

The War Hospital

I lay on my bed, the memory of how I ended up here in this hospital kept playing in my mind. I climbed out of the damp, filthy trench being extremely cautious of my surroundings. I heard gunshots and bombs. They were drowning out the petrified screams of other soldiers. I saw lifeless bodies on the soggy ground wondering if I would become one among them. I was frightened but I knew I had to keep on going. The smell of blood and urine stung my nostrils. I got used to my feet feeling damp and uncomfortable but the lice made me feel uneasy and itchy. I couldn't wait until this nightmare was over.

I suddenly felt pain in my leg, realizing I had been shot. I collapsed. My legs couldn't go any further. I was bleeding, heavily. An uninvited thought made its way into my mind. Will I die? I screamed for help over and over again. I had to wait for a while. I lay there in fear. Thinking a shell would land on me any second.

Help finally came. I was taken to an ambulance on a stretcher and was driven to the hospital. The journey was terrible as it was bumpy and the roads were uneven. I slipped in and out of consciousness. My leg was in even more agony every time there was a bump.

I shook the memory away, bringing me back to the hospital. I heard the cries of wounded soldiers. I saw them being treated for their injuries. Among the crowd of soldiers, I saw a strange man with red hair. I had no idea who he was or why he was here. He didn't look injured. I couldn't help wondering why he was in this hospital. I heard preying between the screaming and crying but only faintly. I looked around the room and I saw a priest. I saw him preying for those who were dying. I saw nurses rushing to help the badly wounded. I heard constant chatting so it was hard for soldiers to rest. The sound of shells in the distance sent a quiver up my spine. I want to go away from this place. I want to go home and never come back.

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