

Written by Norman Sampson

AAA HISTORY BOY

I am a page of history, in comparison very small,
born in 1935, I've seen the mighty fall

Born just before the second war, I grew with feelings very sore,
my bedroom damp, an air raid shelter, Air raid warning, helter scelter
we ran for our lives to a hole in the ground, we never felt that safe or sound

Listening all night to the bombs and guns, holding tightly to my mum,
waiting for the light of day, when all those planes would fly away.

Treading carefully through the debris of our neighbours homes,
tears running down our faces to horrified to roam, what lay beneath the broken bricks beneath
the blood soaked stones

A sunny Sunday morning, the sun was shining bright
I heard the church bells ringing, just filled me with delight,
I could not remember when last I felt at ease,
relishing the stillness of a summer Sunday breeze.....

I saw a flash,...Almighty crash.....the building shook
the windows smashed, the glass embedded in the walls
for my mother I did call, shaking like a leaf and screaming,
could not fathom out the meaning,
another Doodle bug, another day, another one that came my way.

The thick grey smoke rose to the sky, on another day I'd surely die
a direct hit onto my school, how could anyone be so cruel

A man was shouting in the street, that we had won the war.
I felt the tears well up in me, I could not ask for more,
I scooted home, ran all the way to tell my mum the news
and wish her Happy Birthday to lift her war time blues.

I've heard the bombs and war time songs, I've seen dog fights in the sky,
I've lived to tell this awful tale and know the reason why.
There is a lesson to be learnt, play with fire and you'll get burnt
The pen is mightier than the sword, there's none so powerful as the written word.
In disagreements give and take, to prevent more heart ache

And now at night I lay my head in my own room in my warm bed
but still I think of all those dead, and yet I feel the weight of grief
I could not remember a time of peace