

Life in the Royal Navy ,during World War II, is normally boring and dull but today was different we were being sent on a mission to sink the mighty German battleship the Bismark. The air surrounding HMS Dorsetshire became tenser as we left Portsmouth harbor ready to get pay back for what the Bismark did to HMS Hood leaving only three survivors out of its 1418 crew members alive. The Bismark was sighted in the Alantic heading to Iceland to cut off important shipping routes to England. The full might of the Royal Navy was sent to take the sister ship of the Tirpitz down. Six aircraft carriers were some of the dangerous and powerful ships sent to take the Bismark down but was it going to be enough, who knows.

Suddenly, the alarm rang the Bismark was in sight and about 50miles from the position of HMS Dorsetshire. I ran out of my bed and slumped my jacket over me, urgently running towards the deck. The whole ship ran towards their stations as this was the only and last chance to take the German battleship down. Faster than ever before, I arrived at the 4 inch AA guns and met up with the other crew positioned here on this journey. Out of know where, a swarm of caliber shells were seen coming straight at the deck of the HMS Dorsetshire. I fell on the floor covering my head. Was I going to die? What is happening? All those questions ran through my mind but realizing that I had nothing to lose, I carried ammunition to my fellow crew members where we pounded the German ship with bullets after bullets. For a moment it looked like we were going to win since they had no fighters or bombers that couldn't reach the location of the Bismark. Then a loud bang erupted below the deck. A massive whole was left in the side of the ship where the shell had departed the bullet and hit the fuel tank. A smell of oil and gas filled the floors below deck and fuel leaked across the floor making its way towards the water. Life jackets were handed out since there was a real chance of the ship going under. My heart raced like a Formula 1 car and my hands were producing sweat at an industrial scale. Another bullet hit the ship but there was something different, the ship was leaning to one side like the leaning tower in Pisa and it felt lower than usual. It was at that moment, were I realized we were going under. I felt a little light headed and a bit sick then I fell. My eyes were beginning to go to the light and every sight above me was blurry. Water trickled up my sleeve with some even reaching my hair. Was I going to live?