

Clink Clink Clink

You could always hear it before you saw it,
Before the metal seeped through the fog.
Clink, Clink, Clink,
Before its cough inducing fumes filled our lungs,
Before its camouflaged cape dripped off.
Clink, Clink, Clink.

When in sight, new sounds blew out the old ones,
When guns fired, gold barrels of death,
When death didn't choke the weapons of war,
Bang, bang, bang.

When the endless movement of wheels stopped,
When eyes became rough stone,
When mouths hung open yet no words fell,
Bang, bang, bang.

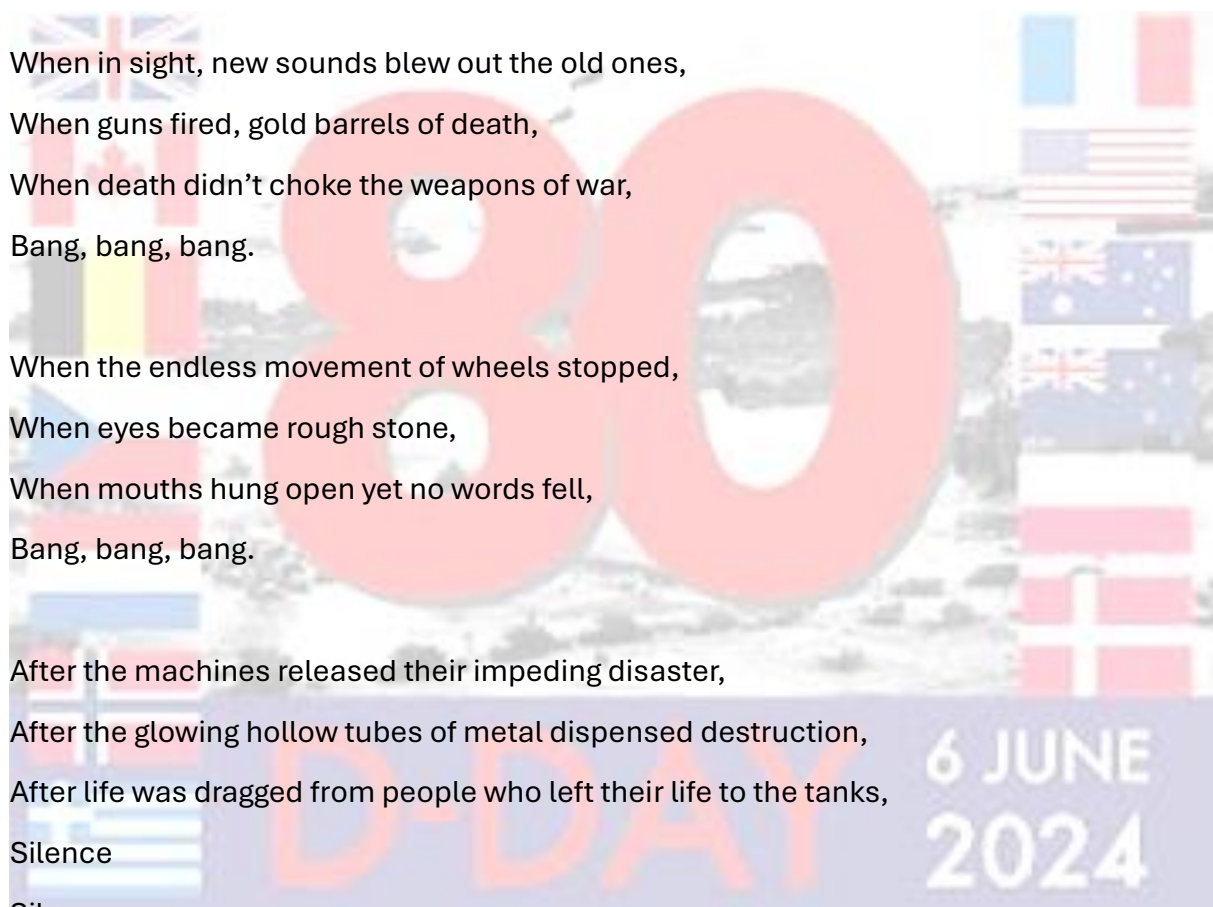
After the machines released their impeding disaster,
After the glowing hollow tubes of metal dispensed destruction,
After life was dragged from people who left their life to the tanks,

Silence

Silence

Silence

By Ava



The First Sighting

At first I mistook the rumbling sound
For thunder rolling in
But as it came closer,
It became deafening.

