

Never Such Innocence

.....

2016/17 Poetry & Art Competition

WINNING ENTRIES





Thank you...

Never Such Innocence would like to thank the following for kindly giving their time to judge the 2016/17 Poetry and Art Competition:

Barry Alexander, Meg Bateman, Dr Jonathan Black,
Caroline de Peyrecave, Ruaidhri Dowling, Jim Fellows,
Rick Graham, Professor Sir Deian Hopkin, Stanley Johnson,
Rosi Lister, Aonghas MacNeacail, Flight Sergeant Gill Malam,
Michaela Morgan, Eirlys Jones, Androcles Scicluna,
Dr Martin Stephen, Anna Trethewey and Nathalie Trouveroy

We would also like to thank the following for kindly donating runner-up prizes for our 2016/17 Poetry and Art Competition:

Barroux, Vicki Berwick PR, Michael Foreman,
Hachette Children's Group, Martin Impey, Michaela Morgan,
Dr Viv Newman, Tom Palmer, Sarah Ridley, Megan Rix,
Hillary Robinson and Templar Publishing

The 2016/17 Competition would not have been possible without the generous support of:



Never Such Innocence

2016/17 Poetry and Art Competition Winning Entries

Three years, three competitions, hundreds and hundreds of miles, thousands of children. We set out to find a means of commemorating the centenary of the Great War, ensuring that our young people nationally and now internationally, were given the opportunity to play their part, engage and feel important during this centenary period. I certainly had no idea the impact and reach Never Such Innocence (NSI) would have.

In 2015 I wrote a foreword for our book of winning poetry & art entries, I said from little acorns to mighty oaks, in doing so I wanted to in some way demonstrate how the nation's children had taken the centenary commemorations on, tackling challenging, emotive topics with respect, thought and creativity. These children have moved and inspired our judges, and people around the nation by the quality and quantity of entries they have produced in poetry, art and song.

I am delighted that our reach continues to grow, the world's children, the custodians of our future, are doing us proud!

As we embark on our final year 2017/18, we are keen to reach further and wider than ever before, meeting with schools and communities, engaging them with the centenary.

From little acorns, to mightier oaks than one could ever have imagined.

Lady Lucy French,
Founder and CEO



Our progress to date...

Children and young people from around the world continue to move us with their thought-provoking responses to the First World War. This year for the 2016/17 Competition, we have seen a record numbers of entries, schools and countries (as you can see from the maps below these include the United Kingdom and Crown Dependencies, Canada, New Zealand, Malaysia and Romania).

To promote the competition we hold a series of roadshows to encourage communities to play a part in the centenary commemorations. The roadshows take place in special venues and are attended by schoolchildren, representatives of the military and the local great and the good. The Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC) joins the roadshow to highlight local Commonwealth war graves and encourage schools to visit them to inspire their entries. We also invite local children to participate by reciting poems they have written themselves or from the Great War period.

Our reach globally!



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



Our reach across the British Isles



The 2016/17 Competition has seen a very successful partnership with the Royal Canadian Legion and their 'National Poster and Literary Contests' which focuses on the theme of Remembrance. Canadian winning entries can be found on pages 6, 14, 21, 25, 29 and 30.

We produce a free comprehensive resource which provides a child-friendly journey through the First World War, with poetry and artwork from the period incorporated throughout. Sections include topics such as The War at Sea and The Home Front, and we update the resource for each competition to include new stories and perspectives. The resource is designed to inspire entries to the competition, which is open to all 9-16 year olds and is free to enter. By entering the competition, entrants are in with the chance to win prizes for themselves and their school, and all entrants receive a certificate of commendation signed by our President, Vice Admiral Sir Tim Laurence, and CEO, Lady Lucy French.

During the 2016/17 Roadshow we visited communities in Blackwood, Exeter, Chester, Liverpool, Portsmouth aboard HMS Iron Duke, and Leek, where we were kindly hosted by the Rt Hon Karen Bradley MP. We have been overwhelmed and often moved to tears by the incredibly moving work produced by the children and young people we encounter.

When we embarked on our Never Such Innocence journey we wanted to be inclusive, reaching out to communities across the British Isles, and beyond. We run the poetry competition in English, Gaelic (piloted in 2015/16) and Welsh (piloted in 2016/17). We are delighted to have our second Gaelic winner and first Welsh winner feature in this booklet on pages 32 and 33. This year we also piloted *Songs of the Centenary* - see page 36 for more!

During the 2016/17 Competition we have engaged with children from 157 different schools, a 40% increase from 2015/16. A total of 1289 children entered the poetry competition and 621 entered the art competition. For details of our fourth and final competition please see pages 34 and 35.

