

A decorative border of small grenade icons surrounds the text. The grenades are arranged in a grid-like pattern, with some at the top, bottom, and sides of the page.

THE GRENADE GAME!

It was December 25th, 1939. I was at war with the Germans, Italians and the Japanese. We were fighting in Turkey, Europe. My four friends and I from NZ Harry, Bob, Liam, Archie and I, Greg, all enlisted. We were at war with the Nazis and were more than ready for battle.

We were shooting the German soldiers when Liam announced that we were going to play a game, but I knew what types of games he likes to play so I strongly declined. But all the others wanted to play. "Ok but it's your death wish," I complained. Liam had announced what they were playing and the rules of the game.

"It's time for the grenade challenge," he explained. "This is how you play. We all pull the pin off a grenade and see who is the bravest, you have to wait until you get scared then throw the grenade away." They then yanked the pin off their grenades and waited. "Ahhhh, I can't take the suspense anymore," yelled Archie. He then biffed his grenade further than eyes could see. "Phuefff," Archie moaned.

"Hahah, you're such a big wuss," Liam commented. Then Harry and Bob started talking about when they are going to throw each of their grenades.

"Do you want do it now?" asked Bob anxiously.

"Yep, let's blow these German pansies," Harry said confidently. They then threw their grenades as well. At that moment I was just sitting at the back of the trench when I heard something. 'Is that a German accent,' I thought to myself.

Unfortunately it was. There were three Germans about to pounce for a sneak attack when I heard this loud. "Boom!"

"Oh my god," I heard someone scream at the top of their lungs.

“It’s Liam he’s dead he forgot he had a grenade in his hand and he blew up!” yelled Harry.

“Hahahah, what an idiot,” I mumbled.

Then suddenly three scary kittens with bombs attached to them exploded and Archie, Harry and Bob all died.

I then called the medics to come get them, but there was no hope for them. There was only half the body parts for each of my friends.

I was the only soldier left in my trench, it was boring. Eventually after four more years the war was finally over and I went home with the visions of explosions and body parts splatting in my brain. ‘I just went to war and got all messed up’ I am always thinking to myself.



**Written by Josh
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Grenades were left over in the war because there was lots of ammo left in case of another attack.