An elephant of death approaches
Casting a shadow over everything in its path.

The smell of diesel overwhelms my senses
The vibrations knock me to the floor.

The fear consumes me.
Everything closes in around me.
There is no escape from the monster
That now presents itself.

By Ada



The Tank

The ground,

It rumbled,

Silence in the trench,

It got closer.

The guns started,

Bullets ricocheted back,

Gun fire endured.

It, got closer.

It is not stopping.

It lumbered towards us, a fortress of death on wheels.

It lumbered towards us, a marvel of modern technology.

What was this creature, this beast?

This large omen of death,

Coming closer every second?

The tank.

It groaned, moaned, grumbled and clanked.

Like a giant waking from its slumber.

It moved and sounded like death.

Its workings, red hot like the mouth of hell.

Ingenious but deadly, beautiful but chaotic.

The tank.

Seemingly indestructible.

Air bullets did nothing.

To stop its merciless advance.

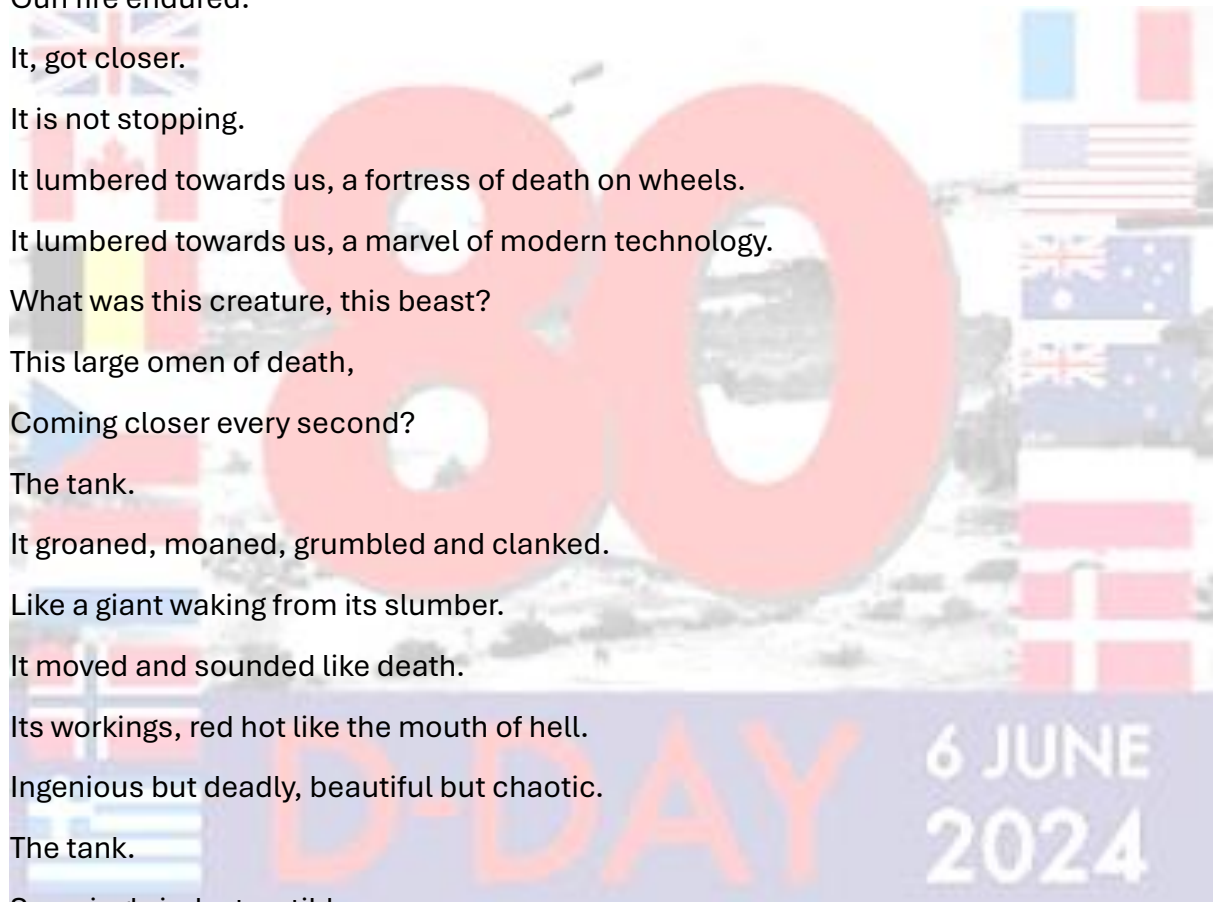
Then it opened fire.