The Never Such Innocence Team

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



CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

FIRST PLACE

I stand alone

by Rebecca Farnfield from South Farnham School

I am the Hornbeam tree, I stand alone
 Rooted here on this bloodied throne.
 I rule over the dead and I'm testament to their pain,
 This wretched war where there's nothing to gain.
 I have seen flesh cut like butter, and heard grown men scream,
 These harrowing sights haunt my every dream.
 I watched them fall, one by one,
 The choking gas at the back of their tongue.
 I tried to protect them, offering my trunk for strength
 But the ceaseless rain of gunfire, meant they couldn't leave the trench.
 As my rust coloured leaves fall like tears,
 I become a sole survivor of these war torn years.
 My roots are embedded with the souls of the dead.
 My branches reaching up so their prayers can be said
 I'm alone on this meadow, once scarce and rotten,
 But my comrades below will never be forgotten.

"My inspiration came from reading 'A Monster Calls' by Patrick Ness, the tree in this story has an important message to get across. Giving the tree a voice allowed me to write my poem from a first-hand perspective. This made it more personal and the imagery more powerful and poignant as the tree was actually there living through the pain of war."

- Rebecca Farnfield, First Place Winner

CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

FIRST PLACE

Invisible Father

by Leong Tong Yan from Ipoh, Malaysia



CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

SECOND PLACE

The Last Salute*by Ivy Shi from Calgary, Canada*

CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

SECOND PLACE

I Will Remember*by Caitlin Costello from St Charles Borromeo Catholic Primary School*

I sit alone rocking back and forth,
 An old man, my skin shrivelled and my eyesight poor,
 Dreaming in my own little world and mulling over the life I have lived,
 On the outside ancient and dead, the inside whizzing and
 whirling with memories of the past enclosed inside my mind,
 I remember,

We march off into the welcoming horizon,
 Fooled by its sense of safety,
 Our eyes so young and shining,
 Unaware of the fire about to set them alight,
 Young boys not wise enough to understand our own weakness,
 I remember,

Wading through the slushing mud,
 We sing to keep our spirits from this tragic reality,
 Our minds back home in our warm beds, silent and safe,
 Our hearts with those we left behind patiently awaiting our return,
 Those left praying that we will come back untouched and our souls unshattered,
 I remember,

My heart pounding and my heart beating,
 A blanket of smoke falls around us encasing us inside death's jaws as we cough and splutter,
 There's a symphony of guns and explosions ringing in my ears,
 deafening me and pulling me to the ground in fright,
 I am shocked at each breath I take for each symbolizes my still beating heart,
 I remember,

I see a soldier opposite me, an enemy, therefore a victim of my shot,
 But then I look past his uniform and into his pleading eyes,
 My mind urges my hand towards the trigger, but my heart wavers,
 The man is no different to me, lost in the confusion of war and hiding from the uncertainty of his future,
 I pull my gun back and we exchange glances, a friendship not to be expanded but not non-existent
 I remember,

Remaining bodies lie still scattered across the ground in a pool of red,
 noble blood shed for the future of their countries,
 We stand hand in hand with spirits of friends and relatives lost in battle so bloody for the freedom of others,
 But now I am back in the present sitting on the fields where my life was almost lost,
 The memories these fields hold are hidden with seas of poppies showing hope left from the hearts of the
 soldiers who made it out,
 I will remember.



CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

THIRD PLACE

A Child's View of the War

by Francesca Clarke from Portsmouth High Junior School

Who will read me a story at bedtime?
 Now that daddy has gone.
 Who will help me with my homework?
 Now that daddy has gone.
 Who will make me laugh when I'm down?
 Now that daddy has gone.
 Who will help me mend my toys?
 Now that daddy has gone.
 Who will take me to school?
 Now that daddy has gone.

Mummy, where has daddy gone?
 Please tell me mummy, where has he gone?

"I was immediately overwhelmed by the quantity, then by the variety – and the quality. Such original approaches, such empathy and understanding - and in such young writers! I brought some of the poems home with me.

I wanted to have the opportunity to read and re read them.

I am still looking at these poems - and not all of them have actually been placed as prize winners. There are only a limited number of prize positions. But every child who entered a poem is already a winner because these children have had the chance to learn about – and learn from - an unparalleled time in our history."

