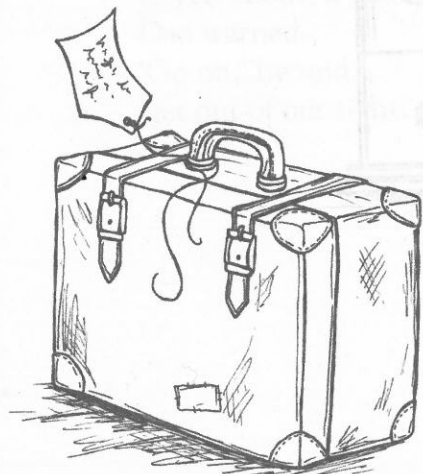


Evacuation

I dunno why Mum's crying so
We'll be fine
Got on the train to Wales
My sister and me
And a hundred other children
Heading for the sunshine
Although we don't know
Exactly where we're going
I've got a label though
So I won't get lost
The government said
We had to go
And we'll be safe, away from the bombs
And anyway it will be exciting
All that space to play in
And hills to climb
And sheep to chase
So I don't know why Mum's crying

Roger Stevens



Mollie

It was fine, all the time
she had Mollie,
as much as a rough sea and
a bucking boat could ever be really fine.
Leaving Guernsey, that feeling
of being lonely, but not alone,
with friends, but not family.
She'd always travelled with her parents before
and now she'd left them behind.

So she clutched the doll, held her close,
tried to smile, tried to eat something,
to look on the bright side, as Mum would say,
put a brave face on it.
But somewhere between the ship and the train,
on the rainy streets of Weymouth,
in the hustle and bustle of a hurried chase
to reach the station on time,
Mollie must have fallen from her pocket.

It wasn't till the train hissed and set off
that she realized Mollie was missing.
Her teacher's hugs, her soft voice,
the sympathy of her friends,
nothing could console her, the tears
ran fast and freely.