

Martha Benford, Year 8

Dear Diary

It has been a week since my dear friend and next door neighbour received a telegram about her eldest son: Edward being killed in battle.

I took some homemade bread round early on this morning because I know how much her little ones enjoy fresh bread and dripping, as do mine.

I've been catching up with my housework as it is my first day off for over two weeks. My darling husband would not believe that women are able to work and run a house as I didn't before this war started and all our lives have changed...



Sully Meaghan, Year 8

Opening my door, I saw a crowd of people separated to both sides of the street. A parade of people walking down the middle of the road wearing uniformed faces. It almost resembled a wedding in some ways. Cheers and applause rose up and across the gathering as the soldiers moved down the road. Flags bearing the Union Jack all lined the lampposts and buildings; the National Anthem being belted from the crowd. The solemn and depressing weather that lingered over Portsmouth didn't kill the mood. Yes, the notion of war was daunting, although there isn't much we could do.

Lola Houghton, Year 9

100 words can't describe how much pain everybody in the war went through.

100 words can't describe how traumatic this was for every soldier involved.

100 words can't describe how much death and destruction impacted everyone.

100 words can't describe the fear that everyone felt; the fear that they were going to lose to the Germans and lose everything.

100 words can't describe how many soldiers were shot dead on the battlefield.

But, maybe...just maybe

100 poppies can.

100 years can.

Charlie Gould, Year 9

On Flanders fields the poppies grow, through the harshest droughts and bitter snow.
Bloodshed, pain and calamity, has driven most men to insanity.
November 11th we respect the dead, for on that day Armistice was said.
Noble men with knives and gun, they did not hide, they did not run.
We remember them by wearing this flower, to acknowledge those who did not cower.
When the evil Germans, Italy and Hungary, came to invade our peaceful country.
They laid down their lives for the King, so in respectful unison we may sing.
Wear a poppy to respect our fallen soldiers.

Emily Dowse, Year 9

This wasn't just a fight; it was a war! A war for freedom and justice. This wasn't just a dream, it was nightmare! A nightmare at its worst. The kind of nightmare you wish you could wake up from, but if you try, there always has to be an ending...so maybe it's better that we didn't wake.

It's torture. It's as if living the same day in a never ending spiral. We stand united as a team, hiding from our enemies, some of us covering fear, when will this end? When will I see my family again..?

Sidney Penney, Year 7

To the people who died in the war. Thank you for your life, thank you for your soul. Thank you for making the world great again. You are the people that brought the world together; you have saved the country; you have saved the world. No one can say how much you have done for us but I will say it here. You are the greatest, you are the best; you are the chosen ones and you are our heroes. You are the Gods, you are saviours, every one of you make the world special. This is why we respect you.



Alfie Austin, Year 7

End of War.

Today was the day when the World War came to an end. To celebrate this amazing time, we played a few games of football with all the boys. After the game we reflected on how we saved hundreds of people but most importantly our country. We all can't wait to go back to our families and see the bright smiles on our children's faces and knowing what it's like to finally be back home again and have a proper dinner to feast on. Now we all realise we have gone to the extreme to save our loving country. This is the final meal with all the boys together. We are the boys of Britain.

Alfie Penney, Year 9

I was sitting silently on my outpost in the freezing cold. I was on lookout, gazing at the snowy woodland. There was a frosty breeze brushing against my lapel, sending a shiver down my spine. It would always go quiet in this stretch of land, but birds would always break it with soft humming. The leaves would sway and shake in the wind and make the world at that moment seem a lot better place than it actually was. Suddenly a gunshot hurled through the valley, penetrating the sand banks in front of me. The enemy was closing in.

Maisie Brumpton, Year 8

Flanders Fields

When was the first shot?
When the first man dropped?
When we did not cry?
When we only tried?
When the first man died, his family cried,
But we also tried,
When we won,
The spree begun.
On Flanders fields,
The first poppy sprung,
Poppies in red,
Memories of blood shed.
On Flanders fields, the first bell rung for two minutes' silence,
Whence the guns were violent.
On Flanders Fields the poppies sung,
Underneath the rising sun,
For on that dreadful day,
No one shall pay today,
For welcoming remembrance day,
On Flanders fields.



