

# Example text: Historical narratives

## Lone Pine

Dawn was near. The air was cold and damp. A lone pine stood sentinel over the battlefield.

Bluey thought of his family. His father worked on a cattle property. His mother ran the local frock shop; not that there was much call for fancy dresses in the outback. He grinned as he pictured last year's prize-winning bull wearing frilly bloomers and a large floral hat.

"Whatcha grinnin' at mate?" whispered Marty, nudging him playfully in the ribs with his elbow.

"Nothin' much. Just thinkin' of home," Bluey replied.

"Yeah – be back soon I reckon. Next big push'll send the old Turk running like a mob of roos in a bushfire."

Marty, Bluey's best mate, was a jackaroo from Far North Queensland. Bluey was glad to have Marty in his platoon. It was comforting to have a good bloke next to you when you took the jump.

Bluey looked at the others, crowded close. There was Macka, Flanno, Pommy Bill and, of course, Lieutenant Harrison. 'The Empire Needs YOU!' It'd all be over by Christmas they said. How naïve they had all been.

Then it came: the shrill blast of an officer's whistle.

"Company, fix bayonets!"

Bluey launched himself over the parapet. Immediately the air around him erupted: machine gun bullets stuttered past; grenade shrapnel peppered the muddied ground; the cries of the wounded tore at his ears. Bluey ignored it all as he ran like a wallaby being chased by a pack of dingoes.

An explosion nearby sent him hurtling into an abandoned trench. After wiping the mud from his face, Bluey looked down. His leg was covered in blood.

A medic rushed to his aid. "Wouldn't happen to have a cold one handy – would you?" he joked.

"I'll have General Birdwood send one up for you!" the medic teased. "By the way, the boys have taken Lone Pine!"