- Michaela Morgan, Poet and Children's Writer, Poetry Judge



CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

THIRD PLACE

Let's Make Art Not War

by Calvin Metcalfe from St. Keyna's School





CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

RUNNER UP

Peace

by Beatrice Haynes from Elizabeth College Junior School



RUNNER UP

1914

by Ethan Edwards from Libanus Primary School



CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

RUNNER UP

The Stone Soldier

by Ruby Townsend from Thrupp Primary School

The soldier of everlasting faith
They call him the war memorial
And his only friends are the crosses

Never stopping
Never resting
Full with belief he waits for peace to come

A forever lasting pillar of hope
Feel stuck to the ground
A guard protecting all the lost souls of the past

Stands proud and straight
Like waiting for his next order
Wanting you to know one thing
The world depended on him and his pals.

RUNNER UP

When the war is over

by Daisy Powell from Shenington Primary School

When the war is over,
The earth shall fall to sleep.
Dreaming of long forgotten ground,
Still ringing with retreat.
When the war is over,
The flag of white will fall,
Painting the graves with hope and peace
Where poppies now stand tall.

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

FIRST PLACE**Why?**

by Erin Longley from Holy Trinity Church of England Secondary School

Where have all the birds gone? Why can't I hear their song?
They've gone, my darling...gone. All you hear now is the blast of the gun.

Where have all the flowers gone? Why can't I smell their scent?
They've gone, my darling...gone. That's the stench of fear and death.

Where have all the boys gone? Why can't I hear their laughter?
They've gone, my darling...gone. All you hear now are the cries of men.

Where has the warm sun gone? Why am I so cold?
It's gone, my darling...gone. These are dark, dark days.

Where has my life gone? Why can't I see your face?
You've gone, my darling...gone. Rest, rest in peace.

"The children enjoyed writing these and I was very proud of their thoughtful independent work. Writing for a purpose and an audience really spurred the children on. Thank you for providing this opportunity and inspiring such young children to learn more about history."

- Shirley Turner, a teacher at Rotherfield Primary School

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

FIRST PLACE**We Are Making a New World**

by Cameron Hair from Hampton School



CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

SECOND PLACE

They shall not grow old...

by Yiwei Ni from Vancouver, Canada



"It was inspirational and a pleasure to judge the NSI Art competition for 2017. I was very impressed with the way in which WW1 was depicted through art and to such a high standard. It made our decisions all the more difficult! Well done to everyone that took part."

- Flight Sergeant Gill Malam, Ministry of Defence, Art Judge

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

SECOND PLACE

Snapshot

by Grace Miller from Gumley House Convent School

Gun in hand, heart in throat.

Tears in eyes, blood on coat.

Targets see, friends are not.

Poppies grow, bodies rot.

The man just killed, that could've been you.

Two innocents fighting, different leaders, same view.

Wanting a loved one, a meal to devour.

A cause of war from the want of power.

A crumpled letter, a tear down face.

A living son, a relief, but not an embrace.

Three more weeks, then hopefully home.

A steaming hot dinner, his chair a throne.

Boat trips awaiting, bags soon to be packed.

Letters sent and picture intact.

One bullet shot, that's all it took

For the mother to weep and the meal not cooked.

A boat with empty seat, his throne no heir,

No embrace, just a picture, framed with care.

His story not rare, like thousands he met.

For all those killed, lest we forget.

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

THIRD PLACE**A Ring**

by Emily Russell from The Royal School

My love, my soul mate, my life,
 Left to go to the bleak battle fields of France,
 To fight for his country, England,
 His bloody, tear stained jacket returned but not him,
 His smell lingers on the collar as I pull the coat to my face,
 I reach into his pocket, my fingers grasp something cold and metal,
 A clatter on the floor,
 A ray of sunshine
 There breaking through the grey gloom of my heart glimmers a ring
 But I never new he felt this way,
 Why would he do such a thing for a girl like me?

"This competition was focused on a subject students are interested in, and allowed them to express this in a variety of media. It really allowed students to get involved in the topic without being made to write an essay! I also really liked having past winners to show as examples and a really good resource pack available."

- Sarah Penny, a teacher at Alton Convent School

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

THIRD PLACE**We are the Dead**

by Honey Marshall from Alton Convent School



CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

RUNNER UP

The Homecoming

by Poppy Methold from Ryde School with Upper Chine



“Laura (Poetry Runner Up, see page 28) was really interested in exploring why young men decided to go to war. To get a variety of perspectives and worldwide insights we explored the excellent NSI online resources. Laura found them to be very visually appealing and it was great to see how they stimulated her interest in the historical details and personal experiences of those who left, and those who stayed behind. Laura enjoyed reading and discussing the moving and evocative WW1 poetry on the site, (‘Home Thoughts’ still amazes me).

I then told her the story of a great uncle of mine who left from a small farm in Ireland to join his cousins in going to war. With the guidance of the ‘poetry tips’ she was then confident about getting involved in writing a personal type of poem.”

