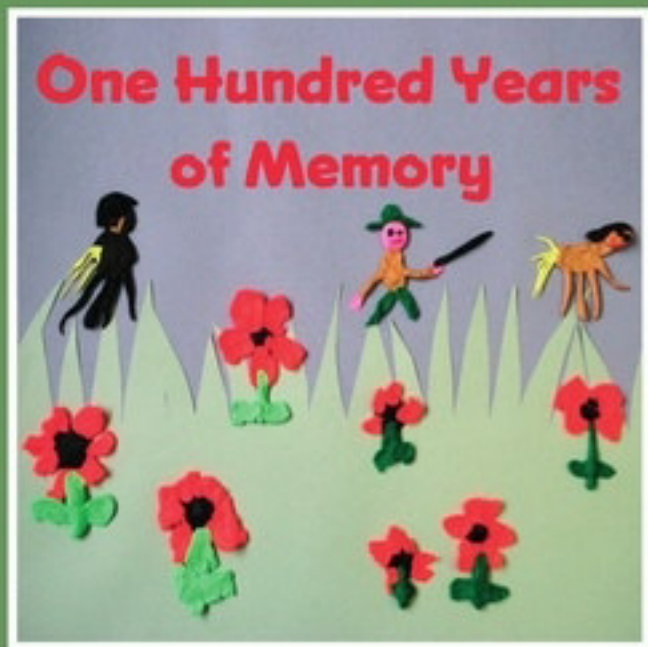


FAIRHOLME PREPARATORY SCHOOL



We Are Writers!

We Are
Writers!

FAIRHOLME PREPARATORY
SCHOOL

An Introduction by Michael Rosen

Writing down what we think and feel is a great way to remember things and a great way to share with others the things we care about.

Once you write something down, you've recorded it—just as we do when we take photos. This means we can go back to it again and again and think about it, almost as if it's not you who wrote it. Well, in a way, it isn't. It's the person you were when you wrote it! So the first person you share writing with is you. This means you can judge yourself and think about what kind of person you are or were. Then, if there are people out there who are going to read what you wrote, that's great too. What you wrote about becomes part of the way we all find out together what matters and what the possible ways to behave, think and feel about things are.

Michael Rosen

Children's Laureate 2007–2009

Published by Scholastic Ltd for

Fairholme Preparatory School
The Mount
Mount Road
St Asaph
Denbighshire
LL17 0DH

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First published in Great Britain in 2018

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Printed and bound by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon, CR0 4YY

Foreword

In this year of 2018, we celebrate the centenary of the end of the First World War. To mark this occasion, the children of Fairholme have prepared a musical production, performed to parents and friends, made up of many songs, ballads and parodies of the Great War. Alongside this drama event, some of the children have had the chance to 'Meet Tommy' with drills and a trench tour at Bodelwyddan Castle, pupils have had the opportunity to handle original artefacts from WWI and the older children have read and watched the stage production of 'War Horse' – a story of a horse caught up in events during this period. These activities have enabled the children to experience the resilience demonstrated by ordinary people coping with extraordinary circumstances and reflect on the hardships of war and sadness caused by separation of soldiers and their families.

This book, 'One Hundred Years of Memory', reflects some of the inspiration children have gained from their reading, drama and research work. All classes have contributed to our book and pieces range from poems and prayers to diary entries and stories from the trenches. These represent the variety of learning in literacy at Fairholme. Kindergarten have

also contributed a group design using playdough for the front cover. My thanks go to all the children for their efforts and to the staff for their encouragement and guidance. We have very much enjoyed this writing experience and hope that you delight equally in its reading!

Elizabeth Perkins, Principal

Contents

Bee Adey: <i>The Horrible War</i>	1
Louis Ashby: <i>Front Line Memoirs</i>	3
Oscar Bailey: <i>Remember World War One</i>	4
Lucy Caldwell: <i>Remember the Brave</i>	5
Joshua Callan: <i>Trench Life</i>	6
Oliver Corbett: <i>A Beautiful Lady</i>	8
Sophia Corbett: <i>Solemn Soldiers</i>	9
Emily Cunnah-Palframan: <i>The Battle</i>	11
Max Devany: <i>World War One Diary Entry</i>	13
Iestyn Evans: <i>Waiting</i>	14
Henry Fitzsimmons: <i>Thinking About You</i>	16
Poppy Fitzsimmons: <i>Lives of the Lost</i>	17
Ben Fletcher: <i>Remember the Beautiful Poppies</i>	19
Luca Fontana: <i>Soldiers Fighting in the War</i>	20
Lucie Gains: <i>The Great War</i>	21
Evie Galvin: <i>The Life of a Soldier</i>	22
Chloe Garner: <i>The Horrors of War</i>	23
Jesse Gratton: <i>The Great War</i>	24

Henry Gregg: <i>All About the War</i>	25
Amelia Gregory: <i>A Nurse Called Edith</i>	26
William Gregory: <i>Dear Diary</i>	28
Iolo Griffith: <i>Armistice Day</i>	29
Seren Griffiths: <i>Remember Poppies</i>	30
Ryley Grimes-Williams: <i>War Writing</i>	31
Keeva Hale: <i>A Kind Nurse</i>	32
Rory Hale: <i>The Poppies</i>	33
Mia Herbert: <i>The Unknown Truce</i>	34
Oliver Herbert: <i>A Brave Nurse</i>	36
Sam Herbert: <i>Trouble in the Trenches</i>	37
Felix Hodgson: <i>Hiding in the Trenches</i>	39
Izabella Hodgson: <i>Remember the Red Poppies</i>	40
Ryan Hogg: <i>A Soldier's Prayer</i>	41
Tedi Holden: <i>Over the Top</i>	42
Louis Hollingsworth: <i>The Battlefield</i>	43
Charlotte Hughes: <i>Remember the 11th November</i>	45
Evan Hughes: <i>Trench Trouble</i>	46
Grayson Hughes: <i>Soldiers are Singing</i>	48
Harry Hughes: <i>The Soldiers and Horses</i>	49
Tilly Hughes: <i>Edith Cavell</i>	50
Zara Islip: <i>Hopes and Dreams</i>	52
Zara Islip: <i>Soon This Will All Be Over</i>	54

Joshua Jacob John: <i>For Valour</i>	57
Caitlin Jarvis: <i>World War One Diary Entry</i>	58
Lily Jordan: <i>Stuck in the Trenches</i>	59
Navneet Kaimal: <i>The Obscene War</i>	61
Hugo Kelso: <i>Kindness over Patriotism</i>	63
Martha Kelso: <i>Christmas Truce</i>	64
Leah Lamb: <i>War of Danger</i>	65
Razack Latheef: <i>Diary Entry</i>	67
Ruhi Latheef: <i>Poppies Grew on the Battlefields</i>	68
Emilia Lloyd-Jameson: <i>A Determined and Bold Lady</i>	69
Benjamin Mortimer: <i>Always in My Thoughts</i>	70
Padmini Nair: <i>WWI Haiku</i>	71
Parvathi Nair: <i>A Confident and Courageous Nurse</i>	72
Harri O'Grady: <i>WWI Poem</i>	74
Cadey-Leigh Palmer: <i>Trench Haiku</i>	75
Eshaan Pasha: <i>Remember the Soldiers</i>	76
Sahil Pasha: <i>A Soldier's Life</i>	77
Aidan Pritchard: <i>Army's Prayer</i>	79
Isha Reddy: <i>Sacrifice of Soldiers</i>	80
Julia Roberts: <i>Poppy Fields</i>	82
Darcie Robson: <i>Great War Memories</i>	84
Oscar Sahota: <i>An Inspirational Nurse</i>	86
Sebastian Sahota: <i>The Soldiers</i>	87

