

A mother's dream

A mother's instinct is always the best,
as she knew her son's soul would soon be at rest
she tossed and turned and stopped to think,
But the horrifying images made her heart sink.

she braved a face,
as he braved the war.
she knew it was all a waste.
all them happy moments and happy tears
soon turned to her worst moments and worst fears.

The pans and pots clinked,
as the guns and shrapnel incessantly fired.
She stood at the kitchen table,
wondering if her son would come home.
In the trenches he stood,
wondering if he'd soon reappear at home.

All was silent, and all was at peace.
On the 11th month of the 11 day of the 11th hour
there he appeared.
With his rosy cheeks and golden brunette hair.

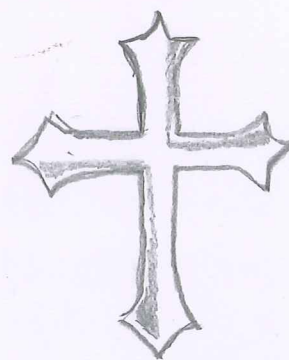
Ding! Dong!
Her eyes opened, gleaming and alert
she looked to her bedside, everything intact.
The door opened and there he stood
TRENCH with his army suit and red velvet cap
saying proudly
"I'm back."

He was only 15 ,
Brave and keen.

Honoured to be a soldier, he thought he was being brave,
Little did he know, he would be creating graves.
He was only 15.

When he was signing up, there was a huge smile on his face,
They made him lie about his age- wasn't this a disgrace?
All the laughter he had, soon turned into fear,
The nightmare of the battleground made him shed a tear.
He was only 15.

Fighting for freedom and pride,
His happiness turned aside,
Waiting for the final call,
To realise we had won the great war.



R.I.P



Life of a soldier

Everyone I knew was killed, brutally killed
My heart filled with sadness, everytime I heard a gunshot
One mistake could have costed us many lives
Many tried, Many died fighting for our country

We fought for our rights
We sacrificed our lives
We sacrificed our happiness
We could have said no but we didn't

I dreamt about my life without the war
but my dreams were just a fantasy, unable to come true
My wife, my son, my father, my mother all left
behind

I can imagine my son growing up without
me by his side

My wish is for all this to end
I imagine life without all this, without death
without guns, without sorrow
Can't this all be a dream?
Can I just have one good night sleep, without the
terrifying nightmares

How long will this go on?
Will I ever see myself happy again?
What will my son think of me?
Will he remember me?





Im only 15,
I lied about my age,
Saying Im around 19,
It's crazy what I wrote on my ID page
All my friends were doing it, I didn't want to
be left out,
I wish I knew then what the war was truly about.

My friends were all around me, what I regret the
most is at the end when they did no longer
surround me.

The worst thing is Im only 15.

Guns are shooting, Bombs are being thrown,
My life is at risk, I want to go home
The trenches are cold and dark,
In my memories they will leave a big mark.

It's November eleven, I sit here now
remembering my friends in heaven,
They died too young, their uniforms
hung.

The war has come to an end,
And I will always remember that
I was a good friend.

