

## THROUGH THE EYES OF A CHILD.

Our mother called us from our play,  
Come inside I've something to say.  
We sat and listened intently  
Mr. Chamberlain says, "We're at war with Germany"  
We were young, didn't understand  
It sounded exciting, war in our land

Soon it started, the bombs and the planes,  
Rush to the shelter, GREAT, we can play lots of games  
The all clears given, OH! What a shame  
Back to our homes, the atmosphere's not the same.

Shrapnel is lying all over the place,  
To us young children it seems such a waste,  
Soon we had found a good use for this stuff,  
we made up a game, you didn't need to be tough,  
'Hits and Spans' was the name of the game,  
Quick take cover it's the sound of a plane.  
Another bomb drops and ruins our land  
We're still gathering shrapnel, it feels hot to our hand.  
We were issued with gas masks, when we left the house,  
They were given a name, it was Mickey Mouse.

This wars dragging on, we don't get much to eat,  
Everything's rationed, no sweets for a treat,  
But we still get our comic, we look forward to that  
We get really excited as it drops on the mat.  
One night in the shelter the bombs sounded near,  
This was the first time we'd thought about fear.  
We all slept in the shelter, it was a long night  
But allowed to go home at the first sign of light.  
When we got home we said to our mum,  
"Can we have a comic, they are such good fun"  
Mum said, "we'd been good and not too much trouble,  
But the newsagents shop was a great pile of rubble.  
No Comic now, this war is bad,  
We've got nothing to read, we feel real sad.

Six long years, have now passed by,  
Loved ones missing, people cry,  
But in the merry month of May,  
Winston Churchill announced, "IT'S V.E. DAY"

Sue Nicklin