

Never Such Innocence

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2017/18 Poetry, Art & Song Competition

WINNING ENTRIES





Thank you...

Never Such Innocence would like to thank the following for kindly giving their time to judge the Poetry, Art, and Song competition:

Barry Alexander, Michael Burleigh, Sergeant Scottie Clark, Ned Douglas,
Emma Dowley, James Fellows, Rick Graham, Clare Grindey, Susan Hammond,
Philip Harris, Jono Hart, Martin Impey, Mark Jackson, Gabriella Kardos, Colin Kerr,
Michael Langmead, Rob Lewis, Murdo Maclean, Flight Sergeant Gill Malam,
Michaela Morgan, Cheryl Moscowitz, Dr Andrew Murrison MP, Dr Viv Newman,
Helen Paterson, Caroline de Peyrecave, Holly Quin Ankrah, Androcles J. Scicluna,
Dave Stewart, Sir Hew Strachan DL, Grant Tilbury, Anna Trethewey, Elaine Vosko
and Jo Young

We would like to thank the following for kindly donating runner-up prizes for our 2017/18 Poetry and Art Competition:

Martin Impey, Michaela Morgan, Dr Viv Newman, Sarah Ridley and Hillary Robinson

The 2017/18 Competition would not have been possible without the generous support of:



Never Such Innocence

2017/18 Poetry and Art Competition Winning Entries

I cannot quite believe that I am writing the foreword for our fourth and final booklet of winning entries marking the Centenary of the First World War. The culmination of an extraordinary four years.

When we set out to engage young people in the Centenary in 2014 we had no idea how the United Kingdom would respond (we certainly didn't think it would reach any further!). We were humbled by the contribution from that first year, and have, year on year become more ambitious and wide reaching. We have now had young people from 44 countries participate... this extraordinarily international response to the events of 100 years ago has been phenomenal. Thousands of 9-16 year olds coming together to share their responses to these events that changed our world.

I have found the work poignant, thoughtful and thought provoking, as have our judges who have deliberated hard to make the selections each and every year. This, our final Centenary year, was perhaps the most taxing having received over 7,000 brilliant entries!

Over the years in these forewords I have alluded to acorns and oak trees to emphasise the might and scale of what our NSI young people have achieved... this year, imagine a forest filled with trees from every continent standing tall remembering the sacrifices made 100 years ago. Everyone who has contributed to NSI over these four years has built this forest and I thank you for it.

Lady Lucy French,
Founder and CEO

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.

Extract from Rebecca Farnfield's poem I Stand Alone, a 2016/17 first place winner



Introduction

The 2017/18 Competition has been our biggest and most successful yet, with over 40 countries and territories participating. Our fourth and final Centenary Competition received 7,136 entries, more than a threefold increase on our 2016/17 Competition. Our map below shows the full reach of 2017/18, with entries received from as far and wide as India, Germany, Canada, South Korea, Rwanda and Greece.

During our 2017/18 roadshow we visited communities at a number of exciting and prestigious venues across the UK, and Europe, including Birmingham Council House, The Ulster Museum, Thessaloniki City Hall, RAF Valley, RAF Odiham, Edinburgh Castle, Sunderland Minster, RAF Leeming, CWGC Head Office, Hattingen Comprehensive School, RAF Lossiemouth, The Guildhall, and the RAF Museum in Hendon. Our special guests included Prime Minister Theresa May, Chief of the Air Staff Sir Stephen Hillier, and Islamic Advisor to the Ministry of Defence Imam Asim Hafiz.

Our reach globally!



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



Our reach across the British Isles



Our 2017/18 Competition featured two special bonus strands, Thank You and War in the Skies. In partnership with The Royal British Legion we invited young people to pay tribute and say Thank You to the First World War generation, an opportunity for creative expression of appreciation and gratitude – winning works may be found from page 44. And together with RAF100, we encouraged children to consider the war in the skies as part of their contribution to mark 100 years since the formation of the world's first independent air force – winning works may be found from page 52.

Our Salonika Remembers project – in partnership with the British Council, British Embassy, Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC) and Museum for Macedonian Struggle – invited schools across Greece to visit and explore their local CWGC cemeteries and respond to this experience creatively, produced three 2017/18 Competition winners, which may be found on pages 5, 11 and 26.

We want every participant of our competition to feel proud of their contribution to the Centenary so every entrant receives a personalised Certificate of Commendation signed by our President, Vice Admiral Sir Tim Laurence, and our Founder and Chief Executive, Lady Lucy French.

For 2017/18 we extended our English, Gaelic and Welsh strands, inviting entries in ALL languages. During the 2017/18 competition, a total of 3,850 children entered the poetry competition, 2,482 entered the art competition, and 772 participated in Songs of the Centenary, across all age categories from 712 different schools and educational settings.

The 2017/18 Never Such Innocence Competition was supported by The Royal British Legion, the National Lottery through the Big Lottery Fund, IVE and RAF100.

The Never Such Innocence Team

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updated with all our
news and events



CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

FIRST PLACE**The Poppy***by Marat Bilalov*

I waited many years in vain
For blood to water my roots with pain

The heavy steps and drops of blood
Had churned the soil from grass to mud

I heard it all from underground
My hiding place had lain unfound

Until the jolt of grief and death
Innocent men, their final breath

When guns fell silent and cries had ceased
All was quiet, my fields at peace

Barren lands and trenches deep
A resting place for those who sleep

Soul and seed as one we grew
A little seedling, pushing through

I was the first to stand up tall
To weep in pain for those who fall

My comrades followed soon behind
To give a reason to remind

Petals stained a bloody red
The tears that many mothers shed

Leaves so full of hopes and dreams
A field of crops that thrives and gleams

A poisoned stud so small and black
Our loved ones never welcomed back

We are forever in their debt
A field of souls lest we forget

CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

FIRST PLACE**Air Raid***by Konstantinos Kostopoulos from the 13th Primary School of Kalamaria, Greece*

"Konstantinos heard about the First World War for the first time and he was very interested in the way soldiers fought (trenches, artillery, air raids). His inspiration was to create a war scene that would depict planes bombarding over the trenches. That would be a very usual scene for the First World War. He used charcoal so as to create a black and white scene referring to the past."

- Stella Tziafeta, Teacher at 13th Primary School of Kalamaria

CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

SECOND PLACE

Lest We Forget

Sonja Csik from Saint Michael Catholic Academy, Canada



CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

SECOND PLACE

For a Horse

by Matthew Heaney from Lough View Integrated Primary School

Four fast hooves clip, clip, clapping
 Fine high head nodding, bobbing
 Smartly stepping, forward going
 Wind wafting, soft mane flowing

Long legs lithely trot, trot, trotting
 Following orders, slowly stopping
 Heavy sack slinging, broad back breaking
 Once more starting, muscles aching

Frightened heart thud, thud, thudding
 Big brown eyes stinging, streaming
 Terrible noises, screaming, moaning
 Poisoned air gasping, groaning

Sinews burning, throb, throb, throbbing
 Deep in mud, struggling, straining
 Smells so dreadful, shocking, stinking
 Breathing harshly, downward sinking

Strong neck tensing, pull, pull, pulling
 Not giving up, snorting, striving
 Journey completed, panting wheezing
 Heavy load lifted pain now easing

Heroic war horse – worth remembering!



CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

THIRD PLACE

Ready

by Ryan Reed from Walkergate Community School

They thought they were ready for anything.
 Deranged trees dancing in the midnight breeze.
 Squishy, clumping mud traps innocent feet.
 The cloudy water glistens in the light.
 Water, like glass, reflecting destruction.
 Rusting barbed wire stands far from old ladders.
 An angry shell whistles as it flies past.
 The orange metal is smashed and flung.
 A furious wind growls in the night.
 Decomposing stretchers lie in the trench.
 Rows of dead trees stand silently like lamp-posts.
 Beyond the night sky, the men turn their backs.
 They thought they were ready for anything.



CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

THIRD PLACE

In Flanders Fields

by Kacper Machnik from Leighton Academy



CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

RUNNER UP

Untitled

by Kedaton Campbell from United States of America



CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

RUNNER UP

Thank You

by Anastasia Basta from the 3rd Primary School of Eleftherio-Kordelio, Greece

To those who fought with allies
 To those who felt alone
 To those who lost their lives
 To those who came back home
 To those who suffered for freedom
 To those of early youth
 To those who left a widow
 To those who nursed the dreadful wounds
 To those iron birds, high in the sky
 To those working hands that stayed behind
 To all those souls, full of valour
 A great "THANK YOU"
 in poppy's pure red colour.

"Judging the 'Never Such Innocence' poetry competitions has been amongst the most rewarding and frustrating of my Centenary commitments. Rewarding due to entrants' impressive empathy with the horror and the suffering of those pain-filled years. Frustrating because not every poem could be a winner – at times, debates amongst the judges were spirited! Through the Children's Centenary Legacy, NSI has ensured that 21st century children from around the world will keep 'faith with those who die[d]."

- Dr Viv Newman, Poetry Judge

CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

RUNNER UP

Death Will Find You

by Holly Brady from the City of London School for Girls

Oh Death,
Please do not claim me
Into your abyss of perpetual darkness
Where souls forever wander, alone
Not knowing that the world
Goes on without them.
I know that I am at your doorstep
With every step towards the battlefield.
Every step that could be my last.

You are not welcome here, oh Death,
Though you take us; unwilling as we are.
Fighting valiantly for our country,
But every bullet is your hand,
Reaching out to take us,
And you delight as our eyes go glassy,
As our life blood drains away into the soil,
Where many have fallen,
And will fall in the war torn days and years to come.

I do not want you, oh Death,
Let me live, for my country.
But all is the same to you-
British or German, Russian or Austro-Hungarian.
Whether I was their target or on the side,
I pray for those who have succumbed to you clutches.
Lucky though I have been,
I know now that when I open my eyes,
I will find you.

"It is with great pleasure that I would like to congratulate Holly Brady from the City of London School for Girls based in my constituency on her success in the 2017/18 Never Such Innocence Poetry Competition. Her poem 'Death Will Find You' is an exceptionally well written piece and captures the very essence of what so many serving on the Western Front, and indeed across the world, would have felt and suffered. To have such emotive and poignant words come from someone so young a century on is quite an achievement. I am sure that Holly's literary skills will further flourish elsewhere in the future"

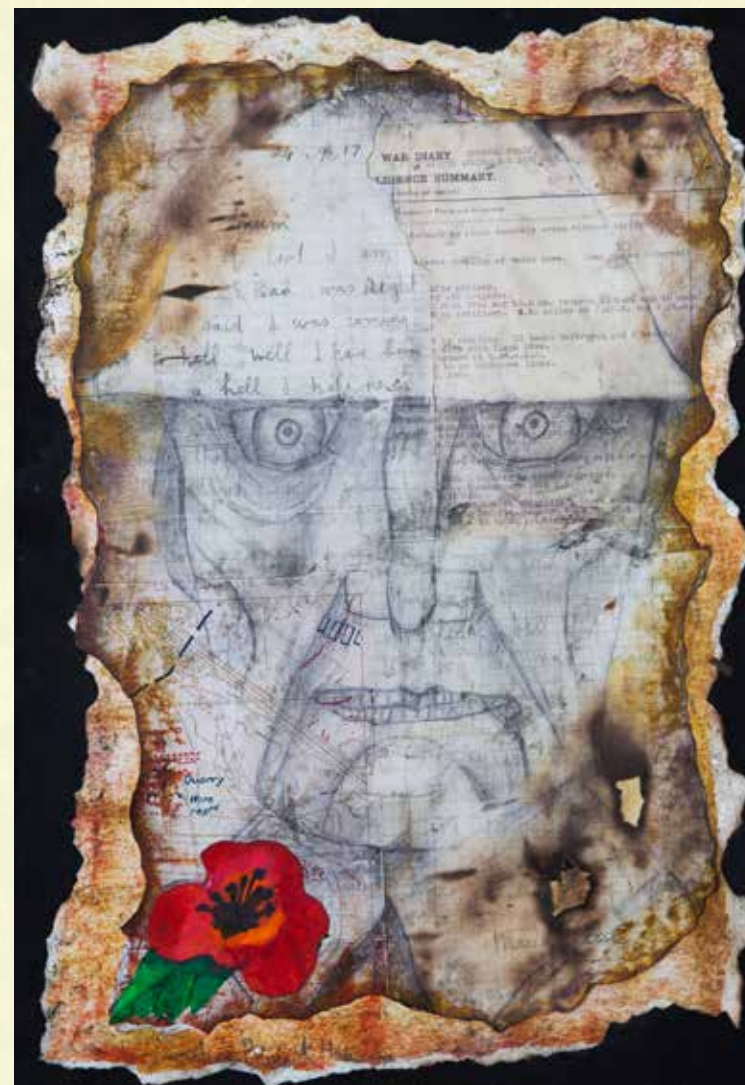
- Rt Hon Mark Field MP (Cities of London and Westminster)

CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

RUNNER UP

The Face of War

by Anna Potocnik Hahonina



CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

SPECIAL COMMENDATION

WW1 Quilt

by King Henry VIII and Cantref Primary, Abergavenny;
Osbaston CW School, Monmouth; Usk CW School and Caldicot Secondary



130 pupils took part in 10 funded school-based, artist-led workshops, through the Young Arts Programme of Monmouthshire Decorative and Fine Arts Society (MDFAS) affiliated to The Arts Society, to commemorate to the First World War.

CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

SPECIAL COMMENDATION

Sweetheart Brooches

by Kaksha Chandarana, Elizabeth Da Teresa, Lydia Lam, Zelal Cam, Omar Said,
George O'Mahoney, Adelina Cerniukaite Musa, Anastasia Elias, Taranom Hosseinpour,
Leo Braviak, Sophie Kuzia, Zuzanna Kaczmarczyk Mrs Ann Richards and
Mrs Elizabeth Brimson from Sunnyfields Primary School



"A hundred years have passed and the original generation affected by the First World War are all departed. But their experiences, their sufferings, their emotions and the lessons we learned are once more revived and spread throughout the world by our youngest generation as witnessed by their contribution in the Never Such Innocence Poetry and Art competition during these last three years on the hundredth anniversary of the First World War."

- Androcles J. Scicluna, Poetry Judge

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

FIRST PLACE**The Indian Soldier****by Jasleen Singh from Bristol Grammar School*

Home is where the heart is
 I heard a British Soldier say that here
 If that is true my love
 My home is a long, long way from here

My heart is under the mango tree
 Where its sweet blossoms smile almost as wide as me
 Instead shells are pouring like the rains in the monsoon
 Only we don't know for certain that these will ever stop

My heart is wondering somewhere far away from this God forsaken land
 Where night is never silent and stars are never seen
 Our richly spiced food is traded for a cold hard bread
 It impales my teeth like the bullets struck in the walls back home

My heart longs to fly away from here and join the flock of migrating birds
 They are escaping the smoke that plumes like wispy ghosts
 For a brighter land with silks of red, yellow and orange
 And a sun that beams just as vividly

My heart longs for freedom, freedom and peace
 I have a wish that my children can live in a world with more justice than me
 I do this for a promise, my love
 A promise to own the soil beneath our feet

My heart belongs to the corn fields
 And a warm breeze running free
 Instead the corpses cover the fields
 Like sheaves of harvested corn

My heart belongs to the children, hold them tight my dear
 Tell them whatever happens, Papa will always be near
 Tell them funny stories, make them laugh from ear to ear
 I shall be able to hear their laughter, even from a place as far as here

Our hearts long to sing
 Instead they are silenced
 Hidden amongst the millions of white crosses surrounding our graves
 Why?