- Liz Dempsey, teacher at St Patrick’s College

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

RUNNER UP

Forget me not

by Eloise Hunt from Claverham Community College

So many men, they all fight as one,
Yet each man, he stands alone,
This is war, not time for fun,
They’re so far from home,

On the way there’s time to think,
What to prepare for, stomachs sink.
They miss their loved ones left at home,
But for now these lands they’ll roam.

Each step they take is closer to death,
It’s getting harder to walk, they can’t catch their breath,
The idea is burned deep into their mind,
That their lives so easily away have signed.

All are scared of what is to come,
Words unspoken, they’re all feeling numb.
There is a pain they must all carry and bear,
And a loss they all must equally share,

All the things they should have said,
There are bombs underfoot, watch where you tread,
In a land full of fear, brothers they fall,
All men will lose, not one man stands tall.



CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

RUNNER UP

Three Koi Fish

by Tom Yeadon from Blundell's School

3 Koi fish floated along a stream made up of mud;
Fear, Disease and Hope

Fear was an ebony death,
Swiftly swimming, seeping into the minds of soldiers
Long elegant fins scraping along the walls
Plummeting into the darkest corners of consciousness
Nestling down to forge the chains of worry

Disease was slender,
Darting between the gaps of carelessness
Silvery-white hues blinded all who hosted the creature
As teeth sink in, mould, death and suffering all appear
Once finished, it leaps onto another pathetic spirit

Fingers tremble as Fear seizes control.
Keeping it a hostage
Shrieks paint the sky with bright bursts
Crimson cascading from wounds
Disease penetrates the locks we place around life
Releasing it unto a world beyond us

Then there was Hope
Orange glimmers glide over scales, a beauty to behold
It floated into hearts, leaving Joy and Love empty

Only to vanish as swiftly as it cam
Haunting another victim with the lie of false hope



CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

RUNNER UP

Lest We Forget

by Grace Gao from Ottawa, Canada



CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

FIRST PLACE

Hidden Grief

by Anna Horwich from Uppingham School



“Those who accuse today’s young people of being self-centred, disengaged and concerned only with their own image, should read the poems submitted to the Never Such Innocence 2017 Poetry Competition. Entering into the horrors of the trenches, the psychological agony of those who waited at home and cognisant of the wounds the war also inflicted on the natural world, the youngsters demonstrated understanding, empathy and emotional intelligence well beyond their tender years.”

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

CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

FIRST PLACE

Dear Ivy

by Hannah Owens from Jersey College for Girls

Dear Ivy,

I hope our little Johnny is well.

*Bound in formality, the tear brushed from the page.
Curl the pain inside the hand clenched around pen and ink,
Words I cannot say and must hold against my mind;
Take to my grave, wherever I shall at last lie.*

*A child we brought into a world where I wish he could never need walk.
Hold him dear to your heart, Ivy, for I've seen a world that would destroy him.
I live in that world each day and I don't think my heart can bear to love anymore.*

I truly miss you and I look forward to seeing you again.
Could you love and forgive the hands that have killed?

My dearest, a moment does not pass when I do not think of you.

*The war flickering behind my eyes,
Memories echoing in my dreams and ringing the tolling bells in my ears,
The sighing of men in their final moments.
The screams, the final screams, those screams that you can never shut out.*

I am going to fight in this war, win this war for you and our Johnny.

Ivy, tell him of me, would you? Tonight as you cradle him.

*Remind him that once you married me, and felt at peace in my arms-
That I was a good man that never raised his hand against another.
Oh, remind me that I once... once was something else.*

Tell Johnny- father'll be home soon.

*A father he can never rely on, one he must turn from in shame.
I've become all I feared, all you never dreamt of;
A mirror of cowardice that lurks in the sombre abyss of his mind. Alone.*

As they say, Ivy, this war'll be over by Christmas.

*I wade each day through the murky depths of lies,
Falling around me, to settle alone upon the fields.
That's what they say, although for whom I am not sure;
Do you wait with impatience to hold a scarred one sooner?
Do I long to see the disappointment upon your face?*

Yours with love,

*If inside me there is anything left that I may call love,
As pure that I could dare to bestow upon you.
I made you mine, and yet now what can I return?
A father I am not fit to be,
As your husband I could not look you in the eye and hold your gaze.*

I'm broken.

Your Samuel.

Help me.

CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

SECOND PLACE

In The Dark

by Liam Walsh from Claverham Community College

As the light of the grey day faded to leave,
 only total darkness,
 the snow began to fall so thick you'd freeze,
 until the lamps,
 were lit with matches held by shaking fingers,
 illuminating dull,
 the trenches filled with near-dead ringers.

