THE LAST SOLDIER

CHAPTER 1:

It’s the year 1943, “GRENADE BY THE ITALIANS, TAKE COVER!” BOOM !

Silence struck the trench, I looked around and all I saw were my friends and the floor, bleeding with wounds, slowly and painfully dying. My ears were ringing like the church bell back in England, my heart was racing as fast as a bullet. “Dì a Mussolini là, fatto prima a Parigi, che sarà orgoglioso di ciò che abbiamo ottenuto oggi” (Tell mussolini, they are done for in Paris, he shall be proud of what we achived today). I heard them chatting Italian, but i dont know what it meant. I knew i had to get out of there. It was a living nightmare.