

Wednesday 11th March 2026

Writing a narrative.

The Legend of the Lordswood War Memorial

In the calmest and most beautiful park in Lordswood, proudly stands a historic War Memorial, two times the size of a very tall man. The once smooth rock surface is now covered in thick moss and countless cracks; the strong wind and all of the rain has weathered the memorial over the last one hundred years. A bronze statue of a British kind-hearted soldier, that helped us in the war, stands stoically on the top of the stone memorial. In the centre of the memorial's base, sits an engraved name and what that person has done to deserve such an tribute. Unfortunately, over time, the engraved letters have filled up with moss with only the letters "ERW" left legible. Being such a vast memorial, made passers-by wonder about its origins. What hero is being honoured by this wonderful statue? One well-known tale tells the story of this brave soldier.

In 1914, in a small village, lived a tall and respected man, whose name was Edward Wood. He was well-known locally for his unending bravery and his unbeatable strength. No-one dared to mess with him. As soon as the Great War started to spread across Europe, without thinking, he signed himself up for the war to protect his country. Within days he ended up in the war zone. Instead of getting ready to fight, he found his commander and volunteered himself to be assigned to catching deserters. Due to his might, his request was accepted. Private Wood would usually be found chasing after cowards, even in the deadly No-Mans Land. So far no-one has escaped him successfully.

While the day went on, Private Wood had no idea that his life

was going to change very soon. At mid-day, a battalion was given their ten-minute warning before going up into No-Mans Land and a couple of soldiers decided to desert and run away instead of fulfilling their duties. Due to his fabulous running skills, Private Wood was able to track the coward throughout No-Mans Land. "Surrender now!" he shouted, to encourage him to make the right choice and accept his fate. The shout made him turn his head back which made him trip and stumble over a crater. When Private Wood was so close to capturing the deserter, he started to run even faster than before. The chase continued through barbed wire and gun shells. On the verge of collapsing the exhausted coward managed to vanish into the remaining woods with Private Wood closely following.

In the middle of no-where, away from prying eyes, a group of German soldiers were holding a confidential meeting. With a variety of maps placed on a fallen tree, they were discussing their future attacks. In an instance, the meeting was ruined when the deserter sprinted through the middle of it with Private Wood following closely behind. Fortunately, the Germans were so confused where had he come from that they were slow to react. This gave Private Wood a chance to get his grenade out and pull the pin, throwing it into the group of soldiers. The explosion made the whole ground vibrate. While debris and screams reverberated in the air, Private Wood didn't like killing, but this time, it was his life or theirs.

Angered by this unexpected attack, one of the still surviving enemy soldiers shouted, "We have to get revenge on that reckless rat. We will go and plot our revenge now!"

"I would not do that," explained a calmer one while checking for other survivors as he spoke, "we will be very out numbered. There

will be Thousands of them a three of us; we will die for sure."

"There is a better plan in my mind than that," suggested the last survivor, "we can dress up in one of our dead British deserter's uniform. When we do that, we will lure him out of his trench and trap him." Like a group of vengeful witches, they started to set up their sweet revenge.

As the afternoon ended and night started to fall on the horizon, Private Wood was outside the trenches searching for cowards who had left their post. Carefully trying not to slip over the unbelievably dense mud, a shiver went down his spine like a bullet. In the distance, he noticed a shadow of a person, was that the deserter he was looking for? But Private Wood had no idea that it was in fact a German soldier leading him into their genius trap. With no hesitation, he chased the mysterious figure through bomb craters, barbed wire and burning trees. However, for some strange reason, it was not possible to capture him. Every time Private Wood thought he would catch the deserter, he managed to get a burst of energy out of thin air. The chase carried on throughout the woods.

When Private Wood's energy drained, the 'deserter' hid behind a tree where they had first met. Waiting in the shadows of the woods, were two other enemy soldiers with ammunition ready to fight. As soon as he understood that he has been trapped, all of his life flashed in front of his eyes. This was certain death. Without a second thought, he took his last grenade, pulled the pin and threw himself onto the two soldiers. When he landed, the two Germans, him and their machine guns turned into fragments that flew every where.

Ever since Private Wood's heroic death, a stone monument, over the height of two very tall men, has stood in Lordswood to honour the brave soldier.