We too gave our all when it came to the cry of the fight

** This poem is to commemorate all the 1.3 million Indian Soldiers who came to an unknown country to fight for the British during World War 1.*

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

FIRST PLACE**Behind each man***by Morrigan Atherton Forshaw from Albany Academy*

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

SECOND PLACE

The Torch

by Ziteng Cai from Alliance Art Academy, Canada



CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

SECOND PLACE

Left Behind

by Molly Leamon from St. Edward's Royal Free Ecumenical Middle School

Grey-haired, lonely, lost in thought

Silent, rocking back and forth

Knitting socks he'd never wear

So young he died, no life to spare

No photographs above the flames

Just memories of sunlit days

They were so young they had not guessed

What horrors soon would break the jest

Of glory, pride and honoured deaths

Not frozen toes and rasping breaths

Grey-hair, rocking in her chair

Knitting socks he'd never wear

"War is such a complex issue and, sadly, one that far too many of our young people continue to have direct experience of. We have so much to gain from the creative reflections of these young people. These poems can make us think and feel differently about a history we thought we knew. It was a privilege to be part of the judging process."

- Cheryl Moskowitz, Poetry Judge

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

THIRD PLACE

Stones

by Lucy Albuery from the Portsmouth Grammar School

You'll say you'll remember,
And I'll trust you that you'll try,
As you stand in Cathedrals,
Wearing pathetic, paper flowers.
You'll remember a few numbers,
Maybe a few names

Or just those graves you once saw on a school trip.

But for all you do to not let us fade away You can't bring yourself to apprehend, that We're already gone.

Never another noise will shake us,
Yet through the silence, blares
Rows and rows of what we became:

White rectangles, tattooed
With some numbers and a name.
A name that you claim to enshrine,
And numbers you pretend to have meaning to you.
But they're not what matters.
Because all that did has withered,
Into the cold soil we sleep.

You don't know who I was,
So how do you insist you remember
What you never knew?

I am love
I am fear
I am all that I've lost
And all the scars that defined me,
All I gave
and all I took.
I am hope
I am loss

All the tears that escaped.
I am what I showed the world
And all I hid from it, too.
All I am you will never know
By a name and some dates.

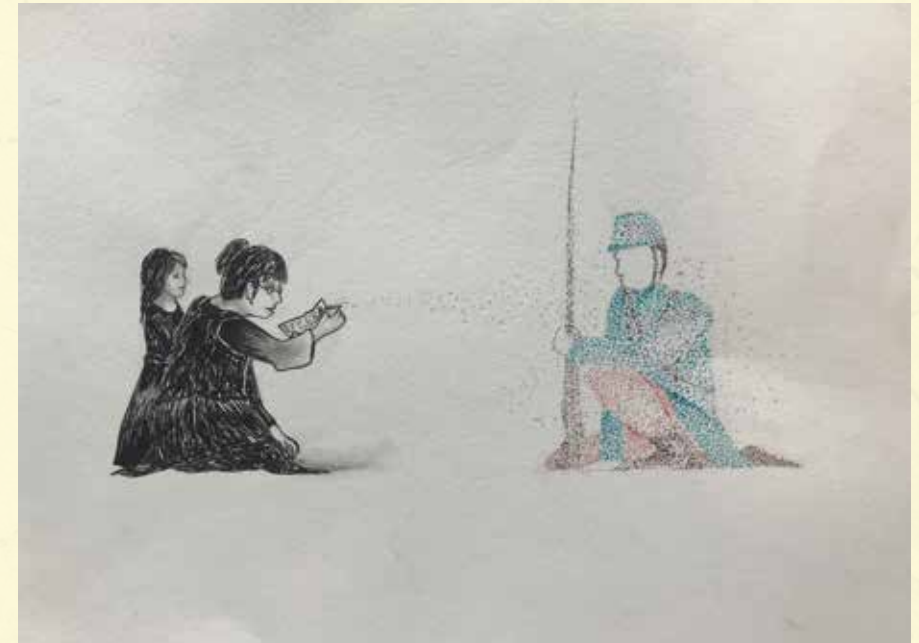
You don't remember me.
You remember a stone.

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

THIRD PLACE

La vie derrière les mots/Life behind words

by Lou Gesse from College du val d'Ornois, France



"For families, letters were the only way of "feeling" the presence of the soldiers. It was thus possible to stay in contact with them and with shared memories. This link was all the more important as the families of the soldiers were not sure of seeing them again. Letters could help people hold out hope in life"

- Lou Gesse, Third Place Winner

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

RUNNER UP

Home, Sweet Home

by Breanna Hogue from Art School of Olga Nazarkina, Canada



CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

RUNNER UP

Am I Not

by Jasmine Surif from Malborough College, Malaysia

I am a woman, and I wish to serve
 What difference does it make
 If I am not a boy, a man, nor a husband?
 "No," they advise me,
 "You must not fight!
 It's too risky for you,
 Stay a housewife."

Why is that so? Why should that be?
 Am I weak? Am I fragile?
 Am I not what my country needs?
 Should women forge weapons, yet stay away
 While men handle them, and succumb to the pain?

I am a woman, and I wish to serve
 If a human has the right to live
 The right to protect
 The right to fight
 So should I.
 Because I'm human too,
 Am I not?

Yet here I am
 Oppressed, behind the frigid window bars
 Watching, with a heavy heart,
 As the footsteps of my beloved
 On the dried, rusty leaves
 Slowly fades away

As the foul balls of toxic rise into the air
 As one by one, men of all nations lie lifeless
 On the once-green grass
 As I bear the harrowing reality
 That my loved ones are no more

Shattered and broken, I ponder once more
 What difference I could have made.
 Instead of remaining and crafting the guns,
 I'd have battled for justice, jubilant that we've won.

But here I am, alive.
 Basking in the light of victory
 Drowning in tears of misery
 Because I am a woman.
 Am I not?



CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

RUNNER UP

We Shot the Dreamers

by Lili Fairclough from Mossbourne Victoria Park Academy

We ask why we don't move forward
 Why our future is stuck in the past
 Why every war we wage
 Is somehow never the last

The ones who can tell us
 Are the ones who are gone
 Their lights were extinguished
 In battles like the Somme

How to fix our shattered world
 Scarred. Everywhere.
 With wounds that will not heal
 And people unaware

For they know not what is missing
 For they know not who has been killed
 For they know not the many faces
 Whose last sights were those fateful fields

We will not find salvation
 Till we look back to the past
 To the Dreamers that we shot
 In the war that was our 'last'



CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

RUNNER UP

Miners

by Sam Davidson from Hampton School



"I wish to congratulate Sam Davidson on being a runner up in this art competition. A truly incredible achievement, especially as there were 7,000 entries from around the world." Sam is not only a fantastic artist but he has also successfully highlighted a much neglected aspect of the First World War, that of the immense bravery and sacrifice of the men who took part as miners building an extensive networks of tunnels behind Allied lines to allow the undetected movement of men and supplies."

- Rt Hon Sir Vince Cable MP (Twickenham)

CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

FIRST PLACE

Eyes Wide Shut but Mind Wide Open

by Vasko Stamboliev from Arsakeio Senior High School of Thessaloniki, Greece



"To create this piece of art, I was inspired by the absence of light caused by the catastrophe and atrocities in war. I imagined the soldiers that bravely fought against all those monstrosities with their eyes wide shut, too scared to open for fear of facing death. But their minds were left wide open because that was their only way to escape, since the war was too unbearable for them to accept."

