



**Poems to celebrate Liberation and to reflect on  
Occupation**



**75 years of Freedom in the Bailiwick of  
Guernsey**

**LIBERATION 75**  
**FREEDOM NOT FORGOTTEN**  
A public exhibition to celebrate 75 years of Liberation 

# INTRODUCTION

This year, 9th May 2020, celebrates 75 years of liberation from the occupation of the Nazis during World War 2, for the people in the Bailiwick of Guernsey. On this date for each of those seventy-five years, the people have celebrated this freedom and remembered the sacrifices made during that difficult time.

In the Spring of 2020, I organised a poetry competition asking school students to write poems about the experience during occupation and the joy of liberation on 9th May 1945, after 5 long years.

Students from schools across the Bailiwick talked to their grandparents, heard first-hand from people who were children at the time, and learnt about how it affected their family. It is so important the young people learn about this, as it disappears from living memory.

The poems were judged by local sixth form students studying English, who chose the final nine. Online voting was used to identify an overall winner from the nine finalists. These students also had the opportunity to read out their poems on Radio Guernsey in the JKT show.

*The finalists received an engraved medal and vouchers to spend. The winner also got a shimmering, engraved, glass pyramid trophy, and a Liberation afternoon tea at the Old Government Hotel. Prizes were awarded by the Lieutenant Governor at Government house in June, the first event after the island eliminated the COVID virus.*



The 2020 Liberation day was going to be a special celebration for the 75<sup>th</sup> Anniversary with lots of different events planned down at the harbour of St Peter Port. These poems, written by school children, were going to be displayed in a tent on the quayside. COVID19 put a stop to this so reflections, remembrance, and celebrations have now gone online, [www.liberationday.gg](http://www.liberationday.gg)

Please enjoy reading all the poems that were submitted, including a few reflections from adults as well.

*Karen*

May 2020

***The Overall Winner Our Occupation*** Lucie Jackson

In June 1940 our children lined up,  
Waiting, waiting, waiting  
to be evacuated to safety,  
We hoped to see them soon,  
Before the Nazis arrived to stay.

On the 28th June the Nazis flew over,  
Dropping, dropping, dropping  
their bombs as they came,  
People ran and sheltered in cellars,  
Alas, 33 died that day.

On the 1st of July they took over,  
Marching, marching, marching  
through our streets in their droves,  
With loaded guns ready to fire,  
Innocent people were left in dismay.

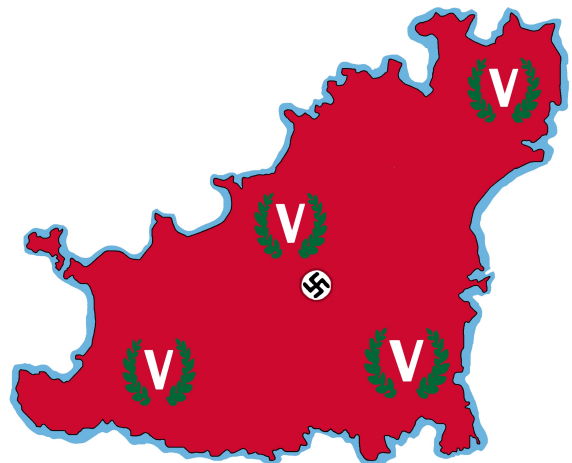
They imposed their Nazi rules,  
Censoring, censoring, censoring  
everything we would say or do,  
Forcing us into hiding,  
All we could do was pray.

We lost a large number of houses,  
taking, taking, taking  
everything for themselves,  
Leaving some homeless and desperate,  
With everything taken away.

The island was just like a prison,  
building, building, building  
fortresses and wire walls everywhere,  
No allies could come in or out,  
Leaving us feeling sombre and grey.

We were trapped with limited food,  
Scavenging, scavenging, scavenging  
for every scrap we could find,  
Black market deals were an option,  
If only we could pay.

For 5 long years this lasted,  
Praying, praying, praying  
this misery will end soon.  
Our beautiful isle changed forever,  
As we waited for our Liberation Day.



## Finalist

### Liberation Sebastian Banneville

At the moment we are occupied.  
The entire Island is terrified.  
We are trapped on this Island, hungry and cold,  
All the soldiers fighting brave and bold.

But then my radio sounds, Britain has taken Europe over.  
I get on my bike and go to my friend and tell him the war is over.  
And the next day the British boat is here,  
I run all the way down the pier.

The British flags are raised.  
I am feeling very dazed.  
Once they have signed the papers, the Germans flee,  
The whole Island cheers with glee.



**“And our dear Channel Islands are to be freed today. Long live the cause of freedom. God save the King.”  
W. Churchill 1945**

## Finalist

### Time after Time Zoe Collins

The day had come; war had started,  
I could taste fear in the air.  
The guns were already shooting.  
I was four, my parents told me,  
to get packed for a journey.

I had only packed a few things  
before the sun was no more.  
People were queuing at the harbour,  
Screaming at the boats, babies bawling.  
Mum took me to the teacher.  
I was taken away,  
I never saw her again for years to come.

The next moment I can remember  
was on a rocking boat sailing  
away from my beloved Guernsey  
and my parents.  
I didn't know what the soldiers  
would do to them.

My teacher was as strict as ever.  
I was so downhearted to see the island  
disappearing from my sight.

After five years of German  
occupation I finally came home.  
But I hardly recognised  
those strangers who were my family.



**“The years of darkness and danger in which the children of our country have grown up are over, and, please  
God, for ever.”**

**King George VI 1945**

## Finalist

**You're free** Seb Jennings

You're free,  
Do what you want,  
When you want.

Eat food,  
Do sport,  
Play games,  
Have fun.

1941, Germany,  
You're in a camp,  
Watching the world go by,  
Dreaming to be free.

1945, Germany,  
You're free,  
Reunited with family,  
For years,  
You were being starved,  
Now you can eat freely.

Now,  
Your summer holidays are free,  
Do what you want,  
Build sandcastles,  
Go swimming,  
And watch the world go by,  
Freely.

You have been liberated!



**“So, hats off for freedom and coats off for work. There is much to do in settling down to the new order of things in Sarnia Cherie.”**

**Guernsey Evening Press 9 May 1945**

## Finalist

**Kill** Annie Le Ray

The boat was rocking, my feet unstable,  
My leather boots, too big.  
All I wanted was my mother,  
I had no choice we all had to go.

Smoke hung on the bomb ridden docks,  
The stench of smoke was unbearable,  
We marched down the road,  
Fear etched on all faces,  
Children crying and dead littered the road.

I wasn't to know what we had done,  
What misery and pain we had caused,  
Gunpowder stung my nose.

They rebelled, our signs turned,  
V for Victory everywhere,  
Officers screamed and shouted.

My job was to kill,  
Who was caught,  
I did not want to,  
My heart would shatter,  
As the trigger I pulled.

We took what wasn't ours,  
We stole and rationed those around,  
We lived in splendour while others,  
Struggled on the cold ground.

Five years later,  
My freedom was found,  
We piled our guns,  
A black pile of death on pain.

We were imprisoned in England,  
Before we returned home.  
Featuring the worst,  
Dreading what I would find.



Guernsey had been **demilitarised** and declared... 'an open town' by the UK government, 1940

## Finalist

### The ninth of May Hannah Livestro

The ninth of May is the day the soldiers left and stayed away.  
They left their boats upon the shore.  
They left their guns and so much more.  
I ate the sweets; I heard the crowds.  
I saw my father walking down,  
the high street he'd once known and loved.  
That once was covered in the blood, of my closest, dearest friend,  
My grandmother, a woman whom for all,  
the rules she would bend.  
So please just, think before you moan, does your life deserve a 'groan'?  
Think of all of those who died,  
some whom to this island are tied.  
Live your life, day to day.  
But just know that they went away, to fight a fight they didn't start,  
so, our freedom we wouldn't have to part.  
The ninth of May is liberation day.  
The ninth of May, our island's day



The ninth of May is liberation day, the ninth of May is our Island's day



## Finalist

### Forget that Day Harry Snell

The dreaded trench whistle was blown,  
Everybody knew what that meant.  
The arrogant were the first that leaped over the wall  
They were shot, impaled by the bullets of all  
They crashed to the ground like a fork dropped on the floor with that horrible sound.  
I wish I could forget that day.

Pandemonium struck as the 'weak' were killed;  
You could hear their wails and need for help.  
I had to keep pushing forward and watch my only friend suffering  
On soft soil, coated with blood, his pale, white face said it all  
Why didn't I save him?  
I wish I could forget that day.

The ignorant cascaded down to their death  
You could see their spirits illuminate as they levitated up to god.  
If you listen closely, really closely,  
You could hear the faint sound of Ares cackle  
And the scowl of Aphrodite.  
I want to forget that day.

Terror spread among the poor, poor soldiers;  
I felt my knees start to tremor.  
Forced against my own will to do this  
Reluctantly, I pulled the trigger.  
Red liquid spurted out of his chest.  
I saw his soul rise as mine went down.  
Please lord, let me forget that day.  
None of us were victorious that day,  
I'm haunted by the stress of death.  
Shot in the leg for the life that I've taken.  
I still hear his scream...  
It's ringing in my ear.

Why won't you let me forget that day?

## Finalist

### Ringing Freedom Lara Veillard

Silence haunts streets,  
No hourly chimes,  
Not a word was spoken,  
After those fateful times.

No Sunday meetings,  
Or candles being lit,  
Only brown doors to look at  
And empty pews.

