

THE WAR HOSPITAL
by
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The musty smoke lingered in the air as I collapsed on the floor; the blood poured from the edges of the rough, dried skin from the bullet hole in my leg. I struggled to breathe. SCREAMING is all I could hear and the sounds of the bullets were coming from every wall, window and roof. Hundreds of people, soldiers, nurses and doctors were walking around me, over me and on either side of me. I was petrified. Finally, after a painful wait a nurse came and helped me in to the corner, she bandaged up my wounds, the pain was dreadful and I struggled to be brave and stay strong. Finally the nurse gave me a long, stiff stick to help me along then left to help someone else.

I was pushed out of the building and through the door I looked around the outside to see soldiers, bullets, bombs and DEATH all around me. I hobbled my way closer to see a bullet heading towards my close friends' chest in the distance – some 12 feet away. Instantly, I dropped my stick and hobbled, while pulling my leg along the stones, I got close enough and jumped. The world around me felt like slow motion and I reached my arms out to save my friend from the bullet but I was too late...

"Charles, wake up, wake up." said the auxiliary in a soft, caring voice but Charles heard it loudly and jumped slightly as his eyes opened quickly. Charles looked petrified as his dream of the past dawned on him.

"Are you all right Charles, do you need any help?" the auxiliary, Mary, said worried.

"No, I am fine, thank you." Charles replied in a rough tone.

"Breakfast is on the table and here's your medicine for today," she said as she left the room and shut the door quietly.

About twenty minutes later Charles got up to have his breakfast, he had been at the Care home for roughly a year and always preferred to sit alone, he still looked like he did not fit in comfortably. Yet all of the caring auxiliary staff were always worried about him and that maybe he needed more specialized care that could help him with his shellshock further.

Every other elderly person had settled in well and loved to sit and chat with others, telling their stories and showing off pictures of their Grandchildren. Many of the people here had been involved in World War Two, just like Charles, but he never wanted to share his stories, not even with Mary who brought his breakfast every morning. Charles had no family left.