

# Never Such Innocence

.....

2015/16 Poetry & Art Competition

WINNING ENTRIES



## Thank you...

Never Such Innocence would like to thank the following for kindly giving their time to judge the 2015/16 Poetry and Art Competition:

Charlie Barton, Greta Bellamacina, Eleanor Carter, Jessica Carlisle, Jim Fellows, Ricky Graham, Stanley Johnson, Rosi Lister, Aonghas MacNeacail, Dr Viv Newman, Alma Ní Choigligh, Brigadier-General Matthew Overton, William Packer, Androcles Scicluna, Anna Trethewey and Nathalie Trouveroy

We would also like to thank the following for kindly donating prizes for our 2015/16 Poetry and Art Competition:

Danny Buckley & family | Dr Viv Newman



The 2015/16 competition would not have been possible without the generous support of:



## Never Such Innocence

### 2015/16 Poetry and Art Competition Winning Entries

In early 2013 a coalition of the willing and I set out to find a means of commemorating the Centenary of the Great War, ensuring that young people, nationally (and now internationally!), were given the opportunity to play their part, engage and feel important during this centenary period.

This booklet presents the winning entries from our 2015/16 Poetry and Art Competition – once again, our judges spent long hours deliberating, discussing, disagreeing, and finally deciding. Our young people have moved not only our committee and our competition judges but governments, senior members of the military, writers, artists and our valiant veterans.

We have all shed heartfelt tears in awe of the children's emotional intelligence, their profound thoughts, their poignancy and care.

In 2018 we shall be collating a lasting legacy - a book containing all of the winning entries from the centenary, preserved for generations to come... We would be delighted if you might join us on this centenary journey.

We receive no public subsidy and rely entirely on fundraising to ensure our reach across the British Isles and beyond. Details of how you can support us can be found on the final page of this booklet.

I hope you are inspired by this poetry and art as much as we have been...

Lady Lucy French,  
Founder and Chair



## Our progress to date...

The first Never Such Innocence competition was very much a pilot, we wanted to discover and assess the level of interest in the First World War, from both teachers and children across England. We were enthused and encouraged by the response. In our second year we decided to be more ambitious, to work with young people from across the British Isles. Never Such Innocence embarked on a roadshow, visiting Reading, the Crown Dependencies (with the support of Coutts) and Glasgow. We reached out to schools the length and breadth of the British Isles and have been overwhelmed and utterly delighted by the response. As you can see from our maps we have seen entries from as far and wide as Orkney, Northern Ireland, the Channel Islands, New Zealand and Denver, USA! (to name but a few)... Never Such Innocence has gone global!

Our reach globally!



Our reach across the British Isles



A great effort by all, there are some very talented pupils out there!



Entrants were encouraged to choose a topic related to the First World War and produce a piece of art or write a poem expressing their thoughts and feelings. To help get them started, we produced a comprehensive resource which includes contributions and expertise from our friends and partners, and Nurse Elsie and Sergeant Bert accompany readers as they learn about the war. Our resource is updated year on year and we publish each new edition to coincide with the launch of our annual competitions during this centenary period.

When we embarked on our Never Such Innocence journey we wanted to be inclusive, reaching out to communities across the British Isles. This year we piloted a Gaelic strand to the competition and are delighted to have our first Gaelic winner featured in this booklet on page 32.

We have been working closely with the Royal Navy during the 2015/16 competition and are delighted to have been invited to play a part in the official Battle of Jutland commemorations taking place across the British Isles. The commemorative events in Chatham, South Queensferry and Orkney will feature representatives from our competition, their winning entries can be found on pages 32, 33 and 34.

**During the 2015/16 competition we received 981 entries for the poetry competition and 672 entries for the art competition across all age categories from 112 schools. This amounts to nearly three times as many entries from over twice as many schools compared to last year.**

Our next competition, running from September 2016 to March 2017, will see our roadshow go to the North West, the South West and Wales, and after the success of our Gaelic strand of the competition this year, we hope to open a category for Welsh speakers.

Congratulations to all of the 2015/16 winners.

