies,
surrounding you like a croud,
one pull of a trigger can kill,
hundreds and thousands.

Tanks crunching,
Shells plumbeting,
next to me,
Bang!

By Fleur

The missing soldier

I am the missing soldier,
Knock-kneed and marching asleep,
A shower of metal swarming me,
This thought I shall never keep.

I am the missing soldier,
Always sleeping awake,
Bullets eating people alive,
This thought makes me shake.

I am the missing soldier,
Diving into a pool of fear,
The toxic green gas, corrupting lungs,
Bombs dropping like a meteor shower.

I am the missing soldier,
Who was presumed dead.

I am the missing soldier,
Who fought for you to lay in a bed.

- by Ethan

Hope

Drunk with fatigue,
Men fought asleep
Soldiers crowded the area,
Like a demon set free.

Filling the air,
with anguish and pain
I stood there in fright,
Will I ever return home again?

Surrounding us was deadly wire,
Capturing us like a pool of fire
Letters flew across my face,
Hoping my weeping wife will
receive it someday.

Emotions twisted inside of me,
Shrivelling up in fright
I'm scared to run, though I know
I have to, All I want is determination
and hope.

Hope - a war poem by Ella

Asleep but awake,
Awake but asleep,
Men trembling & cudging and terrified,
As the toxic smoke and extinguished everyone in sight.

Their knowledge of time absconded,
As their brain and memories glided away in effort to be free,
Men violently being sucked into a vicious trap
Like dirt through fingers,
While the men who had survived
Sun away with their in their hands.

The sound of determination sparked through
My swollen tender ears,
The sound of hell shimmered and
Scraped through my bruised battered body.

By Chloe McIntyre

The Death

Pain spreading all around us,
Hopeless hearts failing to live,
Mindsets changing to a reality of hell.

Metalic rain roaring us out one by one,
A tsunami of thoughts black thoughts,
Eating us away,
All lives being put to waste.

Gas! Gas, a green toxic tidal wave,
Taking men of all shapes and sizes,
Like a spiders web,
A web creating chaos.

Boom! A gleaming light,
I slowly started to creep forward,
I coughed like an old hag,
Then, I was gone, from this mistake of a world.
Age 11, Charles

What war actually is?

Purple bruises; red scars; broken bones,
Determination edging me forwards anxiety holding me back,
Deaf to the loud, echoing noise of bullets,
Blind to how depraved and life-changing war is.

Tudging wearily through pools of blood,
Black bags underneath innocent eyes of colour,
Long, hanging faces; no happiness, no hope,
The sky as black as coal, swirling smoke rising high
BOOM!

Shells pelt down like icy, cold hail,
Toxic clouds blanket around the miserable sky,
Men fall into dark black holes; into death itself,
The ear-piercing screams of horror, ~~ruby~~ red
Ruby red liquid flooding the ground.

It was only then I realised what war really was.
Bella, aged: 10

My last Stand

The shells whistle down like meteors sent from
hell,

Soldiers get shot down but then to be
finished by the Nazi,

Tanks struggle to get up ^{fritz.} devils wasteland,
whilst the Bi-planes gives you
the fright,

"Get to cover! Get to cover!"

The German machine guns decimate anyone near,

"Push boys! Push!"

Lieutenants hell like orders make me want
to jump of a cliff but ~~now~~ hundreds of men
have torn through the safety of cover and
now are cooking their weapons,
Gas! "Gas!"

We are running for our gas masks as the
misty green fog approaches but.

I tripped and I'm too

late....

By: Azeem Laginhan
Age: 11

I never knew, by Amy Renshaw.

I never knew this suicidal day would come,
So terribly quick, so terribly soon. My innocent family wait,
In any hope I will come back,

I never knew that countries could be torn,
"FIGHT!! WE MUST WIN!" the captain hollars
As if it was our choice,
We were helpless, stuck. Then I heard a deathening boom.

I never knew I would make the choice,
to take a man's life is brutal,
To take so many is heart wrenching,

I grasped the steel trigg, my boots sinking in the enemies sand,
PING!!! PING!!!
10 men lie dead, my gate the same, marroon blood crying,
I never knew I would die like this.

The stories of WW1:

By Alice Pickering, Age 11

A field of blood creates the same old commotion,
The guns come to a stop,
Men's nightmares fill their heads,
Nice dreams hard to provoke.

Gas fills the air,
Like a vile, green ghost,
Eating everything in sight,
Tears falling down my face as men fall to the ground.

Metallic rain flew across no-man's land,
As we dragged him on the wooden cart,
Along the boggy landscape,
His life almost at an end.

The white eyes writhing in his face,
You will not tell,
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The stories of WW1.

Deprived, deranged all of those I am,
Beginning to feel like the patriotism wasn't worth it,
Gas spreading like green fog,
Blood cascading down innocent bodies.

Shells exploding my goth-corrupted lungs,
A swirling demon of agony engulfed no-man's land,
Questioning whether I would live on, I ran on,
My only hope...

Peirring battle cries deafening my ears,
Even to the sound of life-threatening explosions going on behind,
A green ocean embodied a squadron of men desperate for victory,
Survival was a definite no.

Boom crash bang, tanks slipping on their sides,
Men drunk with fatigue ardent for sleep,
Discombobulated souls,
Our worst nightmares had come true.

By: Algie Turner
Age: 10

The deceitful tale.

Hail stone rain cascaded down our faces,
Awry smells lingered in the air,
We had nothing to cover our bitter-cold fingers,
Metal birds soared over us.

Quick! Quick!

We marched over the hill like a tsunami,
Depraved meteors hit us from above,
Tanks trudged along the blood pool,
Taking away the souls of innocents.

Green egg roamed the air,
Diminutive bullets smothered our faces,
Whilst we ran back to our patriotic bases,
Deceased people in back of our minds.

Never tell the young ones this deceitful tale,
Say your last words to your family,
Bye was mine,
My family got the letter

Alex Leyden

Age: 11