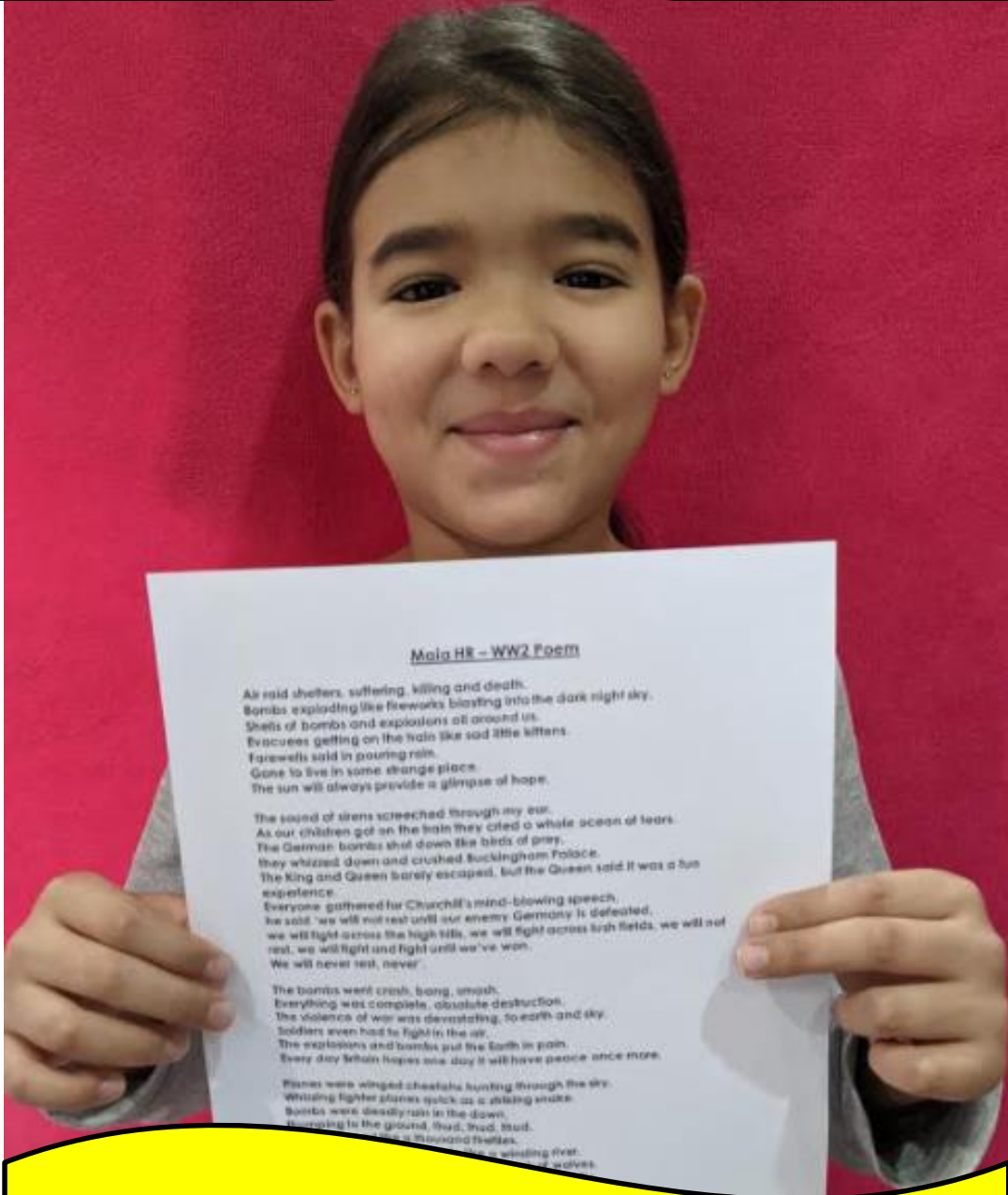


Writer of the Week



Malg HR - WW2 Poem

Air raid shelters, suffering, killing and death,
Bombs exploding like fireworks blasting into the dark night sky,
Shells of bombs and explosions all around us,
Evacuees getting on the train like sad little kittens,
Farewells said in pouring rain,
Gone to live in some strange place,
The sun will always provide a glimpse of hope.

The sound of sirens screamed through my ear,
As our children got on the train they cried a whole ocean of tears,
The German bombs shot down the birds of prey,
They whizzed down and crushed Buckingham Palace,
The King and Queen barely escaped, but the Queen said it was a fun
experience.
Everyone gathered for Churchill's mind-blowing speech,
He said 'we will not rest until our enemy Germany is defeated,
we will fight across the high hills, we will fight across lush fields, we will not
rest, we will fight and fight until we've won.
We will never rest, never.'

The bombs went crash, bang, smash,
Everything was complete, absolute destruction,
The violence of war was devastating, to earth and sky,
Soldiers even had to fight in the air,
The explosions and bombs put the earth in pain,
Every day Britain hopes one day it will have peace once more.

Planes were winged sheikhs hunting through the sky,
Whizzing fighter planes quick as a whirling snail,
Bombs were deadly rain in the down,
Thumping to the ground, 'bom, bom, bom',
Exploding in a thousand twittles,
The wind whistling over,
The waves.

Elephant Class