

Thanks

At our school, Windale Primary in Oxford, we feel it's very important to share and explore the theme of Remembrance.

Our Year 6 class has really studied and thought about the experiences of not only the enlisted, but also those family members left behind. Our Teacher's Dad was also involved in the Falklands War.

As a result of our research and conversations around this theme we have written some poems to reflect our thoughts and feelings.

We are grateful to all of you for your service to our country. Please take the time to read our writing.

Year 6

Windale Primary

Oxford



Remembrance Day

Feeling sorry, feeling sad, please can I survive?

Losing parents losing special members

Please can I Survive

Remember me remember others so

Please celebrate Remembrance Day,

Tears are falling crosses crossing

Heart is beating.

Feeling sorry, feeling sad, please can I survive?



By: Julia Krysteli

10 years old.

Windale Primary School, Oxford.

Why?

Why should war take place?

Why should there be blood?

Why should families stand in fear?

Why should soldiers die?

Why should gunfire be heard?

Why should they fight?

Why?

Tyler

10

Windale Primary School

Oxford

HEARTS OF STEEL

May God bless the warriors who fought for us.

*May God bless the unknown and the ones who did
us good.*

Now they lay in Flanders field

With broken hearts made of steel

And because of that there's the Poppy Appeal

*That makes us remember those with hearts of
steel.*

BY YASIR ALI

10 YRS OLD

WINDALE PRIMARY SCHOOL

OXFORD

Everybody has to remember!

Everybody has to remember,
The soldiers who fought for us,
Everybody has to remember,
The poppies in the fields,
Everybody has to remember,
The people who are brave,
Everybody has to remember,
The special wall of names,
Everybody has to remember,
The crying, the pain, the gas,
Everybody has to remember,
The families left behind,

EVERYBODY HAS TO REMEMBER

Daniela Lima Quintal

10

Windale Primary School, Oxford

What happened?

They shot the guns, they cried all day
long, then they died.

Rotting bodies under ground

But among the thick layered soil grew
poppies scarlet; red poppies full of
faith, hope, peace and destiny.

But there it was floating in the air the
killing, war, blood, death, lost ones,
shooting all in the moaning air.

But underneath our feet so low where
no one can hear a whistle blown

There they are- our heroes.

Erin Hyka

11 yrs old

Windale Primary School, Oxford

I WOULD

I ONCE WAS WITH MY FAMILY
AND I HAD TO GO TO WAR SO THEY HAD TO LEAVE ME

NOW I FIGHT FOR MY SURVIVAL IN MUD, SOIL, SNOW AND SAND
SHOOTING BULLETS FROM THE GUN THAT'S IN MY HAND

I FIGHT IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES FOR YOU TO BE WITH ME

NOW YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER
ON THE 11TH OF NOVEMBER
TO THINK THAT I WAS FIGHTING FOR EVERYONE'S HOPE

I LOVED YOU, NEEDED YOU, I WANTED YOU IN MY LIFE
I WAS FIGHTING AND I WAS THINKING IF YOU COULD BE MY
WIFE

IT'S OVER NOW. OVER FOR GOOD
IF I COULD COME BACK ALIVE THEN
I WOULD

CHELSEA JUST
10 YRS OLD
WINDALE PRIMARY SCHOOL
OXFORD

Nothing Matters!

Gunfire is the only sound.
Poppies are our only hope
Winning or losing,
It doesn't matter now!

It's everyman for himself
But that's what I thought
Sirens go off
To say world is at war
It doesn't matter now

I left and took away your happiness
And you still remember me
It doesn't matter now

I was shot with my own gun
Just as violence struck
It doesn't matter now

Soldiers don't die
Because they are still remembered
That's what matters

By Felix Flinders, 10 years old
Windale Primary School, Oxford

Remember

Please remember my daddy who Fought in the war and died.

My daddy was a good man he gave money to charity. he loved me; I loved him. He was not rude, he did not smoke, he did not drink. He made the sunshine.

My Daddy had friends who fought for us, he had respect and didn't hurt anyone. My Daddy cared for me and loved me and I loved him. His room was full of poppies, millions, he used to have a vase full of them.

But now my Daddy's gone there is no sunshine; there are clouds full of rain.

By Layla Stoker

10 yrs old

Windale Primary School oxford

*There was once love now there's hatred.
Why can't love be again?*

There was once love now there's hatred. Why can't love be again?

Young lads die why? Does it have to be real?

There was once love now there's hatred.

Soldiers laugh like me and you, run as fast as me and you.

Don't forget the soldiers that looked after us.

Now they lay in Flanders field with a a broken heart.

How come? Why does have to happen?

There was once love now there's hatred. Why can't love be again?

There was once love now there's hatred. Why can't love be again?

*Now we stand side to side to remember the people who fought in war and
Lost their lives.*

By waheed

Age 10

Windale Primary School, Oxford