

The Scouts of the Rhine

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Cold. Dark. Muddy. Loud, the things that ran around my head when Germans attacked. I could barely my hands let alone feel them, it was freezing. I was searching for my comrade George. He was nowhere near and I started to get worried that he got shot. Eventually I ran into George. I was relieved and I could tell he was too.

“Where are we right now?” George yelled over the artillery.

“I think we’re in the southeast sector!” I replied.

“How did we get all the way out here? We have to get back” George yelled back.

We started back to our posts. We’re rushing and stumbling through the dark, bloody trenches.. We were practically deaf from the artillery so it was no use trying to speak to the others. About an hour later we found our assignment sector. By that time the sun just started to rise, revealing a melancholy shade of purple-orange over the hideous war torn land.

I was very glad to see the sun. Every time the sun comes up it always gives me a small ounce of hope. It assures me that I’ve lived another day. But I have to keep fighting. George and I were fighting for a while until all of a sudden we heard it. The scream of a bombshell. It was headed straight for us. It was like listening to a demon about to take our lives. It only lasted for a split second, but it felt like everything was in slow motion. After that all I remember is a small second of light and then I’m on the muddy floor. Everything is black for a couple minutes but then all my senses come back one by one.

First I felt the vibrations of the ground.

Then the taste of the mud and dirt in my mouth.

After that I heard a high pitch frequency rattling around in my head.

Then I smell the bombs and guns and bombs.

Finally my sight came back.

It took me a couple of seconds to realize I’m alive. I looked down and a small piece of shrapnel was lodged in my lower leg. I tried to take it out at first but it’s too painful. I tried for a second time and I take it out really quick. I scream in pain but I’m glad it’s out. I patched it up with some bandage I have in my bag. It was then when I realized George wasn’t with me again. I looked around for him but the battle was still raging so I had to fight. Eventually the battle died down and I started looking for George again.

After a while, I found him in the medical tent, along with several other people with wound and bandages. George was all the way in the back. He had bandages over his eyes. He said that he was temporarily blinded and would have to rest for about four days. I was relieved that he would be okay. I

start back to my post, now that the battle had ended the boredom had begun. Thus, another day in the trenches.

To Be Continued