

Friday 2<sup>nd</sup> October 2001

## The voice said 'We are at War'

Sat there stiff to the bone as the terrifying voice echoed  
inside my <sup>corp</sup> throbbing mind. Phrases shivered through my <sup>frozen</sup> cold  
mind, knowing there was no hope. Shivering not knowing  
what to do. The agony reality struck me like lightning.  
Our beautiful kingdom would be torn apart forever. People  
of this forbidden time will have a memory but here  
they will never want to remember

Was something utterly new,

Curling up in a tight ball, not able to breathe but  
mother reassured me. I could feel her destroyed heart  
thudding like a drum. Going into the unknown,

I thought of dead spiders laying in the darkness.  
But some standing tall and proud.

I felt dead, alone and broken. This felt depressing  
un-real.

War  
On that September Sunday made us feel  
dark, lonely and petrified.