

BROTHERS IN ARMS

Vol.1 No. 1
August 2018

By Isaiah W.

Short Story:

The Invasion of Desutorappu Shima Island

Astounding Article:

The Danger of the Front

True Story:

Battle For the Flag





Isaiah W.

Editor in Chief

Isaiah lives on the Treasure Coast in Florida. He enjoys military history, nerf weaponry, and toy army men. He lives with his two annoying siblings, two barksy dogs, and also his parents. His favorite thing to do is play computer games, but his second favorite thing to do is create elaborate model army battles and fight with his brother. He created this magazine using the "Cover Story" writing curriculum.

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**Cover photo by Isaiah W.*



Photo by Tracy W.



ENTERTAINMENT REVIEW

The Long, Long Holiday is an awesome show that focuses on 2 children caught during WW2 in Nazi occupied France. This show is awesome because it's made by French filmmakers. The French make great animated films. It's based in WW2 times so it has history, and it's very popular in France and England. Here is the list of characters: The Leader: Ernest. The Lancer: Marcel. The Smart Guy: Alternates between Lily and Jean. Lily is more street-smart Jean is a more book smart. The Big Guy: Fernand. The Chick: Alternates between Lily and Colette. Sixth Ranger: Paul who joins in later episodes and The Mentor: Mr. Herbin.

The plot summary is that a group of five children are taken by surprise when the Nazis declare war and capture France. The Nazis occupy their village. The children join the French resistance and help defeat the Nazis. I think this show is good because the voice acting was done well, the animation is my favorite style, the setting and plot are good, and it's from the perspective of children.

This show is similar to films by Miyazaki because they use roughly the same animation style. This is good because Miyazaki's films are very popular. This show is not like most anime. It has a good storyline unlike most anime and has depth and makes you feel for the characters.

I like this show because it is based in WW2 time and I like that time period. It also has a good storyline and plot. It makes you feel emotion for the characters. I would rate this 4 1/2 out of five. So if you want to watch a show that is awesome and has depth, then go watch The Long, Long Holiday. Now available on Netflix and Amazon.

Thomas vs. The Holocaust

Thomas jumped up from the weeds. Startled, he scanned the area for any sign of Germans. Suddenly a bullet whizzed past him, grazing his arm. He looked where the bullet originated and to his surprise, saw a German SS dressed in his gray trench coat uniform with that horrible Nazi emblem on the side running towards him. He screamed as he ran towards him, his gun aiming right at his head. Boom Thomas heard a gunshot boom! boom!

Thomas awoke to gunfire. Covered in sweat he fearfully walked to the window. He looked out and saw rebels being executed. He tiptoed down the stairs trying not to awake his sister. when he reached the bottom he saw, his mother and father in a heated debate with a German officer. Right when it looked like it was going to get violent the door burst open, and two German soldiers marched in with rifles. "Come with us!" they shouted. Thomas's parents were shoved out the door screaming for help with rifles pointed at their back. Thomas ran to the window his heart was pounding. The German commander shouted. "Get in the train now!" Thomas watched as his father shoved over one of the soldiers. "Kill him!" the commander yelled. "Nooo!" Thomas ducked under the windowsill trying not to peek over it. BOOM! A gunshot was heard across the neighborhood.

The next morning, Thomas crawled out of bed. As he opened his front door an announcement Blared on the loudspeaker: "Aufmerksamkeit alle Juden, werden Sie auf den Zug am Mittag geladen." What does that mean? Thomas wondered as he ran up to his room and got his Yiddish to German dictionary. He listened and scribbled down the words as the message repeated. "Hmm" "this means: attention all Jews, you will be loaded onto the train at noon! Thomas bolted out of the house and sped toward the border of the city as fast as he could. As he ran past the city checkpoint "HE SIE ANSCHLAG!" yelled a German. Bullets screamed past him. Fighting for air he finally reached the edge of the forest and caught his breath.

For an entire week Thomas went far and wide all over Germany to look for help. Then one day, Thomas trudged through the swamp. Hoping to reach a city, he pushed on. Then out of nowhere he saw a face. "Hey! Who are you?" the strange figure approached him.



A Historical Fiction Short Story by Isaiah W.

