

THE UNMOUNTED SOLDIER.

“Men are you ready?” screamed Captain James, in front of the whole battalion. This was World War 2 in the Cavalry, on the 5th of February 1940, in Normandy, France. Frank was really excited, he didn’t know what was to come, but he sure knew it was going to be fun, frightening and a huge shock to the system. Frank aged 21 was a young English man from Devon. Frank was one of those ordinary Devon boys, who always wanted to help their dads on the farm and go to the pub with their chums, and now he wanted to fight for his country. He was determined and was never going to back down. Frank had always grown up around horses on their farm, that’s why he decided to join the Cavalry. The horse he was riding was a elegant pure black 4yr old mare, called Phantom. She was beautiful and very fast too. Frank knew for sure that they were going to make the perfect team. Sadly, Frank just didn’t know what was coming up his way.

It was only just four days into the Cavalry for Frank, and he was really enjoying it, he was with his two best chums Bruce and Derek, who were really enjoying it too. “Today is going to be a massive day.” roared Captain James. Then suddenly all the men heard guns. “Germans” feared Captain James who was at the front of the battalion and then he paused for a heartbeat...“CHARGE!” Captain James cried. BOOM! BANG! CRASH! This is only the beginning Frank thought to himself. He looked back and before he knew it the others were gone, disappeared, nowhere to be seen.

Frank just had no clue where they could of gone, all he could see was a dark and foreboding forest surrounding him. Just moments later Frank heard guns again this time they sounded closer than before, so that could only mean one thing he had ridden into German territory. Then he galloped off into the big, black and gloomy forest where he thought the others had gone. But no he was wrong instead the Germans had got there before he did BOOM! BANG! BASH! It only took one second to shoot down the beautiful black mare Phantom. Frank had tears cascading down his dirty, scratched face; he had only just got away in time before he got shot. He didn’t have a horse to ride and more importantly he lost his best friend. It became night. He thought to himself, “This is all my fault, if I didn’t look back none of this would of happened.” He carried on walking through the night, he was so tired, his legs were like jelly and his arms felt really heavy. He didn’t know what was going on, it all felt like a dream to him. He had been walking for a couple of days, and still wasn’t going to give up his determination or hope. He found some wild berries that he was eating, but still that wasn’t enough for Frank, he was starving. Just as he was going to lose hope he found the rest of the regiment, it took his eyes a couple of seconds to adjust but he found them. Bruce was so happy to see his best chum again. “Where’s Derek? Is he all right? What’s

happened to him?” asked Frank in a worried and anxious voice. “In No Man’s Land, we haven’t seen him since yesterday night!” replied Bruce in a emotional voice. “Where’s Phantom?” asked Bruce. “Well she got shot!” explained Frank sniffing. That night Frank was just wondering if he would ever see the love of his life Isabella again. He couldn’t stop thinking about her, was she missing him?

It became morning and Captain James came out of his tent and saw Frank. “Fancy seeing you again son! Where were you?” giggled Captain James. “Well I headed into the forest where I thought you had all gone, and then the Germans were there instead Phantom got shot and then I was walking for a couple of days and then I found you again!” puffed Frank “Hold on for a second, how did you lose us?” questioned Captain James. “Well I looked back and then I lost you and when I looked back you were all gone!” mumbled Frank. “I’ll send a letter to HQ as soon as possible, to tell them to bring another horse out.” Captain James said confidently. “Thank you, thank you so much!” “All right son, for the meanwhile you will ride with me.”

Two days later Frank got another horse called Louis and a letter came with him, saying “This is the horse you require for one of your soldiers Frank number 02334. Louis is a 16hh, dapple grey, Irish draft horse aged 7.” “Frank you just came out of the tent in time” explained Captain James. “Here is your horse son.”
“WOW! Thank you.”
“Well let’s get going we have a war to win!”

Written by Georgia Middleton.