The Never Such Innocence Team

\* The poetry in this booklet has not been edited by Never Such Innocence

Follow us on Twitter @NeverSuch to stay updated with all our news and events





CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

**FIRST PLACE**

**What would they think?**

*by Emily Dutson from Perranporth Community Primary School*

I have visited museums; been into a mock trench,  
I have tasted the ration packs, and smelt the foul stench,  
Of a war that killed more men than my mind can behold.  
Of a people so unbelievably strong and so bold.

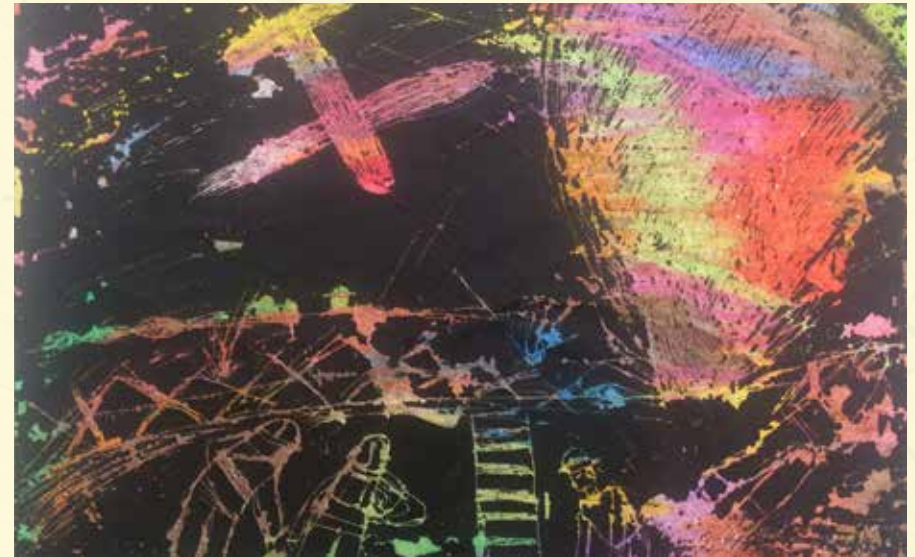
I have read of the politics – “Ferdinand” rings a bell,  
The manoeuvres and battles, all the stories to tell.  
Letters home to loved ones never again seen.  
The songs sung to keep the spirits up and men keen.  
I have heard of the men who saw such horrific sights,  
That would chase them through their dreams in the night.

And yet the museum experience of taste, smell, sound and sight,  
Cannot bring to me the terrible horror and fright,  
Of the 8.5 million who died in the fields,  
In the hope a fairer place the world would yield.  
But I watch the news sitting next to my mum,  
And see the count of people injured, displaced from their homes.  
There are millions today affected by wars,  
That, people believe, are for a fair and just cause.

We remember the soldiers who died through those years,  
They gave up their lives so we could live without fear.  
I ask “What would they think of our world today?”  
My mum shakes her head, with a look of dismay,  
“Oh Emily,” she says “Our hope is with you,  
your friends and their brother and their sisters too,  
To think of the lessons that millions would give,  
To live the life they died for, that they hoped we might live.”

CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

**FIRST PLACE**



**Fuil a' Chogaidh (Blood of War)**

*by Mairi MacIennan from Sgoil nan Loch (Lochs School)*





CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

SECOND PLACE



Shadows of the Past

by Louisa Willan from British Junior Academy of Brussels

CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

SECOND PLACE

Lemon Squeezer Boneyard

by Pieta Bayley from St Andrews College Prep School, New Zealand

Boots stomp through mud to slog up a steep Gallipoli cliff  
 Soldiers' faces are ever grim  
 Poppies with graceful poise are trampled by feet  
 Guns fire in a cannon  
 Bullets dance  
 People abandon the earth  
 The souls of many take a starlit staircase from the trenches into the heavens  
 One shell-shocked soldier longs for home  
 yet all he sees are skulls wearing lemon squeezers  
 His mind is troubled and his matted hair as white as the snow that blanketed the dead in their  
 eternal slumber  
 A row boat answers his call to a far-flung birthplace Aotearoa  
 He wakes in his bed crying out for his friends but he hears no reply  
 They are lost in a hallucination of terrors from a distant land.