- Vasko Stamboliev, First Place Winner

CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

FIRST PLACE

Me Brother Dan

by Molly Meleady-Hanley

(Written in the Sheffield Dialect)

Me brother Dan went off to war, marching down Duke Street with his Pals.
Heads held high, while the Sheffield crowd clapped and cheered them so!
Me Mam wept and me Dad said:-
"Gi'ore Molly. Be proud. Be happy for our lad. He's serving his King and Country in a just war"

Six Weeks later, we got a fancy Can Can card from our Dan
Reet chuffed we were. Dad read it out, puffed up chest, loud and clear.
Dad said, Dan was doing well and our Dan wished us all good cheer.

Tucking card in't pocket, he went off down road to get hisen a beer.
Ten weeks later, on Skye Edge Fields, a neighbour came calling us from play.
Saying :- "Come quick Lizzie, yer Mam needs yer- reet away"
Opening our door, on Talbot Row, we heard Banshee screaming
Our Mam, paper crumpled on't floor, sobbing and rocking, hands to heaven.
"Why did he have to die? Me son, me son, me only son!" she cried.

Dan's body never came home.

He lies without us, in some distant land.
In a place me Mam will never be able to go.
And so she trudges every day to Norfolk Row.
Saying prayers and lighting holy candles for our Dan and other mother's sons.
These other boys whose lives too, will never grow.

And me, well...I keep asking mesen
"Why do they kill caterpillars and then complain that there are no butterflies?"
Me Dad said:- "Listen up our Lizzie. Them there caterpillars and butterflies have died to
keep us all safe and free
You'll learn that one day me love, when you're wise from being worn with care.
Until then me Liz, be proud and thankful for the sacrifice our Dan and is Pals made for thee.

CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

SECOND PLACE

Deliverer and Receiver

by Nancy Criddle

Deliverer:

He's the one, who will deliver the news,
The fateful letter held tight in his hand,
Only he knows what she's about to lose,
He is so sorry, he understands.

The knocks on the door that summon the widow,
Are echoes of the fallen, the dead and the fighting.
She is not prepared, she does not know,
The sadness traced into this writing.

Receiver:

Is this the day she has waited for?
The day she'll lose what she loves most?
She's anticipated that knock on the door,
When she finds out he's now a ghost.

The man is sorry, he understands,
He hardly speaks but hands a letter,
Her husband does no longer stand.
Grief never heals, no it never gets better.

"I was astounded by the sheer quantity of the entries to this wonderful poetry competition. It was truly breath taking to see how many children (and their teachers and their families) had been inspired by this opportunity.

Choosing between these poems was challenging to say the least. There was so much variety in form and voice, so much originality, so much real talent. In truth every single child who sent in a poem is a winner – and we honoured and appreciated all the contributions."

- Michaela Morgan, Poetry Judge

CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

SECOND PLACE

Win Some Lose Some

by Vivian Huang from Cheltenham Ladies' College





CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

THIRD PLACE

I Miss You

by Vasilisa Frolova from Art School of Olga Nazarkina, Canada



CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

THIRD PLACE

The Poppy

by Becki Pinkerton from the Royal School Armagh – Combined Cadet Force

Under the ground of the battlefield I grow,
 I symbolise the memory of fallen heroes from long ago
 I am an emblem for all to show
 Their respect to so many whom they did not know.
 I am a common field poppy – Papaver rhoeas
 An elegant wildflower, distinctive and red
 I'm the only one to grow in barren battlefields
 I'm a comforting blanket, for our heroes alas dead.
 In 1918 Monia Michael created me in silk
 That I could be an emblem to last and not wilt
 And in the UK on 11th November 1921
 I became the flower on which Remembrance Day was built.
 That was such a long time ago
 Yet each year I am out there on show
 Representing men, women and animals
 Who gave their lives for the peace we now know.
 So perhaps this year on Remembrance Sunday
 You could give me a little place
 On the Jacket, or jumper you're wearing
 I won't take up very much space
 Would you wear me with pride as you remember?
 Yes I'm the red leaf, black centre and green stem
 I represent the sacrifice of ordinary people
 Caught up in wars not created by them.
 I have no religious conviction
 I just happened to grow where many fell
 So will you help me to say 'We will remember them'
 And their stories to our children tell.



CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

RUNNER UP

The Great War – The Great Theatre

by Julian Ting from Garden International School, Malaysia

Truth.
 That is a...
 Podium for you to celebrate. Just think of it.
 There is no
 Better way to serve your country.
 There is a
 Sense of gratification
 Sense of reward
 Sense of remembrance
 As there is no
 Fear.
 The last moment of war just
 Full of triumph and courage.
 There is no moment
 Of grief from your family.
 The product of war is only
 Your family's love, yet,
 What must be cherished:
 Peace after war and,
 Who can deny it?

(Now read from bottom to top)



CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

RUNNER UP

Of Family, Of Nation, Of Home

by Yan Xing Lee from Malaysia



"The calibre of the entries this year has been of an incredibly high standard once again. The depth of thought, interpretation of the subject, creativity and imagination in many of the entries has been outstanding and really impressive."

- Michael Langmead, Art Judge

CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

RUNNER UP**Prisoner of War***by Mina Soso*

CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

RUNNER UP**Realm of No Man's Land***by Lucy Ozich from Cashmere High School, New Zealand*

Come, grace me with a muddied foot and a muddied face.
 Push off and forwards with dampened breath and stagnant water thin.

Take a risk with rotten white and open needy palms.

And join me lying, deep in dust. Enter no man's land.

Be at peace with what you've done, and what you may soon do.

Put your faith in one man's soul, raise that torn flag up and out.

It's a crime of war to gun you down, but who would ever know?

People change, for good or bad, here in no man's land.

It's in God's grace that you are here, you have a part to play.

Take in a breath, sharp and cold, piercing, ragged, thin.

Wait a moment, the choice is yours. To stand or turn and run,

You can't help it, no one can, the thoughts of no man's land.

It may matter much, the choice you make, once your hand is raised

So allow yourself to fall away, and raise that hand up high.

You are a cost in an endless story, your moment has just passed.

Did you do what must be done, in the realm of no man's land?

GAELIC WINNER

Misneachd na Pioba*by Hamish Scott*

Ceòl is seinn,
Danns is leum
Sonas is aoibhneas a' lionadh an rùm
Agus ann am meadhan an spòrs,
Tha am piobaire.

Fuaim cuilc is dosan
"Drill" is ullachadh
Sgith an deidh trèanadh
Agus anns na "barracs"
Tha ceudan de phiobairean

Peilearean is sligean-cogaidh
Gunnachan is "gas"
Mi-chinnt anns a' bhlàr-chatha
Agus ann am meadhan an aimhreit
Tha am piobaire.

Sprùilleach is cuirp,
Sgàpte air feadh an ait,
An sàmhchair is an ciùineachd air caochladh
Le breislich cogaidh,
Agus ann am meadhan an sgrios
Tha phìob mhòr treigte air an raon, gun ghleus.

Ceud bliadhna air adhart...

Crom-luis is blàth-fhleasgan
Sailm is bàrdachd
Agus anns a' mheadhan,
Ceòl le speis is onair
Aig Piobaire.

Translation**Inspiration of the Bagpipes***by Hamish Scott*

Music and song,
Peace and joy pervading the room,
In the centre of the hilarity
The Piper plays

Sounds of reeds and drones
Drill and preparation
Tired after exercises,
And in the barracks
Hundreds of Pipers

Bullets and shells
Guns and Gas
Uncertainty on the battlefield,
Central to the chaos
Is the Piper

Devastation abounds
Bodies scattered around
Peace and quiet shattered
By the turbulence of war,
In the middle of destruction
Forsaken on the ground
The 'Piob Mhor'* abandoned and tuneless

100 years later...