I rust away just like the Titanic,  
Joints of bronze stiffen,  
Quiet and lonely,  
I stay tranquil for years.

May the ninth,  
People scream and shout,  
Not from dread,  
But from joy.

The door creaks open,  
I watch the hinges slowly move,  
And suddenly I chime with pride,  
With no rules to abide.

The air smelt of freedom,  
Tasted of a new beginning,  
As our dear Channel Islands;  
We're free!



## Finalist

### **Liberation!** Carmen Walsh

At last the sun shines over Guernsey,  
At last our people are free,  
Joy has spread  
families have reunited  
happy as could be.

At last our people shall suffer no more,  
At last we can foresee,  
A happy lively lovely place for our children to grow up in

At last we see the light of day,  
A joyous place to be,  
A new, exiting, loving place for you and me to see

No fighting, No sadness,  
No evil no more.  
Just a cheerful, welcoming Guernsey.

We shall never forget this merry day  
In which the sun shone over us,  
In which the terror was over,  
When Guernsey became Guernsey again!



## **Liberation day poem** Lea Phillips

The ninth of May is liberation day,  
Also, a celebration day,  
We sing, we dance, we have lots of fun,  
Only because of what brave soldiers have done.

On this liberation day we remember the years past,  
As we raise our flag and we enjoy the parade,  
Let us be thankful for the sacrifices made.

Today is liberation day,  
Let us pray for those who on this day,  
Caused this celebration on the ninth of May.

## **Lest we forget** Emily Beck

Lest we forget the soldiers that fought  
Fighting and fighting until they die.  
Every tread on the battlefield was a moment of dread  
The battlefields flooded with the blood red.

We will never forget  
The families on Liberation Day, that again, never met.  
The families broken, never the same again.  
Lest we forget.

Bless the shell-shocked souls reunited on Liberation Day  
After the last day, they put down their bayonets.  
The marching band with the powerful drums.  
Lest we forget.

## **We're free** Corin Ballard

We're free!  
We're finally free.  
The sirens finally stopped.  
I was so happy we're free,  
Yippee!

## **Liberation day** Jake Domaille

It's a great time to celebrate  
Because  
Everyone back in Guernsey.  
Attacked when the monster amused oneself  
Trapped on this small island. But one day  
On the 9th of May  
New rules were to come.

Days were different  
As the Germans went away  
You can all now celebrate this wonderful day.

## **Liberation Day** Aiden Cull

Liberation Day  
It is today.  
But the war isn't done.  
Everyone is smiling  
Raising hopes today  
As Guernsey will be free.  
Today we celebrate, In happiness and joy  
On the ninth of May.  
No Germans again.  
Doing hard work.  
And we get what was deserved  
Years and years, we have been suffering and the day has come.

## **Guernsey's Freedom** Rupert Lewis

The sirens sounded  
As the rain pounded.  
Was the war over?  
Have the Nazis been beaten?  
Islanders running down the street  
Nazis vexed at their defeat.  
Everyone was at the harbour  
Cheering, happy as can be  
Reading the parchment of victory.

## **Petal of a Poppy** Elise Swain

The petal of a poppy,  
The sound of singing bells.  
In a little jar of stolen stars,  
That washed up with the shells.  
A wreath of wildflowers,  
Woven like a crown.  
All placed around a headstone,  
Before the sun went down.  
Engraved upon the death bed,  
A note for a lover's eyes.  
"death I greet with open arms,  
For I'll see you in the skies.  
We fought a war forever,  
To keep our home from pain.  
freed on liberation,  
And united then again."

## **Who will pick me?** Evie Linane

As I step of a train for the first time,  
I feel the hippy wind blow up my scarlet dress.  
I don't know where to go,  
I don't know what to do.  
The only thing I do know is that I am trapped being held captive in this foreign place.

I sit in a room for hours staring at my feet,  
Wondering who will pick me and why aren't they picking me.  
Eventually I hear some sweet voice whisper in my ear.  
She said, 'you're coming home with me love no need to worry now.'  
She took my hand as we walked back to my new home,  
It wasn't big but it didn't matter for I had her by my side.  
I got called for supper anxious I was,  
But it didn't matter for I had her by my side.

## **Liberation** Zoe Le Ray

I remember how uncomfortable I thought my bed felt with its creaks and lumps  
How I complained relentlessly about how the fire would never keep its heat.  
I remember how I pestered the shopkeeper about his prices being too high  
How I used every excuse I could find to avoid going out with friends.

I remember thinking that when I broke my wrist,  
that would be worst pain I would have to feel in my life.  
How I used to think that I wouldn't survive twelve hours without food  
Or how when the worst fear I would have was being late for church.

After the camp my creaky and lumpy bed feels like a cloud  
Now the cold fire feels so warm and comforting.  
My guilt upon receiving a hamper from the shopkeeper I once called stingy  
Now I am grateful to have any friends at all.

## **And Cried!** Mathilda Litten

The soldier's trucks,  
our ones, not theirs,  
Caged us is once more.  
Yet the relief I had expected to feel,  
Was replaced with a different kind of pain,  
The type that sank unsinkable ships,  
And brought the grown man's tears,  
But also, the pain that kept us fighting,  
Through every rainy day.

I couldn't help but feel betrayed,  
There had been too many days gone by,  
And the faces that had weathered a thousand storms,  
Were cracked beyond repair.  
Too broken to bear a childhood missed,  
Or to think theirs was a battle won in vain.

We waited along the cobbled streets,  
Cheered for the ones that had been lucky enough,  
And cried for the soldiers who had not returned,  
And cried for the soldiers who had remained at home,  
And cried for ourselves because we'd been left alone.

**We will not forget** Matilda Bisson

Birds happily humming,  
Sun rays beaming down,  
We will not forget  
The calm before the storm.

Bells ringing joyously,  
Some coming home – some never to be seen again,  
We will not forget  
The years of punishment.

Red, Purple, Black, White,  
Poppies worn proudly all around,  
But we will not forget,  
The millions who went to war.

**Liberation Poem** Sara Boucher,

As the flag flies free over our island,  
The people sing 'Sarnia Cherie' in unison.  
Our land that was once an imprisonment,  
Is finally set free, as are the people.

An island they grew up in, is liberated.  
It falls back into place as the 'gem of the sea'.  
And forever on the ninth of May,  
We shall commemorate the end of the occupation.

As Sarnians are liberated,  
Some are still fighting for their own freedom.  
We may be at liberty, but others are still trapped.  
Trapped in a chaotic anguish, whilst we celebrate.

So forever on the ninth of May,  
We shall commemorate our freedom,  
And commemorate our sorrow for those who were trapped for years.  
And so, we shall remember those who lived through such times.

And as the flag flies free over our island,  
We will sing 'Sarnia Cherie' in unison,  
Honouring those who suffered,  
And forever celebrating our liberation on every ninth of May that comes.



## **Ninth of May** Emma Holt

She giggles as she clutches her mums' hand,  
gazing at all the decorative stalls.  
Staring at the marching band in passing,

Ninth of May, a fun day out.

As he edges closer to the desk, fear takes over.  
His wife's face staring at him bravely,  
It's too much.  
But it's his duty.

He writes his name down.

The sweet smell of candyfloss creeps up her nose,  
jaunty music in the back resonates in her ears,  
the stalls vibrant colours make her eyes pop.

Ninth of May, a fun day out.

As he sits rigidly on the train,  
faces flash before his mind.  
All the people he's leaving behind.  
What he'll be missing if he leaves.  
But he's doing it for them.

It's his duty.

She gasps as she flies down the helter-skelter,  
taking in the whirling crowds around her.  
Her laughing eyes catch on the parades whizzing by.

Ninth of May, a fun day out.

Sweat beaded on his already damp forehead,  
as he stared longingly at the snapshot of his family.  
But then the whistle blew, and screams filled the air.  
And everything faded away.

Ninth of May, so much more than a fun day out.

## **Guernsey** Elise Swain

I used to fall asleep at war  
Listening to men's screams.  
But as I drifted deep another  
I'd have these stunning dreams.

I'd see a place with cloudless sky's  
A shade of vibrant blue.  
Were children skipped and laughed and played  
Just like how I used to.

A place with gentle, running streams  
Home to waterlily.  
Somewhere there are endless meadows  
Filled with daphodilly.

I'd dream of sitting on great hills  
To watch the sky turn gold.  
Then glide through mighty autumn woods  
Baring trees both young and old.

My favourite dream of all was when,  
I'd run across the sand,  
wading through a crystal sea,  
Shells glistening in my hand.

But no more dreams do come to me  
Of a place I used to roam.  
Because we've fought through hell  
I've been united with my home.

## **Guernsey liberation poem** Joe Culverwell

I was listening to the radio  
I could hear the news.  
There was an agreement.  
Yes! Finally, we're free.  
I rushed down to the harbour  
To see our liberty.  
Down there, there was a British ship.  
They read out the agreement  
And we knew we were finally free!

## **Liberation day** Arabella Ford

The 9th of May,  
What a day to be alive.  
The empathy we felt,  
for the soldiers who survived.

The HMS Bulldog,  
Out there not too far away.  
Would bring home the soldiers,  
who once would skip and play?

The islanders were cheering,  
Eyes sparkling with joy.  
All waiting at the harbour.  
To see their baby boys.

For years they had prayed,  
For this moment to come.  
For their child to not arrive,  
Just made their blood turn numb.

Though this day happened some time ago  
And now Guernsey is free.  
When I look out beyond the sea wall,  
I can hear faint voices singing Sarnia Cherie.