Joel Searle: <i>A Kind and Brave Nurse</i>	88
Oliver Searle: <i>Out in No-Man's Land</i>	90
Sangeeth Sivakumar: <i>Sangeeth's Express</i>	91
Shravan Sivakumar: <i>On Remembrance Day</i>	92
Mariam Tahir: <i>WWI Diary Entry</i>	94
Amelia Thomas: <i>Grow a Poppy</i>	96
Amelia Thomas: <i>Wear a Poppy</i>	97
Jessica Trubshaw: <i>Remember the Brave Soldiers</i>	98
Oliver Turton: <i>Fighting in the Trenches</i>	99
Krish Vimalaewaren: <i>Hope Will Find a Way</i>	100
Dhyan Vysakh: <i>First Day in the Trenches</i>	102
Charlotte Waterson: <i>Feelings in War</i>	104
William Waterson: <i>Remember the Soldiers</i>	106
Caoimhe Watson: <i>Come and Help Us!</i>	107
Sinead Wong: <i>World War I Haiku</i>	108
Isaac Wynne: <i>All about the Soldiers</i>	109
Aeris Yu: <i>It's More Important to be Kind</i>	110

The Horrible War

Bee Adey Form V

Dear Diary,

I arrived in a truck. My mate and I slowly climbed into the trenches. We could see soldiers suffering at the medical post. Then we realised what a stupid idea we had had. We were only sixteen years old, way too young to be in the war. We wished we hadn't lied about our age. It was as cold as the North Pole.

Then, out of nowhere, a man with an enormous moustache yelled, "YOU BOYS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? GET TO WORK!" He handed us a sandbag and shovel each and marched off into the darkness. We saw people filling sandbags with mud. We didn't know what to do, except copy them.

This afternoon we got a short break from filling sandbags. I could hear soldiers trying to entertain each other. Then I heard a laugh. It wasn't just any laugh. It was my sister's laugh.

I pulled her away from the other soldiers and into a dark corner. “What are you doing here?” I asked. “You’re a woman and you’re under age!”

As we were chatting, the man with the moustache approached us. He handed me a letter. It was from my mum.

Front Line Memoirs

Louis Ashby Form VII

Dear Diary,

Today was a bad day. I narrowly avoided a bullet through my helmet whilst my brother and I were out with the wiring party. This, as you can imagine, is a treacherous job, although necessary as it gives your comrades a better chance of crossing No-Man's Land.

On top of that, conditions here in the trenches are horrible. We sleep fitfully, for fear of another attack, and have to contend with having constantly wet feet as we are knee-deep in water. Not to mention the rats which are the size of cats!

I hope that this war is over soon so that I can return home safely to my family and leave this godforsaken place.

Remember World War One

Oscar Bailey Form IV

Poppies are a time of hope
Open up the poppies in Flanders Fields
Put on your poppies
Poppies grew after the conflict
You should remember servicemen in your family today

Remember soldiers in the war
Every day soldiers were injured or wounded
Many women ran the shops and buses
Every night people would not sleep
Many soldiers died in the war
Beds of sandbags and nettles
Every woman had a job to do
Remember forever

Remember the Brave

Lucy Caldwell Form VII

Remember all those
Who sacrificed their lives
To fight for freedom

Remember all those
Who lie in Flanders Fields
Where the poppies blow

Remember all those
Who fought bravely and strongly
So we can be free

Trench Life

Joshua Callan Form V

Dear Diary,

I travelled to the trenches by boat. It was horrible. My dugout was as dirty as a pigsty. Rats scurried through my legs. I looked at my foot – it was like my toes had been cut off! Bullets soared into the air.

After a few hours I was out on patrol. I shot the gun. It flew through the air and hit a German soldier. My heart pounded. The maggots tickled my feet. I took a look, in horror, at my shredded boots.

Will this war ever stop?

My teeth chatter in the cold, bitter, winter wind. I feel the cold wind blow. How I long for a warm blanket and somewhere to rest my head.

I eat the stew. It tastes as bad as mud. I can see the nervous smiles of my mates. We pile sandbags up in a big tower day after day.

I see more and more corpses on the floor. I'm living a night-mare.

Every day I dream of home.

I am woken during the night by a big BANG! A bullet hit me.

I lie on the floor waiting for help.

A Beautiful Lady

Oliver Corbett Form III

Edith Cavell was a British nurse. She was born in the village of Swardeston, on the 4th December, 1865. Her dad was a vicar and she had two sisters and one brother.

Edith went to Belgium to train to be a nurse. Once she had trained, she went to the Red Cross hospital and she helped soldiers that were injured during the First World War. It didn't matter which side they were on, she helped them all.

She helped allied soldiers escape to Holland, so that they were safe. The German soldiers found out and arrested her. Edith's punishment was execution.

On the night of Edith's death, she told her vicar that it was more important to help everyone, than to be patriotic.

Solemn Soldiers

Sophia Corbett Form IV

Remember all the soldiers who fought in the
war

Enemies can become friends

Many men passed away in the war

Every soldier died for his country

Many fighters were filled with courage

Brave servicemen went to war

Remember the poppies that bloom in Flanders
Fields

A large number of soldiers died or became
injured

Never forget the brave bold soldiers

Conflict lasted a long time

Every soldier fought for us

Pray for those who died in the war

Open the poppies from Flanders Fields

Peace was not understood

Putting in effort to save the world

Injured soldiers were not healed properly

Every Armistice Day we stop for two minutes
of silence
Soldiers who fearlessly fought in the war

The Battle

Emily Cunناه-Palframan Form VI

Marching into battle,
Fearing the foe,
Horses helping, charging past,
Cannons as fierce as lightning,
Haunted horses sense the hysteria,
Shells launched for the kill,
Silently soldiers scattered about,
Following the charge.

* * *

Running rapidly back to the trenches,
Looking around, hope still in the air,
Thoughts of home abounding,
Fear throughout, silent as stars,
Gathered groups, gloomy and dull,
Dirt and danger all around,
Thoughtfully writing to loved ones,
Hoping they will not find out the truth.

* * *

Remembering those who fought,
Mourning those who passed away,
Poppies worn, as red as roses,
Wreaths placed as sorrow spreads,
Gathered crowds around the memorial,
Union Jacks proudly unfurled,
Silently remembering those who fought for
 Britain,
Thinking throughout of our freedom today.

World War One Diary Entry

Max Devany Form VII

Dear Diary,

This evening, just as the sun was beginning to sink, whilst cleaning my rifle, I could just make out a low cloud of yellow-grey smoke which appeared to be coming from the enemy trenches.

A short time after, a nauseating smell began to hit us which tickled our throats and made our eyes smart. Immediately I sounded the alarm and gongs rang down the length of the trenches. We quickly donned our gasmasks and positioned ourselves on the firestep, bayonets fixed and bombs near at hand to repel the expected attack.

All along the trenches, shrapnel began bursting over our heads. The Germans reached our barbed wire which had been destroyed by shells. Suddenly I heard a loud crack in my ear and felt pressure in my lungs and I realised my helmet was leaking. My head began to swim and I sank onto the firestep, then there was blackness.....

