

Category 2: Secondary 1 to Secondary 3

Winner

My War

My wounding war is never over
Not even now that we have won
It didn't end when I came home
Or when I hung up my gun

The dreadful things I saw out there
Will surely scar my mind for life
Things that you can not tell a soul
Without sparing details of the strife

I can't explain how it feels to kill
Someone I know is just like me
Fighting proudly for their people
Hoping one day they will be free

It was not a quick, blind shooting
I saw all that there was to see
I saw the ring upon his finger
I saw his hopeless plea for mercy

His face always at the back of my eyes
Trying so very hard to be seen
To make me feel the guilt I should
For taking life that would have been

He wasn't unarmed but he was afraid
Putting his ring to his lips and kissed
We both pulled our triggers in unison
I wish he hadn't missed

Catrin Stephen
S2, Banchory Academy, Kincardineshire



Runner Up

And I Was the Lucky One

I gaze down the hallway,
It's just how the sergeant wanted our boots like;
Shiny enough to see your filthy, stubbly face in.
I look down to the floor,
Sure enough, a face stares back at me.
But no stubble, no filth.
All that remains of my past 6 years are my hollow, empty eyes,
And a scar to the left of my lip,
And my leg.

A muffled sob comes through the door behind me.
It's my wife.
She says I've changed.
She's scared of me,
Scared of my leg.

The doctor sent me outside,
So my wife can be alone,
I'm scared,
I thought she'd be happy to see me.
I didn't think she'd mind my leg.

Thump,
Clack,
Thump,
Clack.

I hobble down the hallway,
And pause outside room 23,
MORTUARY
Reads a polished brass plaque.
Steve's in there,
My best friend.
He got hit too.
But he was closer than I was,
He was only 27.
He lost more than a leg.

Thump,
Clack.
Thump,
Clack.

I hobble further along.
A photo,
In a glossy metal frame,



Catches my eye.
It's me, Jessica and the boys.
We're all grinning.
I don't know why
That's the last picture taken,
Of my leg.

Thump,
Clack.
Thump,
Clack.

That's my leg
I am only 29,
And I've got a bit of a Barbie doll,
Instead of a leg.
And I was the lucky one.

Laura Smith
S1, Banchory Academy, Kincardineshire



Commended

Veteran

A veteran is,
An aftershock of an earthquake,
A devastated village after a tsunami,
A lump of charcoal after a forest fire,

A veteran is,
A lost child searching for its parents,
A stray dog looking for a home,
An abandoned baby crying for attention,

A veteran is,
A fallen tree,
A rock forgotten in moss,
A plant withering in its pot,

A veteran is,
The bang of a gunshot,
The clang of a discarded bullet,
The scar of a wounded soldier,

Veterans are the ashes of war

James Sanders
S2, Banchory Academy, Kincardineshire



Commended

Solitude

There. Standing stiff and tall
Braced against the cold November wind.
The dark silhouette in the distance,
Paying his respects to those that were lost
In the abyss that is premature death.

There. Squatting by the memorial,
Checking the name that was once so familiar.
Now gone.
The solitary tear that runs down his weathered face
As he remembers their childhood years,
Spent together.

Then. Back in the day.
Running through the winding streets.
Innocent. Care free.
When you took no notice of the rules of society,
When you scoffed at the adults and their worries for the future.
Those were the good old days.

There. Leaving now.
Disappearing into the gathering gloom.
The tear wiped away.
He's been missing for over a year now...

Liam Hutcheon
S3, Banchory Academy, Kincardineshire

