

As the grass grew dark and blood stained the dirt.
I lay on the ground watching my leg, wondering if
I was a survivor.
-Harry Anderson

The war had started
And my family and I were completely parted
I was in extreme pain
I would never do this again
I fired my gun
but we had not yet won
This war went on
I knew my life would be gone
I did survive the last couple of days
But I wish I could just fly away
Now that the war had finished
I felt my life was diminished
-Dylan Phillips

Sad scared, horrified
Really wishing that they had died
Poppies popping up day by day
Their lives being thrown away
-Hunter Sims

Life at War

The soldiers had it tough, the conditions were quite rough.
It was wet windy and cold, and the soldiers had to do whatever they were told.
The trenches were so muddy, not to mention bloody.
Death was always near, many families shed more than just a tear.
The soldiers felt defeated, their strength was depleted.
The war was not yet done, but many lives were gone.
-Will McEvoy

All I want is my beautiful wife to clench.
I used my old trusty bayonet as a claw
to climb the trench and enter the war.
On the count of three I take the shot
at this point I'm right in his blind spot.
The bullet explodes right through his chest
I quickly retrieve to have a rest.
I soon realise what I'd done,
No matter what, we hadn't won.
One by one we all went down,
the people back home were astound.
In the end we can't take anymore,
but the only way out was war.
-Henry Kidman

Where the ANZACS die and the poppies grow,
The ANZACS who died fly over you but don't give up
Don't let the poppies go.
-Alijah

I've lost my best mate
I've known him since I was three
How can they expect me
To sleep at night with this pain
I've lost the one I can trust.
Losing someone,
your best mate, your enemy
It's always tough.
-Antoinette Vallance

Shell shock can scar people for LIFE!

People don't want to go about in public.

It kept on repeating in their head over and over again.

It tore the men's hearts apart.

Shell Shock is a curse no one can break.

-George R.

Destruction in war.
Devastation and sadness.
Blood painting the dirt.
Memories of love fading.
The doctor said it's shell shock.
My mind is turning to dust.
-Ben

Soldiers
Tough, scared
Wishes for home
Nervous, sad, angry, horrified
Fighter
-Clancy

As I board the ship and leave this place,
I cannot wait to see my daughter's face.
As I look at my only arm
I think of work at the farm.
It might make my wife cry
to know that I nearly went to the sky.
-Gilbert Dawson

Why? (Gallipoli)

I was just a young man, no more than twenty,
I had a family, a fiancé, a life.
I had a job, friends, I had plenty,
Never knew they would end by my side.
The country said I had to go, across the world, to and fro,
I signed up and they placed a heavy gun in my hands,
Family in tears, I can now see their fears,
They took me right off to Gallipoli.
I hopped off the boat and went into war,
Our blood stained the sand and the water.
I looked at the beach all covered in gore,
I ran up the hill and down and I dug.
I was in a trench, talking to a mate
His head lolled back and he bled.
Tear down my cheek, heart stained with hate,
My mind was in shreds and I fled.
A bomb flew near by and crashed in the trench,
I looked down at my legs, they were gone.
I started screaming, my head wrenched back,
I was drawn away from the battlefield legless.
They shipped my back home to where I was born,
In a wheel chair crippled and torn.
My love, she just stared, tears in her pretty eyes,
ashamed of the disgrace I've become.
I was in Gallipoli, a legless being,
I am now a legend, but I ask of you,
Why?

-Martha

If I saw my friend die
I would break down and cry
The tears would roll down my cheeks
I wouldn't cheer and my faith would not be near
I'd collapse to the ground
Where my broken heart would be found
I'd feel like I'd never be able to smile again
Because I'd know that I'd lost my true friend
I'd do anything to have him back
Even though I'd know I'd lack
The ability to do so
If I went home
I would have nowhere to go
The memories would replay
Every single day
And even though I tried
I would never be able to forget that I saw him die
If I saw my friend die
I would break down and cry
I would be ready to give up
Even though he'd want me to live.
- Antoinette Vallance and Amber

war
dirty, bloody
shooting, smoking, running
the conditions horrible and stinky
death
-Rachel T

The happy the healthy the famous the fair, all
went to war and had their share.

The soldiers went from boiling to freezing, going
through rock and ice,

They wanted to go home to peace and nice.

They were wounded and treated but definitely
not greeted.

The trenches were mouldy, pussy and muddy
and not to mention bloody.

The gunning and artillery were not the only
pain, the infections and blisters were also a
strain.

The hopeless the helpless died torn and bare.

Would they remember, would they care?

-Isaac

The weather in Gallipoli was very, very hot.

Whilst on the Western Front you got the lot.

You would think the weather was the least of your
worries in war.

But it could still kill if you were quiet sore.

The frostbite snapped limbs like being shot.

And the heat stroke made your mind rot.

A cold, wet rainy day and you can drown.

Sliding in the toxic mud as you go down.

-Kimmy

Life in the trenches was terrible.

Now life was no longer bearable.

I lay in the trench with dying men.

I think to myself I will never do this again.

Shooting and fighting made me so sad.

But I knew I wouldn't win if I didn't go bad.

I jump out the trench and bang I get hit.

I think... how will my family deal with it.

-Noah