## **We're Free** Regan Penney

I'm listening to the radio with fear.  
Then I opened the door  
And then an almighty roar,  
In the crowd, so happy after 4 years.

Thousands of people in the harbour.  
People seeing their father.  
I can't find him, but I will soon  
Searching all around but I can't find him.

Seeing the massive boat going away  
I go home all sad and alone.  
Waiting until he comes home.  
Then my dad burst through the door

He shouted, "We're Free!"

## **I'm a Jew** Katelin Simmons

People dying, people crying but that's all over now  
Been waiting for 6 years to see my mother's smile.  
Been living in the country, can't remember the English air  
With all that filthy smoke, That I couldn't bear.  
Boom, Crash, Bang, there it goes again  
Hiding in a cupboard, pretending to be dead  
Trying to stay hidden because I'm a Jew.  
Hitler was a bad man; everyone knows it's true.  
Haven't eaten for days, I'm very skinny.  
Mother is ill, she feels like she is spinning  
Ration running out, no food left.  
My clothes are all gone, mother is stressed  
Father gone away; mother won't tell.  
Concentration camp near, is that where he is held?  
Soldiers everywhere, nowhere to run  
Always stuck in the house with my precious mum.  
Not leaving her until this is all done.  
"where are you going, we can't be found!"  
"don't move from here where your safe and sound."  
Mother was caught, I'm now all alone  
Sat in the basement to an abandoned home.  
There is nothing left, my life is over.  
Shouted in the street, "I'm a Jew"  
Arrested straight away, nothing left to do.

These days we are free, living the way we want,  
Say thank you to the amazing soldier, who gave us what we have.

## **Liberation Poem** Herbie Stow

I was listening to my radio in fear  
But I can hear the good news in my ear.  
I run down to the pier in joy  
I finally get to see my boy.

I can't wait for them to flee  
Then we'll all cheer with glee.  
My boy will soon be here  
My wonderful little dear.

They're signing the surrender now.  
How did Britain win the war? How? Just how?

**In War** Hannah Le Pelley

The sorrow, the pain, the fear;  
Washed over me like the rain.  
While the wind cut straight through me,  
Not caring who's there;  
Leaving me frozen in pain.

The deafening sound of gun fire,  
Was screaming in my ear.  
I had nothing left neither pride nor hope,  
As I stumbled to the ground;  
Leaving me hopeless in endless pain.

Mines exploded around me,  
Throwing me as high as a house,  
While I landed into the deep deadly mud,  
Which almost sucked my life away,  
Leaving me silent in extraordinary pain.

But then it all stopped, and the sirens sung out;  
Lifting the fear up away.  
While one final shot  
Hit me right in the back;  
Leaving me dead in pain.

**Guernsey's liberated** Sam Le Pelley

I'm hearing the news all about Guernsey.

We've been starving all through the war  
And maybe now we might not be poor  
When I'm hearing the news all about Guernsey.

We are all running down to the harbour thinking we're free  
And when we got there everyone is full of glee.  
We've been starving all through the war  
And maybe now we might not be poor  
When I'm hearing the news all about Guernsey.

My family is coming in, even uncle Fin.  
After the signing we all do down to the inn.  
We are all running down to the harbour thinking we're free  
And when we got there everyone is full of glee.  
We've been starving all through the war  
And maybe now we might not be poor.  
When I'm hearing the news all about Guernsey.

## **Occupied** Noah Bartlett

The Germans have arrived!  
Their huge, grey boats are docked in the harbour.  
We hear heavy footsteps as they march up the street towards town.  
Looking out of my window I see a convoy of military vehicles patrolling the road.  
Confusion breaks out.  
Why are they here?  
I feel confused.

People rush out of their homes and shops.  
Their shopping is quickly dropped on the ground and flies over the cobbles.  
Anxious faces crowd the streets.  
Fear, confusion and disbelief strike them dumb.

I join my neighbours lining the road.  
Grey uniforms, black helmets and shining leather boots stamp past me.  
They have infantry rifles on their shoulders.  
One soldier looks at me with an evil smirk on his face.  
He's tall and strong like a monument.  
Sweat pours down my forehead.  
I am terrified!

Just then, loud gun shots ring out,  
Screams of terror fill the air.  
People run for their lives.  
Children gasp and sob, clinging onto their parents.  
I watch in horror as my happy life is washed away.

## **The day is here** Jack Blazina

The day is here  
We celebrate with beer.  
The worst days of my life  
They hit me like a knife.  
But they are behind me  
They will not find me.  
This state of joy  
Makes me feel like a boy.  
On this day  
The 9th of May.  
The feeling I've got is glee  
Because we are finally free.  
We've waited for today  
This beautiful day in May.

## **We're Finally Free** Henry Kennedy

We're starving when we hear the crowd,  
In huge numbers they gather round.  
I open the door and hear the roar,  
The crowd flinging their hats that hit the floor.

An almighty warship with a thousand men,  
Waving the flag that will condemn,  
The Nazis that have occupied us,  
I hope we're finally free.

The crowd walk up to College, up the hill,  
The Nazis surrender, with joy we're filled.  
No longer starvation, we are all free,  
Now's the time to throw a party!

Now it's a time for celebration,  
That we will remember for years.  
We have no fear of starvation,  
In fact, we have no fears

## **Liberation** Hayden Steele

As I was lonely, being bossed by the Nazi party  
Living on rations.  
And then the day came,  
Going down to the ship watching them sign the papers.  
There were millions of islanders seeing this.  
Then reading it out at Elizabeth College,  
I now want to be reunited with my family.  
I had to wait 6 months but eventually it happened,  
Reunited with my family,  
Now normal life is resumed  
I am now bursting with joy.

## **I looked back** Joshua Pailing

As we left the Island on boat packed with people,  
I looked back on all the beaches and homes and Castle Cornet.  
None of us knew how long we would be away from our island homes and family.  
We sailed, drifting slowly along  
until Guernsey was a speck on the blue, sparkly horizon.

**Guernsey** George McEwan

I listen to the radio with my ears  
Celebrating with a cheer.  
I could hear the creek of a door  
When my dad bursts in with glee.  
We rush down to the harbour.

We were free  
We're full of glee.  
After four years  
We could do a roast.

A few months later

My mom came home.  
The island was full and alone.

**Now we are free** Edward Morgan

They're gone, they're gone forever.  
Never to come back, never again.  
British flags waving.  
Now we're free, free from the Nazis.  
No more guns, no more orders.  
We're in the harbour; the cheering and laughing everyone is happy.  
Now we're back to the life we wanted.  
Now we are free!

**Liberation is here** Dylan Graham

It is an amazing  
Feeling that freedom  
Is finally here.  
Our radio told us  
When we were free.  
We were so happy  
When we heard the news.  
The Guernsey flags flying high;  
Feeling proud having fun.



## **Guernsey is still here** Barney Fitzgerald

I have been trapped for 4 long years  
We still hear starvation in our ears.  
But today the 8th of May 1945  
The end of war and we are still here.  
For survival as I go to bed  
I now have excitement stuck in my head.

The next morning the 9th of May 1945  
I listen to the radio and cheer.  
Then as all of Guernsey stands here  
We watch the Nazi Party who now have left.  
The destruction leaves me bereft.  
But now as we all cheer  
As us and Guernsey is still here.

## **A New Beginning** Archie Piper

I don't have to hide,  
But now I can ride.  
The joy of being free,  
Fills me with glee.  
I don't have to run,  
Boy freedom is fun.  
The day is here,  
We don't have to fear.  
The clock has struck eleven,  
No more are going to heaven.  
Goodbye to sad days,  
Let's end this phase.  
I'm leaving this behind me,  
Say "goodbye Nazis" kindly.  
Finally, the Nazis have stopped sinning.  
At last we can start a new beginning.

## **Finally, free** Anthony Tanguy

Finally, free.  
I have been trapped for four long years  
But at least the help is finally here.  
For it is now the end of the war,  
And as we stare off into the horizon, we cheer  
For the Nazis are no longer here.

## **Depression to happiness** Alex Fish

It had been going on for years,  
Depression, occupation and starvation.  
At last it happened ...  
FREEDOM!!!  
Finally, he gets to go home,  
He had been gone for 4 whole years.  
The joy in the atmosphere, higher than it has ever been before.  
It was satisfying watching the ship sail away.

## **What is freedom** Leo Rivers

What is freedom?  
When you are trapped everything is down in the dumps and your heart is shattered into tiny shards of sand and dust.  
To not be able to do what you want to do,  
But when you are free all is fun and games.  
It feels like two doves are above your head all the time to do what your heart's option of life. Now that's freedom above your head when you're doing everyday life.  
Freedom is a part of you, a friend,  
Trapped is your enemy,  
Hatred and ghastly is trapped.  
Loyal and merry is freedom.  
Freedom has choice and freewill where trapped has not,  
trapped is a criminal on the run,  
freedom is the policeman who stops the criminal and helps everyone.  
Freedom is you.

## **Freedom** Ariana Marais

Everyone was so delighted they burst out singing;  
They were filled with such delight and anger.  
As prisoned Animals must find their freedom,  
Singing wildly across the soft white,  
Orchards; dark grey muddy fields.  
Everyone's laughter was suddenly lifted,  
And beauty came like the lovely old sun;  
My heart was shaken with tears and anger;  
And horror drifted from their bodies.

