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I decided to draw two pictures of a trench scene as they are iconic images of the war. I wrote the poem having researched the First World War using a variety of primary evidence. I wanted my work to show the traumas of war.

The story about David Henson is a fictional account based on research about the lives of other soldiers during the First World War.



As one shell's shot
Towards my men,
Another bullet kills,
Eating me in two.
As the gas arrives,
For life we strive,
Desperate to live,
But not only to survive.

Men, writhing and pleading
Are all we see,
Unlucky for them
But not for me.
My men are dead,
But what can I do?
Except sleep much in up
And not peel blue.

I can try and win
This inhumane war
By doing my duty,
And giving a roar,
To the fallen, the injured
And the brave,
Honouring the lives of which
I could not save.

The battle's over
It's all done,
I have failed,
But you have won,
My lifes goal,
Has come to an end,
And my title now,
I HAVE to depend,

Years pass and my pain fades,
But I will always remember,
My fallen comrades.

My life is a chore,
And the stories of war,
Always echo in my mind,
So now I have to try and find,
A new way to forgive,
Forget and learn,
But show people war,
Isn't to be yearned.

I'll pass, and I'll fade,
So who will remember,
My fallen comrades?
They'll be forgotten,
So will I,
But in the end we all die.

Name: David James Henson

Age: 19

Birthday: 04/08/1896

Parents: Mary Anne Smith (Henson) and James Henson

Siblings: Matthew Henson (14) and John Robert Henson (10)

Previous occupations: a mill worker from the ages of 14 to 15 and a baker from the age of 15 to 16

Army ranking: sergeant

Number of troops in his platoon: 20

He joined the army when he was 16 and trained in the camps for 2 years. He was then sent off to war at the age of 18 and became a sergeant later that year. His best friend Johnny King was a soldier in his platoon, knowing this, David became determined not to let any of his men die. However one horrendous day in the trenches, David lost his guard. The enemy fired at his troops-killing 5 of them outright, several gas attacks occurred that day. In total David lost 15 of his men, Johnny included, on that cursed day.

Not knowing how to deal with the trauma of being responsible for 15 men's deaths, David turned to the arts. He tried writing a letter to his family explaining how sorry he was and that he wouldn't be returning home. However he couldn't bring himself to send the letter to his worrying family. So instead he began writing his emotions out in the form of poetry. Simple incoherent sentences formed at first, having little meaning to anyone but David, but gradually they grew into pieces anyone would feel empathy for.

David then returned home at the age of 22, after undergoing several weeks at the training camp, trying to adapt back into normal life. He moved back into his parents' house and started to publish his poems. David became famous for his poem titled: *Warrior-war alone*.