

## LO To analyse features

As the man sat down at his old piano, his fingers gently caressed the keys and the room was filled with a familiar, mournful song. The song waltzed slowly and sadly around the room, filling it with ghosts and memories of the past- his past.

Images of his friend began to appear in his mind. He remembered his friend (James) so clearly. However, he didn't remember what happened to him as much. That memory was a blur. There were lots of colours and shouting, strong hands and loud voices. And of course, the guns. The deafening, never-ending sound of gunfire, pounding, pounding, pounding through his skull. His heart began to ache as he remembered how it felt when he helplessly held him in his arms.

If only he hadn't hesitated, if only he'd got to him in time, if only he'd stayed hidden from the enemy, then he might still be here now.

He remembered...

The battlefield was like an orchestra of loud, horrifying noises- non-stop gun fire, explosion after explosion and the blood-curdling shrieks of grown men crying out for help all collided together making a dreadful, terrifying racket.

The two men had stopped briefly to take cover behind a wall. They caught each other's eye and James managed a weak smile, which brought the man some comfort even in the circumstances. They'd get through this just as they'd got through all other battles- together.

The enemy were so close that they could almost feel them breathing down their necks. The man's heart was a drum, thumping against his ribcage and fear gripped him firmly, refusing to let go. Time was running out and James knew that he had to move. Without hesitation, James left the safe cover of the wall into the carnage.

An ear-splitting bang. Confusion. Another bang. Panic. Another bang. A flash. A scream.

James. He was gone and there was nothing the man could do to save him.

Now, whilst he sits at his old piano, the song slows down, drawing to a close, and he thinks about what happened. He thinks about how he came home to his family, but James didn't. He thinks about how he met his beautiful wife and had a beautiful family- children, grandchildren- but James didn't.

He closes his eyes and thinks about him. He remembers him so clearly- he was brave and fearless. A wave of grief washes over the man as the mournful tune comes to an end.