And the screaming began.

Hell erupted from the ground.

An unholy cacophony of explosions and screaming.


I lay in blood.



My clothes soaked through.
Was it mine?
Carcasses lay there,
The trenches an empty shell.
This was now a ghost town devoid of life itself.

By Peter

They are coming



The ground died where they stampeded.
As the ground shook as if it feared their rage.
No one survived their attack, not even the air stayed unharmed.
Killing seemed to be all they knew in life.
Still, we tried to fight back be we weren't enough.

Destruction was all they knew,
Fighting became all we knew.
The blood soaked the grass like the morning dew,
War was all that we could do.

We were slaughtered one by one, two by two,
The grass couldn't escape the dew.
But still there came something new...

By Coco

Closer

Something was emerging from the mist.

You could see it getting

Closer, closer, closer.

The ground was rumbling, the

Mysterious object was getting

Closer, closer, closer.

The clinging and clanging of

This object ringing in my ears.

I could hear the sound getting

Closer, closer, closer.

I could finally see, it was

A huge weaponised vehicle

Heading straight for us, getting

Closer, closer, closer.

The machine stopped.

Bang, bang, bang.

The ground stopped rumbling and the sound stopped,

The machine was disappearing into the

Mist, it was getting

Further and further away

By Ameilia

Mighty Machines

The bulging beasts

These mighty machines

These are tanks that won the war.

Appearing through the misty moor

Their unstoppable shields protecting them all

Their great big tracks left behind

Like a memory of thought stuck in your mind.

Impending fear is all around

Nobody can escape

Destruction will come soon

And there's nothing you can do.

The sound of bullets

The sound of years

The sound of death is all you can hear

Yet a special beauty is left behind

A masterpiece they truly are

One may not see, but it is there,

An incredible sight they really are.

By Jemima

Metal

They came from the darkness,

The massive, lumbering metal monsters

The cold metal boxes made their way over No-Man's-Land

They looked almost like sleeping elephants

As I neared I could almost see the beauty....

As the noise grew louder

And the air grew colder

They were here

The tanks were here....

By Sammie



The Tank That Couldn't Tank

The tank couldn't move,

It wasn't tanking.

The tank couldn't start.

The tank was done for.

The tank didn't have a crew,

It was tired.

The tank was stranded,

The tank was done for.

The tank was left there to rot,

It was aging fast.

The tank started to rust,

The tank was silent.

By Charlie



The Tank in the Abyss

A low hum slowly but surely faded into a vigorous changing of metals. Out in this horror of an abyss, the early morning mist, they see a tank.

The tank rolls its way into the soldier's point of view, its terrifying features crawling its way into the petrified and confused soldier's minds.

The soldier's don't know what to do, their fight, flight and freeze options pop up in their minds. What do they do? They choose freeze.

Frozen in a terrified state of mind, they shoot. They watch as its crushing weight cracks and breaks the obstacles of war, the barbed wire only scratching the monstrous machines layer of metal.

