

Monday, 30 of February 1917

Dear Diary,

It has been more than two years and a half since the beginning of this dreadful war. It has been days and days of worthless rain making us even more depressed than we already are without seeing our true loves and children. The trenches are filled with slimy, revolting mud as brown and murky as a lake. It has been a living hell and I wish to go back to my comfy and soft bed. I hate watching our soldiers dying all around us. I want to get out of here, I need to!

There are billions of plagues infested rats living amongst us stealing our rations which we have nearly ran out of. A few months ago, we were fine eating our boiled wheat soup and my mouth is missing the scrumptious delicacy of my wife's cooking for Sunday dinner. The mashed potatoes and chicken hypnotising me because it is the best thing I've ever tasted and the gravy taste was like heaven in our mouths. I haven't had anything for days because my bunkmates are so whiny begging me and threatening me for food, that was not even average. There is no point for wasting my time causing a dispute for my bland coffee and rock-solid bread.

Something that scared me for life has happened a few days ago and thank you Lord I survived. Even while writing in this diary, I was trembling in my boots. First of all, this whole war has taken a large impact on all of us and yet this impudent old crone is talking to us and treating us like his dogs. I was about to lose my mind with shooting and cries of falling soldiers and an old hag with no respect for us fighting "for him" (that's what he said at least). Anyways, our sentry had passed from the stress and his recent shell shock seizure and in the next moment I regretted even being born.

The Chief said that I was the new sentry. Me! I was shocked since I have been told about five-million times I'm shaped like a twig, one-million times but the Chief. I stood up hoping that the universe would have mercy on me. I climbed out of the trench slipping because I was covered in mud. But next was the moment I wish that I never did what I did next.

I got up in proper pose holding my gun next to my body and protecting my trenches. Nothing happened but I thought that I should check my gun to see if I was ready to fight. I checked the chamber in the gun, which I thought it was my gun but turned out it was my cousin Billy's gun. I had no idea how to work that gun. I only knew mine I was looking in the trench for my gun the all of the sudden, "BANG" my gun fired and I had a look so scared that it was indescribable.

Guns started firing and bombs were being thrown to our trench. Some soldiers were running and some were hiding. I sprinted as fast as possible trying to get into the trenches without being trampled on by men. Bullets were flying past my head and around my body then I dove in the murky water. Apparently, I got up a few minutes later with my best friend Connor flashing a torch light in my eyes and my brother Jake and cousin Billy standing around me.

But for some reason I did not care about my life almost ending, I was thinking about why straight away when I accidentally shot the gun everyone on the other side started firing. It is as if they waited

for us to make the move. I looked at my leg in the mud and realised I got shot in the leg but the pain was numb to me. I rested from then and onwards until I healed.

I know I have only been saying horrid, life-scarring things in the diary but there have been some good things like being able to have time with my best friend Connor, Billy and Jake and playing my favourite game, which I played all the time at home with grandad, Black 2. This war and living in a place that feels and smells like a sewer isn't ideal but I can't wait to have the delicious dinner waiting at home for me and looking at my daughters all grown up. Especially my new born daughter Franny.

Love, Charlie Brown.

Diary entry made by:
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