

The Rise and Fall Of A Son

I am Death. Hated by many is my name. My face... none wish to ever see, although they will, it is inevitable. I have been named Villain, however unjustly. I do not find my job pleasant or enjoyable. I have seen such sorrow and I have witnessed how the pride of few brought devastation to the many.

Just one of the appalling events that I had to witness was that of the battle of Gallipoli, the battle between the Turks and the ANZACs, that would be remembered for many years to come.

It all began on the 25th of April 1914 on the Gallipoli Peninsula...

Mistake after mistake made the ANZACs, they faced ravines and sharp scrubby hillsides. Full of courage and brave these men were, hanging onto the promise of honour and peace held in the rising sun badge attached to their hats. Little did they know of their fate as it became written in stone when they stepped foot on the shore of Gaba Tepe, the day all hell broke loose.

I relate this story to you of a but a boy whom I did bring to his loving mother with deep sorrow in my heart.

Gleaming faces, valiant men, mere children

A one-way ticket to Gallipoli

These innocent youths destroyed by the living hell encasing them

"Dear Mum I'm doing great"

These lies they tell to hide the truth to make their mothers proud

Inside these mothers a war goes on to pin the badge upon their hats, a burden they will carry

A ricochet of bullets, bitter air and bloodshed

This is no man's land,

The death bed of masses.

An explosion, that of a golden sun and child.

A loss brought to his loving mother in my cold arms.

A single salty tear falls down her face

Eternal heart break

Her child, her boy who fell with the rising sun

A quiver in her voice as she reads his last letter...

"Dear mum if I do not write again I died as I did wish an honourable man."

A soldier of the rising sun

Lest we forget.