

# D-Day

*Running from the bullets I jump into a trench,  
Holding my nose, I couldn't bear the stench.  
Hope was the one thing holding me and my men together  
It was going to get worse, judging by the weather.  
Then it came as fast as lightning,  
Hitting my leg; it was so frightening.  
There was a sharp pain, I moved to safety,  
Remembering that I hadn't seen my wife and kids lately.  
I wish they were with me tucked up in bed.  
I ran up the beaches, my men were all dead.  
I wished then that I hadn't run ahead.  
I dodged a bullet or two, Glancing over, expecting to see my  
crew.  
I got to a bunker, looked inside,  
There were many Germans that I despised.  
I threw a grenade; I knew they'd died.  
I went in, sat in a corner and cried.*

*By Charlie Weaver*