Poppies and Wreaths
Psalms and Poems
Central to it all
Music and respect with Honour
From the Piper.

* great Highland Bagpipes

WELSH WINNER

Translation**War in the Sky***by Gwawr Griffiths
from Ysgol Syr Thomas Jones*

Rhyfel yn yr Awyr
*by Gwawr Griffiths
from Ysgol Syr Thomas Jones*

O na! Rhedwch! Symydwch!
Clywaf swm iarwm
Fel humion yn fy nghlust
Pobl yn rhedeg
A plant yn crio

Gwelaf adar yn y mam
Agosau ac agosau y fydden nhw
Swm ciecian fel tic toc y cloc
Edrychaf I fyny
Mae'r Zeppelin wedi cyrraedd!

Yn yr awyr bydd y fflachio
Fel storm uwch fy mhen
Pryd bydd tawelch
Cadwaf yn agos at mam
Rhoddais I mi sicrwydd

Oh no! Run! Move!
Hearing the alarm noise
Like a hum in my ear
People are running
Children are weeping

I see birds in the distance
Getting closer and closer
Now noise like the tick-tock
Of a clock
I look up
And the Zeppelin has arrived

In the sky there is flashing
Like a storm above my head
When will be the quiet?
I keep close to my mother
She gives me comfort.



SONGS OF THE CENTENARY

CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

**This Girl Can**

*by Amber Jones, Callum Bainbridge, Ella Crossley, Elle Steel,
Steven Clark, Jamie Stubbs, Jessica Campbell, Courtney Smith, Scarlett Bewick, Mollie Smith,
Dylan Douglas, Tianna Clark, Lydia Thompson, Natalya King, Maddison Smith, Benjamin
Kempthorne, Daniel Large, Jasmine Goldsmith, Mika Reay and Aidan Brunton
from Hasting Hill Academy*

Don't tell us that we cannot
The W.R.A.F. are coming in hot
You sit upon your golden throne
But all the while the bombs are thrown
We can do whatever the boys can do!

Yeah we can do whatever the boys can do!
The W.R.A.F. is coming for you!
We're going to prove the papers wrong
We'll fight so brave and sing our song
The W.R.A.F. is coming for you!

The girls who are up in the sky
Fight just as hard as fly as high
Fighting fit and ready to go
We'll make sure everybody knows
That we can do whatever the boys can do!

Yeah we can do whatever the boys can do!
The W.R.A.F. is coming for you!
We're going to prove the papers wrong
We'll fight so brave and sing our song
The W.R.A.F. is coming for you!



SONGS OF THE CENTENARY

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

**The Sky's the Limit**

*by Alexandra Connie Aylott, Meriel MacLeod Boyd, Connie Eleanor Duncan,
Milly Levi Mackay, Iona McDowall, Grace Newlands, Kimberley Isabell Alison Orr, Craig Rae,
Chloe Scott, Claire Taylor, Emma Whyte and Charlotte Wright from Lossiemouth High School*

I wonder what is up there
hiding in the sky
Do the birds all know the answer?
If they do then why don't I?

I want to be there with them
An eye up in the clouds
Others born before me
Felt the same. They make us proud

For a hundred years we've tried
To reach the limits of the sky
We fly so high
And for a hundred years we've soared
And we will forever more
We fly so high

They fly into the heavens
Knowing they might die
I think of all their loved ones
And then tears fill my eyes
I hear the sound of thunder
I'm shocked unto the core
We hear the planes pass by us
Set to face what is in store

For a hundred years we've tried
To reach the limits of the sky
We fly so high
And for a hundred years we've soared
And we will forever more
We fly so high

For a hundred years we've tried
To reach the limits of the sky
We fly so high
And for a hundred years we've soared
And we will forever more
We fly so high
We fly so high
We fly so high

**SONGS OF THE CENTENARY****CATEGORY: AGES 14-16****Remember***by Lydia Grigg*

VERSE 1:

One, two, three steps across the border.
They see familiar soils, familiar water. They're home they're safe and yet their minds still
suffer.

Yes, bruises fade but memories can't recover.

It's easy to forget the life that's been lost if it hasn't affected us.
It's hard to look at and read the name in stone, knowing they didn't return home.

But today we remember you
And always, we remember you.

VERSE 2:

They were told that they'd be home before the leaves fall,
Then autumn passed, then weeks, then months, then years formed.

The countless days they were away they did not know.

If they would die, survive, return and be alone.

It's easy to forget the life that's been lost if it hasn't affected us.
It's hard to look at and read the name in stone, knowing they didn't return home.

But today we remember you
And always, we remember you.

We are free because of you
We all believe because of you
And I want to thank you, thank you
Now we can all be individual and be who we want to, because of you.

(We remember you, we remember you)

But today we remember you
And always, we remember you.

We have been delighted to have had support from a number of notable people. Please find below quotes we have received from just a few:

Vice Admiral Sir Tim Laurence, President of Never Such Innocence, said:

"Once again we have had a huge number of entries - even more this year than last - and the standard is exceptionally high. I have great admiration for all those who have entered the competition, whether prize winners or not. Many congratulations to you all."

Prime Minister Theresa May said:

"Our history is part of what makes us as a country and it is important we remember that history. Never Such Innocence is doing important work so that young people remember the sacrifice that was made so that they could have a future, and to reflect on what this means for our world today."

Air Chief Marshal Sir Stephen Hillier, Chief of the Royal Air Force, said:

"The Royal Air Force is very proud to partner with NSI and we share an aim to inspire the young people of today, so that your voices are heard as we commemorate those who have gone before. Through your words, music and pictures, the events of 100 years ago will never be forgotten and they will inspire future generations in the same way that the artists of 100 years ago captured the essence of war in their poems, paintings and songs."

Imam Asim Hafiz, Islamic Advisor to the Ministry of Defence, said:

"It is extremely important that we look at our shared history and commemorate it. We need to look to the past in order to be able to understand where we are today, to be able to shape our future."

It is an amazing thing, that Never Such Innocence and the children are doing, to make sure we learn the lessons of the past."



THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION - THANK YOU



CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

War

by *Conor Birks, Amy Massey and Layla Shaw*
from *Abbey Hulton Primary School*

It must be scary in the war,
I shudder at what you saw.
I wonder what the war was like,
As so many people went out to fight.
The war took over land, air and sea,
I give thanks that you fought for me.
So many men battled on through,
They knew what they had to do.
Sailors on ships had to think,
Of ways to make sure they did not sink.
Those sailors we called the Navy,
Who went out on oceans wavy.
Those who counted bullets with maths,
And the ones who followed and stuck to the paths.
So we go and mark the land,
Some of us may need a helping hand.
Let us give thanks, it can't hurt us,
Even if we're on a bus.
Soldiers sent letters to people like me,
Maybe one for you, could it be?

THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION - THANK YOU



CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

Echoes Across the Century: A Memory Box

by *Frankie Barber* from *St Jude and St Paul's CE Primary School*





THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION - THANK YOU



CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

हामीलाई विर्सनु हुँदैन

(Forget Us Not)

by Joel Brassington from The de Ferrers Academy

We are the unsung heroes,
The ones who were forgot.
This was not our war to fight,
But fight it, did we not?
Have you let your discriminatory accidentals overcome our sacrifice?
Are we not worth the effort to celebrate?
We fought with you.
We suffered with you.
We died with you.
Why are we not worth as much?
Is one life more valuable than the other?
Why?
Why have you forgotten us?
Why have you forgotten our sacrifice, and yet – not your own.
Were they not the same?
History is written by the winners in life.
Did we not win?
But we ask future history,
And generations to come,
Forget us not.