Footnote: The Lemon Squeezer Hat is an icon to New Zealanders of Gallipoli. It was first worn the Taranaki Rifles Regiment, after being introduced by one of New Zealand's most famous Gallipoli Soldiers Colonel William Malone. Its shape represented a sacred mountain, Taranaki in their area and let the rain runoff. It was then worn by his Wellington Regiment and by 1916 it was part of the uniform for the whole New Zealand Infantry Division on 1st January 1916.

“ I was inspired to write this poem after finding out last year on the 100th year anniversary of the landing at Gallipoli that my Great-Great-Great Uncle Lance Sargent Arthur Greenwood of the Canterbury Mounted Rifles was killed in action at Gallipoli on the night of 6th of August 1915. He was involved in an attack as part of the beginning of the main assault on Chunuk Bair over the next days. Arthur was 24. He had been given by his father the best horse from his stable called Aladdin, but never got to ride him in war as they couldn't take horses to Gallipoli due to the steep cliffs. We don't know what happened to Aladdin. ”

- Pieta Bayley, St Andrews College Prep School, New Zealand




**CATEGORY: AGES 9-11**
**THIRD PLACE**
**The Truce**

*by Nuzhath Siddique from Mount Pleasant Junior School*

Christmas Eve arrives with hope and misery,  
 A man stares at his wife.  
 On this holy night all hatred fades away.  
 Each battalion was touched with silence like a hand.  
 Warm smiles spread across the faces of the soldiers.  
 Men who would shoot, now laugh and sing.  
 Scarlet blood like festive wallpaper covers the trench walls,  
 Strange spikey frost on the barbed wire decorates No Man's Land.

Joy gradually spreads through the night,  
 A gentle lullaby of a chorus broke the silence.  
 All languages hummed the song to gradually increase into a harmony.  
 Sadness is no more.

Dawn breaks to silence everyone,  
 A Londoner turned into a spider  
 To climb over the wall,  
 No shrieks of warnings could hold him back,  
 So others followed suit.

Robins sang as calmly as a river flowing,  
 His chest was broad and red like Rudolph's nose.  
 For to friend,  
 Misery to joy.  
 Rasping, a German sprinted over No Man's Land.

A battlefield was a pitch,  
 The ball had longed to be played with and now on Christmas it was possible  
 Snow as white as a polar bear's coat covers the pitch.  
 Muddy tracks were painted with the ball.  
 But happiness can't last forever.  
 Gun shots made them realise their responsibilities.  
 Friends to foe and enemies shall remain.

**CATEGORY: AGES 9-11**
**THIRD PLACE**

**Dominions Sacrifice**

*by Edward Brown from Beechwood Park School*

*“ Judging the children's poetry was a fantastic experience - there was such a high level of talent from all ages of the competition. The children were knowledgeable, respectful, intelligent and inventive when creating their verse. Every single one of them deserves to be rewarded for their marvellous creativity ”*

*- Eleanor Carter from The Poetry App, Poetry Judge*



## CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

## RUNNER UP



Ruins

by Katie Hall from Kensworth C of E Primary School

“It was deeply moving to find, in so many of those young people, such an understanding of the pain, the bleakness, the unrelenting sacrifice that came with the Great War. In that respect, having members of our jury who had actually seen combat was illuminating.”

- Nathalie Trouveroy  
Wife of the Belgian Ambassador to the United Kingdom, Art Judge

## CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

## RUNNER UP

## War Zone

by Josh Carridge from Onchan Primary School

I am Major Carridge I've trained my men to fight,  
Today is the day at sundown, we go over the top tonight,  
It's gloomy and grey, it doesn't look good,  
And in my heart I know there'll be blood  
These soldiers I have trained, to honour and protect,  
Our country and families we love and respect.  
These men miss their children, mothers and wives,  
Yet they are here, fighting with their lives.