8th November

8th November 1940

He gave himself up for the country

he was only 15

yet to live a dream

He was told to have a few birthdays

And told to come back in a few days

Explosions, bombs, gunshots

There were lots

Yet he still had a smile on his face

Fighting with lots of pace

Lots of injured people
their lives were very fatal



My son was very innocent

Just yesterday he went

he was fighting

I heard the phone ring

His friend told me he got shot

I dropped the phone with shock

I knew it was coming

I wish he was still living

On the 11th Month

11th day

11th hour

It all ended

By, Khadijan and Haniya

Remember Us

Remember us

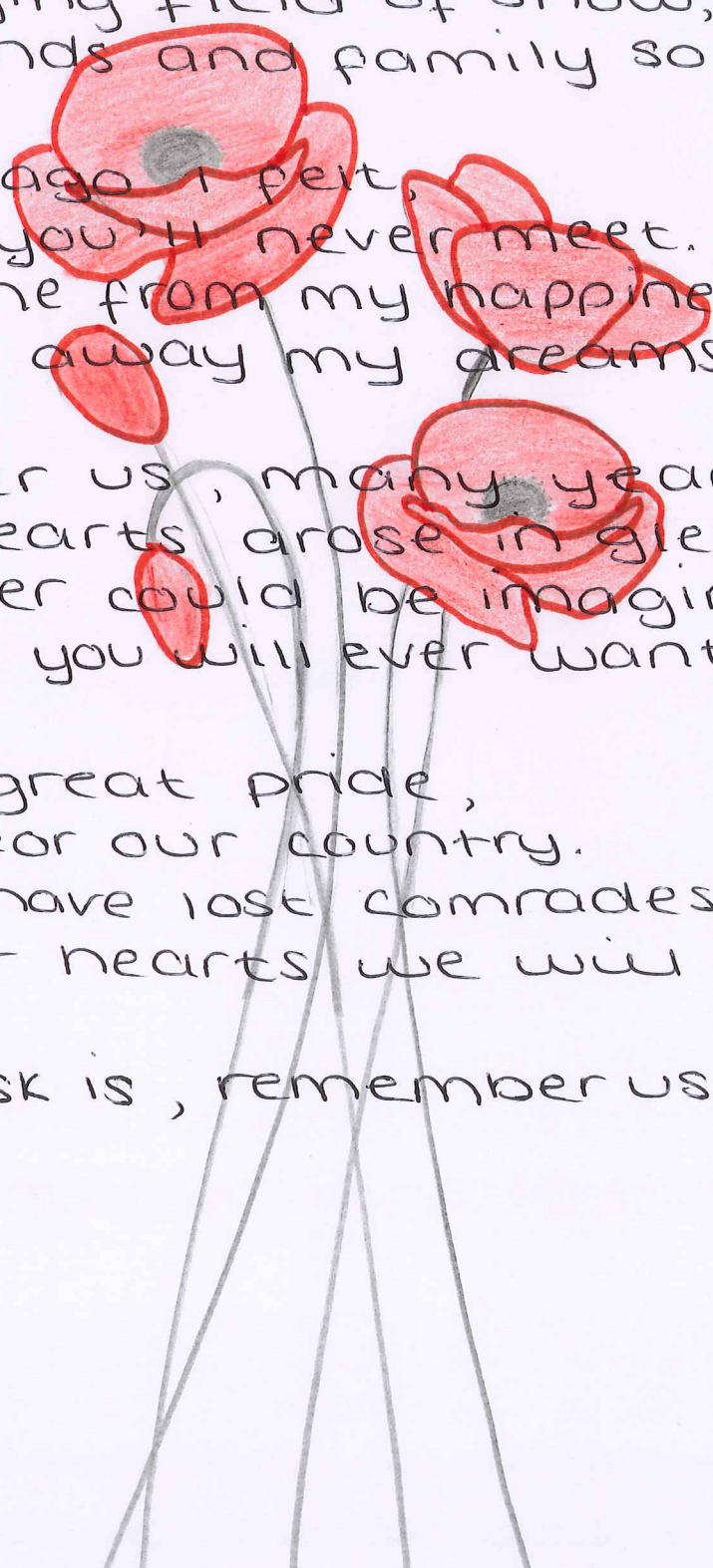
Remember us, we lay down low,
Full of anger and fear.
Over a raging field of snow,
With friends and family so dear.

100 years ago I felt,
The pain you'll never meet.
It pulled me from my happiness,
And stole away my dreams.

Remember us, many years ago,
As our hearts arose in glee.
What never could be imagined before,
More than you will ever want to see.

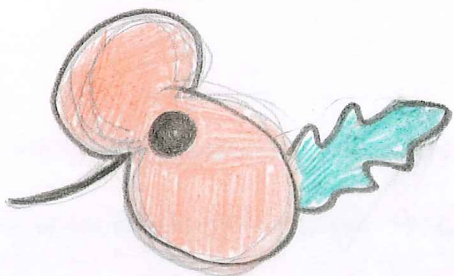
We took great pride,
Fighting for our country.
We may have lost comrades,
But in our hearts we will never forget.

All we ask is, remember us.

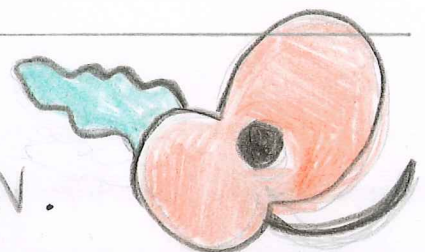


Remembrance Day Poem!

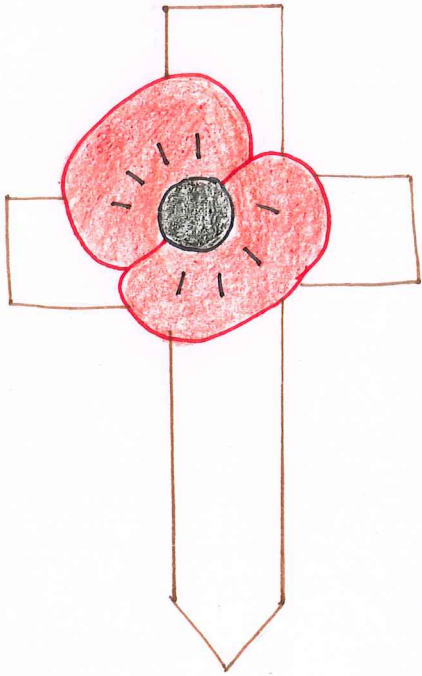
- In the darkness of the night, they marched together side by side,
With only the stars as their guide,
All around them the sounds of guns and many shouts,
Moving along muddy banks wandering with doubts,
- Miles and miles of emptiness and loneliness that lay deep in their souls,
Not knowing what is on the other side of each and every fall,
- Trembling down in the trench, thinking of nothing but home,
Above they hear a roar another mind has blown,
There was no turning back, the battle must go on,
It seems to me all meaningless and wrong,
- I am thankful for no war,
As we wear our poppies in remorse,
They gave their lives to keep us free,
To save the innocent like you and me,



BY HALIMA
AND MEHRIN.

