

## Lest we forget

I didn't know what was going on as I was only 5:

*The dreaded sirens ring. We look; we run for cover. Horror and panic overcome us.  
They are dropping bombs and they're dropping all around.  
When the siren sounds, we get underground.  
Death, destruction around us.*

My heart pounded in my chest, louder than the bombs dropping around me.  
I was told I had to leave my mum in order to stay alive.  
My mum held me tight and held tears back, as the train whistled down the track.  
Memories of home were fading fast.  
Many children scared of the dark; in unknown places, they leave their mark.

But children weren't the only brave souls who left their homes.  
Young men sent to battle, to fight for our country, to fight for our freedom,  
Experiencing unimaginable horrors, sights, sounds and smells.

The troops were tense and panicked as they landed on the beaches of Normandy.  
Nothing was going to stop them, even though they were sick with fear.  
Omaha, Utah, Gold, Juno and Sword were the beaches they were destined to find their glory.  
Uniforms binding them to the job at hand.  
The pain of nervous, uneasy horror shook the courageous soldiers,  
As they charged onto the dreaded battlefield to face their much feared enemies.

*There once was beautiful, emerald green fields with dandelions spread all over them,  
But now all I see is a charcoal black field covered in withered grass.  
As I heard the gunshots, fear struck my heart.  
Why am I here? Why am I here fighting? Fighting on this battlefield with an army of men.  
The rumble of the bombs were like thousands of bullets flying past my ears.  
My body stiffened as the impact knocked me to the ground.  
The only thing that happens down here in the trenches is that you make a friend; you lose a friend.*

Worry and fear overtook these brave men.  
Raging rifles ringing out like church bells at a funeral.  
Soldiers fell like dominoes as the bullets pierced them.  
Will this nightmare and misery end? Will there be a happily ever after?

No man's land finally rested silently.  
And years later we remember these events.  
We remember the bravery of the soldiers,  
The bravery of the children,  
The bravery of the nation,  
For our freedom.  
Lest we forget.

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