As I round up my troops, sirens sound out loud,  
My men stand before me tall, strong and proud.  
I blow on my whistle and wish them good luck,  
As bullets start flying, I drop down and duck.  
What lies ahead of us, on the other side?  
So many before have attempted but died.

Crawling across the battlefield armed, ready and brave,  
Please god I beg you, don't send me to my grave.  
Flame throwers were launched I commanded fall back!  
Fear began to take over, this was a deadly attack.

We cannot be beaten we won't let them win.  
I must take control, let the battle begin.  
We pulled out grenades, rifles and tanks,  
Adrenaline took over as we all closed ranks.

We charge at the enemy, shooting to kill,  
Trampling over bodies lying so still.  
The stench of death is all around,  
Blood and guts cover the ground.

We must push forward and try to forget  
That these men have families they love and respect  
It's them or it's us, that's what we were told  
But men lie here dying, bleeding and cold.  
We are opposite sides that are fighting this war  
But is it all worth it? What is it for?

Freedom and power is what led us here  
Lives lost, blood shed and many a tear.  
I ask myself why we cannot be friends  
And bring this war to a happy end.  
Maybe one day we will all live in peace  
But for now war lives on and does not cease.





## CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

### RUNNER UP

#### Look into my eyes

by Jay Rintakorpi from Kensworth C of E Primary School

Look into my eyes before you fire,  
Is this really what you desire?  
I'm a man like you. Made from flesh and blood,  
Do you want to hide me in the mud?

Look into my eyes before you decide  
To send the gas to the other side,  
The damage you do will always haunt you,  
In the years to come the truth will destroy you

Look into my eyes before you hate me.  
Think carefully before you recreate me  
Ask yourself: is this right?  
Is this worth a soul-crunching fight?

Look into my eyes. Is this a lie?  
Do we all have to painfully die?  
This war will only drive us apart,  
Perhaps only death will make hate depart?

Look into my eyes!

“Judging the many superb entries to the 2015/16 Never Such Innocence poetry competition was a deeply moving experience. The young poets’ empathy with events that happened 100 years ago was humbling.”

- Dr Viv Newman is an Author and Historian, Poetry Judge

## CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

### RUNNER UP



#### Never Forgotten

by Mia Staniforth from Elizabeth College Junior School



## CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

## FIRST PLACE



**The blind leading the blind**  
by Tallulah Pudney from Brighton College

## CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

## FIRST PLACE

**Waking Nightmare**

by Robyn Beckett from Broxburn Academy

I thought I had got out.  
Escaped the despair that so many great men had fallen prey to  
Yet this hell is inside of me.  
As I close my eyes this guilt wraps itself around me,  
Like the lifeless hands of my fallen comrades,  
Their blood caked fingernails leaving invisible bruises on my neck.

Why didn't they take me?  
To be cold in the ground is surely more desirable than this life of never-ending torment.

A walking corpse, I stumble through these days lost in the past.  
Unable to do anything for myself.  
But my heart is always pounding.  
The only part of me that seems alive  
As my eyes, blinded with tears, gaze out across a gore spattered landscape in my head.

In this waking nightmare, I am all alone.  
Unfamiliar faces glaring down at me,  
As I crouch in stunned silence,  
Surrounded by the corpses of my friends and allies.  
Brothers, sons, fathers and husbands:  
Each man taken too soon.  
Choking on the fumes of gas, drowning.  
Drowning in regrets.

“ This is the second time that I have joined a panel of judges and the first time that I kept a poem [Waking Nightmare' by Robyn Beckett] by my bedside for so long. I represent the Combat Veteran Players which is made up of ex-service men and women who had suffered from PTSD. This poem has given a clear account of what we are. It has been an honour to be amongst you and a real privilege to be able to learn so much from our young and future generation. ”

- Androcles Scicluna from the Combat Veteran Players, Poetry Judge





CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

**SECOND PLACE**

**The Grieving Parents**

*by Beth Warwick from George Heriot's School*

There they stand  
Gazing sorrowfully over the rows of graves  
Keeping watch over their sleeping children  
Weeping behind their stone facades

