

Example

A thick storm of dangerous shells filled the sky. The Messerschmitts roared from up above with their flat arms shading the sun from our faces. The waves were punching the boat as the boisterous bombs were leaping and cackling through the air like a wicked witch. We were huddled together as we travelled to our doom. I was gave directions to jump off the boat, but then were screeching in agony like a furious fire had enveloped their bodies.

Ear-piercing alarms were
screaming a terrible
warning. Red mist
gloated around us, which
had been caused by
the sheer amount of
blood that had been
scattered. Bones were
snapping and shattering
like brittle autumnal
twigs that lay lifeless
on the ground. We had
walked into an ingestion
of hornets ready to attack
and defend their land,
as the soaring planes
aggressively whispered
threats to the soldiers
below. Guns had no choice
but to spit bullets.

There was no cover, most
of us were just hiding
behind the barriers hoping
not to be shot in the
torturous valley to hell.

As the sounds of bombs
and ammunition being
fired deafened me, the
sand slapped us and
laughed at us. It was
stinging our eyes like
tiny needles stabbing at
our defences.

As bombs rained down
upon us it seemed that
our end was near as my
courage walked away from
me. I could feel tension

all around me but I
tried to remain calm.
My comrades were the
light of my life at
this point in time.

Shadowy figures
were steadily moving
closer, sending fear
flowing through our
veins. Without warning,
bullets were fired,
slautering us like
innocent lambs. We
ought to have known.
Left to die. Unidentified.
Forgotten.