

A SOLDIER'S DIARY

Dear Diary

Today I was shot. Oh how much my arm hurts. There was blood everywhere, literally. Well, at least it's not as bad as Jimmy's trenchfoot. I can hear him moaning and groaning as I write.

I came to fight in the Great War about 5-weeks ago and I absolutely hate it here. I don't think this war will be over by Christmas because Freddy has already died, along with hundreds of strangers, and someone was brought back from no-man's land covered in wounds. I hope that doesn't happen to me.

The stench of rotting bodies is becoming unbearable. There is no place to bury them so we just have to leave them. Rats swarm the rotting corpses, delighted at this tasty sight. I wish the war will end so I can go home!

Goodnight.

By Charlotte Elsom