

The Battle of Trafalgar

LOSS



MAP

DEATH



The ultimate atmosphere around me was tense but the men masked it well with talk of the adventure before them none seemed to consider loss. All were thinking of the prize they would receive at home, none considered death. The sun beat down on our good ship bouncing off the guns the men were polishing. Others were praying on a cross hung around their neck. It was hot aboard and even though my salons were weatherbeaten they still felt the heat and were undoing their buttons or were nervously tying handkerchiefs around their heads.

"Enemy ship sighted, Sir!" came a cry from the crow's nest. A deathly silence encased the ship, the crew were waiting for that vital word. Cannon balls started passing over us, men started running around in a frenzied panic. "Stations, Now!" Sailors quickly ran to their cannons, started loading them and adjusting their aim. "Fire! Starboard a little! Fire!" For each of our cannons shot, one of theirs shook our ship causing severe damage, men lay dying, dmpet across ropes, blood everywhere like the sea



around us. Cries came for a surgeon as the captain (fay) lay wounded blood gushing from his side where he'd been hit by a bullet. The surgeon came and dug the bullet out, but shook his head uncertainly at the chance of him living, the captain went a ghostly shade of white, but bravely though not unaided, got up and continued, hoping to set a (brave) good example.



Such was the grief, the agony and the feeling of loss felt by me today that only those who were at the scene of mass murder could actually know what it was like to experience the horror.



by Amy Wright