Gallipoli Tightening Tension scenes

WINNERS

“I’m reconsidering the attack.” The voice of the commander told me. Taking a deep breath I forced my legs into a sprint. As I ran I dodged sand bags, trenches and other soldiers. Gasping for air I pushed myself to run faster and faster. I could see the soldiers waiting for the whistle, hanging up their belongings, writing letters and saying what might be their last prayers.

“Would I make it in time?”

“Would I be there fast enough to tell the message?”

By Amy Ponton 7A

The clocks ticking, the news has come, we have to fight. I wish a miracle was just a round the corner but we all know that’s not going to happen. I think for a while about my kids and wife; what will she do without me? I write a letter to her and stab it with my knife into the sand bags, hang my watch around it that she had engraved for me just before I left. I pray. I pray to God in hope that somehow it will all make a difference. It doesn’t though. I look around at all the soldiers, at all my friends.

Will they survive? No, the whistle blows, all hell breaks loose.

By Belle Brylow 7B

Dear Family,

I’m sorry.

It’s almost time. Men all around me are praying to their family..to God.. for their dear lives.

I apologize if there are tears or sweat on this letter, I am very upset and nervous.

Boys, I love you both. Please remember that always. Be proud of me. I tried. Respect Australia and look after your mother.

Katie, I will never forget the day you said yes to me. It was the best day of my life. Look after yourself and the boys.

I love you.

By Ebony Gambino 8B

We stood there, waiting, I shuffled my feet and brushed a strand of hair out of my face. The man next to me shifted his gun to rest on his shoulder. All I could hear was the wind, the breath of others around me and my heart beat, thumping in my chest. Would they really dare to attack? They have the numbers but we have the home turf and the weapons. Snipers were positioned on the highest hills, the rest of us
waited behind make-shift barriers. This challenge was unexpected but we were ready. I wish they would wave a white flag of surrender. Even the sound of their war horn would be better than waiting. Just then the horn blew and a mass of men came running over the hill. And I knew I was dead wrong.

By Vivienne Ditty 8B

His heart was thumping. His breathing was heavy. His feet hurt. The ground was rough and hot and with each step he felt the ache growing. It was hard but he couldn’t fail. He wouldn’t fail! His friends, those fellow Australians would die if he didn’t make it. He ran harder, panting, desperate for a rest. Then he heard it. The whistle. He didn’t make it. The piercing noise was the sound of death, the cry of genocide. He fell to his knees, not caring about the physical pain nor did he notice himself gasping for air. He’d been too slow and because of that a thousand smiles had been, ten thousand jokes never told, families would be left in despair and the fallen would lie there lifeless. He didn’t know how long he’d been there, the one sentence he kept repeating. I failed.

By Emily Hann 9B

The gunfire echoes each bullet aimed for my heart but I run faster and faster as the bullets tear by. Their lives rest on my shoulders. He’s reconsidering, they must know or thousands of men will die. I slip and stumble but I must get to them. The men stand guns ready waiting for the whistle. I can feel their desperation, dread and longing however I push past them all.

“Stop, stop.” I yell, but they don’t hear.

Less than ten metres away he brings the whistle to his lips and blows.

By Kayla Markham 9B

The air hung heavy in the trenches, as though it held all of the humanity, hope and love lost by the fighters. Frankie could’ve sworn that he could feel the despair in the air as he ran, beckoning his self doubt on further. His lungs wheezed the faster he ran, polluted by the dust and dirt of forgotten lives floating through the air.

It seemed however fast he ran, it was not fast enough in his mind. Even when his feet bled, he was not going fast enough. The clock was ticking and he was nearly out of time. Side by side the men in the trenches stood alone. Time seemed to stop as the whistle blew, cutting through the atmosphere like a steel knife.

Frankie collapsed to his knees in hysterics when the cold whistle tone hit him. For he knew, they would soon learn peace and be truly at rest for the first time in months. And he wished then and there, he could join them.

By Michael Bell 10E
Analysis review of scene

The music in this final scene is building up the tension and to intensify the sorrow of the situation. The landscape is rather barren just to make this place of death even worse and the occasion of his passing. Some props of this film and for this final scene are the letters to loved ones and momentos or messages to loved ones for reassurance. The knives that are used to stab the letters into the sandbags are a final goodbye to this world and to his life.

By Charlie Johns 10B