

## Hame fae da Hame Front

Anidder bomb whistled trow da air. Da ground shook as it landed. Dey wir gittin closer. Da deadly rinks o' da machine gun echoed ower da trenches. We stöd knee deep in mud waitin' fir orders.

"Jöst tink", sighed Willie (da only man fae Papa Stour on da front lines idder dan me) "dat dis time last year I wis jöst gotten mairied, an' dy Sarah wis jöst haid peerie Robert". Dat maid me tink lang fir hame wi da waff o' paet reek, an' da laverick singin' an' da roll o' da sea. Dir is nane o' dat ower here in France. Jöst da rinks o' machine guns, skrölls an' wails o' wounded an' dyin' men an' da fyunk o' rotten bodies in da mud.

"Yis, I mind dat".

We wir sent tae feicht at da secon' battle o' Ypres an' twartree weeks later, some o' wis wir sent back tae France an' idder wans sent tae Ypres. We tow't we wir gittin' a rest bit da Jerries haed anidder idea.

Da commander walked forwird an' Willie nudged me tae stand up. "The orders are that we must advance forward in attempt to defend our trenches!" he bellowed. We wir lipnin him tae say dat.

Afore we went ower da tap, I took oot a letter fae hame attached tae a picter at Mary, my aldest bairn, haed draan o' me, baby Robert, hir an' my wife Sarah outside wir hoose in Papa. I tow't aboot dem again. Hit wid be da heicht o' da day an' Mary wid be runnin' aboot outside, if hit wis a fine day, an' Robert toddlin' efter hir. Sarah wid hae tae be castin' da paets alon' dis year or shö'll maybe git a hand fae someen. Da lambin' a'll be startin' noo as weel an' da flooers will be oot too. Dis is da first time dat am no bö'n hame fir da lambin' an' paet castin'.

Willie haed tae poke me agayn an' I realised dat we haed tae go ower da tap. I cood feel my heart gittin' fastir an' I wiped my hands in my breeks afore gittin' my gun agayn.

We climbed up da ladder an' we haed tae run. Machine gun bullets rained doon on wis laek deadly puckles o' hail. We haedna wun faar whin it happind. Hit felt laek hit wis in slow motion. I saa da grenade comin' towards wis. I ran an dived atil a shell crator. But he jöst stöd dayre, frozen wi fear. Hit blew up richt in front o' him. An' I screamed. I couldna look. Dir wis bits o' him aa ower. I baa'd my kneves up an pressed dem tae my een. I sat fir twartree meenits tinkin' aboot whin we wir peerie an' we wid play aboot back hame. Runnin' ower da sooth sand wi Willie, waakin' tae school taggidir or goin' fishin' wi wir faidirs taggidir at da back o' Papa.

Dan I stöd up an' ran forward tae aenge my freend. I wis so stricken wi grief dat I didna see him. A Jerry sniper. I felt a sweein pain in my left shooder. I howled wi pain as I fell intae da mud. I felt someen dragin' me ahint ssome sandbags afore I blacked oot wi da pain.

I waakind up tae see twa men cerryin' an stetcher towards me. Dey lifted me up an' pat me on it. I roared agayn an' blacked oot.

Whin I waakind up agayn, I heard twa doctors whisperin'. I coodna hear muckle, jöst, "Dirt got in ... too late ... send word to family..." I stoped listnin dann. A nurse cam wi mare painkillers an' I drifted aff tinkin' aboot hame in Papa, da blue skies whin we wir workin' wi hay, goin' tae da eela an comin' hame wi keshies full o' fish. Waakin tae da well an' listnin' tae da peerie birds singin' an' da burn goin ower stanes.

Dan black agayn.

I wakened in da early hours o' da mornin' fir dir wis a bricht licht at da end o' my bed. I saa da silhouette o' a man standin' at da door. He walked forwird so I could see his face. I kent wha he wis an' whit wis hapenin'. I felt calm an nae mare pain.

"Hi-aye, Andrew", echoed Willie, "Lets ging hame noo".

Aimee Scott