The story, all names, characters, and incidents portrayed in this story are fictitious. No identification with actual persons (living or deceased), places, buildings, and products is intended or should be inferred.



Photo by Isaiah W.

“Uhhh are you a German?” Thomas pulled out the pistol he stole from a German. Hey I will shoot if you don’t tell me who you are! It slowly crawled through the underbrush until Thomas could see she was a girl. “Who are you?” she said. “I’m Thomas,” he said. “I’m Sara,” the girl said. “I’m from the French resistance.” “Whoa the French resistance?” Thomas said, “what’s your mission?” “to take out the big guy.” She said. Your going to kill Hitler!?” Thomas exclaimed. “Yup that’s the plan” said Sara. “Let me come” he said.

Thomas slipped through the woods with Sara, until they came to a clearing. “Look, it’s the city center of Berlin.” That’s where Hitler is.” Thomas and Sara started to sneak to the building when, they heard a plane coming. “Look!” Thomas yelled. “It’s a French plane!” “Its on fire!” Sara exclaimed. The plane swooped in and started shooting but AA fire hit it. It plummeted into the city center.

“Thomas stared up at the smoldering wreck. The plane had crashed right in Hitler’s room and set it ablaze. Suddenly, Sara grabbed his arm “That things going to explode!” she exclaimed. She pulled Thomas out of the trance. Thomas ran his heart pounding he darted as fast as he could way from the building, but it was too late. The building exploded leaving nothing but a foundation. Thomas ducked and covered his ears. He looked up just in time to see a huge piece of rubble headed straight for him. The end, or is it?...



How to Make A Steam-Punk Nerf Gun



Step One: Gun selection

Choose a Nerf gun that you can take apart easily, so you won't get confused while putting it back together. Make sure to get one that *isn't* broken.

Step Two: Disassembly

Get the right size tools and take apart your Nerf gun. You will probably need a screwdriver, maybe some pliers, and something to put the screws in. This will allow you to paint it safely without damaging the parts. Remember to keep every part of the gun because you will have to re assemble it later. (Also, you may want to take some pictures to remember)

Step Three: Sorting

Take the moving parts out of the gun. Do not paint these because they can become clogged when used. Examples for moving parts are: barrel, trigger, and if your gun has one, a bottom loader. Remember you want this gun to still work after the mod. Make sure not to lose any parts.

Step Four: Painting #1

Take your gun and all the non-moving parts outside and spray the whole thing with matte black spray paint. If you do not do this paint won't stick to your gun.



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- Make Booby traps
- Attract skunks

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Step Five: Painting #2

Once you have spray painted your gun, get some metallic paint in copper, gold, and silver. Paint your gun mainly copper with some gold accents and silver outlining. Only use a little paint because a little goes along way. (you may need to apply multiple coats)

Step Six: Re-Assembly

When the paint is done drying, Reassemble the gun the way it was before. Make sure to include all of the parts, be Careful not to scratch the paint.

Step Seven: Testing

When your gun is fully reassembled get a Nerf dart and try shooting it. If it works, your gun is completed! Congrats, you made your very own working Steam punk Nerf gun! (If your gun has trouble shooting try making sure your parts are in all the right places)

Step Eight: Photos

Take awesome photos and maybe brag about them to your friends.



BATTLE FOR THE FLAG

Party log no.1214

The teams were eating cake and opening presents. Jarret's party was well underway. when Mrs. Pam (she is the party leader) barked "ALRIGHT LISTEN UP MEN! "were going to split into groups of 6 and have a capture the flag Nerf battle.

"Yes sir!" Shouted commander Jarret. "Alright move out men." The squad of 6 soldiers moved into their defensive positions on the base. "Listen up men. Jarret said Paige, Isaiah, and Mathew will stay here. The rest of you, come with me for a scouting mission." Jarret and Mathew looked out on the enemy base. "That is going to be hard to penetrate. They have machine gunners in that turret up there." Jarret whispered loudly. Jarret returned with a battle plan. "Isaiah, Matthew, CJ, Paige come with me for the attack. Everyone else stay here and guard the base."

"LOOK OUT!!" Isaiah yelled as Bullets came flying through the trees.

"OPEN FIRE!! GET THAT MACHINE GUN GOING!" Yelled Jarret. Isaiah brought up the giant chain gun the mastodon and opened fire. The attackers fled.