Megan Jones, Year 11

The day was dark and grim, the sun barely in sight. Gunshots echoed around his ears, and empty shells fell at his feet. Shouting sergeants, and scarce soldiers battled on the flocking fields; their lives at risk, but their hearts still fighting. He stood there, observing, in complete silence; the screams over whelmed him, an empty shell of a grenade rolled toward him. As he bent down to pick it up, he could still feel the warmth of it penetrating his skin, giving him a chance to defeat the bitter snow chill. At last it sunk in that this was no game, Ron finally knew what he had to do.

*During the war, my Great Grandad brought back the shell of a grenade that was empty, but still intact. His name was Ronald Parks, Ron for short.

Scarlett Cronin, Year 8

The Great War – 100 Years Since



100 years since people gave battle in vain for us.
100 years since villagers sheltered themselves in their own homes.
100 years since soldiers died on a battlefield for liberty.
100 years since death was a soldier's worst option.
100 years since street parties crowded the London cobble stones.
100 years since food shortages corrupted Great Britain very severely.
100 years since a gunshot was a man's last memory.
100 years since that sacred telegram was sent into trenches.
100 years since Archduke Franz Ferdinand was assassinated in 1914.
100 years since the revolutionary WW1 Armistice was signed.

Darcy-Mae Tanner-Houghton, Year 7

Wilfred Edward Salter Owen



Wilfred Edward Salter Owen (18 March 1893 – 4 November 1918) was an English poet and soldier of the first World War.

He was born on the 18th March 1893 in Oswestry, Shropshire, England. Wilfred died in Sambre-Oise Canal, France. He was also British.

Owen was killed exactly one week before the war ended. His mother received a telegram informing her of his death on Armistice day.

Owen is buried at Ors Communal Cemetery in Northern France. The inscription on his gravestone, chosen by his mother Susan, is based on a quote from his poetry “Shall life renew these bodies? Of a truth / All death will annul, all tears assuage?”

William Paffett, Year 9

Up the Trench

Up the trench,
Down the trench,
Hear the shells fall,
Up the trench,
Climb the trench,
Into the fields of Somme,
Run up, Run up,
Bullets fly past,
Up the hill, make the orders,
For all to fire at will,
As we all push up,



We continue to capture,
The hill where those have fallen,
And I, will soon be one,
Then all we get,
Is to get called back...
A failed invasion...
Keep trying! Keep trying!
Keep pushing! Keep pushing!
Up the trench,
Up the fields,
Up the hill,
Up to hell,
To Butte De Warlencourt.
Gone! But not in thought.

This Poem is about the severity of the Great War and how it affected those who fought. It is in memory of my Great-Great Uncle: Harold Leofric Helsdon, who, a week after his 20th birthday died at the age of 20 as an intelligence Officer 2nd Lieutenant. He was shot dead during night patrol work near Butte De Warlencourt.

Maddie Threapleton, Year 9

I nursed the bottle of whiskey and cigarette in my hand,
Knowing one of these days will be my last,
It broke my heart.
The shards of glass cutting my skin.

The gunshots frighten me,
But one day they will enlighten me,
With poppies galore.
If I go- I will be remembered by those who stand by me in the front line.
Death, remembered and denied.