Waiting

Iestyn Evans Form VI

Marching forward to the enemy lines,
Death-rattling of the machine guns,
Bayonets, bloody, fixed firmly to rifles,
Cavalry jumping trenches into the front lines,
Eyes like eagles targeting their prey,
Horses collapsing with fear,
Lonely riderless horses scraping the earth,
Bombarding shells covering the fields.

* * *

Waiting in trenches, thinking of home,
Plotting and pointing for the next target,
Equipment set, loaded and ready,
Packs, helmets, rifles standing by,
Distant screams from front lines,
Soldiers trudging in the mire,
Cramped with mud smothered over their
 faces,
Scuttling rats with the noise of bomb shells.

* * *

Swaying poppies, like leaves in the wind,
Burning trees rotting in the ashes,
Battlefields abandoned,
Horses entangled in barbed wire,
Muddy mire spreading across wintry fields,
Soldiers lying in the destroyed landscape,
Silently waiting in No-Man's Land
For the end to come.

Thinking About You

Henry Fitzsimmons Form II

Dear Lord,

Please keep the soldiers safe.

Please stop the Great War.

Please look after the injured soldiers.

Please tell the soldiers to stop shooting.

Please stop them from fighting.

Please keep the soldiers' horses safe.

I pray for the soldiers to be reunited with their families.

Amen.

Lives of the Lost

Poppy Fitzsimmons Form VI

Running and racing towards the foe,
Hoping faithfully that some might return,
Daggers dive from above like needles piercing
 fabric,
Clothes stained red with the blood of despair,
Shuddering soldiers scream to be saved,
Horses' riders strewn across the fields,
Life leaving those that lie on the land,
Hurtling shells bombarding soldiers that re-
 main.

* * *

Crouching close, surrounded by the cold mire,
Mapping out plans that could be treacherous,
Hearts thumping like incarcerated prisoners,
Minds only thinking of the families back home,
Hopeful hearts longing for the end,
Soldiers awaiting their fates longing for home,
Wearily waiting for battles yet to come,

Preparing for what lies ahead.

* * *

Marching through muddy misery,
Walking towards the valley of destruction,
Shrapnel and silence surrounds those that
remain,

Trees leaning ready to fade into nonexistence,
Deep ashes drowned by debris,
No life remains in the forest of death,
Lonely trees charred, grey and dead,
Watching as life is destroyed.

* * *

Pausing, people pray in the silence,
Laying crosses and tokens, in memory,
Children's parents pass on the torch of remem-
brance,

Soldiers lost but their legacy is still strong,
Mournful families watch on with tears stinging,
Names and memories lying under the head-
stones,

Peacefully poppies sway in Flanders Fields,
Respecting those that lie beneath them.

Remember the Beautiful Poppies

Ben Fletcher Form IV

Pain can turn to peace in a short time
Open your hearts for the kindness of the soldiers
People can turn from enemies to friends and
from friends to enemies
People went to war to fight for us
In the soldiers' hearts there was kindness
Eyes of the soldiers were afraid
Soldiers died horrible deaths – do not forget
Remember with poppies the soldiers that died
for us
Enemies can turn to friends over time
Many were injured and many were not
Enemies fought each other
Many were killed in war
Bombs were not invented so they used guns
and bayonets
Eyes were in tears during the war
Remember the soldiers of World War One

Soldiers Fighting in the War

Luca Fontana Form IV

Poppies grow in the fields
Our soldiers died
Poppies, bright poppies grow on the graves
Poppies grow everywhere on Flanders Fields
I remember
Earth can be peaceful
Soldiers died for our country

Remembrance Day is about remembering
Everyone who died for us
Members of the world
Each making the world peaceful
Memorials are where we place our wreaths
Beneath the names of soldiers lost
Evermore read by others to thank them and
Remember

The Great War

Lucie Gains Form V

Dear Diary,

I signed up to be a soldier today. I travelled by truck. The truck was stuffed with soldiers and all I could hear for company was the distant beat of pounding hearts. When I got there I went straight to the trenches. They were infested with rats. The weather was miserable and cold. I tried to get some sleep but all I could hear were gun shots in the distance.

I was woken by a loud scream. I heard more gun shots. Then a thud. I peeked over the top of the trench. I saw a British man dead on the floor and the figure of a soldier loading his rifle with bullets. I reached out for my gun and took a shot. The bullet flew through the air; the soldier fell to the ground.

I tried to sleep; I dreamt of home, of my wife and of my children. I have that recurring fear of never seeing my family again. It is Christmas Eve. We all thought it would be over by Christmas.

The Life of a Soldier

Evie Galvin Form I

The soldiers went to war.

The soldiers had a uniform.

The soldiers died long ago.

Some soldiers came home and they were wounded.

The Horrors of War

Chloe Garner Form VII

Machine gun bullets
And mortar shells are fired
Out on the front line

Craters and barbed wire
Show the start of No-Man's Land
All barren and bleak

They said it would be
The war that would end all wars
That was not to be

The Great War

Jesse Gratton Form II

Dear God,

Please keep the soldiers safe.

I wish the war could stop and the men return home.

Please keep the soldiers' horses safe.

I wish the fighting could be over and my dad could come home.

Amen.

All About the War

Henry Gregg Form I

There were army tanks.

The soldiers had rifles.

They dug trenches.

It was World War One.

World War One finished on 11th November, 1918.

A Nurse Called Edith

Amelia Gregory Form III

Edith Cavell was born in a village called Swardeston, on the 4th December, 1865. Her dad was a vicar and he taught Edith to be kind to others. Edith had two sisters and one brother. Edith liked to paint.

In 1890, she was a governess, in Belgium, for the Francois family. In 1895, her dad was ill, so she went home to look after him and that's when she decided to be a nurse. She got a medal for helping care for people with Typhoid.

In 1914, the First World War began and Edith went to Belgium to look after injured soldiers who were fighting, on both sides. She liked to help everyone. She made a little passageway underneath her hospital and she helped the British people escape to Holland, so that they were safe.

The German spies found out that she was helping the soldiers escape and arrested her. Everyone said that Edith should be released but the soldiers didn't listen and Edith was executed, for treason. Before her death she told her vicar that it was

more important to help everyone than to be patriotic.

Dear Diary

William Gregory Form V

Dear Diary,

I travelled to my new 'home' in a rusty old truck that smelt like sick. I was really nervous. It was a squeeze. When I got to my new 'home' I could see rats scurrying through the trenches, bullets flying in the air and soldiers running around and shouting. I could hear bombs exploding in the distance. The weather was cold and bitter. There were soldiers with terrible diseases like trench foot. At dinner we ate vegetable stew that tasted like dirt. I was nearly sick when I tried it.

It had been a long day. I tried to sleep but all I could hear was shooting.

In the end I got out of my dugout. The sky was pitch black. I couldn't see a thing. I heard footsteps coming closer to me. My heart was pounding. I picked up my rifle and loaded it. I shot into the dark.

Then I heard a thud.

Armistice Day

Iolo Griffith Form IV

Remember all the people who died in the war
Everybody be happy because the war is over
Maybe you could be a soldier one day
Everyone in the war was very brave
Mean faces were everywhere
Bigger and bolder survived for longer
Rapid guns were shooting everywhere
After the war ended there was silence
Nurses cared for soldiers in hospitals
Conflict lasted a long time
Everybody wears a poppy on Remembrance
Day

Remember Poppies

Seren Griffiths Form IV

Pray! Pray!
Open your hearts with love
Passed away
People fought in trenches
You remember your soldiers

Remember! Remember!
Every soldier who died
Muddy trenches
Everyone that day should wear a poppy with
pride
Mustn't forget that they fought very hard to
protect their country
Britain needs you!
Ever fighting for freedom
Remember! Remember!