"Help!" yelled Brecker. "Help me! Please!" Paige, Isaiah, Jarret, and Matthew, came running aid the teammate. Jarret and Isaiah dressed his wounds and put him in a carrying towel.

"Paige, Mathew! Take him to the med tent at base well wait here." Said Jarret. Commander Jarret stalked the fleeing troops to their base. Isaiah crawled out from under the brush and signaled the all clear. "There it is boys, the enemy base, Whispered commander Jarret. "Isaiah, Paige take the left flank, Matthew and I will take the right. Isaiah, take out that guard in the sandbags."



Corporal CJ suddenly sprayed the enemy base with machinegun fire. The battle kept going on and on for hours. Jarret's squad constantly firing on the enemy base until finally the resistance seemed to get lower. "KEEP PUSHING" yelled Jarret. "We will take their flag."

Commander Alex of the enemy team suddenly sprinted at Jarret and shot at him. Just then he was shot from the woods by Brecker. Who had fully healed and was eager to fight. "HURRY TIME IS RUNNING OUT" Jarret yelled. Isaiah dropped his machine gun and ran with all his might towards the flag.

"I GOT IT!" Yelled Isaiah. Then he ran back with all the other soldiers through the woods. The enemy soldiers now led by Metheny were gaining.

Jarret had a plan. Suddenly the whole squad turned left, then right, then left. Finally, Jarret's squad made it to the clearing.

"PUT THE FLAG ON OUR BASE QUICKLY" Jarret yelled as Isaiah ran up the base steps and stuck the flag into position. The enemy machineguns rattled with Fire and bullets pounded on the concrete foundation of the base until Isaiah stuck the flag into the winning position. The enemy soldiers stopped shooting. Jarret's squad won the battle. They were declared the championship winners of Jarret's Nerf party. They also won the grand battle trophy. The end..... for now...

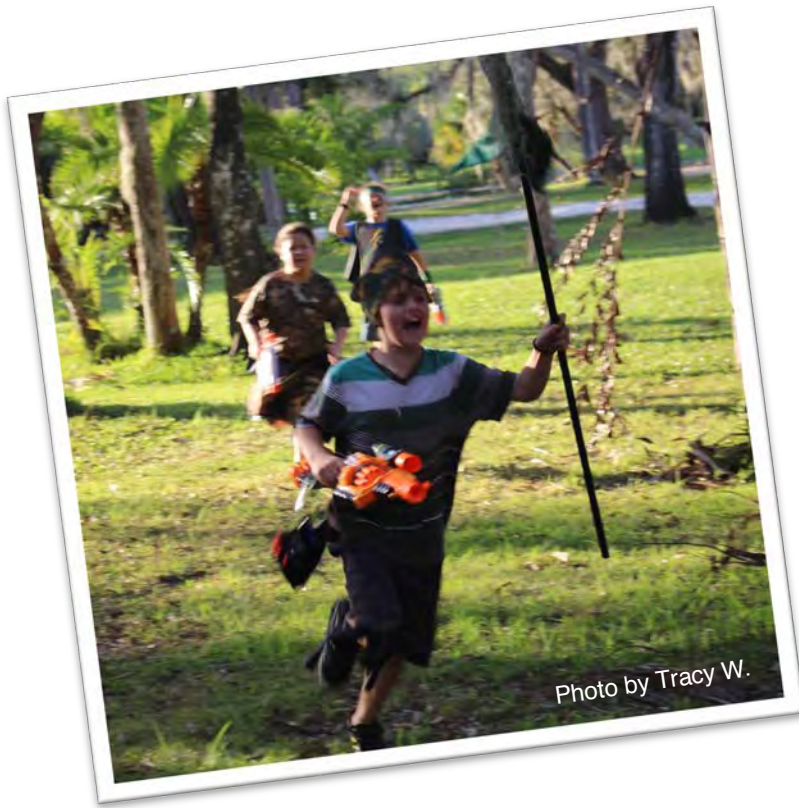
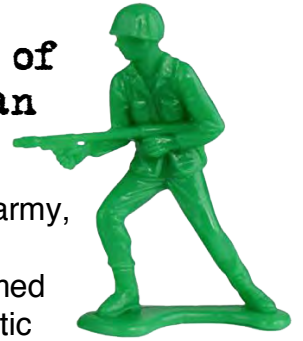


Photo by Tracy W.