Why did we come so far from our home, our friends, family?
Wives and children – safe at home.
Did we come: to be shunned, worthless, forgot?
No.
We came because we are a part of your whole, your body.
Is one part of the body less important than another?
Could you succeed without a toe, a lung, a finger?
Would life be agony without a toenail, left hand, an ear?
To join you we have given up these luxuries:
Legs, eyes, hands.
Do we deserve to be forgotten?
No.
We are the unsung heroes,
The ones who were forgotten;
Forget us not.

We toiled, we worked, we died,
Forget us not.

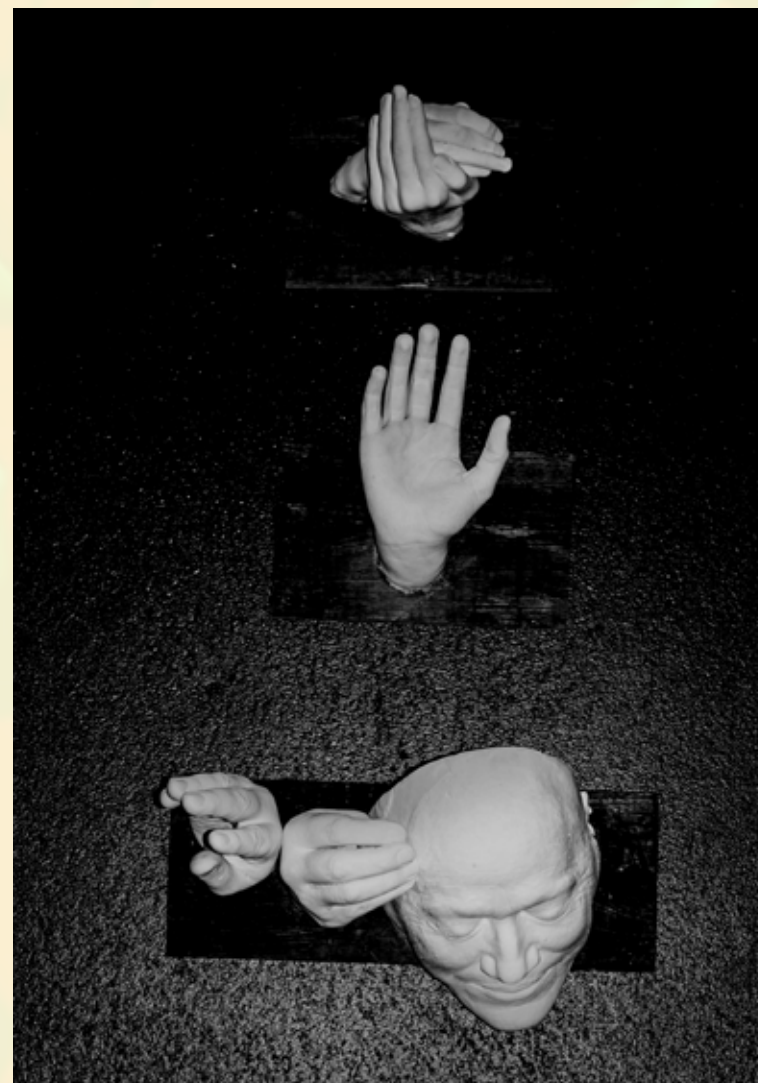
So when you tell your children, and they tell theirs,
Do not forget to tell them of our great sacrifice,
For we are the Gurkhas of the Great War, the unsung heroes, so remember us.

THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION - THANK YOU

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

Lest We Forget (Sign Language - Must Not Forget)

by Alice Dorey from Knowl Hill School





THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION – THANK YOU



CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

The Somme Cup*by Freddie Hawkins from King's College School Wimbledon*

A crowd of 60,000 strong, heaving and ecstatic,
thronged along the Paris pitch at Easter.

Then sacrificed, like Christ himself.

New Zealand gave its players up to maul
and be mauled.

The congregation met on the distressed earth,
marked by scrums and shells.

Lift him up, your comrade, in the line out.

Set and lock, then rent apart.

'In the bonds of love we meet',

O nag iwi matou ra.

In Belgium, crowds, drowned out by shelling,
saw the players steeling at the ruck.

And freedom flew unfettered from the wreckage.

In the charge down, muscles were not wasted,
but iron and sinew, counter rucking madly.

Faces pressed to ground smelled home's green pitches,
not the fetid earth of clay and bootpress.

At the breakdown, limbs entwined,
the allies reached out to bind.

'God defend our free land',

Me aroha noa.

Through Zeitoun's dunes the players ran, blindsided,
and strafed the low tide pitch at Lemnos.

No torsos mutilated by the volleys,
only rage transformed and lines defended.

There the acned scrum half heard his mother,
Don't get hurt now. Keep well back from others.

But there is no keeping back in trenches,
so she keeps a parlour light to guide him
home along the maimed path to her door.

'From the darts of strife and war',

Kia tau to atawhai.

THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION – THANK YOU



Do you hear them calling now from stadiums silenced?

Boots unlaced, trophies unlifted.

From Paschendale and Messines, 'McNeece' and 'Baird'.

In Paris, 'Bobby Black' and 'Turtill' are heard.

As tides reclaim the names of 'Dewar', 'Downing',

Gallipoli, where they lay pale and bleeding,

New Zealand's losses were too great to bear.

How can we give our thanks unbounded,
to those whose passion for the game we share?

'Hear our voices we entreat',

Ata whakaranwgona.

Now, when we feel the pressure and the drive,
with lungs that burst and crowds that chant our names,
we too belong, stand strong as brothers.

But futures safe from gas and trigger.

And afterwards in bruised and raucous glory,
we chorus, celebrating in their honour.

The Moascar Cup held high with pride and sorrow.

For every light, in every home,

that welcomes our return,

'We will remember them',

E kore ratou e koroheketia.

(Note: Quotations (translations) and bold text are taken from the 'Ode of Remembrance' and the 'New Zealand National Anthem' in the Order of Service for the 2015 Commemoration of The Battle of Messines, remembering those New Zealand rugby players killed during the First World War and their tour of Europe, called the 'The Somme Cup'.)

