Day1

We’ve been in the trenches for weeks now. With each sunset the enemy creeps closer, and by dawn we’ve fought them back into their original corner. A deadly tug-of-war over ownership of land, both of us ultimately trapped in the stalemate of war. Each day we lose a few from our side, their blood mixing with the ever-thickening mud filling the trenches; Our only relief stemming from the knowledge that across the field the situation is a mirror image.

Day 2

As the sun rises on another day I look at each of their faces; I see the ever darkening circles shadowing their eyes, the look of fear and shock hidden within their faces as they visualise their deaths, all of this they try to disguise with a macho confidence and anger worn as a mask, but the reality is they’re scared. More than that though, they’re exhausted, each one doubts himself and his reasons for being here, they glance down at the photos they keep close to their hearts, and look out at drenched, blood soaked field as the rain keeps drumming harder and harder upon their helmets. They long for those stolen moments where they are permitted to close their eyes and dream; Rugged up in bed, holding their wives close to them and looking out at the rain from inside their warm, safe homes. When they awake they are hit with the realisation that they’re once again here in this mud-filled hole with the rain never ceasing, so they continue to count down the hours until they are awarded those few moments of freedom from reality.

Day 3

Every night I pray that the rain will stop, the bleakness of our situation is only worsened by this gloomy weather; As I watch, even the strongest men seem to be losing their sense of hope and logic as the days go by. Last night, as the enemy lines drew closer, one of our own snapped completely, clambering out of the trench and sprinting towards the creeping shadows. As I watched him slip and slide across the field I thought how graceful he seemed to be, skating across the land as if dancing, the moment of realization came hard and fast as we heard the echo of gunshot, the sky lit up for a moment before he tipped and fell face down in the puddles. I pray that this rain will stop soon, we’ve become shells of the men that we once were and as each rain soaked hour passes I can see us losing more and more.

Day 4

Today spirits seem to be higher, we awoke to the first day of only a soft drizzle instead of the incessant pounding of sheets of rain. As I look around at the faces of my men, I can notice the change, there’s a glimmer of hope shining through at last. As we rolled the dead and wounded gently into our trench, I was struck by a moment of complete silence, as I looked at the men I saw each face turn to the sky and the first hints of smiles upon their faces, as the sun shone down on us and the rain stopped for the first time.