The cold has frozen water droplets  
To their cheek  
Their tears held fast  
In the depths of Winter

The snow falls thick  
Smothering where they lie  
Their boys  
Their happy, heroic dead

If they could  
Would they break from their stance  
Of eternal grief  
Bend down to brush the snow from their cribs

Sing them a sweet lullaby  
To soothe their fears, quell the horrors  
Heal the wounds with a brush of their icy lips  
At very least put a name to their bones

But they never will  
Instead they grieve  
For the hollow loss of life, and hope,  
And the sons who paid the price of war

*\*The Grieving Parents statue stands in Vladslö war cemetery, Germany*



CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

**SECOND PLACE**



**Burnt Souls**

*by Ryan Shaw from Broxburn Academy*



## CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

## THIRD PLACE

**It's for your country***by Madeleine Keating from Archbishop Temple School*

## CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

## THIRD PLACE

**Indefinitely Burdening***by Hannah Owens from Jersey College for Girls*

Haunting shadows flit across memory,  
 Horrors untold and veiled from humanity.  
 Blurred language in fear of destroyed morale.  
 Those we lost, who could never voice the truth.

Censored paragraphs deleted in the midst of terror,  
 Panic at sensitive information reaching the ears of others.  
 Sorting, modifying each letter with a ruthlessness unmatched.  
 Those we lost, who could never voice the truth.

Inky black lines scrawl through the cursive,  
 Deemed unsuitable for public perception.  
 Instead burdened with a weight alone onwards.  
 Those we lost, who could never voice the truth.

Families fearfully fingering the torn edges,  
 Pondering the parts scarred and illegible.  
 Marching beats drowning out the cries for understanding.  
 Those we lost, who could never voice the truth.

Deaths disguised under lilted laughter,  
 Leaving little more than lies and dishonesty.  
 Crafted stories to lift spirits and relieve their burden.  
 Those we remember, let us voice their truth.





CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

**RUNNER UP**

**The word behind the war**

*by Maddie Macey from Churchers College*

A holiday,  
They said, they said it would be,  
A break,  
An honour,  
A service, you see.

Over by Christmas,  
They said it would be,  
So quick,  
So easy,  
And of course we agreed,

So we all ran off,  
Guns under arms,  
To France,  
To Germany,  
Where no one was harmed

And, so they said,  
Where no one's in danger,  
So, if that was true,  
Where was John, Joe  
Or that stranger?

Sleeping,  
They said, they said that they were  
Dreaming,  
Peaceful,  
And all I could do was concur

So as I went over,  
And started to snore,  
I hoped  
That my family  
Wouldn't trust the word behind the war.

**RUNNER UP**

**When the Whistle Blows**

*by Ben Jackson from The Rawlett School*

Over the top, when the whistle blows  
Following the river of blood that flows  
Bodies strewn all around  
Limbs missing never to be found  
Death is the only sight  
As guns rain down bombs in flight  
Shot from the artillery battery  
A present from the death factory  
Barbed wire rolled like a wreath  
Laid on the ground like flowers in grief  
We gave our all, we gave the most  
Remember us now, as you hear the last post

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

**RUNNER UP**



**Europe at War**

*by Erica Weiler from Godolphin and Latymer School*

**RUNNER UP**



**A Mother's Journey**

*by Lili Beatrice England from Granville Sports College*



## CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

## JOINT FIRST PLACE

## No Poppies in the Sand

by Maeve Loney from St Patrick's College

In this hot dry river bed  
Rest the camels in a row.  
They lie in military line  
Though they do not have a foe.

Each hapless soldier soon will mount  
A most incongruous steed,  
And then across hot desert sand  
Advance with ardent speed.

Cross-legged on these hump-backed beasts  
(As a monument recalls)  
The soldiers match their rhythm,  
The rises then the falls.

Forward they go to meet the fate  
That awaits them on that day.  
Will it be death, defeat or victory?  
History has yet to say.

There's little glory to be gained  
In this theatre of sand;  
The greater battles rage and roar  
On sea and trench-scarred lands.