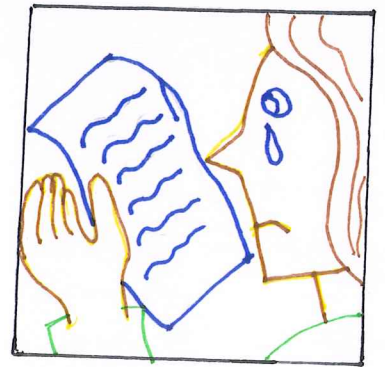


Yesterday I Lost Him



Yesterday I lost him,
I lost my only child,
A tear ran down my cheek,
As I read the words the lieutenant filed.
He wrote that he was going,
He'll be gone within a year,
He's heading off to fight the war,
And now that time was coming near.

Yesterday I lost him,
He left everything behind,
I lost him fighting for freedom,
So that we could see the light,



We will remember those who lost their lives,
And those who slipped and fortunately survived.

On the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th
month,

We shall remember



Haleema Sadia JSN
Zainab Munshi ABI

Remember.....

We stand together and Commemorate
Of those who risked their lives
They sacrificed a lot for free will
And Strived, Strived and Strived.

In Bad conditions did they work
And still they fought the fight
They watched as their friends
fell down in fight

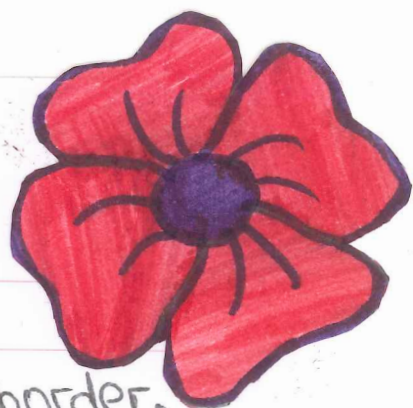
On the 11th hour on the 11th day
Of the 11th month,
We silence ourselves in respect
They fought for months and month
Just to give us the best.



They shall not be
forgotten!

A special thank you to
All of the Soldiers who
Risked their lives for us!

11th Day
11th Month
11th hour



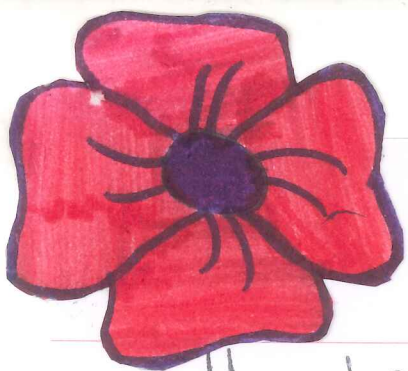
Soldiers aged 15 and over,
protected us from what's opposite the border.
Trenches dug 6 feet underground,
a battle field is a soldier's playground.
What filled the air was the smell of blood,
what covered the floor was mounds of mud.
Before prayer is said in final breath,
there is one last attempt to try and escape
death.

My best friend died but I survived...

Our mother told us to find a job,
as life at-war meant our life would be robbed.
But we ended up lying about our ages,
because we didn't care about silly wages.
He and Tom were ecstatic to join the war,
to make new friends and memories galore.
He and Tom would fight to save our country,
filled with hope and armed with weaponry.

We could hear gun shots,
as the soldiers' bodies rot.
Life was not what we expected,
we didn't realise how much life would
be affected.
In order to stay connected,
each other's soul we protected.





My best friend died but I survived...

His face as white as snow,

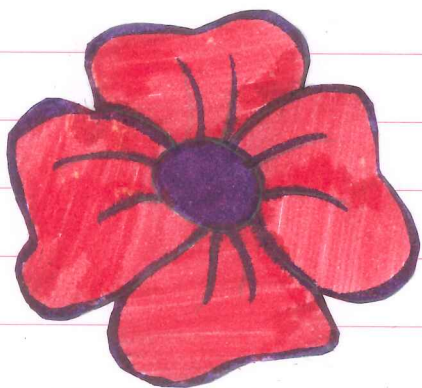
Soldiers stood row by row.

In the distance I could hear bombs,
but all I could think about was my
best friend Tom.

The 11th November,

A day to remember.

The day the war stopped,
the day the guns dropped.



By Saha
and Zainah