War Writing

Ryley Grimes-Williams Form I

Franz Ferdinand was killed. He was going to be a king. Then the war started.

The women worked in the ammunition factories. They worked on the farm. The men fought to stop Germany being in charge. The war ended in November, 1918.

A Kind Nurse

Keeva Hale Form III

Edith Cavell was a British nurse, born in the village of Swardeston, on the 4th December, 1865. Her dad was a vicar. She had one brother and two sisters. She learned how to speak French and she liked to paint. Her dad taught her how to be kind to everyone.

Her first job was being a governess, for the Francois family, in Belgium. In 1895, her father fell ill, so she went home to look after him. It was then that she decided to be a nurse. She won a medal for looking after people.

The First World War started, and Edith went to Belgium, to work at the Red Cross hospital. She helped the allied soldiers escape to Holland! Spies found out about her secret passageway and told the German police.

They arrested Edith, but people said, "Don't arrest her, she is nice and kind!" The German police did not listen and on the 12th October, 1915, she was executed, for treason.

The Poppies

Rory Hale Form I

We wear a poppy to remember the soldiers.
The war ended in November, 1918.

The Unknown Truce

Mia Herbert Form VII

Dear Diary,

Today wasn't much fun. It has been a whole year since I signed up and every day I am regretting it more and more.

The day started with the same shrill piercing whistle, the same horrible stomach-retching bully-beef for breakfast and the same feeling of advancing danger. I pulled on the heavy, itchy uniform and trudged over to a periscope, stepping over the dead men lying in the trenches.

The Germans were coming.

I heard bombs hurtling through the air, I heard cries and then an explosion. Suddenly, I heard the whistle. We were going over the top!

As we tumbled out into the foggy atmosphere, I saw men rotting on the floor, men with no limbs, men with no fingers, men with no head; it was worse than hell.

Just then a bullet came whizzing towards me.

I felt searing pain rocketing through my head. I thought of my wife and my daughters. I would miss them.

Suddenly, a German soldier started walking cautiously towards me. I scrunched up, as small as I could. "Bist du verletzt?" (Are you hurt?) said the German.

"Yes," I said, wincing in pain.

"Es tut mir leid," (I am sorry) the man whispered, kneeling down beside me.

"It's okay," I whimpered, the pain in my head growing by the second.

"Wie heißt du?" (What is your name?) he said, speaking softly now.

"John Smith," I said.

"Ich werde dich nach Hause bringen," (I will take you home) he smiled, tears in his eyes.

I had been asleep for ages. I opened my eyes, I saw faces, familiar faces, there was no doubt about it; I was home.

A Brave Nurse

Oliver Herbert Form III

Edith Cavell was born in the village of Swardeston, on the 4th December, 1865. Her dad was a vicar and she had two sisters and one brother.

Edith's first job was as a governess for a family in Belgium. One day Edith had to go home because her father was ill. That's when she decided to be a nurse. Soon after he was better, there was a deadly disease in England, called Typhoid. Edith won a medal, called the Maidstone medal, for being such a good nurse to people with the terrible illness.

World War One began and Edith went to the Red Cross hospital, in Belgium, where she helped care for soldiers from both sides. Edith helped soldiers to escape to Holland, where they would be safe. When the Germans found out, Edith was arrested and executed, on 12th October, 1915.

Before her death, Edith told her vicar that it was more important to help everyone, than to be patriotic.

Trouble in the Trenches

Sam Herbert Form V

Dear Diary,

Today, I joined the war. I arrived on an army truck, trundling into the unknown. The general shoved us into the back like bags of stinking rubbish into a rubbish truck! We all thought it'd be over by Christmas. I couldn't have been more wrong.

In the trenches, there was a medical post with soldiers with horrid trench foot. It was like a whole town! My 'room' was just a hole, shouting out to me. I could hear bullets soaring through the sky and crashing to the ground.

There was some scuttling coming from around my feet. What was it? The rancid rats scurried away as I tried to stamp on them.

I then got out of the trench and saw a German spy. I worried tremendously and then...BANG! He fell to the ground. My heart pounded and my teeth chattered like an Eskimo.

Who shot him?

I heard running. It was dark and I was on my own. But not for long. I got up and ran in pursuit. I saw someone running to another trench – a GERMAN trench! It was a German who shot him! But why?

I had no time to think. The call 'RUN!' was flying up into the air.

I ran.

I will write again next week.

Hiding in the Trenches

Felix Hodgson Form I

It was the First World War.

The men were fighting in the trenches.

They shot the enemy soldiers.

Remember the Red Poppies

Izabella Hodgson Form IV

Remember the soldiers even though they have
passed away
Every soldier was courageous
Memories of bold soldiers
Every 11th November is Armistice Day
Many lives were lost
Brave soldiers died on the fields
Each soldier was strong and brave
Remember soldiers who gave their lives for us
Peace was given at the end of war
Open poppies from Flanders Fields
Poppies are very special
Poppies are the way we remember brave soldiers
It will be what people will remember
Every soldier was loved
Soldiers are kind as well – remember!

A Soldier's Prayer

Ryan Hogg Form II

Dear God,

Please look after the soldiers.

Please look after the soldiers' horses.

I wish the war would stop.

I wish all the soldiers could come home.

Amen.

Over the Top

Tedi Holden Form VII

Soldiers in trenches
Living with mud, rats and lice
Out on the front line
Into 'No-Man's Land'
Being sent 'over the top'
To an unknown fate

Let us remember
The soldiers who fought for us
Bravely to the end

The Battlefield

Louis Hollingsworth Form VI

Whistling of the bullets overhead,
Cracking of the rifles everywhere,
Men crying in pain and agony,
Horses as slow as slugs in the mud,
Destroyed men as still as rocks,
Shells zooming above our heads,
Quietly men fall to the ground,
Singing birds will remember them.

* * *

Waiting and waiting until dawn,
Willing sunlight reveals the awful horrors,
Men sleep rough every night,
Trenches muddy and dark,
Wounded soldiers dying in fields,
Poppies blow in the field,
Lonely beauty in such chaos,
Shelling machine guns, we hear.

* * *

Swaying poppies across the field,
Waving in the wind amid the chaos,
Barbed wire causing destruction everywhere,
Men wait anxiously like tigers ready to pounce,
Red blood smothers the fields,
Tanks wreck the landscape,
Slowly soldiers emerge from the trenches,
Scuttling rats everywhere.

Remember the 11th November

Charlotte Hughes Form IV

People died for us and saved the world
On Armistice Day, we will always remember
11th November
Pretty poppies, brightly coloured
Peace is needed to end the war
You can change the world into a harmonious
world

Remember the soldiers that died in the war
Every soldier was confident to win
Many lives were lost
Each serviceman was needed
Many soldiers cared to save the world
Blood-swept lands
Remember those who fought
And remember those who died
Never forget the soldiers
Conflict lasted several years
Every soldier fought for us

Trench Trouble

Evan Hughes Form V

Dear Diary,

I travelled to the trenches by boat which was crowded and smelt odd. I stayed in my pigsty, which was my home – the dugout in the wall.

