

Too Many

I don't remember my days in the factory. It was too long ago for me. However, I do remember my days in what they called "The Great War".

I was lying in a crate with my fellow rifles. It was dark. Then light! A trooper grasped me and I was exasperated to be lifted into the cold air. On the contrary, I was happy to have an owner. We had arrived: the western front was waiting for us with vermillion eyes and the dead bodies it had collected. Sombre and silent, suspicious and eerie, a mist hung over Flanders Field like a cloak that wouldn't go away.

Snaked, curved and writhed, lines of wounded men wearily waited for this very ship to take them home. As we piled off, they piled on. Dark and dreadful, muddy and grimy, the fetid trenches were now my home. Deflated, I was hung on my rather uncomfortable gun hook. Instantaneously, a shrill whistle blew and I was grasped, and used to climb up a muddy hill! People these days really have no respect for objects, my friend Mike, the pillow was purposely set aflame! Anyway, my user was holding my trigger down and swinging me from left to right like a deranged maniac.

As I was being swung around, I had a clear view of everything around me. There were dead bodies littered around everywhere and wherever I looked, there were flashes of yellow. Trembling and shivering, nervous and anxious, I stared at the evil in front of me. Thunder closed in on me. The incessant rain was relentless: drops the size of bullets hammered the ground and made small craters.

I longed to be in the safety of the trench now more than ever, even if it smelled like the most rotten cheese you could imagine.

I know that I am a rifle and my purpose is to kill, but not like this. Not this many people.

By Marko, Year 6