As bullets hits the traumatizing machines, the men realise that their threatening guns don't crack the monsters metal skin, they realize that beating this tank in the abyss was utterly and dreadfully hopeless.

By Simran



Metal

A large metal figure emerged from a thick great, gloomy fog
Exclamation marks filled my head,
Eyes widened in silence. Gasps.

The once empty land between us became a stampede of metal beasts.

Machine guns fired towards us,
The screams of the people around me yelling to shoot
But to no avail – it didn't work.
Everyone ducking but people crushed.
The bullets landed like rocks into oblivion.

By Bella

The Tank

Slowly stealthily, the tank advanced on the enemy
Led by dedicated soldiers as it creaks through the mist
Fear flowed through the German trenches
As the ominous sounds continued
Out of the mist the monstrous formation was now metal
The tank was now developed and fully mobilised scavenging for slaughter
The powerful behemoth rampaged and completed destruction
For the greater good

By Evan

The tank that got left behind

Yes finally, it was done!

The soldiers had finished me

I am now able to defeat our enemies

Change the world for the better

I waited ... I waited

But no, they didn't come

Why wouldn't they come for me?

They looked so excited before

Oh look, they're here!

What? I'm too small?

They say I will never go on the battlefield?

And so that's what happened

I never moved. All I even did was watch the others go by

As I sat there I waited.....I waited

I watched I watched

By Sofia

D-DAY

**6 JUNE
2024**

Echoes of War

Steel behemoths stealing souls,
Just so it gains its only goal.
Its thrash of power blistering lives,
It carelessly thrashes whispering beehives.
Drawing us pain, drawing us hate,
It drags us down with chains of agonising weight.
As it lays its troubled mind within your livid nightmare,
Dark pictures make you aware.
Echoes of conflict share murderous heartbeats,
As the devil colours your street,
Its rapid power constructs a gloomy spaces
As it fires bullets slashing without grace.
As a beast, it growls with might,
Iron giant, it fires dark light.
This is such a violent game,
But, who is to blame?

By Sophie



Tank

A black shape rolled stealthily out of the smoke,
Its massive wheels chewing up the earth.
With a gun-shaped thing beginning to poke,
Through the mist, and the dust, and the smoke.

Like a bird circling its pray.

It towered above any remains of a tree.

And all the soldiers began to say,
Is this the price we'll pay?

By Amelie



Tank

And then I saw it,
My first thought was a box on wheels,
A box composed as steel.
They were using some serious kit.

The distance continued to close,
The box mechanically lumbered,
The people inside looked encumbered,
Then it fell still, with a menacing pose.

Boom! The artillery went,
It was then I realised, just how much firepower,
Could be wielded in a single hour,
When the hour had passed, many lives had been spent.

By Elio

Creep

The tank growled
As the troops screamed in terror
Bones crushing
As Big Willie is sneaking forward
The floor shakes

By Jasper



The Monsters of the Somme

An other-worldly screech

The continuous clatter of death

A huge lumbering beast lurches towards the trench

Its great steel flanked peppered with tiny dents and creases

Just scratches to its armour

This petrifying brute demotes our rifles to mere toys,

Pathetic,

Harmless,

Childish,

Its six-pound gun shoots fear into our eyes

Our once-formidable troop now weak.

Helpless,

As the mercy of eight men and twenty-eight tonnes of impenetrable metal.

Slowly,

Methodically,

The intimidating colossus crawls forward with lethal intent

It draws nearer,

Nearer,

Nearer,

Just feet away from our trench

The deathly monster stops.