That they'll recognise his sacrifice  
In the land where he used to live,  
Was the silent sigh in a soldier's heart;  
There was no more he could give.

“ We examined the image of the James McBey painting, ‘The Long Patrol: The Wadi’ [featured in the Never Such Innocence stimulus materials] which depicts an Imperial Camel Corps patrol which has halted in a wadi, a dried out riverbed in the desert. Maeve was amazed to discover that soldiers actually went to war on camels.

In the poetry section Maeve was touched by the poem ‘Home Thoughts’ by Unknown, 1916, as it showed her that even though he was risking his life, this soldier did not expect to receive any honour for it. Also he did not think he would be remembered because of where he had been sent to fight. This prompted her to suppose that a soldier in The Long Patrol might have felt this way as well.

Maeve has worked hard at researching and crafting her poem and she did it with a lot of enthusiasm and enjoyment. This was in large part promoted by your easily accessible and visually appealing resources, which engaged and sustained her interest throughout. ”

- Liz Dempsey, St Patrick's College

## CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

## FIRST PLACE



## Tyne Cot Remembered

by Eloise Fradley from The Rawlett School

“ These pieces are some of the responses we had to our school visit to the battlefields of Ypres and the Somme... A number of our students visited the graves of their relatives, for many this being the first time a member of the family had done so. ”  
- Richard Johnson, The Rawlett School





CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

SECOND PLACE



**Remember!**

by Jessica Rizova from The Astley Cooper School

“ I was very impressed by the number and standard of competition entries, and by the way schools had embraced the theme. We had a very hard job indeed but the winners and runners up stood out for their creativity and thoughtfulness. ”

- Rosi Lister is the Director North at the Churches Conservation Trust, Art Judge



CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

JOINT FIRST PLACE

**A Farmer Buries the Dead**

by Mia Nelson from Denver School of Arts, USA

here in France farmers still till the bloody soil  
frequently unearthing the bodies of lost soldiers in a treasure hunt of flesh.  
when asked they say,  
*it's always a saddening surprise to find a man. sadder still when we find him in pieces.*

but oh that great wind of war swept wordlessly across the countryside,  
her huge and unjust scythe cutting men like wildflowers,  
burying the bodies lonesome and sallow  
to be found by a melancholy farmer  
who picks bloody poppies all the days of his life.

still, beauty has lain her hand across the French hills,  
the grass is tender and spry, moving in the air green sweetness,  
while blue and purple berries dot the rich black earth.  
the lost footprints of soldiers are now spires of blackberries,  
and in their bodies' place is a grand stillness,  
the white sky wider for the absences.

the verdant hills and dew smocked cottages  
the small, wide eyed crocuses,  
the gentle dampness of perpetual fog is only a shroud over a broken body:  
gunshells and trenches masqueraded to be  
plots of sugar beets or onions.

but still the aimless unmarked souls of warriors should wait eternally for the harvesting-  
to be swung over an old farmer's shoulder,  
who tells me he *lost his father in the war*  
*and has been burying him every day since.*

he leads me behind his house where flowers sit like tombstones  
and shows me a makeshift burial plot.  
he tells me *putting the soldiers he finds to rest is the only mourning he allows himself, and,*  
*look at how the poppies grow almost in the shape of a uniform, a red shadow for their souls.*

and oh, isn't it lovely  
that he calls it a garden  
and not a grave.





CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

**THIRD PLACE**

**Here I Hold Your Child**

*by Olivia Jones from Jersey College for Girls*

Here I hold your child,  
enclosed in a bump.  
listening as we share endless possibilities for the future.

Here I hold your child,  
still waiting to arrive  
just as you are waiting to depart.

Here I hold your child,  
tiny and precious,  
her newly-opened eyes yearning  
for a glimpse of her father.

Here I hold your child,  
attempting basic words into my ear.  
It saddens me to hear her speak my name  
until you get home.

Here I hold your child,  
peaceful and silent,  
dreaming the nights away  
until you get home.