We were engaged in heavy fighting from the outset. Afterwards, I felt like I had a big black hole in my stomach.

As I slept, the faces of soldiers shot were still stuck in my imagination, and I could hear the words ‘Your country needs you’ going over and over in my head. I woke up. I was frightened.

It wasn’t the first fighting or the last. I couldn’t sleep for days on end.

I heard a twig break which startled me.

I saw a silhouette of a man. Who was he? Was he the enemy? I picked up my gun and shot. He WAS the enemy.

I worry about going to sleep at night because of the imaginary

faces in my mind.

Soldiers are Singing

Grayson Hughes Form I

The soldiers are singing.

The soldiers are singing a sad song.

The Soldiers and Horses

Harry Hughes Form I

The soldiers were fighting.

The horses died.

The war ended.

The wounded soldiers came home.

Edith Cavell

Tilly Hughes Form III

Edith Cavell was a British nurse. She was born in the village of Swardeston in Norfolk, England, on the 4th December, 1865. Her dad was a vicar. She had one brother and two sisters. Edith liked to paint flowers. In 1890, she started her first job, as a teacher for the Francois family.

In 1895, Edith's father was ill so she went back home to help him and then she wanted to be a nurse. She helped soldiers that were sick, in the First World War. She would help all soldiers, even if they were not on her side. She helped allied soldiers escape to Holland, a country that was not involved in the war.

German soldiers found out about the passageway under the Red Cross hospital. They arrested Edith and made her tell them everything. Before she was executed, Edith told her vicar that it was better to help everyone than to be patriotic.

Edith died on the 12th of October, 1915. She has been buried close to her home. Edith Cavell is still remembered now for

being a good nurse and for her kindness and bravery.

Hopes and Dreams

Zara Islip Form VII

Cries and screams,
Hopes and dreams,
Red poppies and the blood of the dead,
With the torch we will lead
Our country to safety.

Bombs and trenches,
Dead bodies and stench,
Steam of gas bombs with soldiers crying,
For the families of the dying,
For the torch and for our country.

Praying and hoping,
The soldiers still coping,
For years have passed and so have lives,
All for the torch, for the prize,
The prize of which our country needs.

Cries and screams,
Hopes and dreams,

The country is now safe and the torch will
never fall,
Poppies still grow where the crosses stand tall,
Our dreams have come true.

Soon This Will All Be Over

Zara Islip Form VII

Silence. Guns ready. Wind whistling. Silence. Men coughing and sneezing. Rats squeaking. It's as if Christmas has been forgotten. This wretched war is making us forget kindness, forgiveness and love. Replacing them with hate, violence and sorrow. As tears slid down my filthy cheeks and the frozen ground on the Western Front sparkled with frost, a heartwarming sound echoed across the bare No-Man's Land.

Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,
Alles schläft; einsam wacht.

The sweet song reminded us of home, of our loved ones and of peace.

Silent night, Holy night,
All is calm, All is bright.

As the calm tunes merged together, it was as if all the world was one again and hatred never existed like a lion and its prey coming together in peace and harmony for once.

But my thoughts were interrupted by the dreaded voice that shouts, “German attack! Men, load your guns!”

A clicking sound filled the damp trenches as a tall figure emerged from the mist. His arms were up. As if he was surrendering. Were there more men following behind? Was this, yet again, another ambush? I looked around me; the men had scrunched up their faces as if they were going to cry. Then, as the man gingerly proceeded towards us, I noticed that he had no weapon.

“Very odd,” I thought to myself. Everyone started lowering their guns.

“Fröhliche Weihnachten!” the mysterious soldier exclaimed with a smile. What did he mean?

“Merry Christmas,” replied the Field Marshall.

Then, they shook hands.

Soldiers slowly began to appear from the mist and memories of my family began to flood into my mind. Just for today, fighting would be paused and peace would, once again, be remembered.

“Hallo, mein Name ist Henrik.” My thoughts were interrupted by a German soldier, standing over me, beaming as he took my hand and helped me out of the trench.

“My name is Jerry!”

We hugged each other like separated brothers being reunited, but we had only just met!

We stood next to each other talking about our families who we had lost in the war.

“Anybody up for football?” A soldier cried, taking off his hat to use as a ball. Henrik looked at me and I knew he wanted to play so we both ran off like excited children.

This act of humanity made me hopeful of a swift resolution. Perhaps I would be home sooner than I thought and back in the arms of my beautiful wife, Mary.

For Valour

Joshua Jacob John Form VII

Soldiers fought bravely
In terrible conditions
To serve their country

Trenches were flooded
Infested with lice and fleas
Rats as big as cats

Now all that remains
Are poppies that sway gently
Where the heroes fell

World War One Diary Entry

Caitlin Jarvis Form V

Dear Diary,

I travelled to the trenches today by truck. The truck smelt like dead fish. I was scared. The trenches were muddy and men have got trench foot. Maggots eat their skin. I saw a soldier, who was my friend, killed by a gunshot. I hate the army. I keep thinking whether I should have gone to prison instead of coming to war. Which is worse?

The food is disgusting, I hate it here. The soldiers and I have to take turns to sleep. We have to sleep in the dirt and mud. We're so scared.

I am feeling terrified. I can't stop shivering. I heard gun shots flying towards me. I ducked. It came at me at tremendous speed. I miss my family and friends at home. I know my wife will be thinking about me. My teeth chatter. I smile nervously at the other soldiers.

When will this war be over?

Stuck in the Trenches

Lily Jordan Form V

Dear Diary,

I arrived at the trenches three weeks ago. It was cold, wet and soggy. I had never seen anything like it before. There must have been three thousand soldiers. When I arrived half of them had already got trench foot. I haven't yet.

I am really nervous. I haven't got any children but I do have a wife. I wonder if she is nervous for me. I don't want to kill anyone. But I know I have to for my country.

Whizz...A bullet was fired at me! I turned around looking for the German. I was too scared to wait so I fired, and then BANG! A body collapsed and fell to the floor. Wait, what if it was someone in my army! NO! It can't be. That uniform is German! I was relieved. But then I stopped and realised what war was going to be like.

I imagined having trench foot and being shot in my belly. All the worst things that could happen were in my head. Suddenly, I could not take it any more. I collapsed. I woke up

lying on a soldier. I recognised him. Only, it was not a man but a woman! I was about to faint again but then I remember the words she spoke, "Be quiet I am not supposed to be here. Remember it is me, your sister."

She dabbed fresh water on me and left me stew, fresh water and a care box. I still don't know if I was dreaming but it felt so real.

October, 1914

I am still very scared. The trenches are so dirty. It is infested with rats, lots and lots of them. Anyway, I should stop talking about this before I get emotional.

I have just found out that I am one of only one hundred people that haven't got trench foot yet. I don't know how that is possible as the trenches are as wet and as soggy as a lake.

Half of our beds in the trenches are dug into the wall and the other half of them are on the damp, soggy, muddy floor.

I have to stop writing now as it is time to go on patrol. I hope I can write again soon. I wonder if I will see my wife again?

The Obscene War

Navneet Kaimal Form VI

Crying soldiers screaming with pain,
Gallop horses charging at enemies,
Bayonets stabbing like sharp swords,
Barbed wire tangling like tough tentacles,
Scared soldiers hiding their fear,
Shells exploding and booming everywhere,
Bravely, soldiers charge into bloody battle,
Trudging troopers firing their guns.

