

Helpless as they fell,
From the deafening machines above,
Like a wolf stalking it's prey,
But I am on the front line,

Clouds giving a death-stare,
No light to be seen,
Gas killed the petrified,
Maybe I was next,

A lifeless feeling in the air,

Bullets like angry bees,

I wish I was at home,

But I am on the front line,

I am on the front line,
not in air or sea,

If a German takes a peep,
I am the first to see,

But I am on the front line,
And there, I shall stay.

By Will

I ran through what used to be green grass.
Many of my men left in the disgusting trench.
"Quick boys quick! Get over the bridge!"
Men dropped like flies. It really was a never ending nightmare.
Bombs dropping, gas spreading like a disease.

All of a sudden, BOOM! My peer was shot!

As defenceless as an ant, he stumbled, stumbled towards me.
Drink with gurgling I grabbed him under the matalic rain!
And then he passed, another man was shot

"Run boys run!" I screamed.

Cold and dumpy we all ran, all worried we could be dead.

A thin dark bullet whizzed past my head and mist by me.

Then I WAS shot. "Captain" they all shouted.

"Go on without me! make your country proud!"

It makes me sad to think I am unknown to so many
people!

Wet, leather boots ran past me to carry on the tragic
war.

By Sam Roberts

BAF

AGE 11

Sam Roberts
AGE 11

four souls

Fto

The Justice

Those who will give,
In a head storm,
Offering their lives,
So someone else will carry on.

The guilty.

Those who survive,
No matter the cost,
They spin their own web
And don't care who is caught

Four different souls,

That in war play their
parts,

The brave

An undying spark,
When all hope seems lost
Carrying on,
As if he made the choice

Which one is you?

Look into your heart

The meek

It doesn't take long,
For these flies to drop,
Give him a week
His soul will be lost

by Perry
E

WWI: The battle.

We trudged tiredly through the filthy mud,
Hanging, haunting faces like a devil's scaly skin,
Cascading like a waterfall of the devil's own blood.

The blood of many dead men - my friends and kin,
We turned our backs on the haunting flares, Marching
to our distant rest.

The bangs and crashes the explosions erupting
Still scares in the cool air, An injured soldier dripping
blood everywhere on the battlefield, His final place of rest.

by Oliver Stevens
age: 11

The sheer cries of otherworldly terror, in pace with the heavy rain,
They rip through the air, like shining silver thunder,
Cuts in their bodies, as deep as our trenches,
As we dash in the fields of hell.

Barbed wire, stretching, clawing at our souls,
Once a field, now an ash-laden arena,
Those that did not run far enough,
Now lay in the dirt, untouched.

Darkness calls, beckons, calls their names, the silence of the night
But the silence of the night,
Interrupted, unrighteously, uneasily,
This toxic banister,
The lives it claimed,
The ones never to see daylight again.

Once and for all, Silence in no man's land...

Silence in No-Man's Land
By Milly Smith, Age 10

The battle

They're trying to run,
They're trying to hide
When all seems ok
but it's actually decay.

Innocent memories turn to
dust, many of them
hard to provoke.

Bullets whizzed round us
like cyclones, stopping us in our
own tracks. We trembled in fear,
mortified running for our lives, petrified.

Some of them ran never looking back,
afraid of how it would end.
I knew it was time for my
demise, but I gave it one last shot.

Before I knew it, gas
had leaked spreading like a disease.
Why did I do it, agree
to this demons world of hell.

A afraid of how it would end, or
what it might be, we felt like
we were dying.
But we would go down
like heroes, be remembered as one.

By Millie Thorley age: 10

Blood cascaded down
my forehead like a water
fall, I was disconnected
from the rest of the world,
disillusioned in fear forever
demoralized.

My War Poem

Being alert all night,
Men marched asleep,
Always being in such a sudden fright,
Through my gun, I peep,

Your family falling to pieces like an earthquake,
Sick of being apart,
Seeing bullets rain like metallic darts,
Knowing how it tastes to have a broken heart,
Drowning in a tsunami of smoke,
Time running out through like dirt through my fingers,
I started to choke.

By
Millicent Hyatt.

Everyone running out of sight,
As the rain hails like tiny bullets,
It's an ~~ample~~ unpleasant sight,
To see such a huge fight.

As we are running to save our country,
We hear the bombs drop slowly behind us,
Our fragile hearts being stabbed with knives,
We just want to go home.

Boom! & boom!
It was the gas bombs,
Coughing, choking,
As I get my gas-mask on,
I said to myself I know I'm going but
was never afraid.

By Mia Inge
||

Today I was everything

I am a soldier,
lying in the mud,
the plan is depared,
my fingers bitter cold
and torturous guns kill
people are moaning for live
but get demolished.

I was running,
but fell,
and metallic rain was falling
on me.

I am sadly dead,
and left here to rot.
My amazing dreams to tell are lost in smoke,
which is hard to provoke,
my soth-corrupted lungs cried with fear.
gas had leaked out of me.

I was disillusioned,
while lost in smoke.
today I was everything.

by Matthew age: 10

The War

I am here for my county, my city, my town,
I am here to fight for my life,
I am here with my friends,
I am here in the trenches.

I have courage,
I have hope,
I have fear,
I have family and friends which I don't want to lose.

I need to stay alive,
I need to go home,
I need to see my children again,
I need to fight.

We need to work together,
We need to hide and stay close,
We need to be happy again,
We need to win this war

Written by Louis Williams aged 11

Experiences of the War

I'm a soldier,

Travelling along the dishevelled wasteland of horror,

Many metal bullets travelled in all directions,

Making lots of us fade away.

I'm a soldier,

Disillusioned, petrified and chaotic,

While all of the others were mortified,

I didn't know what we could do.

I'm a ^{soldier} ~~soldier~~,

Watching blood dripping like a stream, from innocent bodies,

While halestone thundered down like metallic rain,

I had no where to get away.

I'm a soldier,

Watching a green toxic sea invade,

Taking my dreams away,

My friend, I hope you don't have to experience what I had to ^{today} experience.

- Lewis Walsh

28/2/19

Ljw

Fragment's of hope scattered across the
desolate landscape,
Soldiers fighting a hopeless war,
Men fighting for their lives like a predator
and pray.

Deafening screams of people who didn't
hide

Forever midnight in the war zone
Bombs dropping from vulture like planes

Toxic storm clouds fill the air

Circling poor souls like an angry tornado
Soldiers being absorbed into death

As they watch the spider

Spinning the web of fate...

by Lauren.

Deadly metal rain coming from above,
Men dropping like flies,
Red liquid spilling onto the Earth's rough surface,
Bullets swarm towards you like skin-piercing wasps,
Green smoke toxicating the already toxic air,
Spine-tingling cries of sudden death,
Limb-tearing bombs knocking down men like dominoes,
Bullets hitting men like stones on a window,
Bombs dropping heavily from vulture-like planes,
A nightmare you can't wake up from,
Paths of blood leading to enemy territory,
Skin-tight gas-masks crush your skull,
The stench of gunpowder fills the atmosphere,
Life-scaring sights you never forget,
Helpless soldiers lives washing away,
As the tide of war comes in,

By Joe D