Here I hold your child,  
catching her mother's tears,  
not understanding that she has a loving father  
that once longed to meet her.



CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

**THIRD PLACE**



**Far From Home**

*by Leah Townsend from King's High School*





CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

**RUNNER UP**



**Post war vision**

*by Fatima Arman from Hodge Hill Girls' School*

CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

**RUNNER UP**

**Still, We Are Silent**

*by Louis Miller from The Norton Knatchbull School*

I sit in the rain, the cold wind blows,  
The chill passes through me, from my head to my toes.  
The bright shells explode, in the sky, above my head,  
Still, we are silent, nothing is said.

The guns are blazing, through the night,  
As soldiers run, their death in sight.  
The bayonets fixed, we'd prefer to stay,  
But still, we are silent, there is nothing to say.

Barbed-wire here, the shell's mark there,  
My team moves on, but doesn't take care.  
That's two lost already, who'll be the third,  
But still, we are silent, no-one has stirred.

The tally keeps growing, it's way over five,  
I am one of the few still alive.  
The sky is black, but approaching dawn  
But still, we are silent, as the fires blaze on.

I see the heads of the Jerry in front,  
Their rifles are loaded, for them, it's a hunt.  
I hear the blast, as the shot hits my chest,  
But now, I am silent, as I fall, to rest.



## CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

**RUNNER UP****Remember**

*by Charissa Cheong from Wren Academy*

I once played football with a man,  
Who shot me in the chest.  
Exchanged with him a handshake,  
He exchanged with me a life.  
And now his body lies  
beneath the Earth on top of mine,  
Under the poppies that they pluck  
to remember both of us.

They let them grow over our heads  
so they see them instead of us.  
A token drop of blood,  
Pinned as paper on their chests  
so they remember to remember,  
Just two minutes of their time,  
All I have inside their minds,  
And then once again forgotten.

Say a prayer for me,  
Remember me.  
I ask for your sincerity,  
Conscripted me to die, engraved  
My name on Heaven's gate.  
And here I've found my rest,  
With my dearest football friend  
And to those we lost to life,  
Those whose rest has yet arrived,

All I want to say is  
Pray always,  
Remember  
Don't forget.

## CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

**RUNNER UP****Out of the Darkness**

*by Alex Borrás from King's High Warwick School*



## GAELIC WINNER

**An Cogadh (The War)**

by Hannah Mason from Glasgow Gaelic School

Tha mi beò fhathast ach ann an cunnart mhòr!  
Tha an t-eagal orm, ach tha dòchas agam fhathast.  
Tha mi nam sheasamh suas, fuil a' tighinn a-mach às mo chas is mo chean,  
Luath, mar an abhainn bheag a' ruith cho luath tron choille gu ceann mo ghàrraidh,  
brèagha, gleansach.

"Uilleam! Uilleam! Uilleam!" ... tha daoine ag eighadh orm  
ach chan urrainn dhomh gluasad.

Roimhe an seo bha mi cho pròiseil gun robh mi sa chogadh  
ach a-nis chan eil mi ag iarraidh càil ach mo leabhadh agus mo theaghlach!

'S e oidhche dorcha a tha ann a nochd agus tha barrachd marbh na tha beò,  
chuala mi bomaig eile agus leis an eagal  
dh' eirich mi suas gu socair agus dh' fheuch mi ri gluasad air ais gu an fillteach.  
Nuair a ruig mi an fillteach cha robh càil an sin ach pìosan de slèibhtrich agus fiodh.

Thuit mi sìos air mo ghlùinean,  
chan eil cùram as an t-saoghal air mo chas an-dràsta.  
Chòimhead mi mun cuairt air cuirp nan daoine òige.  
Chan eil fios agam de nì mi an-dràsta ach feitheimh ri beul na h-oidhche...!