The Ballad of Plastic Man



There once was an army,
an army of plastic
Two armies had formed
Their fighting, fantastic

They fight with no complaint
and have endless reserves
The commander is angry
Victory, he deserves!

I command the green army
My brother, the tan
He retreats in defeat
I have defeated plastic man

GREEN-AWAY PLASTIC ARMY MAN REMOVER



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Get rid of those pesky plastic men!

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THE INVASION OF DESUTORAPPU SHIMA ISLAND

A historical fiction story by Isaiah W. The location and battle are imaginary. The story, all names, characters, and incidents portrayed in this story are fictitious. No identification with actual persons (living or deceased), places, buildings, and products is intended or should be inferred.



Photo by Isaiah W.

Thomas climbed onto the gunship. He was anxious to get onto the battlefield. Today was the day they set out for Desutorappu Shima Island, the site of a major Japanese base.

Hummmmmmmmm, the plane's engines started up. Thomas marched off of the gunship with many other recruits and onto the destroyer.

"C'mon recruits into the boats!"

Thomas started for the landing boats, but the SGT stopped him.

"In here recruit." he said.

"Yes sir" Thomas said

"What's your name recruit?" said the SGT.

"My name is Thomas sir." Thomas said.

"All right Thomas, come with me into this boat."

Thomas looked out onto the beach from his landing boat. He wiped a river of sweat from his forehead.

"Get ready!" yelled the SGT.

"GET DOWN!" Someone yelled.

Thomas looked up and saw something horrifying: a mortar shell was headed straight towards their boat.

"Thomas! Get out of the boat!" yelled the SGT. "We're here!"

Thomas climbed out of the boat and onto the beach. He inhaled the smell of burning metal and the shouting and terror. He looked back on the destroyed landing craft. Around it lay a few dead bodies. This did not bother Thomas at all.

RAT TAT RAT TAT TAT TAT RAT TAT, the Japanese machineguns roared.

"Get off the beach!" Someone yelled. Marines were dropping like flies around Thomas. Bullets whizzed past his ears.

"GET A GRENADE IN THE BUNKER!" yelled the SGT.

Deadly mortar shells whistled through the air. *BOOM!* The grenade exploded inside the machinegun bunker. Japanese Banzai soldiers jumped out from bushes everywhere. They wore ghillie suits and were invisible until they leapt from their hiding places. Their bayonets were the last thing that several American soldiers ever saw.

"SGT. Miller!" Thomas yelled above the noise. "What do we do?!"

"Hurry up and follow me!" Miller dodges a bayonet and runs into the bushes.

Boom! A bullet whined past Thomas's ear.

"They're in the trees!!" Yelled someone.

"Miller get down!" Thomas shoved the SGT down as a bullet whizzed over his head.

"Thanks," Miller said, "but that's Sir to you private." *BOOM!* His rifle popped and a Japanese soldier fell out of a tree.

Rumble Rumble Rumble, the ground shook. Suddenly a tank came over the top of the hill. *BOOM!* The cannon roared. *Rat tat rat tat*, the machinegun screamed.

"RUN FOR IT!!" Miller yelled.

Instead, Thomas turned around and charged at the tank. He climbed onto it and threw a grenade into the hatch. Acting quickly, he leapt from the top of the tank and rolled into the grass. *BOOM!* the tanks ammunition ignited, destroying the tank. A piece of metal shrapnel flew past Thomas and cut clean through a small tree.

Up on the hill, Thomas noticed a small indent. Looking closely, he thought he could see a Japanese soldier, looking through the sight of his machinegun. Suddenly bullets started firing from a bunker inside the hill.

"GET DOWN!!" Miller yelled. Bullets grazed the rocks and trees around them.

Stepping backwards, Thomas fell into some sort of hole.

"Miller down here!" Thomas yelled as he got to his feet.

Miller leapt down beside Thomas and looked around. "We're in some sort of a trench system." Miller said. "Follow me." Thomas and Miller climbed down a ladder and saw a tunnel. At the other end, they could see the inside of a Japanese bunker. The Japanese commander's last sight was two Americans looking at him with smirks on their faces before he heard the ting of the grenade on the floor. *BOOM!* The bunker exploded.