The eve was cold, t'was as if a cloak,
 laid by the north and south,
 had stifled all life, but left the hoax,
 that life still existed in the devil's mouth.

No man should be made to wade through mud,
 snow and swathes of bodies rotten,
 no man should suffer the lack of life's bud,
 but these men knew hell, their comforts forgotten,
 they followed the orders of generals on high,
 'for King and Country' was the supposed reason,
 to fight against humans, their very own kind,
 for to do anything else would be considered treason.

These men, who knew the secret hell,
 did not question.

The cyclic blast of shell after shell,
 seemed to herald a bastion.

These men carried their equipment and weapons,
 but these were naught compared to the burden,
 of their duty, they knew it ended in Heaven,
 the place which they'd earned in service for certain.

As for the light faded dim,
 they knew their fate was sealed,
 yet they accepted the fact, however grim,
 and pushed on through the battlefield.

As the light of day faded low,
 they waited for the mark,
 when they heard the whistle blow,
 they greeted death as a friend in the dark.

CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

SECOND PLACE

Love to our Country/ Lest we Forget

by Jude Brian Derla from St Brieux, Canada



"The standard of writing across all age groups was so high that choosing the final winners was no easy task... Some of the most heart-rending pieces portrayed the experience of war from a child's perspective, while others captured the essence of soldiering so effectively that I found it difficult to believe that the words were penned by 21st Century teenagers."

- Major (Ret'd) Barry Alexander, Poetry Judge



CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

THIRD PLACE

The woman who fought

by Esme Fergusson from King's High Warwick



CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

THIRD PLACE

Pin Drop

by Rosina Griffiths from Uppingham School

The last echoes of the bugle call
Have been swallowed by the deafening silence
That envelops us all.

We are thrust into a time unfamiliar to us,
To witness the stolen youth of a generation.

Any day they could be gone,
Brother, Father, Husband, Son.
The ones they love must stay at home.
Mother, Sister, Daughter, Wife,
Must face the prospect of life...
Alone.

Letters float across the sea,
Brimming full of love and hope
In order to hide their fears.
Only some come limping back,
Whilst others bring news greeted only
By tears.

The red flower falls and
The tiny clamour of the pin's head shatters the silence.
The reveille sounds,
The longing lament of those who lost,
Lost so much more than their youth.

CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

RUNNER UP

Till I Hear Your Footsteps*by Laura Crawley from St Patrick's College*

Come close my mother Nancy,
And give me your blessing free.
Say you're proud of your soldier son,
As I take tender leave of thee.

It's time to right old wrongs, we're told,
In the world I'll play my part.
They say there's glory to be gained,
So I'll go with a hopeful heart.

Men are leaving from their great estates,
And from many a cottage small.
Our hearts are stirred up by the cause,
Together we've answered the call.

My cousins John and Joseph
Have already signed up to go,
Young Bernard awaits me at the gate,
So I must not be slow.

Mother you know the world is wide
But if on this farm I'd keep;
I'd live in dreary drudgery
As I'd plough and sow and reap

Yet I'll dream of the lanes, where in summer I strolled,
Hedged with roses, wild and sweet.
The lark's loud song as I cut the corn
In the field where two rivers meet.

And I'll miss our granite mountains grey,
That sweep to swirling seas;
The green glens where vanilla gorse
Scents the spring time breeze.

