

Empathy task ww1 yr.10 assessment



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

EMPATHY TASK. WW1 BY Manon Collins The fog still clung to the ground. We could barely see two feet in front of us. The men's voices were loud and projected off into the fog were they became lost and tangled in 'No Man's Land' The grey sun seemed to be making it's way up over the broken backs of the hills. The silhouettes of the men suddenly became clear. Faces dirty with mud, blood or anything that could be found in the trenches. Shoes without soles, shirts without sleeves we are the men of Ypres once of boy of 17 his only thoughts were of women.

Now a man of 20 his eyes only peeled for the shadow of a man, the point of a bayonet, the fright full image of gas consuming a comrade's lungs. Me and the other men had not yet experienced a gas attack but the stories spread across the trenches with the message 'Remember your mask' The shadow loomed through the thickened fog with a will to kill. The envious green mist was determined to push the boundaries. The word came ringing through the mist with great urgency 'Gas.... GAAS' The fumbling of men's hands trying to grab a mask became the priority of our mission. There was no chance without a mask.

The cry of a man without a mask rung out across the battlefield like a little girl who has lost her mother. Pivoting round only to spot Lindsay without a mask. The panic in his eyes was the last human characteristic that was displayed on his face. The gas consumed his lungs growing tighter each second. Not even I could imagine the pain that was growing in him. The whites of his eyes glowed amongst the blood that was starting to evolve around the creases of his lips. His hand opening and closing, his fingertips

searching for something to clasp onto to stop the pain... they fall upon the hem of my pants with a grip of an eagle.

As he held my pants for his refuge the words he mumbled will never leave me. ' Tel...tell them...tell them I said bye'. As his body became limp on my feet the words and noise of the other men became apparent again. ' Lindsey gone, he is Gone' ' Get the other men, we are going back' Shoes without soles, shirts without sleeves we are the men of Ypres. Trudging back leaving the dead innocent body behind us all human dignity thrown out the window everyman swearing under their breath ' When the war is done, never shall I touch a gun'