### **Oh! when the navy came** Sam Meekes

Oh! when the navy came.  
When the navy arrived joy in everyone's eyes,  
Disappointment in the Germans' eyes.  
The navy were honoured: we were glad.  
The Germans getting shipped out.  
Everyone was happy, everybody cheering, Germans teary.  
Finally, we were liberated,  
Finally, they were removed,  
Bombs retired.  
Oh! when the navy came.

### **Your lover returns** Teddy Haddow

Your lover returns to Guernsey  
as the army comes back to town harbour.  
Germans with all their guns. As they leave  
and lovers kissing, jumping with joy, singing, dancing, playing.  
But as the years went by  
no one dancing no one singing no one playing  
all is sad. Until one man said  
"I have a great idea it's called Liberation.  
it will be every 9th may when we came back from the war."  
And they did more dancing more singing and more kissing.  
Ice cream and better food.  
Everyone was happy when your lover returns.

### **Liberation Acrostic Poem** Tom Jackson

Liberated after five long years.  
Impatiently waiting for the British Troops.  
Bells from the Town Church ring.  
Estatic people everywhere.  
Released from Nazi control.  
Awaiting Churchill's announcement.  
The Guernsey flag is raised again.  
Indebted to our liberators.  
"Our dear Channel Islands are also to be freed today."  
Never want to experience war again.

## **Scared to Death** Aurelia McGreevy

It was a cold night;  
not that bright.  
We fought in war;  
until our hands were sore.  
Blood sweat and tears;  
could only have beers.  
In the hands of Germans  
we were trapped.

The torture they forced;  
The pain they forced.  
The sadness;  
the badness.  
We fought;  
we taught.  
Our lost;  
our past  
gone in the hands of Germans.  
We are trapped.

Finally, we're free, all of us can see  
Greatness and fun  
Freedom is fun  
We are free  
We are free  
Finally, we run  
We're having so much fun  
We are free.

Singing all night  
It's a delight  
Liberation Day  
We love to play  
Come on, let's say  
Hooray.  
Finally, we're free.  
Finally, we're free.

## **Guernsey is Freed** Sebastien Saad

When all war shall be over and done,  
We must celebrate! Come!  
Come from your hides, come everyone.  
England victorious, the rewards  
Are forever glorious.  
Guernsey is liberated,  
And on this day,  
We are forever elated.  
The Germans are gone;  
England, in our hearts,  
Shall forever be,  
Our number one.  
O, England has won, England has won,  
O, behold, the Germans are done.  
The Germans shall flee,  
Like a frightened bird,  
From a massive oak tree.  
The Germans shall flee,  
Like a petrified,  
A horrified,  
A terrified bee.  
Guernsey is freed,  
Guernsey is freed,  
O, the Germans have to flee.  
Guernsey is freed,  
Guernsey is freed,  
O, the Germans have to flee.  
O, Guernsey is freed.

## **Freedom** Alex Pitfield

There was cheering in the alleyways as the bell finally rang.  
Everyone sang  
As the glory set in.  
Soon disappointment would rule again.  
We will remember thy who had pride and faith in themselves.  
The ones who battled, the ones who fought,  
the ones who protected, we have Freedom and that's more important than anything.  
All families with hope inhale glory and triumph  
Families with loss inhale woeful cries.  
We will celebrate for the fallen; remember them with our freedom.

## **Freedom** Hugo Shires

The soaring of a bird, abandoning its cage.  
The sprinting of a cheetah, eluding poachers.  
The swinging of a monkey, escaping the devastation of man.  
The slithering of a cobra, evading traps wanting its skin.

A butterfly uncurling from its chrysalis, avoiding predators.  
A duckling exiting the nest, cowering from cats.  
A bunny leaving its burrow, fleeing the fox.  
A gosling entering the water, retreating from the wind.

The roaring of a lion, wary of hunters.  
The pouncing of a puma, dodging the enemy.  
The swimming of a turtle, hiding from the shark.  
The purring of a kitten, being abandoned.

That's what freedom is.  
The Germans have finally retreated.  
Liberation!

## **How the War Ended** Samuel Russell

How the war ended  
How the delight to be free  
Now that the war has ended.  
The poor soldiers would go home to their families  
Now that the war has ended.  
Poor old soldiers would go home and celebrate  
Now that the war has ended.  
How the freedom; glory to be free  
Now that the war has ended.  
Everyone was cheering the birds were tweeting and there was no more weeping  
Now that the war has ended.  
The birds were singing their own little song up in the green  
Now that the war has ended.  
All my fears and horrors have been swept away  
Now that the war has ended.  
It was a glorious sight to see all the Germans flee like a cheetah attacking its prey.  
Now that the war has ended.  
How the liberty of being free, it feels astonishing  
Now that the war has ended.  
No one will ever have to feast their eyes on the desolate battle field ever again.  
Now that the war has ended.

## **The Liberation of Guernsey** Caspar Roughsedge

The navy are here, here to liberate me, you and everyone,  
The Channel Islands are free,  
Guernsey is one,  
Guernsey, the one that suffered the Huns,  
Oh, what a joyous sight,  
The Huns exiting Castle Cornet,  
The Huns laying down their arms, we are free, yes free,  
Thank the British, after 5 long bellyaching years,  
No sweet, sweet honey,  
No more famine,  
No one can take my freedom away,  
No more stretched faces, no more fear,  
I am free to be me!

## **Freedom** Oliver Guest

Freedom  
The warm comforting touch of a soft pillow that banishes sadness.  
Freedom  
The soft glow of the warm light through the winter snow that takes away pain.  
Freedom  
The dancing and the laughs of delight of small children playing that washes away horror,  
Freedom  
The peaceful calmness of soft feathers that extinguishes anger.  
Freedom  
The small fragile diamond of pleasure that expels hatred.  
Freedom  
The heavy thundering of an elephant charging, halting the Germans.  
Freedom

## **Freedom** Freddie Forshaw

They are here.  
The thing that everyone prayed for has come.  
The British liberated us from something worse than getting bombed.  
The Germans have been obliterated: we have been freed.  
People were launching hats like insane monkeys into the air, cheering like there's no tomorrow.  
Sadly, the Holocaust and lots of other disasters happened.  
Guernsey is happy but a lot of the world is shattered; in pieces.

## **Freedom once again** Poppy Bowen

Free from being trapped in a place like hell with no fun.  
This time we had all been waiting for had come,  
Liberation day.  
The day that no war would come again from 9th May.

Germans started feeling  
They should really be healing...  
...The people who may have been injured, in pain or hurt  
From being covered in all of that terrible mud and dirt.

Soldiers home to see family  
Once again, they will live happily.  
Feelings of horror; frightened disappeared from inside their head  
As they realise, they are not dead.

Although it was terrifying  
They were surviving so in the end...  
...A joy to see soldiers again what seemed like forever come home  
Now they will never be alone.

## **Freedom** Oliver Pratt

Freedom: something we want.  
Freedom from the war.  
When we got freedom, we were as happy as mice dancing in delight  
over unexpected cheese.  
When the British came, we were bouncing:  
the feeling swept the island.  
Some were crying in happiness  
Others celebrating their hearts out;  
but Everyone  
was a bird, all singing different songs.  
Being free.  
It felt blissful  
while the Germans were crying themselves to sleep.



## Guernsey's Liberation Albert Wheadon

As the navy entered our harbour  
And Huns slowly chucked their guns  
onto the rock-hard floor of  
Castle cornet, so we were liberated.  
Free from those Hun  
Then Australian troops went  
Straight up to the Hun and chuckled.  
As the Hun were proud and so never said a word.  
When the feeling of being sick in the heart sober  
That quickly spread over them.  
A whole fleet of swans entered a now shimmering harbour  
Our liberation is here!  
So, the Demons had left, and saints had entered  
English land not German land.  
Also, the land of the free.  
Oh, but the Hun muttered on even into the night  
Were no bombs came down and stars have never been so bright.  
But blood no longer shall spill on the mud and ground.  
All men have come back from the devil's game of death and war both never the same  
For death isn't pleasant and neither is war.  
But now Guernsey's safe we shall know no more of war and hell  
For Guernsey hasn't fell.  
For men have come and go either Injured or hurt  
And all we had to offer was blood sweat and life.  
*(Quote by Winston Churchill 2nd prime minister of Britain of WW2)*  
For England we shall as we are free of men of death  
Their guns wrecked into dust.  
And bullets destroyed and loot abandoned we broke it all  
Then we destroyed the past nightmare,  
And made a dream of peace and no war to kill and no crime to hurt,  
As Guernsey's land is now weak not strong.  
But comrades and go along being rewarded by country of men,  
For service to all whom fell in the trench of black and blood and mud all around,  
As Winston sat back with a cigar in number ten in England's heart.  
For were free cause of Churchill's brain and smarts,  
Who controlled the war of Britain from afar?  
Not in the trench but still bullets calling and he still here machine guns roaring.

## **Finally, Free** Hayden Saunders

Standing among thousands,  
Thousands upon thousands of free souls,  
Free souls that shall once again restore contentment,  
The songs the feelings were forevermore blissful, imprisoned now unhampered,  
There were countless flags waving in the light breeze,  
Countless adoring faces,  
This was a charm of glee,  
Dirty soldiers sung to in admiration,  
The festivity could never escape this once again blessed island,  
This was the end of the war as they knew it,  
The feelings the ecstasy,  
Everything stood marvellous,  
Nothing would change,  
The hills; the mountains,  
All climbed by the soldiers and their comrades,  
Some have fallen,  
Giving their lives in dedication to saving the UK,  
True of heart strong of limb they were,  
As well as being gleeful the unconstrained reflected,  
Sick at heart, fellow comrades were,  
The released could not begin to describe the feeling of delight  
This was wonder.