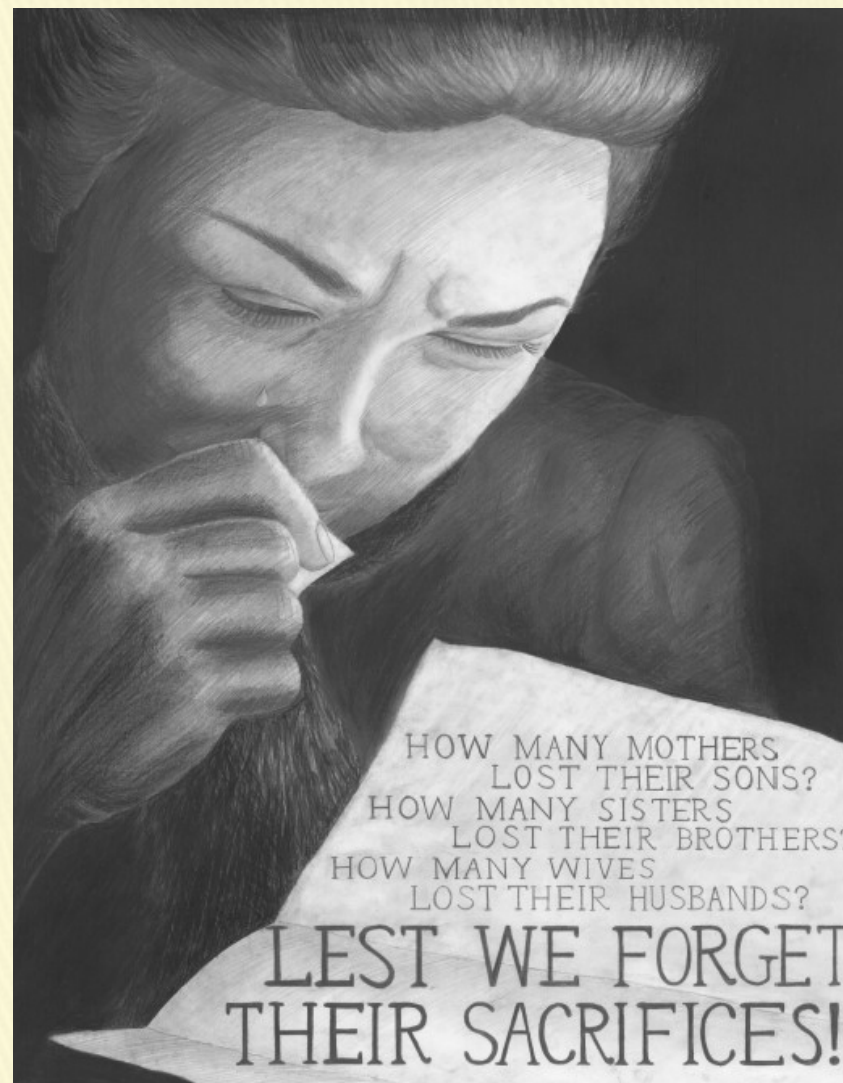
Of victory we are certain, dear one,
So I'll come back to your fireside bright,
When there's glistening holly on the mantle shelf.
I'll be home by Christmas night.

Goodbye my darling Daniel,
How my heart with grief does burn.
I'll place a candle on the window sill
Each night till you return.

It will glow there through the dark times,
For my pride, my youngest boy.
Till I hear your footsteps at my door
My heart will not know joy.

CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

RUNNER UP

Lest We Forget Their Sacrifices*by Jiade Guo from Scarborough, Canada*

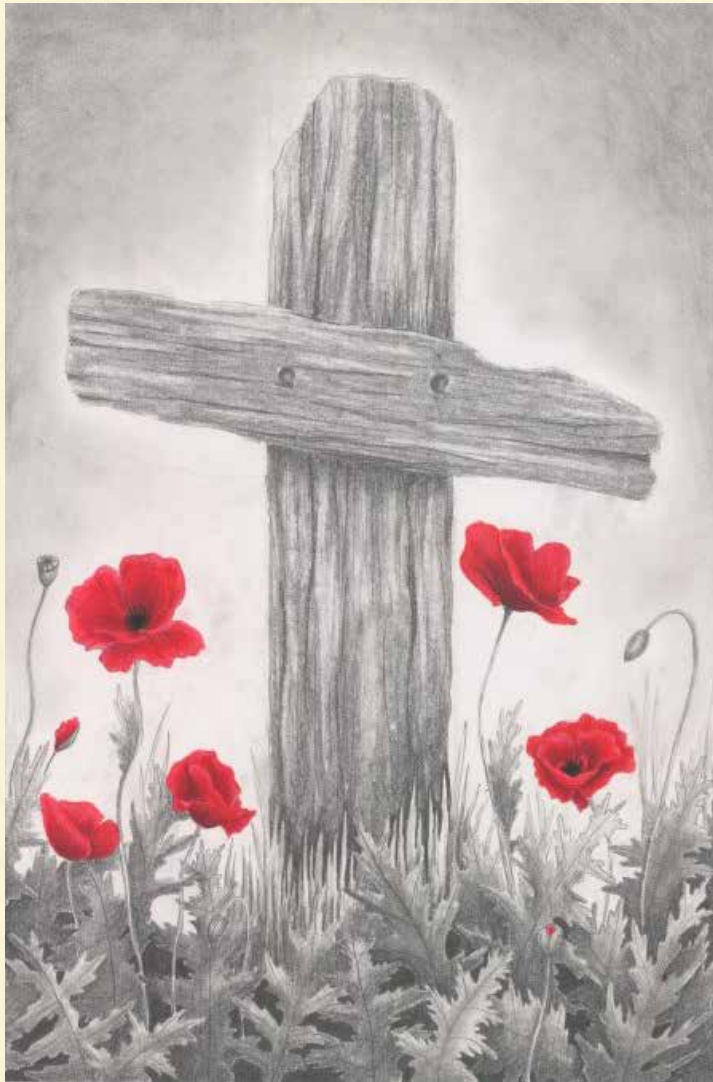


CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

RUNNER UP

Remember the Fallen

by Jennifer Boadway from Viking, Canada



CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

RUNNER UP

I Am

by Rida Khan from Tiffin Girls' School

I am a mother protecting her child,
I watch him sell newspapers down the lane,
Although on the outside he seems beguiled,
I can see how his eyes hold so much pain.