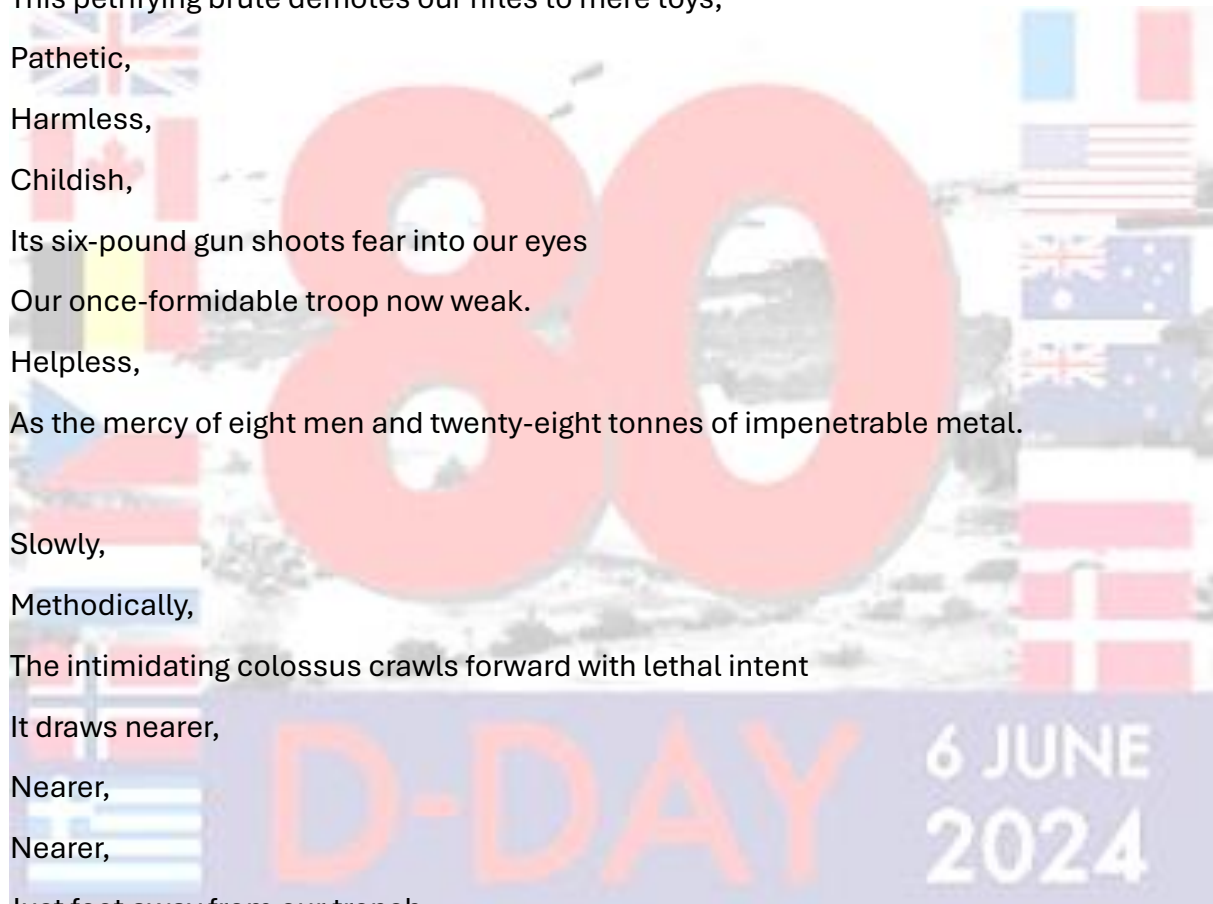
The squeal of its tracks are silenced.

For a few seconds, we all stare in horrified awe.

Then, its mighty weapons turn towards to us.

And the world goes black.

By Seth



The Rumbling

The rumbling,
An earthquake migrating towards us
The predators are closing in. We are the prey.
Many others appear.
Barrels like gun point.

The rumbling.
The quiet was loud,
Shooting, panicking, as if it was making a difference,
Looking down to see my legs shaking.
The ammunition is low and the fear is high
What is this iron beast?

The rumbling,
The rumbling had now stopped.
Death was close
People screaming
Bombs and bullets flew over,
The rumbling began again.

By Noah



Tank

As you stood in the crowd,
Watching it emerge from the distance,
You would stop in your tracks,
Frozen in admiration.
Mesmerised by the new and advanced beast
That your country has created,
Feeling proud.