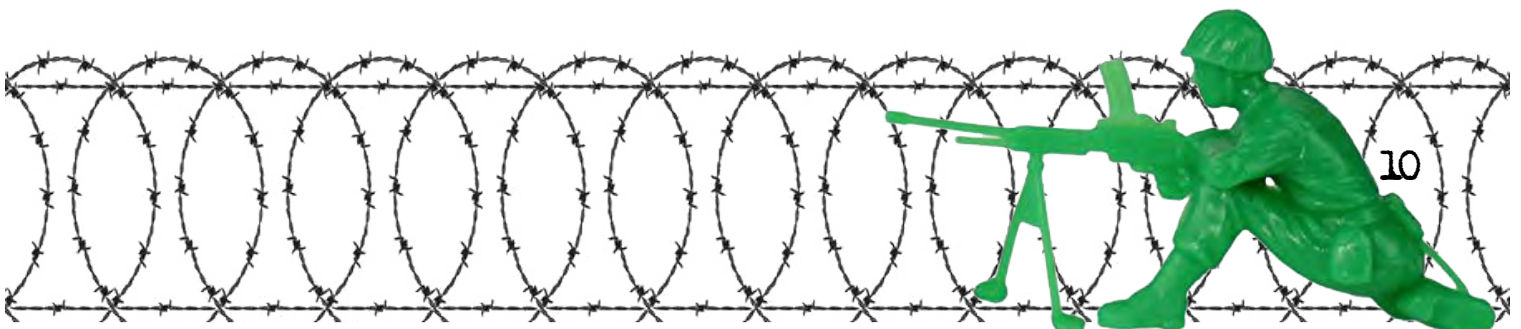
Thomas and Miller emerged from the smoking rubble as two American tanks rolled up the hill. *BOOM! BOOM!* The cannons fired at the last Japanese bunker. A victory shout came up from American soldiers all over the hill. Suddenly, the American tanks exploded. Deadly mortar and artillery filled the air.

"GET TO COVER!" Miller yelled. *Wheeeeeeeeeeeeeeo BOOOM!* The artillery rained down on the American troops.

"Were getting decimated out here!" Thomas yelled.

"We have to destroy that artillery" Miller screamed above the noise.

"Here comes support!" Thomas exclaimed just before twenty bomber planes began bombarding the Japanese base. The Japanese forces scattered as a fireball erupted from the other side of the hill.



Letters to the Editor



Dear editor of
Brothers In Arms magazine,

How did you take the cool pictures in
this magazine?

Signed,
Bob

Dear Bob,

To produce the photographs seen on the cover and throughout the magazine, I set up an elaborate photo shoot using common plastic army men. To begin, I set up a table outside. Sunlight is an excellent source of light. Next, I put a gray cloth behind it so that the background would not be distracting. Now comes the fun part: arranging the buildings and scenery. My buildings and scenery have been made from Styrofoam glue and cardboard. Most of them are modified items from the dollar store. For the final touch, I used a fog machine, so it looked like there was smoke. I had a long lens to zoom from far away. I also used a tripod for my camera so that it would not shake. I took lots of photographs and choose the best ones for some final editing in Photoshop.

Signed,
Isaiah W.



A POEM FOR AN EPIC BATTLE

I fire away as darts come from all
directions
The enemy flees
Like birds to a
Hawk, My team
Charges at the base
My rivals are
Decimated

Dear Isaiah W.,

In your magazine "brothers in arms" I found an error. You said that the M562 automatic rifle was used in ww2 and is still in use today. But the M562 is not a rifle it's a landmine. The rifle you probably mean to say is the M4A1 Automatic rifle. I am very angry and disappointed in you error and hope you will never EVER do it again. If you do it again then I will unsubscribe and rate you 0 stars. I will also tell all my friends about your error and they will stop reading too.

You annoyed subscriber,
Tommy Smith

Dear Tommy Smith,

I have received your letter and I found the error. I have fixed this error and it will be nonexistent in all new copies. However, I cannot fix the old copies, so they will have the error. Also, your letter was... um it was exciting... have a good day and keep reading out magazine.