I am a wife waiting for her husband,
Every letter he sends me gives me hope,
For I fear for his life every second,

And sometimes I find it hard not to mope
I am a sister serving the Women's Land Army,
I work with the others on the farm everyday,
Although to some this concept strikes as smarmy,
At least we are now almost getting equal pay.

I am a woman at war,
At war with myself, at war for our lives,
And at war for our country,
Do not forget that I am waiting, waiting, waiting,
For the return of peace.

GAELIC WINNER

Dà Bhalach as an Eilean (Two Boys on the Island)*by Hamish Scott*

Dà bhalach as an eilean
 A' seasamh air a chidhe
 A' feitheamh ris a' bhata
 Airson an giulain gu cogadh
 'S iad air bhoil.

Dà bhalach as an eilean
 Ann an campa an airm
 Gun fhios mun chràdh
 A tha roimhpe
 'S iad saorsnail.

Dà bhalach as an eilean
 Anns an trainnse
 A' fuireach ris an ath shreath de nàimhdean
 Is am bas nan sealladh
 Is iad fo iomagain.

Dà bhalach as an eilean
 A sabaid an Caisear
 Feumar seasamh daingeann
 Am measg na feadhainn a tha leòinte, tinn
 Is iad brònach.

Aon bhalach as an eilean
 A dol dhachaigh fa dheòigh
 'S e caoidh a charaid
 A' thuit as a bhlar
 'S e tùrsach

Aon ghaisgeach as an eilean
 A tilleadh dhan' a bhlàr-chatha
 Aig a cheart uair seo, gun ghumna a' losgadh
 Gun èigheachd s'gun chràdh
 'S e meòrachadh; "Carson a thachair seo?"
 Carson? Carson? Carson?

*"Da Bhalach is neatly structured, with a clear, but not rigid, sense of rhythm.
 Repetition of the first line, which changes with the sad turn of events,
 both drives the poem and adds to its emotional impact."*

- Aonghas MacNeacail, *Gaelic Poetry Judge*

WELSH WINNER

Yr Enaid Byw (My Living Soul)*By Mari Wyn Jones from Ysgol Maes Garmon*

Disgwyl arswyd, disgwyl angau,
 Disgwyl anfad ac anafau;
 Wedi oriau o ddfilastod,
 Brwydr waedlyd ddaw'n annatod.

Colli hyder a cholli ffydd,
 Colli gobeithion i fy hun
 Pan ddaw'r gelynyon dros y bryn
 A ninnau'n sefyll yno'n syn.

Profi'r gwaed a phrofi'r gwallgof
 Profi'r pryder ddaw yn angof;
 Yr arfau'n rhoio hyd y wawr:
 Gwn mai uffern yw fy mynd nawr...

Cofio'r bechgyn, cofio ffrindiau,
 Cofio'r hunllef o flinderau;
 Mi gefais innau ras fy Nuw-
 Ond marw bydd fy enaid byw.

"...the power of the poem is that the meaning shines through the structure and, indeed, the rhythmic pattern itself adds dimension to the message. The theme is fear, death, injury, misery and the loss of hope. But there are other powerful emotions here – the sense of futility, of anger and, of course, the depiction of war itself, the nightmare of the noise. The language is carefully crafted, the punctuation is accurate and effective..."

- Professor Sir Deian Hopkin is the Chair of Wales Remembers-Cymru'n Cofio, 2014-19, and Adviser to the First Minister of Wales, *Welsh Poetry Judge*

The Final Push

We hope our final competition in 2017/18 will be the widest reaching, most inclusive and best yet! Our final competition will welcome poetry and song entries in all languages. Existing categories include English, Gaelic and Welsh. We want to ensure that as many children as is possible are able to play their part in the centenary, to have a significant voice, and to create their own centenary legacy.

On our journey to 2018, we will continue to engage with children and young people across the British Isles, and the wider world. To mark the centenary of the RAF in 2018, in partnership with RAF100, our roadshows will travel to RAF bases across the British Isles, where we shall be asking children to consider the war in the skies as a particular theme.