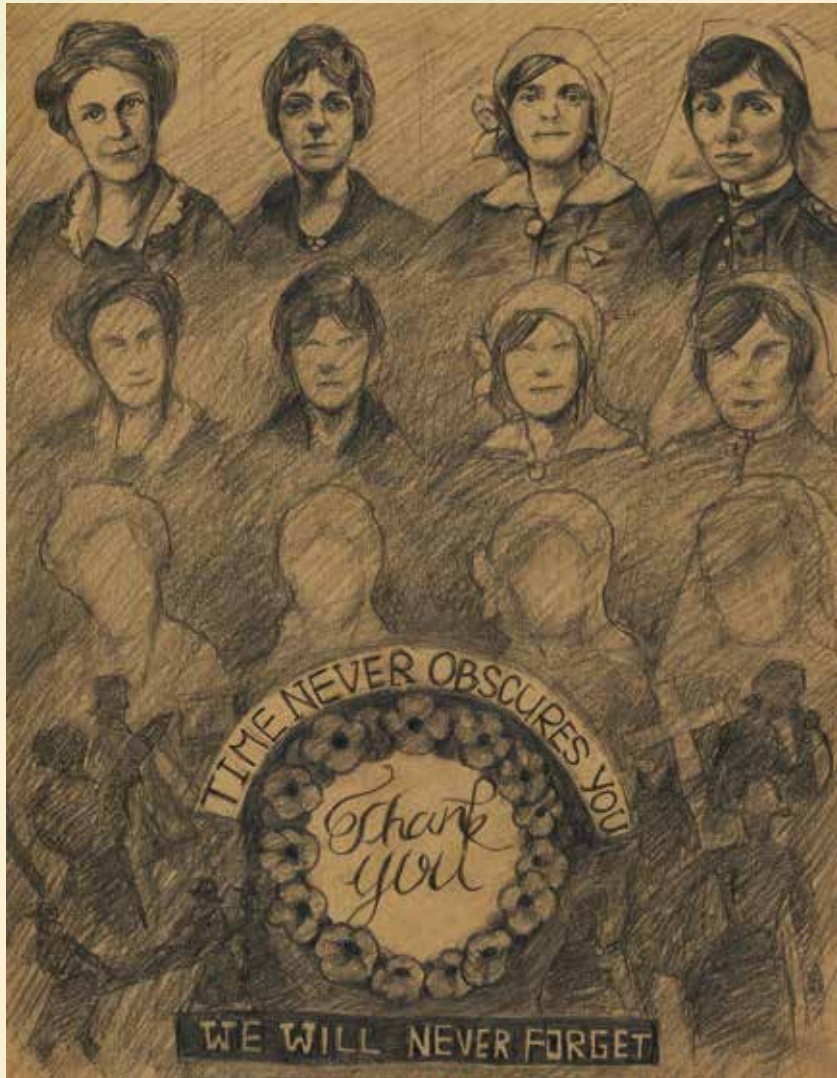


THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION - THANK YOU

CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

Time Never Obscures You

by Danfeng Cai from Alliance Art Academy, Canada



THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION - THANK YOU

SONG

Colourful World

by Denley Casey, Bobby Smith, Ezekiel Critchlow, Kayla Turton, Tegan Davis, Dion Williams, Kameron Driver, Melissa Williams, Holly Gillham, Sorrel Williams, Tyler Goddard, Hayley Wood, Caitlin Goodsir-Jones, Anne Grady, Molly Hagan, Jamie Hiron, Angel Kendall-Chambers, Ruby Lewis, Tabetha Mansell, Scott McArthur, Grace Michael, Yaris Pritchard, and Kaydee Rowlands



No more dark days
Or being scared
No more fighting
Or being afraid

For being brave
And the love you gave
We'll remember you always

(CHORUS)
Because this is a
Colourful world
We love our
colourful world
This is a
Colourful world
Because of you

Written in a workshop facilitated by Never Such Innocence Artist in Residence Bethzienna Williams

If you did not enter the 2017 Thank You Competition, do not worry as there is still an opportunity to play your part in the centenary.

The 2018 Thank You Creative Competition, run by The Royal British Legion in partnership with Never Such Innocence, is open to young people aged 9-16 who would like to say thank you to the First World War generation. You are invited to submit a poem, song or piece of art that expresses your personal thank you to the people who made such a huge impact on today's world. There are some great prizes up for grabs including featuring in the Legion's famous events, such as the Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall, attended by Her Majesty The Queen and members of the Royal Family.

Every entrant will also receive a Certificate of Commendation for taking part. More details on the Thank You movement and how to enter the competition may be found on www.neversuchinnocence.com or <http://Rbl.org.uk/thankyou-comp>

Deadline for entries is Tuesday 11th September 2018



WAR IN THE SKIES

CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

FIRST PLACE

Nothing Good Comes of War

by Georgia Green from the British School of Paris, France

Nothing Good Comes of War
 Beaming in my smart new uniform, stomach full of butterflies,
 I had just finished my training course and was ready to take to the skies,
 Props turning, chocs away, runway gleaming in the moonlight,
 Throttle back and, like a bird, I soared off into the night, It was all an exciting adventure back then, a
 child's game,
 Until I saw the real destruction and I hung my head in shame,

And I thought to myself,
 What was all of the fighting for,
 Nothing good comes of war,

I flew over the sombre soldiers cramped into the winding trenches,
 Lifeless and limp, hunger and pain etched on their grimy faces,
 The endless blaring thunder of guns grasped their breaths away,
 Every inch of bare skin masked in filth standing in the mud and hay,
 They sighed at every extreme explosion that stole brave soldier's lives,
 All the great things I was told of war was just a bunch of lies,

And I thought to myself,
 What was all of the fighting for,
 Nothing good comes of war,

I moved on gliding peacefully into the starry night,
 Until I caught a glimpse of an equally frightful sight,
 Buildings ruined, people homeless and hurt on the rubble-scattered street,
 Forlorn and forgotten, bare and burnt stands a solit'ry tree,
 Restless lost souls awake from their slumber howling in the wind of sin,
 Grief and hopelessness hovers in the air above the din,

And I thought to myself,
 What was all of the fighting for,
 Nothing good comes of war,

I swooped above the terrible sights, high in the flawless sky,
 Who could be this cruel to their own kind I feel a tear in my eye,
 I had to join the war for my country, to help fight,
 Now I see that I was out of my mind to think this was right,
 But luckily the trying times will pass, as they always do,
 This war will have to end soon so put on a smile and you will live through.



WAR IN THE SKIES

CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

FIRST PLACE

War Brothers

by David Potocnik Hahonina





WAR IN THE SKIES

RUNNER UP

The Airman

by Thomas Callander from St. Cedd's School

A rumble in the sodden streets
A glint of sunlight in the polished propeller
The waxed wing emerging from shadow
And up, up, up, off into the blazing sun

A streak of shadow in the sunlit sky
Sleek shapes define structure and speed,
Weaving between the velvet clouds

A wisp in the wind
A whisper in the trees
A wail in the woods
As down, down he fly's

Blood encrusting against his dishevelled skin
Curdling around his worn leather booties
Vision blurring
Blackout...



WAR IN THE SKIES

RUNNER UP

Untitled

by Kedaton Campbell from United States of America



"I am delighted that so many children entered Never Such Innocence's War in the Skies Competition from across the Globe. The quality of their work is extraordinary and thought provoking, and demonstrates a level of insight that is a credit to them all."

- Air Vice-Marshal Mike Wigston, Assistant Chief of the Air Staff



WAR IN THE SKIES

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

FIRST PLACE

The Sopwith Camel

by Freiya Elton from Malvern St. James Girls' School

Innocence leads them to the door,
 They eagerly anticipate it, striving for more.
 Naivety drags them to the plane site,
 They get into their sop and fly such a height.
 Into a dogfight they go, malice everywhere,
 Pilots twisting, turning and diving through the air.
 The whirring and the purring,
 The sparring the spurring.
 The losing, the winning
 The falling, the spinning.
 Innocence lures them to another fight
 Making them decide what's wrong and what's right.
 Naivety leads them to their death,
 The sop shuddering to an end, like their last breath.

"Helping judge was both enjoyable and moving. As an ex-soldier myself, I am so pleased that the activities, efforts and sacrifices of my forebears remain strongly in the consciousness of our children."

- Philip Harris, Poetry Judge



WAR IN THE SKIES

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

FIRST PLACE

The Wind Carries Us

by Tessa Blandin from Île-de-France, France





WAR IN THE SKIES

RUNNER UP

Sky Battle

by Freya Ling from the Folkestone School for Girls

Hurry, hurry don't be hasty,
A world above is waiting for you,
The larks fly high as the plane dives.
Bullets dance in the air,
Striking the heart of pounding metal.

Soar in low,
Below the clouds,
Aim and fire without a doubt.
Smoke billows in the air engulfing all in range,
Streaks of metal and lead, heart beats faster pounding ever more,

Pull up, pull up, the atmosphere is thin,
Dive, dive, hit 'em.
Be careful though,
You might not stick the landing.

Water, water, fills the cockpit,
Better go faster wedge it open,
Lungs screaming,
Heart racing ever faster,
Till it stops be known a martyr.

Diving, swerving for ever more,
Immortalised in feats of glory.