Your magazine producer,
Isaiah W.



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Photo by Isaiah W.

Danger of the Front

*A soldier's account as retold
by Isaiah W.*

Names have been changed.

David watched as the soldiers from his platoon set down the 40-pound charges. When a man stepped in front of him and dropped a detonator, David held his ears and ran for cover...

1 WEEK EARLIER

David climbed onto a Bradley. He had a long day ahead of him. His platoon was supposed to march to Bosnia. Suddenly the Bradley halted. "I must've dozed off," David said. He slid off the Bradley onto the dusty trail that led to a gate. Walking with his platoon he passed through the gates. "Camp McGovern" the sign said. Hundreds of tents were lined up in rows. A soldier led him to his tent and he fell asleep as soon as he hit the bunk.

The next morning, David woke up to the sound of a trumpet. He jolted up, got his gear, and lined up with his platoon. "Listen up" the admiral said in a stern voice. "Today all of you are going to patrol the streets of Mc Govern city. You will all split into groups and patrol!" he shouted. Soon after, David's group walked through the gates of McGovern.

His group marched for a few miles before seeing a BMP fighting vehicle loaded with Russians. "The Russians are here to help keep peace, but they didn't do a very good job of it" one of his group members said.

When the patrol was over, David walked back to the Camp with his group and dozed off in his tent. He woke when one of his platoon members shook him. The admiral had gotten his group in a line.

"Men, today you will blow a bridge so terrorists don't get into the city." David marched with his group to a large stone bridge, where his platoon members started setting 40-pound explosive charges. When a man stepped in front of him and dropped a detonator, David held his ears and ran for cover.

A huge wave of force hit David, knocking him back a few feet. All he could see was dust and smoke. A few minutes later the smoke cleared and all that was left was the square stone foundations of the bridge in the river. As David marched back to camp with his platoon, his ears were still ringing from the blast. He stumbled into his tent, landing on his bed. He closed his eyes letting himself drift into a heavy sleep.

Suddenly, David heard the loudest sound he had ever heard, louder than the bridge explosion. A wave of force shoved him across his tent and he rushed to grab his gear. He ran outside to see many others in their gear ready to fight. But there were no enemy soldiers, or terrorists, no riots, no nothing. David looked at the small yet bright red light on the distant hill and realized that a house had been destroyed by explosives...

RADIO CHATTER

...poetry and random bits



Tennis Is Evil

Let me tell you the story of when I played tennis with an evil ball. It all started in the morning. Brandon and I were going to play tennis in his front yard. We grabbed the rackets and went to our corners. Brandon started to serve but his racket suddenly unstrung for no reason. He got another racket and served. "I'm going to make a power hit" I said to him.

I swung the bat like a missile. The ball soared through the sky! No really, it literally went like 100,000,000,000 feet across the road and bounced back. Then for no reason, the ball took a sudden turn and broke a car window.

"Great now it has glass stuck in it". Brandon said. Brandon for some unknown reason, decided to move on, and he served again.

I hit hard and the ball started like a rocket until, suddenly like it has its own mind it plummeted toward the ground like a meteor.. Suddenly, the ball took a super sharp turn.

"OOOOOOWWWW!!!!!" Brandon grabbed at his face to check for damage. "Right in the face!" he wailed.

"It wasn't me!" I yelled. Then, the ball suddenly rolled down the hill like a speed train, no it was like an, ummm, a bullet. No, umm, it was going like 90734098135981435 miles an hour.

It sped down the driveway into the drainage ditch. The ball seemed to laugh in our face as it went down into the dark, small, watery ditch, falling probably about twenty feet straight down going into the ocean. I got on my bike to go home because we would never see that ball again. I went to bed and when I awoke... there was the glass shrapnel covered evil death ball sitting on my nightstand....the end....

My Haiku About Grenades

I run and jump as
A grenade explodes behind
Me and wounds my leg

Warfare

Dodging
Fire and
Flying bullets as
One spins towards
Me

T errifying
A wesome
N ational
K iller



Special Thanks To:

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For being my mom, helping me put this magazine together, and teaching me photography.

Israel [REDACTED]

For being an annoying brother who is fun to defeat in plastic army battles.

