

Away from Home

I keep thinking about the big room,
Everyone going to their doom.
My family are no more.
They just shut the door.

There are lots of lakes and trees here,
I'm not feeling so much fear,
Maybe this is paradise?
I hope people will be nice.

This is meant to be our new home.
I know I shouldn't moan,
But they're all staring at me.
Where are we?

By Amy C

Strangers

Will they be nice?
I bet they have lice.
I hope they don't steal,
Or make us share our meal.

Why do they have to come here?
They all look so queer.
They're just wearing underwear,
And they have no hair.

They eat and hide their food so quick,
As if it's a trick.
I wonder if they'll be my friend,
Or if they'll ever mend.

By Amy C

Not now, not ever

By Charlotte Fieldhouse

Not enough chairs in the classroom,
Not enough space in the halls,
They don't need to be here, not at all,
They arrive in the millions, flocking our school,
Why are they here? We never know, not now, not ever.

Why don't they go home where they are wanted?
They can't even speak English and say what they needed,
They will never find friends, not now, not ever.
They will always be alone, on their own, always forever.

They are children sent from war,
They can find their way back,
They will attack us and hurt us just for fun,
They will never be with us, not now, not ever.

Now and forever

By Charlotte Fieldhouse

We will make room in the classroom,
More space in the halls,
They need us here, more than you know,
They arrive in the millions, no place to call home,
We will help them, now and forever.

They can't go home, their families are gone,
Let's help them speak English, so they have a home,
Let's help them find friends, now and forever.

They were traumatised by war, loved ones killed,
They can never go back home,
They would never hurt anyone, now and forever.
They will always be with us, now and forever.

The journey to the east

By James F

The New Arrival

I arrived by train, it took two days,
From my home to the camp in the east, with the never-ending haze.
Tightly packed, the dark, grimey train rocked,
I tried to sit down, but at every chance I was blocked.

The smell was horrific, it made me gag and retch,
No room to move or even stretch.
No food, no water, no toilet facility,
Like an awful dream, the worst place to be.

Finally arrived, not everyone had made it,
Separated in groups, the genders were split.
Tattooed with a number, forced into striped uniform,
Filled with fear, and delivered into a dorm.

The future for me is now uncertain.

The SS Guard

I travelled on the train with the next group of beasts,
The train rocked and shuddered as we made our way east.
Those wretched people would cry and shout,
Trying to escape, but there was no way out.

Keeping them in line, following every command,
Asking for food and water, how dare they demand!
The smell from these creatures is truly foul,
Those uncivilised people, like cockroaches on the prowl.

Finally arrived, at the place they deserve,
Off to the gas chambers for those with no purpose to serve.
Off to work for the rest of my numbers,
Punishment and beating for any that slumbers.

Their future is now uncertain.

New Start

Joe was sitting crossly with his arms folded tightly, on the cold stone step at the entrance to his village. The entrance was at the far side of their little village, next to a broken lamppost that used to shimmer with brightness. He saw his brother James coming to join him. They had just had an argument about whether refugees are allowed to stay in their village. Joe was fine with it saying that they were forced to leave their old homes. However James thought they just did it to make the villagers' lives more miserable. Joe tried to tell him that he was wrong, but he would not listen and insisted they should kick all the refugees out of their wonderful homes. Joe pleaded and pleaded but James did not let it go. So, when the next freezing day came James went to the local council and told them his thoughts. The local council agreed because they would run out of space for the extra houses and all the food would run out. That afternoon all the refugees were told to leave their new homes.

Joe wanted to say goodbye, so he went back to the steps to see them off. After they had gone, he returned home, his brother was having dinner, but Joe just ran straight upstairs. James came up to check on his brother, but Joe told him to go away. James disobeyed him and entered the room and sat on his comfortable bed. Joe explained that a refugee is a human that is forced to leave their home so they feel really sad. James understood and the next day they talked to the council and the refugees were allowed back to their village. James apologized to Joe for not listening to him. The refugees settled in nicely to their village, every family got a home and a garden, and they shared food between them. James thought that they would steal everything and ruin their lives. But they did not, they were friends to the villagers, they played and had amazing parties together.

It's not your home

**We've heard your story
Is it really true?
Why are you coming here?
We don't want you**

**War is tough
We've lost family too
Food is short
And not enough for you**

**So go away
It's not your home
You're not welcome
Leave us alone**

Welcome here

**We've heard your story
The horror and pain
Unimaginable suffering
Your parents slain**

**We don't have much
But we'll make it do
Whatever we have
We'll share with you**

**We know it's different
It's not your home
But please remember
You're not alone**