

Unessay

The war has always fascinated me, not because I see it as something heroic or “cool,” but because of its historical importance and the many stories behind it, and especially so that we do not forget the horrors that occurred. Having this little passion for war stories, I have seen many films about the war, but one of them really struck me: “1917” The whole movie is filmed in one single shot, and it tells the story of a soldier who must deliver a message to a general in order to stop an attack. During his journey, he meets many people, but he also sees death and loses others along the way.

What touched me the most is how the film shows that even sending a simple message could cost lives. It made me understand how terrible and pointless war can be. War is not glory. It is suffering, fear, and death.

Although the war disgusts me, I cannot deny that it somehow fascinates me. My dream since childhood has been to visit Normandy, especially Gold Beach, where many men lost their lives during the D-Day landings. I want to go there not to admire the battle that took place, but to physically walk where people fought and lost their lives, to pay respect to those who fell in battle. When I read the poems “Dulce et Decorum Est” by Wilfred Owen and “The Soldier” by Rupert Brooke, I empathize more with Wilfred Owen's point of view. He describes war as dirty, painful, and full of lies. He shows the real face of war, far from any idea of honor or beauty. On the other hand, Brooke talks about war in a romantic and idealistic way, as if dying for one's country is something peaceful. But I don't believe that.

War is not noble. It destroys lives. The more I learn about it, the more I feel disgusted. But maybe that's why I keep studying it. So that I never forget what war really means.