The Second Battle Of Bull Run Essay, Research Paper

The second battle of bull run

The year is 1862, during the Civil War. My name is Jack Taurance and I am eighteen years old. I am a soldier that has to fight in the 2nd Battle of Bull Run. The battle is going to take place in my hometown of Manassas, Virginia. I cannot wait. It is going to be so great I have heard that the 1st Battle of Bull Run was hell, but this one won’t be. It’ll be great because I’m in it and I am fighting for my country and the people of Virginia. I am proud to be a part of the Confederate Army.

August 27, 1862: Today is the first day of the battle. I’m excited beyond imagination; I cannot express my feelings right now. Robert E. Lee, the general of the Confederate Army, has told us to get in our fighting positions. I am next to older men that have fought in other battles, and they tell me not to be so excited for war is a terrible thing. Seeing as this is so new to me I shrug off their words of wisdom and continue with my merry thoughts. The men next to me tell me I need to listen to commands and stay focused at all times, or I will loose my life. We began to march towards the Union Army. On the way, I heard loud explosions all around me; the Union Army was using cannons and mines to defend themselves. The men around me began to shoot their riffles, so I did the same. There was yelling and firing all around, it seemed as though we were surrounded. The noise was so intense I felt it throughout my body.

We were in the war; it was nothing as I expected. There was death all around me. I don’t think I have ever been more scared in my life. I was not mentally prepared to see what I saw nor was I physically prepared to do what was expected of me. Still I stayed brave, I didn’t let any of my emotions pour through, for if I did I would never have been able to continue.

August 28-30, 1862: The second and third days of this war were complete hell. There was so much action during theses days. I couldn’t believe it!! There was more blood, guts and body less appendages just lying around than I could have ever imagined. Seeing all this made me hope that my blood would never be mixed with sea of nameless faces that was apparently growing. The fighting was so intense and there was so much pressure I just couldn’t handle it. There were times when we would be running towards the Union Army and people would be dropping like flies, all of them were dead. It is my hope that they died instantly and not from being trampled over from all of us. Sometimes I would fall because I thought I was shot, but it turned out that I would just hear the noise and become so shocked that I would become paralyzed with fear, and no longer be able to move. Because of this reaction I ended up with cuts and bruises all over me, I can’t explain how awful this felt I wanted to die each minute. The worst feeling was when I shot and killed another human being, no different from me. Seeing another person die because of me was dreadful. Soon after, though, it became second nature to me; killing to survive. I killed many men. Our task for the war, given by General Robert E. Lee, was to regain almost all of Virginia. We had completed our mission successfully, the South had won.

This is the worst thing I have ever experienced in my life. I thought fighting would be fun and easy. I never thought it would effect me the way it did. I am proud that I helped the Confederate States of America win this battle, but I am sorry for all those that have died. All that died by my hand and all those that died by other’s hands. May God forgive us all.