Our partnership with the Royal Canadian Legion will engage more children and young people from across Canada, and we are embarking on a new partnership with the British Council and Commonwealth War Graves Commission on a project called *Salonika Remembers*. We will invite schools to visit and explore the CWGC cemeteries in Thessaloniki, Greece, and respond creatively to this experience through poetry, art and song. We are pleased to be working with the Royal Navy and British Army in addition to the RAF.

In 2018 we shall be collating a lasting legacy. We shall release an album of the Songs of the Centenary and publish a book containing all of the winning poetry and art entries from the four centenary years, preserved for generations to come – The Children's Centenary Legacy.

We are enormously proud to work with the following partners for The Final Push:



The Final Push

If you are interested in taking part, would like a roadshow to visit your community or school, or would like to receive a free copy of the Never Such Innocence resource please email the team at enquiries@neversuchinnocence.com.

Below is a snapshot of some of the rules to the competition, full rules and details may be found on our website www.neversuchinnocence.com.

- The competition is open to children worldwide aged 9-16
- Entries are divided into three age categories: Years 5-6 (age 9-11), Years 7-9 (age 11-14) and Years 10-11 (age 14-16)
- We ask for individual entrants, or teachers on behalf of their pupil/s, to notify us of any special educational needs they would like the judges to consider
- There is no entry fee
- Entries may be on any subject relating to the First World War
- Artwork can be made in any medium
- The copyright of each entry remains with the author. However, authors of the winning entries, by entering the competition, grant Never Such Innocence the right to publish and/or broadcast their work
- The deadline for entries is Friday 16th March 2018



You can win up to £400 for you and your school!



SONGS OF THE CENTENARY

New for 2016/17 is *Songs of the Centenary (SOTC)*. We are delighted to be in partnership with Dave Stewart Entertainment (and supported by We are IVE) to engage with young people through song. We have developed an app to help them; this has been kindly developed and is powered by Trackd. We also provide free in school song writing workshops with our Teacher and Artist in Residence, Marty Longstaff, to support the children. *SOTC* aims to combine music created by leading artists with lyrics written by children, together creating The Songs of the Centenary. A Special Commendation has been awarded to Lara Vujasevic for her song, *Fighting on my Own*.



Fighting on my Own

by Lara Vujasevic

Somebody said go and join the war
My mother had to show me the door
Holding a gun in my hand
Am I strong enough to kill a man
Now the enemy is coming and I have just got to defend myself

{Chorus} I am in the war now fighting for Britain
Too scared to fight now I don't want to be here
I am giving it my all, am scared that I won't come home
Fighting this war on my own

They brought in some new soldiers
There's one called Jack we have grown closer
Come on some bombs all around, Jacks fallen to the ground

{Chorus}

So far away, but still so near, fighting this war with fear
I don't know what to do but cry
I just watched my best friend die

{Chorus x2}

So far away but still so near, I know my future will be clear
War has come to an end.

RUNNERS UP

Joel Thornton for *They Fought in the Rain*

Molly Keating for *A Better Way*

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 and development of the fourth edition resource
- A 2017/18 roadshow
- The 2017/18 competition award's ceremony
- The 2017/18 competition prize money
- The 2017/18 competition exhibition
- The Children's Centenary Legacy Book

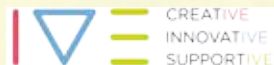
By supporting Never Such Innocence you will ensure we continue our journey to 2018 and become part of our centenary legacy to the nation and beyond. Please contact Lucy Kentish on lk@neversuchinnocence.com if you would like to support, sponsor or get involved with Never Such Innocence.

President

Vice Admiral Sir Tim Laurence KCVO CB ADC(P)

Committee

The Lord Bilimoria of Chelsea CBE DL; Simon Blagden CBE; Simon Brocklebank-Fowler; Rupert Collingwood; Damian Collins MP; Lady Lucy French; Field Marshal the Lord Guthrie of Craigiebank GCB LVO OBE DL; Susan Hammond; Jono Hart; Dan Jarvis MBE MP; Colin Kerr; Leslie MacLeod Miller; General Sir Gordon Messenger KCB DSO* OBE; the Rt Hon the Viscount Norwich CVO; Brigadier-General Matthew Overton; Lieutenant Colonel Peter Poole MBE MILT; Jonathan Refoy; Ben Ridgwell; Brigadier David Ross CBE; Major General David Rutherford-Jones CB; Dr Martin Stephen; Sir Hew Strachan DL; Vice Admiral Charles Style CBE; Major James Swanston; Lieutenant General Sir Barney White-Spunner KCB CBE





NEVER SUCH INNOCENCE

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