* * *

Crouching soldiers sinking in squelchy
trenches,
Waiting warriors hoping to live another day,
Trenches dirty and damp like muddy mire,
Soldiers cramped in trenches like sardines in a
tin,
Chilled sweat dripping down soldiers' necks,
Hearts drumming waiting for the next bang,
Quietly, soldiers emerge from their trenches,

Trying to get a clear shot.

* * *

Blasting shells uprooting trees,
Bombarding shells blasting remaining soldiers
 apart,

Battlefields ruined, blackened like coal,
Trees, leafless, withered and shrivelled,
Destroyed landscape, as burnt as fiery cinders,
Trenches muddy, moist, damp and ruined,
Peacefully, dead bodies lie on the ground,
Shattering the hopes of living soldiers.

Kindness over Patriotism

Hugo Kelso Form III

Edith Cavell was born in the village of Swardeston, on the 4th December, 1865. Edith's dad was a vicar and he taught her how to be kind to everyone. Edith's first job was as a governess, for the Francois family, in Belgium.

In 1895, her father was ill, so she went back home to look after him, until he was better. She now wanted to be a nurse.

In 1914, World War One broke out. Edith went to the Red Cross hospital, in Belgium, to work as a nurse. She helped soldiers fighting on both sides! She made a secret passage-way underneath her hospital and helped the allied soldiers escape to Holland. Spies found out and told the German police.

Edith was executed by a German firing squad.

Christmas Truce

Martha Kelso Form I

The soldiers had a truce.
They played on Christmas Day.
They played football together and they
did not fight.

War of Danger

Leah Lamb Form VI

Marching to battle with firing fear in their eyes,
Waiting, tense times for soldiers and horses,
Hearts pounding about to explode,
Ready to dart forward as lions for the hunt,
Haunted horses terrified to begin,
Eyes like hawks focused on the foe,
Anxiously awaiting battle to begin, soldiers
Clutching firmly to their weapons.

* * *

Filling up to the knees, the muddy trenches,
Sitting, the soldiers are waiting to fight,
Rocks as sharp as nettles and thorn,
Soldiers uncomfortable each night,
Cold horses surviving on little food,
Rugs, the only things to keep them warm,
Quietly snorting to show their respect,
Hoping to hang on to life another day.

* * *

Burning, melting, bit by bit,
Destroying the land of the war,
Trees are broken,
Fences are in pieces,
The wounded world has been shattered,
Soldiers lie on the broken ground
Desperately waiting for help to come,
Waiting for war to end.

* * *

Remembering these soldiers – we will today,
Wearing our poppies with pride for
Men who were wounded and men who were
 killed,
We remember each of them always,
A special minute silence is for them,
To prove how it felt at the time,
Silently remembering, to show we care
For the soldiers who fought for our freedom.

Diary Entry

Razack Latheef Form VII

From the Somme

It was a fine morning and a light mist enveloped the enemy trenches; made worse by smoke from thousands of shells. We were in very good spirits despite the fact that there was a good chance many of us would be killed or wounded.

We went 'over the top' at 7.30 am after a long period of apprehension. The Germans began to fire – the din was deafening and the visibility limited. Men began to fall and all I could hear were groans and cries of pain.

Somehow I managed to reach the parapet and fell over into our trench having ripped my clothing on the barbed wire. I was surrounded by the dead and wounded.

After the battle, only 27 out of about 900 men answered roll call. Men had gone down like corn before a scythe.

Poppies Grew on the Battlefields

Ruhi Latheef Form IV

Poppies grow on the battlefields
Open your hearts to save the world
People remember the soldiers because of the
symbol of poppies
Poppies grow everywhere I look
Injured soldiers still fight for our country
Every soldier was kind and helpful
Soldiers lost their lives

Rest in peace
Every serviceman was loved
Many wounded and injured soldiers died
Every soldier had courage
Memories were never forgotten
Blood swept the land
Every man had to go to war
Remember to pray for the soldiers today

A Determined and Bold Lady

Emilia Lloyd-Jameson Form III

Edith Cavell was born in the village of Swardeston. When she was twenty-five she worked as a governess, in Belgium.

In 1895, her father fell ill so she went back home, to help him get better. Then she decided that she wanted to be a nurse.

She worked at the Red Cross hospital, in Belgium, during the First World War. She helped soldiers on both sides. She hid the soldiers who were in hospital and helped them escape to Holland, where they would be safe.

The German police found out and, for her betrayal, Edith was killed.

Always in My Thoughts

Benjamin Mortimer Form II

Dear Father,

Please tell the army to stop fighting.

Please stop the bullets coming from the guns.

Please help everyone not to worry too much about their loved ones.

Please help everyone get home safely.

Amen.

WWI Haiku

Padmini Nair Form VII

Shallow trenches dug
To shelter from the rifles
We must go again

Scores of suffering
Stalwart soldiers stand steadfast
In scarlet stained soil

Thinking of the brave
By poppies blowing gently
We remember them

A Confident and Courageous Nurse

Parvathi Nair Form III

Edith Cavell was born on the 4th December, 1865, in the village of Swardeston, Norfolk, England. Her father was a vicar. He told Edith to be kind and fair. In her family she had a dad, mum, brother and two sisters.

In 1890, Edith went to Belgium to be a governess for the Francois family. Word reached Edith that her father was ill. She went back to England to look after him and luckily, he got better. Then Edith thought about being a nurse. Edith went back to Belgium and began training. She trained hard and became one of the best nurses there was.

Soon, Edith heard about the First World War. She felt her help was needed. She knew she was good enough because she had got the Maidstone medal for treating Typhoid, a deadly disease! Edith went to the Red Cross hospital to help soldiers who were ill. She didn't just help British soldiers, she helped German and any other soldiers who needed her help too. Some people thought she was crazy, but she didn't mind. She helped soldiers by healing their cuts and wounds and she also

hid allied soldiers in the hospital basement, because there was a secret passage down there which would lead them to Holland, which was neutral (they would be safe there). One day a German spy found out about this and reported it to the authority. Edith was arrested.

Lots of people asked the Germans to free Edith but the answer was NO! Punishment was death. Politicians from all over the world came to see Edith and tried to help her, but nothing seemed to help. Before Edith's death she told her vicar that it is more important to be kind and helpful to everyone, than to be patriotic.

We remember Edith today because she was kind and gentle. She is now a heroine of modern medicine. She is known as a pioneer of nursing.

WWI Poem

Harri O'Grady Form VII

We always keep your torch aflame,
And we wear poppies to remember your aim,
We are free and you are not,
But do not worry you are not forgot
As you lie in Flanders Fields.

You were free not long ago,
And kept on fighting through the moonlight
glow,
We respect your bravery,
And we thank thee.

Trench Haiku

Cadey-Leigh Palmer Form VII

Trenches are dirty
And are full of diseased rats
Trench foot is common

Gunshots here and there
Gas attacks and dead bodies
Soldiers are frightened

Remember the Soldiers

Eshaan Pasha Form IV

Remember the soldiers who fought in trenches
Everyone be thankful that the soldiers saved
our lives

Men who were brave lost their lives
Everybody showed thanks to the soldiers
Many lives were lost

Birds were used to carry messages
Eventually the guns fell silent
Risking the soldiers' lives made a brighter future

People who fought in the war for us
Our hearts go out to the heroic soldiers
Putting in effort to save other people's lives
Peace was not understood
You can pray for others who fought in the war

A Soldier's Life

Sahil Pasha Form VI

Fighting soldiers in a deadly battlefield,
Galloping horses riding into No-Man's Land,
Soldiers fighting as if it is their final hour,
Explosions cracking in the distance,
Scared soldiers, clothes soaked with dark red
 blood,
Men, barely able to move,
Sadly marching, separated from their beloved
 families,
Burning still with the fire of hope.

