

A poem written collaboratively by the children of 5W
Mount Carmel RC Primary School

Beyond the Lines

The soldiers stood, frightened, as the massive landing craft struck the beach.
As the gates dropped, the English troops exploded out of the boat and charged onto the
stormy beach.

My heart stopped. I felt devastated I was even in this position.

We jumped, in dread, as the bullets flew through the thick, black, acrid smoke.

People dodged mortars as the enemy tried to hit them.

Smoke blasted from a grenade like a tornado in the desert.

The vibrations from the bombs shook the ground for miles on the blood painted beach.

I was terrified and mortified by the gunshots.

I felt confused and anxious as heroes and friends died around me.

So many people were killed that day, with guns, grenades and pocket knives.

There were so many killers striking our British men upon that beach, where they now
lay dead.....

The boy felt sympathy for all those that had fought in the war

He felt like he was going to shed tears as he read that note.

The grandfather seriously regretted going to war.

As the man grew older and his birthdays went by, the planes that haunted him still
went by.

