

My name is John Eakin. The battle of Gettysburg has been raging for two days, with a tremendous amount of casualties. It is now the third day of the battle and our captain has just received the order to march across a field towards the Union line along with the other regiments. Right now our regiment lies down waiting, praying, writing, talking. Although I am thinking, thinking about how wonderful it would be to be back home. How great it would be for the war to

For no more
end. ~~For all the~~ dead bodies to be
lying in the field, never to see there
family or home again. For ^{no more} children,
anxiously ~~waiting~~ [↔] for their fathers
or brothers to return but do not.
I've seen enough of this war,
and what it can do. I want

this to be the final battle. I want
to avenge ~~the~~ all the fallen.

As our captain gives ^{the} orders to
march, I pick up our flag and
lead the way with sergeant
John B. Odwall. As we march, I
hear the deafening sound of
cannon fire. As we continue, I

started to notice All those boys
dead around me. And more and more
falling, I heard screaming and
groaning, and more sounds much
worse to my ears than cannon
fire. Comrades I have known all
my life lay dead. I kept marching
But thought of all those who
could not. Then there was silence
this awfull silence. I looked
around me and saw that Colwall
was dead, a couple privates and
Hezekiah, Captain Spessard's son. I
did not know how the captain could

~~keep~~ going, but he did and so did I.

As the thunder started again, I saw men turning around, running back in fear, yet I could not blame them. The mud soaked my boots, I saw that we were approaching a fence that we could not avoid. As we climbed more and more men fell, human flesh and blood flew in the air. Sounds of pure torture was all around me. Then I saw it. The hill in which over 13

thousands of guns were pointed
at us. If we could only make
it to that hill then maybe...

"Virginians" spoke are captain
"charge"!

We ran, more falling but
no longer did I feel sadness, only
rage
~~anger~~ that gave me the determination
to keep going, vengeance filled
my heart. "Yipe yipe yee!" yelled
our soldiers. The Union took out there
bayonets and charged down at
us. Screaming and bloodshed

was all around me. Only then
did I realize that ~~this~~ ^{the}
crusade that we ^{had} made was
pointless. It was just another
battle to leave thousands ^{of men}
dead. And then, I stood, waiting
for death. I felt a bullet
pierce my thigh. As the blood dripped
down, our flag fell. The flag that
had kept us going, the flag that
represented us. "Mother Virginia, I ^{spoke} ~~said~~
I am sorry." Then everything went black.

Donovan Jones

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personel narrative