

Category 1: Primary 4 to Primary 7

Winner

Pain

There are two kinds of pain.
The pain you feel when that blunt knife tears
Out the shrapnel, inside your stomach.
A sharp pain, a visible pain, accompanied by blood.
And the pain you feel when you have lost someone.
A father.
A son.
A friend.
It tears something out of you, but not shrapnel.
Your whole world is collapsing around you.
Yet the stars keep on shining.
The dogs keep on barking.
The men keep on fighting.
Forever fighting.
Two opposing magnets, bound together.
The pain rips you apart.
From the inside.

*Flora Smith
P7, Cargilfield School, Edinburgh*



Runner Up

A Veteran

Growing old
Story told
Answering questions
Showing medals
One after the other.

Flash back
In Afghan
Firing my gun
People dying
One beside the other.

Can't sleep
Nightmare
Being shot
Getting help
One helping the other.

Bad memories
Bombs exploding
People screaming
Fires burning
One behind the other.

Getting tired
Falling asleep
Deep sleep
Good dreams
One following the other.

Sean Smith
P6/7, Stuartfield School, Stuartfield, Peterhead



Commended

What is A Veteran?

He's dead, he's alive,
He's a father, he's a son.
He's black, he's white,
He's old, he's young.

He's a hero, he's a villain,
He's right, he's wrong.
He's honest, he lies,
He's weak, he's strong.

He's a fighter, he's a coward,
He's good, he's bad.
He's our friend, he's our foe,
He's happy, he's sad.

He's a stranger, he is known,
He's boring, he's funny.
He's warm, he's cold,
He's poor, he has money.

He is all he has achieved,
He is all that he has seen.
He went to serve his people,
His country and his Queen.

*J. Frazier McBride
P7, St Aloysius Junior School, Glasgow*



Commended

Behind the Mask

Every time I look into his eyes
I see the terror lying alone.
Always hidden by some careless saying,
Never letting the truth unfurl.

Whenever I ask him,
The brisk reply comes,
I have to live with the scars of war.
Others aren't so lucky.

Now as I'm standing here,
With him by my side.
Looking at the lost lives
That he once slept beside.

I realise why he sits there,
Staring at the wall.
Looking as if the life,
Has left him once for all.

From now on I will remember,
To let him stay right there.
And not to keep on wondering,
What's behind that stare?

*Daisy McNab
P7, Cargilfield School, Edinburgh*



Commended

A Moment of Silence

I drink in the story-clad walls,
Smoothed by countless hands run along them.
I think of the million poppies,
That will be needed for the forgotten souls.
The metal casket of one thousand souls,
Basks in our moment of silence.

You are the German spade.
Your age speckled handle,
Made of swirl grained wood.
Your blunted blade struck the dirt,
With steady determination.
Rain pelted, mud splattered,
Time worn, left abandoned.

Silence on the 11th November.
Yet the battle rages in his ears.
Shell-holes, littered with missing
Men, are scraped out of the wet earth.
Shovels, guns, bullets, swords,
In corpses' cold hands.

Flora Smith
P7 Cargilfield School, Edinburgh