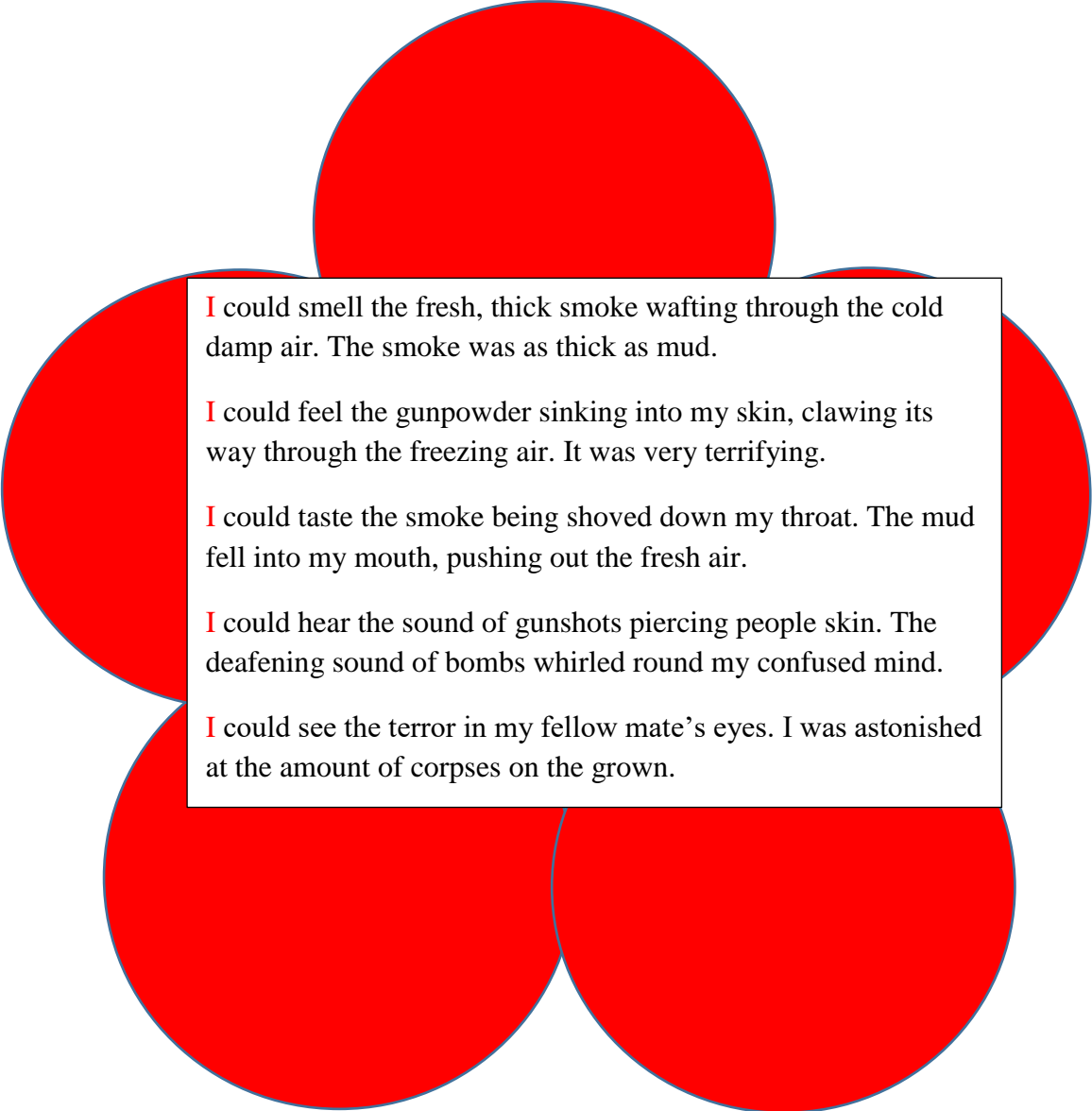
Denial is the first stage of coping with death.

That's my coping strategy,

What would you do if your mother and father died before your eyes?

Would you run or would you hide?

Tillee Anders, Year 8



I could smell the fresh, thick smoke wafting through the cold damp air. The smoke was as thick as mud.

I could feel the gunpowder sinking into my skin, clawing its way through the freezing air. It was very terrifying.

I could taste the smoke being shoved down my throat. The mud fell into my mouth, pushing out the fresh air.

I could hear the sound of gunshots piercing people skin. The deafening sound of bombs whirled round my confused mind.

I could see the terror in my fellow mate's eyes. I was astonished at the amount of corpses on the ground.

Emilia Loake, Year 10

If we will not learn from our mistakes and conflicts,
then what will we ever learn?

If we do not give hope to others in their time of need
then who will give hope to us?

If we do not remember who we have lost, then who will
remember us?

If we will never be in peace who will make peace?

If we live in harmony and love, then who will ever feel
pain?

If we all did something wrong who would help us? We
all have answers but who will stand up and give hope
and joy?

HOPE!!!