



THE LAST BULLET

By Ethan Tatti



I remember when I was a kid, my Dad told me “that only the fittest men go to war”, was what flashed through my memory as the boat rocks side to side and the sun warmed our backs but was spoilt by the spray from the cold waves as we head into shore from the ship. Dad never told me how not to get sea sick as my stomach was inside out and I wasn't sure if I was sea sick or nervous.

The boat stops and I hear the Captain yell “Load up boys and move out” as we prepare for the battle ahead. We raided the beach like solider crabs but came under fire by the enemy as we set foot on the beach.

I don't remember who, but someone yelled “take cover in the buildings on the other side of the sand dunes”. It was my instinct to run as fast as I could to the nearest building to take cover, but I stopped to help my closest mates take cover. I noticed that Smithy was wounded in the right arm so I helped him to safety.



When we reached the cover of the buildings a medic took care of Smithy and I continued to helping others take cover.



That night all seemed to be quiet and we thought the enemy had left; we were safe and had shelter for the night to gain our strength. So we thought, I was suddenly woken by enemy fire once again and was taken by the enemy. I didn't know where I was

or how I got there, but it was cold and dark. I could hear voices from fellow soldiers with me.

It was two or three days I think before we saw sunlight as the enemy guards took us out side and let us wash off in the creek nearby. This was where we decide to escape. We followed the creek to the nearest town. We had a rest and then continued on foot trying to find our base. We were cold, hungry and our feet were hurting bad. We came across an abounded car and hotwired it. After driving for about an hour we reach our base.