“Hannah Mason’s poem gives the impression of having been written in the trenches - stained and bullet-holed! Comparison between the blood pouring out of William’s head and a remembered fresh clean stream flowing through his own garden is particularly striking. Details, of debris found in the trench where he seeks shelter, and all the young bodies scattered around, convey a sense of what it must have been like”

- Aonghas MacNeacail, Gaelic poetry Judge

ROYAL NAVY BATTLE OF  
JUTLAND COMMEMORATIONS**Sea of Souls**

by Grace Batchelor, Kasey Bohee, Liam Bradford, Sonny Chandler,  
Lacey Crist, Zach Duffy, Alexandria Ellis, Allannah Fuller, Grace Lowe,  
Samuel Lowe, Billy Mersh, Toby Orpin, Cameron Rawland, Kyle Scanell,  
Charlie Snell, Harley Upton, Veer Vara, Emma Wiley, Connor Wooley,  
Lauren Yates, Rhianna Chikwanha from Maundene Primary School

“Swans class chose to use the Battle of Jutland as a theme for our competition entry because we had been learning about Jack Cornwell. Lots of us have teenage brothers and his story made us realise just how young some of the sailors were in World War One. We also realised that it was not just British sailors who lost their lives. We made the sky to show that this was truly a World War. We used our hands to represent the sea. Swans had lots of ideas for a title, but we chose Sea of Souls because we liked the alliteration and we thought it was quite a sad title. We used collage because it made the subject stick out and we worked on it as a team, just like the sailors in the ships at the battle.”

- A note put together about Sea of Souls by Swans Class at Maundene Primary School



## ROYAL NAVY BATTLE OF JUTLAND COMMEMORATIONS

### Scapa Flow

*by Hamish Scott from Sir E Scott School*

The ships arrive  
Grey ghosts appearing through the mist

Scapa Flow  
Home of Battleship  
Longboats of the modern age  
It was War  
For Scapa Flow

Defences are up  
Block ships, booms and barrier  
Artillery and Minefield  
Prepared for attack  
Was Scapa Flow

Entertainment was wanted,  
For the bored sailors  
A golf course on Flotta  
Boxing matches on the ships  
Sailors were content  
At Scapa Flow

Battle imminent  
Combating the Hun  
Dogger Bank  
And Jutland  
The fleet departing  
From Scapa Flow

The War...  
Won  
The German fleet...  
Interned  
Not without a cost  
Thousands of lives lost to the deep.  
The fragile peace begins  
Scapa Flow

## ROYAL NAVY BATTLE OF JUTLAND COMMEMORATIONS



### Bombing all over the place

*by Kayla Muir from Glaitness School*

### Jutland

*by Erin Dundas from  
Orphir Community School*

Ships littered the blue deathbed,  
The best of the best, wound up dead.  
Families are horror-struck,  
Many sailors are stuck,  
That's not what anyone said.  
Mothers anxiously wait for some news,  
Then everyone fills the pews,  
Children blubbing,  
Very troubling,  
A quick battle, that's what they said.  
The most tragic story ever told,  
The Battle of Jutland,  
100 Years Old.





## OUR YOUNGEST CONTRIBUTORS

### Life in the trenches

- By Martha Potts, age 3

Wait.  
Wait.  
Wait.

Fight.  
Fight.  
Fight.

Die.

*“I wanted to write to say thank you for your online resource which has inspired my eleven year old to write poetry. Little did I know my almost four year old was absorbing it all in too. She came up with the following poem that I promised I'd email to you as she's five years too young to enter the competition!”*

- Jacky Potts, Martha's mother



### Poppy Day

by Mia Eggleton, age 4

Never Such Innocence is committed to educating our nation's children about the Great War and creating a lasting legacy to remember those who fought and fell a century ago. You can help us achieve our goals by making a donation which will contribute wholly or in part toward:

- The print development of third edition resource
  - A roadshow event for 2016-17 competition
- The 2016-17 competition award's ceremony
  - The 2016-17 competition prize money
  - The 2016-17 competition exhibition

By supporting Never Such Innocence you will ensure we continue our journey to 2018 and become part of our centenary legacy to the nation and beyond. Please contact Lucy Kentish on [lk@neversuchinnocence.com](mailto:lk@neversuchinnocence.com) if you would like to support, sponsor or get involved with Never Such Innocence.

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