## **Germans came to stay** Arabella Bown

On July 1st, 1940, the Germans came to stay  
They took food, stole money and sent people away.  
Children were sent on boats to a place far from home  
People forced in slavery is not the way to go.  
The Germans stole their food, so they only had rations.  
Owners of farms were told to stay because of hungry victims.  
Radios weren't allowed because of communication,  
People getting heard was not a big problem.  
People were executed for not obeying the rules.  
Victims made to share homes and sometimes not allowed out.  
The Germans were evil until we won the war,  
They left the island and now we are free as birds.

## **The Occupation** Charlotte Barnfather

All was normal,  
Until they found,  
Our small island,  
We fled the grounds,  
The Germans have taken over,  
The Germans have taken over,

Lying down in the middle of the night,  
Scared worried hope we don't get a fright,  
The Germans have taken over,  
The Germans have taken over,

Germans patrolling all around,  
Hiding so quietly not making a sound,  
The Germans have taken over,  
The Germans have taken over,  
The Germans have taken over,

Finally, the day is here,  
We can relax and give us cheer,  
The Germans have left Guernsey,  
The Germans have left Guernsey.

## **The Germans came to Stay** Clementine Glynn-Riley

The war started on 1st July,  
The Germans came to stay.  
There was no way they would go away.  
They took our Island small.  
They changed all of our laws and thought we were fools.  
People forced to leave homes and say goodbye to raids  
Post from family is gone.  
People taken to become slaves, they to build bunkers.  
The Germans took more people away.  
They finally went away when British marched on in,  
On the 9th of May on Liberation day.

## **The Occupation** Madeleine Hemans

The Germans came to Guernsey  
With orders to hide away. They  
Bombed are houses and sent  
Our children far, far away. We  
Hid stuff but they found  
it anyway.

Noise at night was not alright.  
We locked are houses every  
night. We protected each other  
with all our might. We've had  
enough of living.  
They changed the laws  
and ran away back to where  
they hideaway. We wanted  
to run away. We were forced  
to be there slaves. They  
beat me up and pushed  
me right away.

But today was a new  
day, the Germans came to  
Guernsey and left right  
away. Are lives go on and  
on, forever and a day.

## **Occupation** Lavinia Colclough

In June 28th, 1940, Germans have arrived  
They've taken everything from us,  
Even our happy lives.

Radios were forbidden,  
Private meeting was banned,  
Will we ever be happy in our homeland?

We're starving to death,  
We need some food,  
Will this ever end?

## **I went away** Alexa Stockwell

June 1940.

That was the day,  
When all normal happenings,  
Just went away.

Germans forced my dad to do their work (I think they  
should've helped too!)

My cousin, he was sent away,  
Then I had no one to play.

I had to go to England  
I stayed there for years.  
I couldn't be with any of my school peers.

I really missed my family,  
and our little house  
and even our tiny little Kitchen mouse.

Then finally five years later,  
I could come back home!  
I jumped skipped and leaped about,  
When the Germans had to go!

Then it was finally Liberation day!

## **The Occupation** Beatrice Moakes

The Germans came with orders to obey,  
And that was our darkest day.  
The Germans came took everything away,  
We had no escape.  
The children went to safer homes,  
There was no one they knew.  
We're lonely without them,  
Will we ever get are old loves back?

## **Occupation** Holly Jones

The Germans came and invaded,  
They took everything away.  
As soon as they set foot on Guernsey  
We knew they were here to stay.

July 1st, 1940

That was our darkest day.  
We took our kids and babies  
And sent them far away.

Guernsey suffered badly  
Of death and starvation,  
It was not a happy time  
During the Occupation

Radios were forbidden,  
Private meetings banned  
This is not how we wanted to live  
On our happy land.

We were not allowed to write anything bad  
about these grotty Germans,  
They say they treat us nicely  
But really, they're like vermin.

Finally, the day had come,  
The Germans had to leave.  
We call this day Liberation  
The day we were set free.

## **Occupation** Flora Humphries

O ccupation started on 1st July 1940,  
C amps were where some people had to go.  
C ould not have post sent to them.  
U nderground hospitals were built,  
P eople were forced to evacuate their homes.  
A lmost starved to death.  
T errifying for many people,  
I mprisoned if they tried to escape.  
O ccupation ended in 1945,  
N ow the occupation is over we celebrate Liberation day on 9th May!

## **OCCUPATION** Phoebe Copperwaite

O ccupation began in 1940.  
C hildren were evacuated.  
C annot receive post.  
U nderground bunkers.  
P eople forced to leave.  
A lmost everyone forced into slavery.  
T elevision banned.  
I n the house by 9.00pm.  
O ccupation continued for 5 years.  
N othing to eat.

## **Occupation** Rea Moore

The Germans came with orders,  
Orders to obey,  
They came right up to steal our stuff  
Which was all hidden away.  
We suffered from starvation,  
and tried to get away,  
but no matter how we tried  
they always found our trace.

There was one day where they said  
to always stay at home,  
And never leave the Island  
Wherever we may go.

When Germans came,  
they kept us here to stay,  
although we heard some people here were sometimes sent away.  
The Germans made some rules,  
they took away our food  
they made us grow potatoes  
and took some of our goods.

The Germans came with orders  
orders to obey.  
Although the Germans hurt us  
We were reunited on Liberation Day.  
To tell each other stories  
Of those awful German nights.  
Who terrorised us people,  
and gave us all a fright.

## **The Germans occupy Guernsey** Amelia Willis

The Germans  
occupy Guernsey.  
It is such a  
terrible mess!  
The people all  
around us are  
trying to run their best.

The Germans  
occupy Guernsey  
they have nothing to say.  
The children have to evacuate  
To try and keep safe!

The Germans  
Occupy Guernsey  
they took all our belongings away.  
They bombed are houses and  
took our corn they made us  
really really poor!

The Germans  
occupy Guernsey  
and finally, they were gone.  
we were safe and sound  
free and loud,  
and lived our day on and on.

## **Occupation** Eloise Thompson

The Germans came to Guernsey on a cold and rainy day,  
They came to all our house and took our belongings away.  
They even took the locals they made them into slaves,  
They made them make machine guns to scare the Brits away.

The Brits fort back hard against this awful war the Germans  
thought "How are these guys?" they've gone and won the war.

The Germans fled from Guernsey on a warm and sunny day,  
They went to their houses and took their belongings away.  
They got into their planes and flew far away they left this beautiful  
Island never to be disturbed again.



**Occupation** Louisa Hardouin-Munro

We were sent to foreign countries,  
to places far,  
Sent away to unknown strangers,  
without having a say.

I was scared,  
I was frightened,  
and I don't know why,  
but my stomach tightened.

I held on tight to my dear mother,  
And cried until I could cry no more,  
Then I waved goodbye,  
and leapt through boats door.

We landed on an Island,  
much bigger than our home,  
With lots of food and land,  
and a little garden gnome.

**Occupation** Hattie Fullman

The Germans came with rules and  
Those rules were not to be ignored!  
Praying for.  
Everyone having the same amount of food  
radios and newspapers were forbidden  
The bombs were a sign that they were  
Coming to town,  
On the 28th June the bombs began  
Boys up to 16 and up were sent to camp.  
Nobody enjoyed these five years of dreadful  
occupation that were taking some families  
apart.  
The Germans came with rules and those  
rules were not to be ignored  
Is it over yet?" is what people were  
praying for.  
People trying to escape but it was  
risky.  
Private meetings were not allowed.  
The Germans came with lots of rules  
and those rules were not to be ignored  
"Is it over yet?" is what people were  
praying for.

## **Occupation** Jessica Boyle

The Germans came with orders  
Made that they had to obey,  
Radios were forbidden sensors on  
The printers so no bad rumours could  
Be played.

They bomb for attention so people  
Were aware that they were coming  
To town,  
The Germans came in while some locals  
Went out,  
Whilst the Germans came up the  
Boats came down.

They both starved and starved  
Shooting and finding to survive.  
Children all gone; all hopes for the  
Germans to clear,  
The Germans came stealing crops  
They were sent away to no where  
near.

Policemen got told what to do  
and Shopkeepers got told what to sell  
It lasted five years people thought it  
Would never end.  
Locals tried to escape but they always  
Found the trace.

What should they do with no  
Children no food no hopes,  
Animals were stolen for meat and  
Milk,  
Also, can't get away with the boats.

Finally, they left on the 9th of May,  
Everyone happy with somewhere to stay,  
The Germans have gone!  
The Germans have gone!

## **Coming Home** Elle Harris

When the day had gone,  
With the road all wet,  
the sky all dark and gloomy,  
there I was.

When the sirens had gone,  
noise still ringing in my ear,  
Suddenly, a sound of screaming.

Screaming, people came running down,  
with a smile on their faces,  
the occupation was over.

We gathered together to celebrate,  
I knew that this was the best day ever.

## **Channel Islands Free** Sophie Bateman

Extraordinary sights to see,  
I could sense happiness in my heart.

The feel of our Channel Islands back,  
Is incredible to feel in myself.

I could smell happiness in the air,  
While the soldiers marched in front of me.

The sirens going off,  
Everyone very overjoyed.

All the boats coming back,  
With nearly every soldier there.

Waving flags everywhere,  
The celebration begins  
For years and years to come.