Waiting in the soggy slippery mud,
Hoping to live for another day,
Eyes like owls, watching each other,
Birds singing no more from the
Burnt, black, leafless trees,
Smoke all through the air,
Slowly rising from the destruction,
Stinging eyes and piercing hearts.

Thinking about the fearless soldiers,
Remembering their bravery,
Today, we wear poppies with pride for
Soldiers who fought night and day,
Their names, now, inscribed in stone,
All those sacrificed in war,
Sadly we mourn this loss of life,
Hoping a peaceful future will come.

Army's Prayer

Aidan Pritchard Form II

Dear Father,

I hope the war will be over soon.

I hope the soldiers are safe.

I don't want guns to shoot.

I don't want soldiers to die.

Please, God, help the sick people get home safely.

Amen.

Sacrifice of Soldiers

Isha Reddy Form VI

Marching soldiers charge into battle,
Trembling non-stop,
Shells fire as loud lions' roars,
Horses and men die like flies,
Devastated battlefields are soaked with blood,
Survivors pray and hope,
Silently shaking and quivering,
Awaiting their dreaded death.

* * *

Concentrating strategic soldiers,
Reading plans silently,
Guns are silenced for a spell,
Dugouts now, dark and dank,
Gunned battlefields are quietly deserted,
Soldiers stand as still as stones,
Silently mourning their dead,
Squelching through damp, wet mud.

* * *

Lying devastated, fields splattered with blood,
Dying soldiers lie lifeless, sacrificed,
Poppies blow, lonely in whirling wind,
Battlefields are destroyed with debris,
Shelled landscape is ruined,
Hearts are fuelled with fear,
Desperately hoping the end will come to this
Persisting brutal battle.

* * *

Remembering with pride today,
Mourning the massive loss,
War memorials make a place of remembrance,
Rows of names of the sacrificed soldiers,
Scattered poppies beautifully bloom,
Poppies we pin to our clothes,
Silently honouring the brave,
Helping us to remember these long, dark days.

Poppy Fields

Julia Roberts Form VI

Marching through fields so grey,
Trembling with fear,
Soldiers pray,
War horses snort ready to go,
Crouched men, eyes like hawks,
Rocky plains in view,
Seriously summoning courage as
Charging, the battle begins.

* * *

Listening, watching, plotting, scheming,
Reading and writing, they have a plan,
Lookouts waiting, ready to pounce,
Thoughts of loved ones, thoughts of home,
Quagmire trenches muddy and deep,
Dugouts, dark and dank,
Nervously, hanging around,
Dreading what is to come.

* * *

Entangled in barbed wire,
Walking through the mire,
Path of death and destruction left behind,
Landscape ruined,
Exaggerated explosions,
Trees, bare and leafless,
Lonely poppies swaying in the wind,
Overcoming darkness with beauty.

* * *

Remembering today the soldiers that died,
Mourning the loss of loved ones,
Poppies placed on engraved stones,
Remembrance of those who fought,
Patriotic flags we wave,
Soldiers wear medals with pride,
Silently honouring the dead,
Striding on to the future ahead.

Great War Memories

Darcie Robson Form V

Dear Diary,

I travelled to the trenches by boat. It was crowded and it smelt. I was scared of leaving home. When would I see my family again? When I got there I was feeling sick because I did not know what the other people would be like and if I would get killed.

My trench was like a pigsty. It had spiders' webs all over it and rats scurried along the floor. I was shivering because it was so cold, especially at night. At night the bullets and bombs howled and my room trembled every time they hit. I couldn't sleep.

Last night, I was trying to get to sleep but I kept on hearing a noise. It was disturbing. I just thought it was a rat. But then I saw two eyes come out of the darkness. I heard a click of a gun. I grabbed my gun in fear and shot. I was frightened. My teeth were chattering because I thought I had killed a British soldier. I felt sick. I did not know what to do. So I tried to

sleep with tears streaming down my cheeks.

An Inspirational Nurse

Oscar Sahota Form III

Edith Cavell was born in the village of Swardeston, Norfolk, England on the 4th December, 1865. Edith had two sisters and one brother. Her dad was a vicar.

In 1890, Edith worked as a governess for the Francois family, in Belgium. In 1895, her father was ill, and Edith went home to look after him, until he was better. It was then that she decided to be a nurse.

She worked in the Red Cross hospital in Belgium, during World War One. She helped the injured soldiers from both sides. She helped the allied soldiers escape the war.

German spies found out about the tunnel she had built under the Red Cross hospital and Edith was arrested, then executed. She was shot by a German firing squad.

The Soldiers

Sebastian Sahota Form I

There were army tanks.

The soldiers had a uniform.

They had boots and hats on.

A Kind and Brave Nurse

Joel Searle Form III

Edith Cavell was a British nurse. She was born in the village of Swardeston, Norfolk, England, on the 4th December, 1865. Edith Cavell's dad was a vicar. He taught Edith to be good and to teach others to be good too. Edith had one brother and two sisters.

Edith's first job was as a governess for the Francois family, in Belgium. In 1895, Edith came home to look after her father, who was ill. That's when Edith decided to become a nurse. She won a Maidstone medal for helping people who had Typhoid.

In 1914, the war broke out and Edith went back to Belgium, to work in the Red Cross hospital. Edith helped soldiers who were fighting on both sides, she didn't mind who she helped. Edith helped allied soldiers escape from the war, through a passageway, underground. German soldiers found out about this and, sadly, Edith was killed. People said, "Don't kill Edith! She is a brave and helpful person!" But nobody listened.

People remember Edith as a kind person, even today.

Out in No-Man's Land

Oliver Searle Form VII

Among the sandbags
Crouching down in the trenches
Knee-deep in the mud

Armed with bayonets
Waiting for the next command
From the officer

Out in No-Man's Land
Blasts illuminate the sky
Shells whizz through the air

Sangeeth's Express

Sangeeth Sivakumar Form I

A gang called the Black Hand Gang killed Franz Ferdinand. The soldiers had rifles. There were horses that had been killed. The horses carried ammunition. The women worked very hard in the fields and factories and for fun they played football. The war ended on 11th November, 1918. We wear poppies to remember the soldiers who died and the soldiers who were wounded.

On Remembrance Day

Shravan Sivakumar Form IV

Remember the heroes who died in the wars

Every soldier was brave and strong

Many of the soldiers are remembered

Every Armistice Day we will remember the
soldiers

Many soldiers lost their lives

Brave soldiers fought for our country

Remembrance Day is when we can wear pop-
pies

All the soldiers were courageous

Never forget the soldiers who died

Conflict was everywhere

Each soldier must be loved

Brave fighters saved our lives

All of the soldiers risked their lives

The soldiers missed their families

The servicemen had to fight in trenches

Lots of soldiers died at a young age

Enemies became friends

Friends and families were sad
I am sorry for the soldiers
Every soldier died for the future generations
Lots suffered in pain
Dots of blood were splattered in pain
Soldiers were sad and mournful

WWI Diary Entry

Mariam Tahir Form VII

Wednesday, 25th December

This morning began like any other. The day commenced at 6.00 am with the customary 'stand to'. This was followed by breakfast which consisted of bacon and tea. We then turned our attention to weapon cleaning only to be interrupted by our sergeant barking at us to stand guard.

