All's quiet in the streets of the city that built bullets as the foreign absence looms heavy like smog - While in the battlefield built from bullets and bombs, above the mud and blood, smoke rises and blots out the Sun.

In the factories of the city, the point of each round tips the scale in the wages of war - the sweat, heart and hope of the workers laboured into each carefully manufactured round.

In the Passchendaele trenches amid the noise and struggle the field becomes a proving ground for the everyday heroics that make the stories home hold close.