## **Underground** Katie Lloyd

I got told I had to  
Be evacuated so  
Me and my family  
Moved underground.  
We smelt underground  
Everything in our lives  
In that time was  
**Underground.**

The light of day  
No way!  
cause we lived underground  
and this is where  
We had to  
**Stay.**

I heard my sisters' footsteps they  
made a crack.  
What was she doing?  
She's supposed to be  
**Asleep.**

She went around the corner.  
I wanted to call her,  
She went even further  
as she went up the  
**Ladder.**

She could get hurt  
what will I do?  
all I know is now  
I'm glad she did  
**Too.**

Hi, I'm the new sister  
The only one here.  
Now I know what she said,  
What she could hear,  
but she trusted me  
Just like she  
**Should.**

I'm here with my children,  
It's the 75th anniversary,  
I'm reading out her and my  
**Story.**

## **I hope it stops soon** Isabella Morgan

Today is sad.  
Today is the evacuation.  
The German soldiers came,  
And shot some people.

It is hard when we leave our families.  
I have to stay in my house.  
At the black sparkly sky at night and stare at the moon,  
We have to leave with our teachers,  
Going backwards and forwards  
But I hope it stops soon.

I'm going to miss my cuddly toys,  
I see all the boys passing by,  
But I really hope it stops soon.  
I wish I had delicious food, to fill my hunger,  
Dreaming all day and night,  
Then I heard a tremendous loud bang....

I'm wondering what it was,  
But I was too scared and frightened.  
That I couldn't stay alive,  
I went to my beautiful mother.  
Before I was going to bed,  
And she hugged me forever.

Then I woke up with a stretch and a yawn,  
I looked at the German soldiers.  
I was too scared to look at the window,  
But I hope it stops soon.

Now 5 years later,  
I'm with a different family.  
I don't remember my old family.

When I came back with a big heavy sack full of clothes that I saw  
Lots of people are cheering of excitement.  
I was so happy.

We were in a crowd,  
And I was happy that I could eat again.

And now lots of years later, in the future  
Looking at the past,  
I remember all my happy memories.

## **Memories flooding back** Sophie Domaille

It is 2020,  
Time to celebrate.  
Creating new traditions,  
And remembering old ones too.

Remembering old,  
And bad times too.  
Not a lot of good,  
But now rationing is too old to do.

Our dear Channel Island,  
Free forever.  
Children rushing back,  
After a long time.

Kissing somebody,  
People you don't know.  
Because they are your saviour,  
For ever more.

I could hear the laughing,  
I could taste the greenness,  
I will remember the feeling for ever more.

## **Evacuation** George Divall

Back in 1940,  
During the evacuation,  
It was scary.  
German bombers overhead,  
Bombs exploding,  
Going deaf,  
Tomatoes everywhere.

## **Free** Tillie Hilgeland Wilkins

Their grand vessels sailed away,  
Carrying the misery of war with them,  
Bitterly smoky clouds erased: leaving the world vibrant,  
Guernsey beamed as everyone sweetly sung,  
When Germany's boats vanished into the horizon:  
We knew we were here, free once more!

The essence of victory filled the air,  
Eager smiles refusing to exile gleaming faces,  
Thrilled grins cluttered on the seafront,  
Forcing awful memories to fell our island,  
We were merry, merry once more!

The split moment I returned to my humble home,  
I truly regained my identity also,  
I sunk into my gloomy grey chair,  
Spun in circles like a ballerina,  
I observed something then,  
Nothing had changed except a missing chess board,  
Germans were puppets and Hitler the puppeteer,  
Some of them actually cared!

The day we thought refused to come, came,  
I fell asleep still smiling,  
I was safe, safe once more!

## **Occupation** Beatrix Ede-Golightly

O ccupation started on 1st March 1940.  
C ould not evacuate were ever you go,  
C amps were everywhere for the people that lost their houses.  
U nderground tunnels start to be built,  
P ost, radio and meetings now banned.  
A ll of Guernsey is going down.  
T ry to escape but you can't,  
I n prison if you escape.  
O ccupation is nearly over,  
N ow finally war has ended on May 9th which we say Liberation day.

## **Patchy** Eve Hartley

Together we boarded the ship,  
Hand in hand with Patchy,  
We waved farewell to Mama and Papa,  
Tears racing down our cheek.

A man held me back, as I tried to get away,  
Screaming, shouting, wailing I was,  
Curled up in a ball, I sniff Patchy,  
I always feel better when I smell his soothing scent,  
Soon my parents were a little dot in the distance.

Sent away to live with Mrs Earl,  
Be quiet! Don't touch! Do this! Do that!  
I soon felt like a slave,  
I was only five years old,  
But I know that I will always love Patchy.

Holding Patchy's scruffy little hand reassuringly,  
It was May 1945,  
Waving good-bye to the malicious Mrs Earl,  
Patchy and I put our best foot forward,  
And boarded the boat,  
The boat home,  
The boat to freedom.

## **OCCUPATION** Isabelle Guest

O ccupation started on 1st July 1940,  
C ould not have radios.  
C hildren evacuated.  
U nderground tunnels were built,  
P eople were forced to build things.  
A lmost everyone starved to death,  
T rying to escape.  
I mprisoned if people tried to get away.  
O ccupation continued for five years.  
N ot allowed to put things about Germans in newspapers.



## **The Liberation** Suzanna Meinke

The boat touched the shore of Guernsey  
then, as soon as we got off,  
I saw their faces shining at me  
My parents.  
The excitement I felt was indescribable.  
I rushed over to them and flung my arms around their necks.  
I was finally home.

My mother exclaimed how much she had missed me,  
and father noticed how much I'd grown.  
I had been seven when I left.

The church bells were ringing,  
Excitement was in the air.  
I could see many smiling faces,  
And women kissing soldiers, whom they didn't know.

The English ships,  
HMS Bulldog and HMS Victory,  
Brought our sweets and .... chocolate!  
I had never tasted such splendour in my life!  
A friendly English man gave me a Banana,  
At the time I didn't know you were supposed to take the skin off!  
I have never seen one before.  
It was as creamy as an Ice cream.

Then a plane flew over our heads with Winston Churchills voice,  
"And our dear Channel Islands shall be freed today"  
Many people were cheering and waving British flags.  
The soldiers paraded down the road,  
We all had a big party.

A celebration of our freedom,  
I'm happy in Guernsey.  
My beautiful little island,  
I shall never leave again.

## **Time to Go** Finlay Sneddon

I couldn't believe my ears,  
I had to leave my family and go somewhere completely different.  
Tears welled up in my eyes and I couldn't help crying.  
"How could this happen to me."  
"Don't cry," my mum said, walking into my room,  
She helped me pack the essentials; it was time to go.

## **The Occupation of Guernsey** Lara Gavey

It was nineteen-forty,  
When the news of war and dread spread rapidly,  
Through the dark, dismal, Guernsey nights.  
Mother squeezed me close,  
Then whispered, "It will still be alright."

Germans advancing hastily,  
Through dawn and dusk.  
To our home;  
To our place;  
Were each one of us grew up.

Children rushed away all at once,  
With little luggage or knowledge.  
Boats crammed.  
Soon to be limited.

A belligerent atmosphere,  
Yelling, screaming.  
Blood pumping through my head,  
As I watched locals agree to soldiers with gritted teeth.

How could any of this madness happen,  
To this island;  
And the people;  
Of Sarnia Cherie?

## **Occupation** Catherine Paul

O ccupation started on 1st July 1940,  
C hildren were evacuated.  
C ouldn't do private meetings,  
U nder occupation.  
P ost was banned,  
A n underground hospital.  
T ried to escape Guernsey,  
I n 1944 D day came.  
O rdered people who lived there,  
N o food to give to the people.

## **The Church Bells** Grace Abreu

With a feeling of pure dread  
I ring my church bells,  
I see the boats on the horizon,  
And I know this is the last time.

Germans marched through the town,  
Knocking on different doors,  
And the people came out to see,  
This foreign enemy.

With looks of terror and fright,  
Some are being kicked out of their homes,  
And all I do is watch,  
As the Germans turn it up a notch.

They roamed the streets all night,  
And when the first V appeared,  
I gained hope once more,  
But it shattered like a window,  
For a deafening gunshot was heard,  
And no one said a word.

People were kicked and shoved,  
And I'm losing the island I once loved.

It's nineteen-forty-five,  
And the streets are alive,  
The Germans are marched away,  
It is finally Liberation day!

Today is the day I'll ring,  
While the rest of Guernsey will sing,  
For freedom is a precious thing.

## **Leaving Guernsey** Tom Rawlings

I couldn't feel my ears any more after what I had heard from my parents.  
I had to leave Guernsey to go to Weymouth because the Germans were coming.  
I had to pack all my essentials in a bag, and I left on a boat.  
The Germans bombed the tomato trucks, and everyone had to take cover.  
The next day the Germans marched through the town.  
I didn't come home for 5 years and I missed my family.

## **He Will Come** Emily Gavey

I strolled along empty roads every day,  
Looking desperately for food to feed me and my sick ma,  
My treasured friends have evacuated five years ago,  
I was left mourning in my lonely time.

I could only do my finest to keep us alive,  
It nearly wasn't enough.  
I missed my dad more than I missed anything,  
He kept me cheerful.  
I can't wait to see him again!

In the distance I could hear the bells ringing,  
The heavenly sound filled my thrilled ears!  
For the first time,  
I knew I was free!

I hoped that happiness would return,  
I might see my dad!  
I waited patiently beside the pier for him,  
Sadly, my ma couldn't come.

