

Abigail Roberts

Red & White

It begins to snow,
As we sludge through the mud.
It is icy cold.

We keep walking to the trenches,
The snow piles on the ground,
Higher and Higher,
And soon it is up to our knees.

My feet are like weights,
We drag on and on,
The sun will soon set.

I hear gunshots,
And shouting,
But we carry on,
Forward to the trenches.

I walk past where the man fell,
His body in the snow,
Outlined in red.

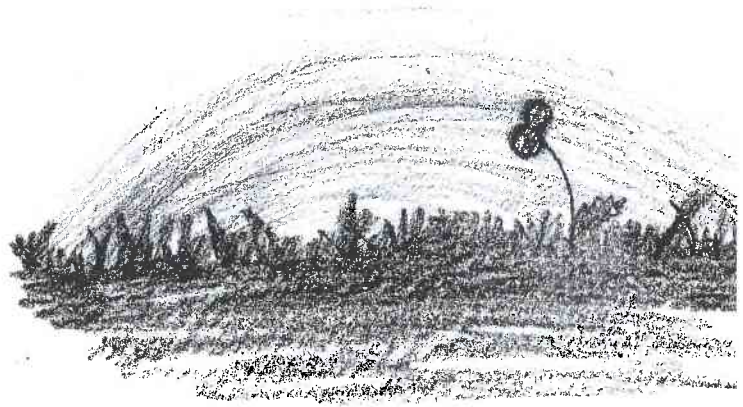
No Mans Land

In the deepest corners of sorrow linger,
I, and with each frostbitten finger,
I write - my story in the blood,
Of my foes and friends,
Who I've sent to an end,
All on No Mans Land.

A never ending patch of mud,
The brown earth mixed with blood,
No graves for the dead,
No headstones no pits,
Just useless bodies lying in the midst,
Of No Mans Land

A pool in which I shall drown,
Every day as the sun goes down,
Highlighting every broken body,
Of every soldier who tried to fight,
Now buried in the burning night
Of NO mans Land.

And if a soldier be shot in the arm
Or caused any other cruel harm
They'd be sent away for they couldn't fight,
Back home and to peace
But never will a soldier reate
The memory of No Mans Land.



We Where the Poppy and remember them well.

Our brave fore fathers who in the great war fell.

They gave us breath,

They gave us life it's a shame they payed
the ultimate price.

So I ^{Wear} Where my poppy and remember them well

Those brave brave Heros who in the

fields fell.

11/11/11

By Jess Bayliss

This Is War

In the fields the poppies grow,
Side by side, row in row
Bang! Bang! Is all we hear,
Standing tall shaking with fear
Together or apart in the soft cool breeze
When the guns are silent we all freeze,
Soldiers are fighting for their lives some dead,
This isn't in my imagination or in my head
We are all scared the guns are firing
Not Knowing whose alive or whose dieing,
The soldiers are dieing, fires are burning
The Germans glory is returning,
The rifles are shooting , firing so fast
We are all hoping this is the last
So many brave men have nearly got shot
Not many people have the courage they have got
The poppies are in the field a scarlet red
A Solider dying tries to move his head
Everything is silent you cant hear anyone talk
All you can see is dieing soldiers faces white as chalk
Trying to survive with all his heart
Knowing when he's gone, he took part
Fighting for queen and country too,
But He also fought for you.
This is war

Shani Bennett

One Word

**All the men, marching.
Identical, yet not.
Smart and stiff, like clockwork.
Uniformed clockwork.**

**All these men, trained in unison,
Matching perfectly,
Marching to their deaths,
All believing in a great victory.**

**Britain will win once again.
Britain is unique, but you are all expendable.
Do the families of soldiers think that they are expendable?**

No.

**And yet they all stand by,
Crying, but cheering their loved ones on.**

**Bravery.
That's the word.
The word that sums up the horror of the war.
The trenches, the dead, the families, the poppies.
All in one word.
Bravery.**



DISMAY OF BETRAYAL



The horror of trenches fills gloom in my mind;

I still remember those left behind.

We sang songs as we marched along;

Through bloodshed and fatigue over the enemy's ground.

Soldiers ran on the no man's land,

And fell like lanterns in the eerie night.

Hundreds went but a handful returned;

Not to live but to dread-

the curse of war.

Women and children waited at home,

Hoping their men would return soon.

But the fighters there are breathing gas

That will soon torture them to death.

They were deceived into the glory of nationalism,

But only they knew the treachery of terrorism!

BY

SATYA SAMHITA BALANAGU

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