

John was 15 by Madison Drews

John was 15, not nearly old enough to be in war. You might be wondering how they let him into that tragic place. John was incredibly tall. If you met him you would think he was 18, nearly 19. In training, John was an amazing gunner. He was put in charge of most of the gunners (a high honour.) However, as soon as John stepped into the trenches, all his hope of survival was lost. Gunshots were taunting his ears. He then was forced to lead his troops into no-mans-land. Around four dozen of his men were shot before they had even gone ten meters into the land. Led by fear, John retreated with the remaining men. But before John reached the trench, he was shot in the leg. He rolled down the side of the trench, his leg screaming with every inch he moved. He called out for help, but not one soul could hear him. He landed with a faint DUFF in the muddy trench...

Lying sprawled on the wet, muddy ground, John glanced at his gun. Fully loaded. He had not shot one measly bullet. John was ashamed of himself. He had been here long enough to have the chance to take aim and shoot, but he had been too scared to even pick up his gun until he was forced into no-mans-land. Then, John heard explosives, distant, but very loud explosives. John guessed it was time to bomb from the air and wipe out a few hundred of them nasty Germans. John tried to stand, but then his legs reminded him that he couldn't. John looked at his leg. Blood was streaming out of it. He yelped as pain rushed through his body. He felt hot and was sweating like mad. "How could I have been so stupid?" John asked himself, furiously. "Not one bullet shot, and now I have managed to get myself killed!" He didn't mean to say this out loud, but sometimes life is cruel to you. Some tougher guys turned around to see John on the earth, cursing himself, but not noticing the men looking at him like he was a weakling. John finally looked up, seeing some men staring at him.

"Hay. Can you help...ow...me?" John asked them. Then John looked down from their faces to see German uniforms. In horror, John tried to push himself away from them. In one of the guys hand was a gun...

The last thing John saw of life was the gloomy clouds, German faces smirking as John bled to death, then darkness swallowing him whole. The man had never pulled the trigger of his gun. John hadn't either. John was too kind to do such a thing. But the man enjoyed watching someone suffer ...