Still the larks fly,
As do I,
In my dreams of pride,
Joy and sacrifice.
The larks fly high in the sky.
Cockpit, mayday, home.



WAR IN THE SKIES

RUNNER UP

In Flanders Field

by Clara Mateos-Shepherd



"Judging the art competition was a wonderful experience. There were so many pictures that were worthy of a prize that it was a difficult task for the judges to choose the winners. I was only one of 10 judges but I was looking for whether the artist had managed to portray emotion or a story, how much care they had taken in its execution and if there was historical accuracy. Creativity, originality and style were also important. I do hope that many children have been inspired to keep exploring the creativity that we all have inside us. I was certainly inspired by you all!"

- Helen Paterson, Art Judge



WAR IN THE SKIES

CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

FIRST PLACE

Guardian

by Kutloogh Qureshi from The Tiffin Girls' School

Blue. White. Red
 Engine and heart roar as one
 Wild metal.
 I can taste valour in the air

It's easy to fly and forget,
 Drunk on sunlight
 like that six-year-old in a cardboard plane
 sodden in the August rain

The sky is free like dreams:
 She's beautiful and sinister
 Unconquered.
 Celestial and raw

And it hurts.
 The bitter guns and
 Black smoke burn
 I see her tortured face

Blue. White. Red
 I will defend,
 In Person, Crown and Dignity
 Courage calls.

And our hearts roar as one
 For the barley fields
 And the boys in cardboard planes
 For freedom.

And I'm not afraid:
 Let the wind whisper my story
 Of summer days and the
 Ones I loved

Capture my colours
 In the constellations
 They'll look and remember
 What we gave

Through struggles to the stars.



WAR IN THE SKIES

CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

FIRST PLACE

In memory of the war in the sky

by Bianca Gegea from Romania





WAR IN THE SKIES

RUNNER UP

THE F(L)IGHT

by Ayushi Bhat

When I was young,
I thought they were birds.
Soaring day and night,
Without any fatigue.
Close to each other,
Darting about fearlessly.
Gliding with pride...

Now I am older,
I know they were planes.
With bombs so cruel,
With pilots so valiant.
Risking their lives,
Losing their families.
To keep others safe...

Birds and Planes,
Freedom and Flight.
Duty and Sacrifice,
For Pleasure and Peace.
Beautiful memories cherished,
Haunting feelings entwined.
Forever to be remembered!



WAR IN THE SKIES

RUNNER UP

Fragmented Flight

by Catalina Taylor from The British School of Paris, France





WAR IN THE SKIES: BRITISH EMBASSY, FRANCE

CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

Poppies flutt'ring in the wind

by Mencia Catala de Juan from *The British School of Paris, France*

Poppies flutt'ring in the wind looking down at Flanders fields,
Whispers of voices no longer heard
In hope that one day they will return,
Standing knee deep over the mud
Praying for an escape from despair.

Poppies flutt'ring in the wind looking down at Flanders Fields,
Deaths will appear and won't come back.
Soldiers bravely fighting till dawn
Not bearing in mind what they've got ahead.

Poppies flutt'ring in the wind looking down at Flanders Fields,
Peace has been made and the soldiers have been saved.
Although the Earth has had a try,
Peace will never learn to fly.

"The quality of entries to the poetry competition was incredible; it was humbling and inspiring to see how the children and young people had engaged so deeply with the subject matter. The judges were incredibly moved by the sentiment conveyed in the poems. The staff at Never Such Innocence also put in an enormous amount of work to ensure that the judging happened in a fair and thorough way."

- Anna Trethewey, Poetry Judge



WAR IN THE SKIES: BRITISH EMBASSY, FRANCE

CATEGORY: AGES 9-11

From the World

by Kavish Todi from *The British School of Paris, France*





WAR IN THE SKIES: BRITISH EMBASSY, FRANCE

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

Un Héros Patriote

by Anaïs Busigny from *The British School of Paris, France*

Trois ans d'apprentissage;
Finalement j'y suis.
Loin de la mer et des coquillages,
Tout en haut dans le ciel j'ai réussi.
Toutes ces heures passées en leçon.
Maintenant je défends mon pays en avion.

L'ennemi est devant moi.
Il est temps de tirer.
Maintenant c'est sur moi;
Tous ces soldats que j'ai tués;
Plus jamais ne batifoleront;
Dans les champs au son de l'accordéon.

Tout cette lumière dans la distance;
Disparu dans la moindre seconde.
Je n'ai aucune assistance;
Maintenant je suis seul dans le monde.
La panique me monte au cœur;
Mais à la fin c'est moi le vainqueur.

Attaché à ma ligne de vie;
Mon parachute est ma seule sécurité.
Toute ma confiance est en lui.
J'espère ne jamais l'utiliser;
Mon destin est dans ses mains.
Je ne suis qu'un humain.

C'est effroyable;
Cette mission m'a bouleversé.
Décollé adolescent et atterri un homme fiable.
Retour à la base un homme change.
Tous ces actes sont inhumains;
Désormais l'avion : ce n'est plus mon quotidien.



WAR IN THE SKIES: BRITISH EMBASSY, FRANCE

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

The Wind Carries Us

by Tessa Blandin from *Ecole Massillon, France*





WAR IN THE SKIES: BRITISH EMBASSY, FRANCE

CATEGORY: AGES 14-16

One Hundred Years

by Katie Shorten from The British School of Paris, France

One hundred years, since the RAF was founded.
 One hundred years, for the boys in the air force blue.
 One hundred years, April first of nineteen eighteen
 One hundred years!
 One hundred years!
 The RAF defends us
 Protects us from the air
 Since nineteen eighteen kept us safe,
 Eye in the sky up there
 Confidence and courage is their call to arms
 Per Adua Ad Astra through adversity to the stars
 The WAAF they were important those women we salute
 Flight Lieutenant Kirsty Moore the first red Arrows suit
 The RFC they were the first they flew in World War One
 Little did they know themselves, the story they'd begun
 Oh! One hundred years, since the RAF was founded.
 One hundred years, for the boys in the air force blue
 One hundred years, April first of nine teen eighteen
 One hundred years! One hundred Years!
 In World War two it was so hard
 Six years of mortal pain
 Thankfully the RAF stepped up Spit-fires and Hurricanes
 Nineteen forty brought about the Battle of Britain
 The first campaign fought from the air and victory was won!
 Oh, One hundred years, since the RAF was founded
 One hundred years, for the boys in the air force blue
 One hundred years, April first of nineteen eighteen
 One hundred years! One hundred years!
 One hundred years of flying, always on the frontline
 The Cold war and the Gulf war, the Falklands over time
 Afghanistan and now Iraq the RAF defends
 Not just our UK air space, but that of all our friends
 Oh! One hundred years, since the RAF was founded
 One hundred years, for the boys in the air force blue
 One hundred years, April first of nineteen eighteen
 One hundred years! One hundred years!



WAR IN THE SKIES: BRITISH EMBASSY, FRANCE

CATEGORY: AGES 11-14

Fragmented Flight

by Catalina Taylor from The British School of Paris, France





As promised, we will be publishing all of the winning works from the four Centenary Competitions – books will be on sale in Autumn 2018!

Never Such Innocence
The Centenary of the First World War
A Children's Response through Poetry, Art and Song

Every year since 2014 children and young people from around the world have entered poems, songs and art into an annual competition. The best of these are now published together in this beautiful hardback volume. These children have produced some truly remarkable works of art that demonstrate how they have responded to the centenary commemorations, tackling challenging, emotive topics with respect, thought and creativity.

Featuring over 50 examples of artwork and 75 poems Never Such Innocence is both a celebration of children's creativity and a moving testimony to how young people have engaged with the First World War.

Hardback cloth with jacket, 232 x 210 mm, 208 pages, over 75 colour illustrations
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