In the distance we could discern a lonely figure out in No-Man's Land. He appeared to be unarmed. With great trepidation, I went 'over the top' and began to approach him. All around me was silence. As I drew nearer, he said, "Let us play football. Today is a day for sharing." From his frostbitten hands he revealed a ball and gradually soldiers began to emerge from both sides of the trenches.

In that moment, I remembered the true meaning of Christmas. On the frozen mud of No-Man's Land we exchanged gifts, laughed and played.

As the shrill sound of a whistle pierced our ears, we retreated to our dugouts. I remembered the fun we had together and wished peace could be eternal.

Grow a Poppy

Amelia Thomas Form IV

Poppies are worn to remember the soldiers
Our families would have died
Poppies grew on the brave soldiers' graves
People fought and lived in trenches
In the war lots of people died
Every man had to go
So remember those who have died

Wear a Poppy

Amelia Thomas Form IV

People of Britain help us

On Armistice Day we remember heroic sol-
diers

Please help us and our friends

Planes were used in war

You should remember the courageous soldiers

Remember the Brave Soldiers

Jessica Trubshaw Form IV

Remember that bad can become good
Each soldier who died
Makes the world a peaceful place
Every serviceman was strong and kind
Many died, very sadly
Brave hearts and courageous fighters
Every soldier died for our lives and for our fu-
ture generation
Remember the gallant soldiers
People wear poppies to remember the great
soldiers
Open the door to peace and happiness
Poppies were the only flowers that grew in the
war
Peace is now in the world because the soldiers
died for us
You put future generations' lives first

Fighting in the Trenches

Oliver Turton Form V

Dear Diary,

I travelled to the trenches by truck, feeling scared, worried and very sad. The soldiers and I were shoved into the truck like sheep. We were all just 20 years old. I could see rats digging tunnels along the trench.

For lunch, we ate vegetable stew. We fought the German soldiers. I tried to sleep but I was woken up by the rats squeaking and the gun shots in the distance. I dreamt I was at home listening to the wireless and eating dinner. I woke up. The weather was miserable and made me shiver.

I am very worried that my wife and children are worrying about me. Am I going to die? Will a bullet kill me? When will this war stop? I am not feeling brave. I am crying right now. I just want to go home to see my friends and family.

Hope Will Find a Way

Krish Vimalaswaren Form VI

Slaughtering of soldiers painting the ground
red,
Setting sun but the battle yet to end,
Booms of guns surrounding,
Screams of pain in response,
Fear flowing through people's hearts,
Abandoned wastelands with dead soldiers,
Silently still, conquered by the foe,
Gallopig gravely, charging bravely.

* * *

Talking and walking inside the trenches,
Dampening and cramped, muddy and mucky,
Guns at hand desperate to fire,
Soldiers sniping from the trenches,
Preparing soldiers with target practice,
Shells are dropped and chaos is everywhere,
Solemnly hearts quivering with fear,
Sighing and hoping to be with family again.

* * *

Witnessing soldiers see the destruction,
Tweeting birds although the world is at war,
Branches scattered all around,
Ground is anything but bare,
Leafless trees in the wasteland,
Destruction everywhere,
No more happy crowds,
But hope will find a way.

First Day in the Trenches

Dhyan Vysakh Form V

Dear Diary,

I arrived at the trenches yesterday. I travelled by boat. The boat was very crowded and smelt like sweat. I could see little creatures running around. They were rats. I stepped in, careful not to stand on the dead ones. There were soldiers limping to the medical post.

The first day flew by. I was so hungry that I couldn't sleep that night. Bullets flew through the air. When they hit, the trench rumbled. It is a dump. There is mud flowing in from every direction. I am scared for my life.

I wonder if I will ever make it back to England.

It is extremely loud on the front line. I can see right across to No-Man's Land from the observation point! Some people have trench foot. Apparently, I am one of the lucky ones! I can't imagine maggots eating my feet! How do they survive?

The boots we have are not waterproof. Muddy water pours

in. There is no place to clean yourself. We were promised the war would end by Christmas.

I don't believe it.

We have to sleep in dugouts in the walls. I hope this war ends soon. People are shooting their own feet so they can return home. It is very crowded. I didn't expect it to be this bad.

I hope to write again tomorrow.

Feelings in War

Charlotte Waterson Form VI

Waving and wishing their families goodbye,
Volunteering now to fight for the cause,
Recruitment Officers standing by,
“Your Country Needs You!”
Brave men proudly saluting farewell,
Guns, Bayonets, weighing heavily,
Bidding adieu to their towns and cities,
Travelling into fatal war.

* * *

Hanging around in trenches,
Planning, hoping, writing home,
Soldiers as fierce as alligators ready to pounce,
Damp and mud squelching underfoot,
Destroyed nature by fierce, fiery shells,
Helmets, packs and rifles ready,
Patiently standing and preparing once more,
Crouching for shelter, fearing the foe.

* * *

Standing still,
Looking around,
Hearts like water rushing away,
Happiness uprooted as the
Leafless trees lie wasted in the
Muddy mire of No-Man's Land,
Lonely poppies scattered,
Swaying in the wind, night and day.

* * *

Standing still in silence,
Remembering the fallen,
Women with hearts broken,
War memorial filled with names,
Honoured soldiers, never forgotten,
Crosses standing, all in a line,
Slowly, closing our eyes,
Remembering.

Remember the Soldiers

William Waterson Form IV

People fought for their country
On Remembrance Day we pray for the lives
lost
Poppies are to remember the soldiers
Peace is needed for the country
Your country needs you!

Come and Help Us!

Caoimhe Watson Form IV

Poppies are to remember soldiers
Once it began they started to die
Peace is in our future
Plant poppies in harmony
I am sorry for the soldiers who died
Everyone needs you
Sadness came when soldiers died
Remember we need you!
Every serviceman helped us
Men saved your country
Everyone wears poppies with pride
Many people died
Bullets in stomachs
Every man was fighting for our country
Remember your country was in danger!

World War I Haiku

Sinead Wong Form VII

In honour of those
Soldiers who fought in the war
In the Flanders Fields

Poppies remind us
Of their brave sacrifices
Made for our freedom

Let us remember
In this centenary year
Each and every one

All about the Soldiers

Isaac Wynne Form I

The soldiers had rifles with swords on the end.

They had hats and boots on.

Some soldiers had horses.

The soldiers stayed in the trenches.

It's More Important to be Kind

Aeris Yu Form III

Edith Cavell was born in the English village of Swardeston. Her father was a vicar. She had one brother and two sisters. Her father taught her how to be kind to everyone.

When Edith was twenty-five, she wanted to be a teacher. She taught children at their homes. Her first job was as a governess, for the Francois family, in Belgium.

Five years later her father was ill, so Edith had to go home and look after him. It was then that she decided to be a nurse.

Once she had trained, Edith wanted to be a nurse at the Red Cross hospital, in Belgium. She helped injured soldiers, fighting on both sides, during World War One. Edith helped the British soldiers escape to Holland, where it was safe. The German soldiers found out and she was arrested.

People thought Edith should be released but the German police did not listen and she was executed. Before her death she told her vicar that it was more important to help everyone than to be patriotic.