I waited ecstatically for a very long time,  
but he never came.  
I never felt the freedom I wanted,  
I am trapped in depression still!

## **Occupation** Elica Ferguson

Occupation of Guernsey was the 9th of May.  
Children evacuated and ran away.  
Censored on printers so know bad things written.  
Unaware of the punishment, people tried to escape.  
Private meeting was band.  
And people rationing.  
The Germans took over.  
Invasion of Guernsey.  
Occasional losses of people's lives.  
Navy's leader surrendered.

## **Goodbye** Amelie Rochester

The lingering kiss of goodbye,  
Still clings to the tip of my tongue.

Mother cries tears of hope and love,  
As the sky cried tears of a storm.

My arms still aching,  
Longing for the hug to never end.

An unknown hand pushes my back,  
And my sweaty, loving hands leave her patterned frock.

Screams pinch at the back of my throat,  
Untamed, wild.

As the boat pulls slowly away,  
The tears prick my yearning eyes, stinging in anger.

All I want is Mother, with her sweet voice,  
And her chestnut brown hair.

But she's at home,  
I shan't be able to live without her hand in mine.

## **Germans in St Peter Port**

German troops marched at St Peter Port.  
And that is how it started.  
Gun rang made by slaves  
Were all slaving and poor.  
We will never forget our humble homes,  
Boats have failed and radio and private meeting are banned.  
German Nazis are starving too,  
After stealing all our crops.  
We have all got secret rations hidden, locked away.

**Darkness** Carrie Boyde

I'm used to it by now.  
The darkness.  
The waiting.  
It's been three years now.  
Three years of darkness.  
Three years of waiting.

I'm used to it by now.  
The hunger,  
The thirst.  
It's been four years now.  
Four years of hunger.  
Four years of thirst.

I'm used to it by now.  
The quiet.  
The blue.  
It's been five years now.  
Five years of darkness.  
Five years of waiting.  
Five years of hunger.  
Five years of quiet.  
Five years of blue.

Finally, a liberating light, to wipe out the darkness.

**Liberation day** Ethan Etasse

It was the fifth year  
We are running to the pier.  
I ran down to the pier with no idea.  
When the day came, we were as thin as a pin  
My friend Fin ate out of the bin.  
Hitler was all over the paper  
The flag is here.  
We all cheer in glee  
My boy; I can't wait to see him.

## **The Bells** Grace Purvis

It's the 7th of May,  
The sun was dead,  
The Germans still building their bunkers.  
My Dad was in Germany, fighting for his life  
And my Best friend was taken away to England with her class.

I could hear the sirens howling like a werewolf.  
I could taste the dust flying around the atmosphere,  
It was horrible, it was dead.

We queued up, waiting for our fair share of food,  
No meat so we had to eat our duck,  
And our cat was stolen.

I heard the gun shoot,  
It felt like I was in hell,  
A young child was screaming and shouting.

When suddenly, I heard something,  
I felt something, I knew something,  
The bells.

The church bells were ringing,  
The War was over.  
Guernsey had won.

We celebrated, everyone celebrated,  
There were screams of joy and the fear had gone.  
A random woman kissed me, but I didn't care.  
I saw everyone again.

I loved it, I felt happy, joyful, excited and free,  
We saw HMS Bulldog.  
Then, my dad, although he only had one arm,  
He still knew how to give me a perfect hug.

## **True Love** Grace Galliett

“Hide! Hide” The Germans are here,  
me and my sister quiver and fear.  
They bang on the door  
It could fall down.

A boy not much older than me burst through it.  
Watching and waiting,  
Could I believe what I was seeing?

Kindness and bravery in his sky-blue eyes,  
my heart was beating so fast.  
I felt it was going to rip out.  
He stared at me; I looked away.

In the night I sat in my treehouse,  
The stars are alight.  
Suddenly I saw the German boy he gave me a fright.

He climbed into the treehouse I will never forget this night,  
I know I have only seen him once,  
but I have a feeling it's true love.

The next morning, I had dreaded this day.  
It was time to tell my parents  
That I had something to say....

Is my true love real?

## **Liberation Day** Ella Mealing

The streets are full of an excited buzz,  
everyone's faces a symbol of joy.  
Years of worry come to an end,  
the peaceful feeling has returned.

No longer feeling trapped and alone,  
you can now feel safe and happy.  
A big cheer, full of relief,  
no longer having to be worried.

The weight on everyone's shoulders gone,  
children playing happily once again.  
The suffering from all those years,  
disappears in this wonderful moment.



**Shine** Isabella Blackwell

The press fell through the post-box this lunch,  
At twelve o'clock just noon,  
My mother just stared and stared,  
I shook her but she remained still,  
You have to go tomorrow she cried,  
I got her tissue and her eye, I dried.

I wrote my letters goodbye tonight,  
My emotions going crazy.  
I turned out the light and closed my eyes,  
Thinking about tomorrow,  
What would happen at noon,  
When my family fell out of sight.

My family fell out of sight today,  
A twelve o'clock just noon,  
Wet salty cheeks from everlasting tears,  
That are dripping down my face,  
I think on the bright side, well at least I try,  
But my mind keeps changing to my past life lost.

The boat was rough, and I felt a jolt,  
All of the children fell and screamed,  
I wish I had my mummy one said,  
I thought that in my own little head,  
Then, a big horn honked and scared me,  
Then, a massive wave came and sent the boat sinking.

The suitcase flung open,  
The latches now broken,  
My eyes are awoken,  
By tears streaming down my face,  
My past life flooding back,  
My life will never be the same,  
Everything had lost its shine.

**Evacuation** Max Morellec

Scary, ear splitting and terrifying noises.  
As they slowly walked up to the harbour,  
The children were sad and frightened.

## **Nothing would ever be the same** Sian O' Hanlon

Trapped like a bird inside a cage,  
Silence fell down the street,  
It was 1939 and I knew,  
Nothing would ever be the same.

It was seven years old when,  
The day came, horrible, it was hurting me,  
Soldiers marching down the street,  
Nothing would ever be the same.

People queuing to send their child away,  
The pain when I saw my friend go away,  
"Stay with me," I cried, "stay with me,"  
Nothing would ever be the same.

It was 1943, when would this end,  
I look through the window,  
feeling forlorn, distraught, in misery,  
Nothing would ever be the same.

Two years have passed, 1945  
I am now nearly twelve,  
It's my birthday tomorrow  
Church bells have rung  
We have won!  
Maybe it might be the same again.

9th of May it's my birthday!  
And Liberation day!  
I ran to my friend,  
I knew she would remember my name,  
People cheered with contentment,  
Even though we've all changed,  
This is all the same.

## **My Haiku:** Tyler Ogier

Liberation a  
Party celebrated by  
The whole Bailiwick.

## **Free Bells** Lucy Symons

I was fast asleep in my bed  
when I was woke by the sound of bells clashing together.  
I immediately sprung out of bed eyes wide awake,  
ears ringing.

I rushed down the old crooked stairs they squeaked  
And screamed as I excitedly rushed down.  
To my surprise my Brother my Mother and my Father  
were crouched around the small crystal radio  
that we kept I the bookshelf so the Germans  
couldn't find it.

Tears were streaming down her face  
"The Germans have left us!"  
"we're free!" shouted my Father as he hugged me and my family.

It was 7 o'clock, people were crying, screaming and shouting with joy.  
"And our dear Channel Islands are to be freed  
I thought. I would never forget that.  
A smile lit on his face.  
I could see two boats they looked like German boats. I turned around to ask mother, but she already  
disappeared into the huge crowd.  
There were soldiers marching down the pathway.

They were not German soldiers. They were coming home.  
I will never forget that day. The day we were free.

## **Occupation** Caitlin Vidamour

The 1st July when the Germans came to stay.  
Parents panicked and sent their children away.  
They couldn't see their families or write letters to send that day.  
Most pets were taken away.  
People were seized and used as slaves they worked all night and all day.  
People weren't allowed out of their houses which was early in the day.

## **It's finally gone** Corin Ballard

It's finally gone, thank- you.  
I can't believe it's all gone.  
My family safe.

**This Land** Martha Walker

This once strong land has fallen.  
Bunkers weighed me down.  
Till I could carry no more.  
I'm tired.  
I'm injured.  
But I'm trapped.  
Not to say a word.  
Nothing feels the same.

The world was still.  
This was a bitter place.  
A cold, mean and sour place  
Not home  
No, not anymore.

That was all until  
I heard a ringing  
No... that couldn't be  
The warming chime of the church bells.

"Our dear Channel Islands"  
Silence fell  
"Are to be freed"  
A good feeling spread  
Everyone was happy.  
Those once miserable and grouchy people  
Lit up  
I was free.  
This powerful land has survived  
I survived.

**Evacuation: The Watchers** Ruairi Byrne

"Why is she crying?"  
"Her child has been taken."  
"The question is where?"

1945 9th May

The grey clouds lifted  
And a new sun has risen  
On a freer day.

## **Church bells Chime** Flossie Glynn-Riley

A cough from upstairs, spluttering.  
I can't go, I can't leave her on her own  
A far-off foghorn blows in the distance.  
How I longed,  
Oh, how I longed,  
To hear those church bells chime.

It's time to hide, pretend I'm gone  
So, I run inside a cupboard, becoming miniscule,  
Wishing I could hug her.  
How I longed,  
Oh, how I longed,  
To hear those church bells chime.