As you stood in the trenches,
Watching it emerge from the distance,
You would stop in your tracks.
Frozen in fear.
Petrified by the new and advanced beast
That your enemies have created
Feeling something nobody should ever have to feel
A feeling that you will never get to stop and smell a flower that had grown
A feeling that you will never get to see your own children grow up

By Rubee

D-DAY

**6 JUNE
2024**

Iron, Iron, Everywhere!

Tanks!

Used for oppression, death and glory.

Tanks!

Big heavy boxes of steel and bales, guns, armour and tracks.

They emerge from the mist, engines booming.

Who knows what happens next?

The men who drove them, friend or foe?

12 feet away, suddenly Boom Boom Boom

Three shells coming closer and closer

Some people may call this a 'new weapon of war'

'fascinating' or 'beautiful'

I, however, do not.

By Martin



D-Day

The sky was pallid and grey
Like most, was dreaded this day
We were surprised that we made it this far
Every day was filled with dread
For we had to be careful where we tread
Mines could be waiting in the barren land below
We all made it to the back
Gunshots came out of thin air
Followed by a deafening sound that we couldn't bear
It was high-pitched and made our ears ring
That day we thought we enjoyed our las Spring

By Sofia



No one Escapes

The tank moved like a lion

Slowly, silently creeping around

Waiting for its prey

No one escapes

The clanging of metals as it crashes

Through the wall

As ash fell on us all

No one escapes

As the night approached

The tanks advanced emerging out of the fog

To do its job

Let no one escape

By Eve



The Tank

The tank rolled out of the mist like an unwanted surprise

Slowly, stealthily, the tank trailed along

It moved like a prowling tiger ready to pounce

Eating the bullets one by one as they fired

Inside the tank hot crew members were cramped in the space

Powerful, rumbling, the tanks trolled along

As their heavy machinery staggered towards the enemy

Destroying the ground beneath it

The tank was like nothing else before

Sturdy, bulky, the tank trailed along. With its friends behind it

They were an unbeatable team.

By Gemma



Tank

Lumbering through the battlefield
Encaged in a metal monster that will never yield
Tight spaces, Heavy fumes, making heads spin
As bombs are thrown, explosions in the dim
Shrieks, screams, splinters of shrapnel
Whatever this is, it is far from natural
Lives taken in the hundreds every day
As we rumble on in our tank, making way
For our soldiers to come through
We do what we've got to do
Doing what we must
We only have trust
Each other, Wandering through
Taking lives, unhappy, but
In this metal demon, it's what we have to do

By Seren



Tanks

Big, slow, monsters?

Engineering genius?

Impending death?

NO

They are machines of advancement,

A stepping stone for mankind,

A necessary tool

A path forward in technology

Don't talk about them being evil or monstrous

Think about who makes the machine evil

Who controls it?

Who fires it?

Who adds canons? Or machine guns? Or bombs?

Is the tank really evil or is no-one inside?