The crystal radio plays in her bedroom  
I hear the words I most dread  
They stole his life and all my faith  
How I longed,  
Oh, how I longed,  
To hear those church bells chime.

Barging through the door,  
Heart racing with fear.  
A scream, a bang,  
Then suspending silence.  
How I longed,  
Oh, how I longed,  
To hear those church bells chime.

Then next day, the radio plays,  
Comforting me, making me forget,  
A voice, stern, and somehow liberating,  
Says that we are to be freed.  
My hope was changed,  
Oh, my hope was changed,  
On hearing those church bells chime.

I look out my pitiful window  
Seeing something I never thought I'd see,  
Racing down to the fronts, where British boats  
arrive, I knew they'd have wanted this,  
And finally,  
Oh, finally,  
I heard those church bells chime.

Adult Poems- these were not judged.

### **Sarnia Cherie by Beryl Kellow**

They are coming. Make a choice,

Stay or go. Boats are waiting.

They came, holding small bags.

#### Evacuation

Other boats came, planes landed.

Sound of jack boots, sight of swastikas.

Men bearing arms, marching in step.

#### Occupation

Orders came: Report to Town.

Guernsey folk a threat to occupiers.

Hered on to boats for Germany.

#### Deportation

Years passed, hunger, near starvation.

Crystal sets speak of an end in sight.

Boats disgorged new soldiers. Can it be?

#### Liberation

We meet this special day.

Seventy-five years have gone.

So sing '**Sarnia Cherie**'.

#### Celebration

***Liberation, Celebration, 75 Years* Karen Simpson**

Brass band plays, "God Save the Queen"  
Stand to attention, young cadets seen.  
Lieutenant governor inspects the parade,  
Salutes and manoeuvres are dutifully made.

**"And our dear Channel Islands are to be freed today. Long live the cause of freedom. God save the King."  
W. Churchill 1945**

Colourful flags, in full Town church,  
Joyful celebration of peace on earth.  
Remembering - a long time ago,  
A freedom emerged from despair so low.

**"The years of darkness and danger in which the children of our country have grown up are over, and,  
please God, for ever."  
King George VI 1945**

D-day darlings sing to bring cheer,  
Young and old travel back through the years.  
Old favourite tunes, the audience sings,  
The spirit of Sarnia community brings.

**"After nearly five years of German occupation, the people of your Bailiwick of Guernsey respectfully beg  
your majesty to accept their humble duty and their unshaken loyalty."  
Bailiff 1945.**

Vintage parade, old jeeps, dog tags,  
Cheering crowds with Guernsey flags.  
Military uniforms, khaki and blue,  
Transport for soldiers from World War II.

**"So hats off for freedom and coats off for work. There is much to do in settling down to the new order of  
things in Sarnia Cherie."  
Guernsey Evening Press 9 May 1945**

St James' Spring prom, Guerka guests,  
Rule Britannia, it's just the best.  
Castle Cornet, fireworks display,  
Colourful end to a fabulous day.

**"Chu meis nou célèbre le jour dla Libération, et coum nou di, Let us remember, and celebrate!"  
Guernésiais.**

## Occupation, Liberation Angela Pollard

Seventy-five years ago we lived  
in fear. Menfolk absent or obeisant:  
we women uncertain, scared  
yet brave.

What courage it took to live a daily life  
cheerfully for children.

Liberation brought  
the freedom  
to live our lives unfettered  
once again.

Be thankful.

Such jubilation – free at last  
from German domination.

For five long years our every move  
under scrutiny, our lives stolen.

Yet liberation did not come to all.

We grieved  
for those still imprisoned in a foreign land.

Even more  
For those lives  
snatched early.

Freedom lifts our spirits.

Memories of loss  
remain.

Our present  
still haunted by our past.

Never forget the sacrifices  
for freedom.



## MEMORIES

### By Day Visitors of the Russels Day Centre, Guernsey Voluntary Service

*'Would you share a wartime memory'? our older folk were asked,  
wise eyes and worn lips smiled and gave short snapshots of those times past.*

*We'll record them as they're given, not force poetic form*

*Repeat the hard-given memories of each child's time in war.*

*A pattern soon emerges as memories roll back years*

*A list of child-like recall, of sights, smells, sounds and fears.*

My first taste of Bananas, going to the soup kitchen, sweet rations, tins of milk, nettle tea, apple fruit, corned Beef, hops, ripe tomato, smell of boiled potato skins, eating my pet rabbit, screaming doodle bug, silence, air raid siren, exploding windows, airplane engines, rumbling trains, smell of trains and metal bomb explosion, sleeping under tables, running to the air raid shelter, patterns of search lights, unexploded bomb on the roof, being thrown over a wall to next doors shelter, Neville Chamberlain on a Bakelite radio declaring War, marching feet, two brother's finding a German dinghy and a mine that went off, German soldiers in our kitchen putting their large gloves on our oven, being picked up and frightened by a German soldier, only to be shown a photo of his son, leaving by boat with Mum and leaving Dad behind, prisoners, Trams passing The Royal Hotel, travelling at five years old, Cousin had a baby by a German

*'Would you share a wartime memory'? our older folk were asked,  
Wise eyes and worn lips smiled and gave short snap shots of those times past.*

## The "Lost" Generation by Janine Le Cras

All my friends went away today.  
They boarded a boat and sailed away,  
off on a big adventure,  
leaving me behind.

Once they were gone, the Germans arrived.  
It was years before I saw them again.

Me and my brothers went away today.  
We boarded a boat and sailed away,  
off on a big adventure,  
leaving our parents behind.

Once we arrived, we were all split up.  
It was years before I saw them again.

Me and Mum went away today.  
We boarded a boat and sailed away,  
off on a big adventure,  
leaving my Dad behind.

Once we were gone, the bombs rained down.  
I never saw my Dad again

*In 1940, 5200 school aged children were evacuated from the island in the days preceding the German Occupation. Many of them travelled alone, but a few parents chose to evacuate with them. Only 1200 children stayed.*

*Among the children that evacuated were my mother, her four brothers, my father and his mother. My parents were both 5 years old.*

*My paternal grandfather who stayed on the island was a Constable in the Guernsey Police. He was killed in the air raid on the 28th of June 1940 aged 33.*

## Five Long years by Karen Simpson

*This hand-written notice on the screen was posted on Courthouse door in Alderney on 22 June 1940 by Judge French who was charged with organising the evacuation of Alderney.*

I HAVE APPEALED TO ADMIRALTY FOR A SHIP  
TO EVACUATE US.  
IF THE SHIP DOES NOT COME, IT MEANS  
WE ARE CONSIDERED SAFE.  
IF THE SHIP COMES TIME WILL BE LIMITED  
YOU ARE ADVISED TO PACK ONE SUITCASE  
FOR EACH PERSON SO AS TO BE READY  
IF YOU HAVE INVALIDS IN YOUR HOUSE  
MAKE ARRANGEMENTS IN CONSULTATION  
WITH YOUR DOCTOR. ALL POSSIBLE  
NOTICE WILL BE GIVEN  
22<sup>nd</sup> JUNE 1940 *JF French*

When the boats came, we had two hours to pack our life.  
My ancestors had farmed this strip since medieval times.  
We took the dog to the butcher and his body was added to the bloody pile  
but we didn't tell the children.

One suitcase each and we didn't lock the door.  
My invalid mother was carried down the hill, but the children thought it was an adventure and they laughed as their  
childhood was captured in one last photograph.

The chatter didn't drown the distance guns;  
they were close.

The island disappearing into the gloom was imprinted on my mind, "à bêtao," I whispered to myself.  
The crossing was rough and we were squashed in more than the boat was meant for; we were scared.  
When we arrived at the port the local people were kind; they gave us food and blankets and we rested.  
We finally made it to our new home; they had got a translator but we talked their language and the unaccompanied  
children lined up to be chosen.

Five long years we stayed.  
Our children grew up forgetting their language, their heritage; they became locals.  
They cried when it was time to go back to a distant memory of a forgotten childhood.

Our house was a shell; to keep warm they had burnt our furniture and wooden door frames.  
Only walls stood.

We had nothing.  
They had kept the best furniture so it was brought out into a field and we fought off our friends to take what wasn't  
ours.

Embarrassed - we closed our doors to the neighbours that day

Everything that defined us was gone.  
Forgiveness did not come easily.

**Lest we forget**

## Thank you

**Thank you** to pupils at The Ladies' College, La Mare De Carteret High School, Blanchelande, Elizabeth College, Melrose, Elizabeth College Junior School, and St Martin's Primary School who sent in poems for this competition.

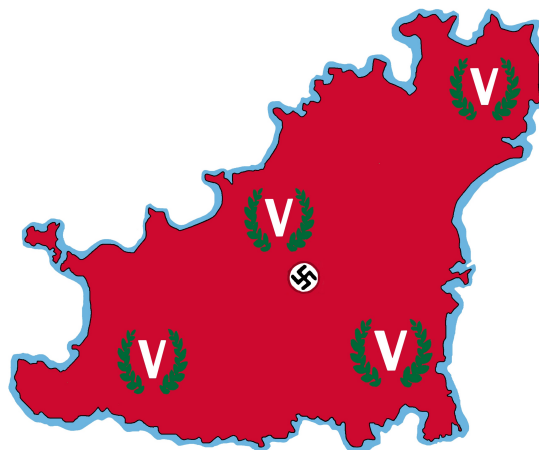
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*Karen Marshall May 2020*

[www.pouques.gg/poetry](http://www.pouques.gg/poetry)



*LEST WE FORGET*