By Archie

D-DAY

6 JUNE
2024

Sorrowful Supper

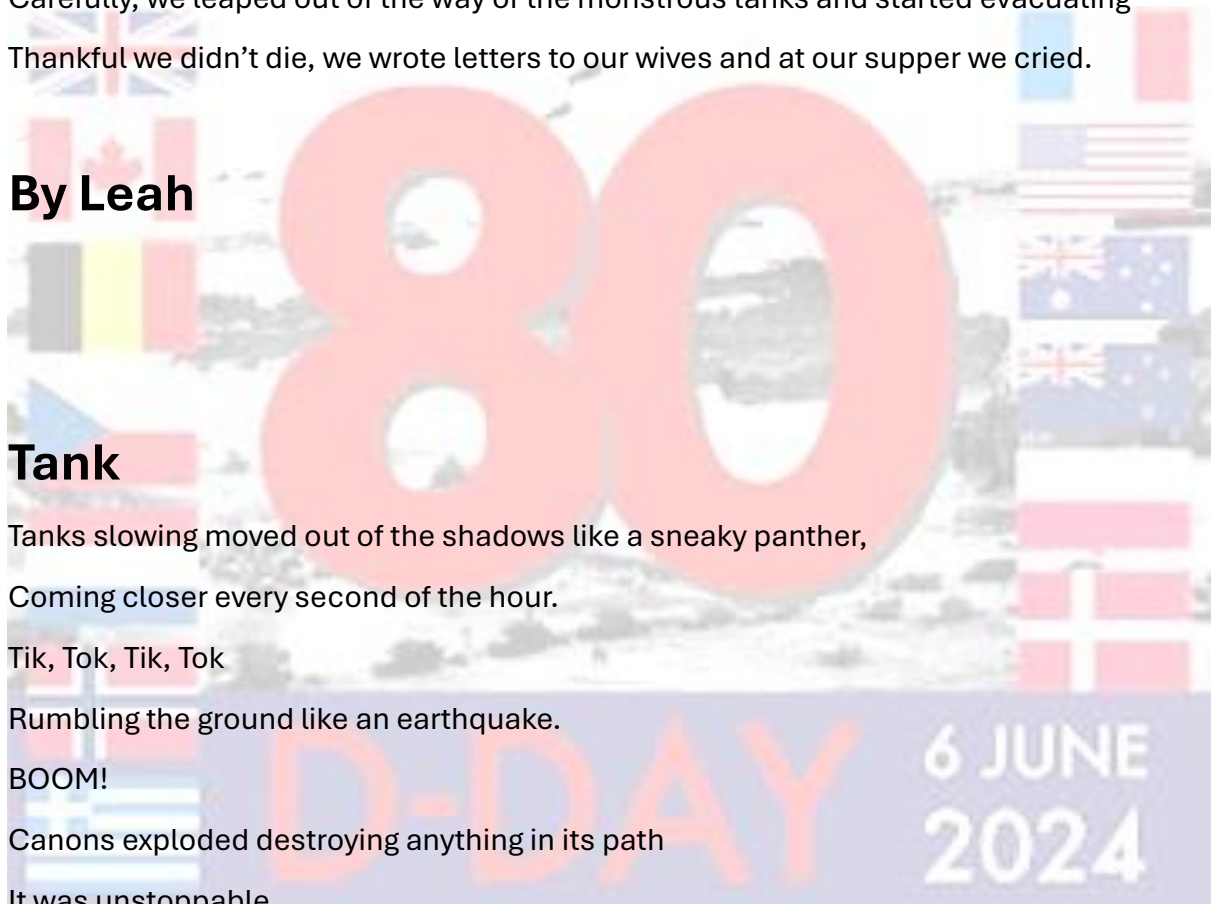
Cautiously, we hid behind the trench clasping our guns
Ominously, the tanks rolled through the misty battlefields
News of the arrival of our enemy made us prepare for the troops
Fearfully, we prayed that we would survive to see our wives and children again
Looking out, we started firing shells at the metal beasts
Irritated, the commander told us to fire more
Carefully, we leaped out of the way of the monstrous tanks and started evacuating
Thankful we didn't die, we wrote letters to our wives and at our supper we cried.

By Leah

Tank

Tanks slowing moved out of the shadows like a sneaky panther,
Coming closer every second of the hour.
Tik, Tok, Tik, Tok
Rumbling the ground like an earthquake.
BOOM!
Canons exploded destroying anything in its path
It was unstoppable.
It was ... Inevitable.

By Ben



Kraken

Titanic war machine:

An omen, an overshadowing,

Named with sweet and friendly words.

Kraken on the battlefield.

By Florence

Tank

Crawling slowly out from the thick blanket of fog,

Rumbling, rattling, roaring. A metal monster.

The helpless soldiers watched in horror as the machine towered over them,

The tank lumbered closer and closer until it all stopped.

The air hung heavy as the clattering tanks were finally silent,

The cold air was thick with an eerie quiet.

But it didn't last long.

By Gemma

