

You wake up early, rush down your stairs and jump on your old worn chair.

“Why are you so happy?” your mum asks, “they’re true, the rumours are true!”

“The refugees are coming,” you say “why are you so happy about that. They’re dirty ugly stinking... things!”

“Also, don’t forget they’ll take our stuff,” your older sister Ashley added.

“Well we have plenty of stuff,” you reply.

“Plenty of stuff? We have the bare minimum to survive ourselves,” your sister argues.

After breakfast, you rush out on your bike. You head to the lake to meet your friends and the refugees. On your arrival, Arthur, David and Tom point out two boys. You think they are the refugees. Tom explains that he has met them, that they are polish and that all the people who had come were Jews. Tom informed us that one of the boys could speak English but the other could not.

“Can you here that?” Tom asked. Everyone went quiet.

“Yes!”

“Bikes, they’re Bikes!” one of the boys cried. You suspected that they hadn’t seen a bike in a while.

Suddenly, 5 teenagers came speeding down a hill and threw eggs at the polish boys and laughed. One started to cry once the teenagers had left.

You look around and notice a can on the floor. You pick it up and recognise it. It had dried paint in it. Your sisters... it was your sisters! Later that day, you go into your sisters bedroom and threw the can on the floor.

“Why?” you shout, “why?” you say again, lowering your voice.

“Because they need food, don’t they?” she said laughing.

“You don’t understand what they have been through!” you say with a single tear dropping down from your eye. “They watched their families get killed,”

Your mum walks in and you leave.

Later on Ashley approaches you, “Sorry I didn’t know what they have been through.”

By Ian

'You'

They had to abandon their homes forever,
Their walk made their hearts as hard as leather.
They left behind everything they love,
Moved out of their homes with a torturous shove.
We should welcome them with our arms open wide,
Not make them think they need to run and hide.
You could take care of them; they do not deserve to die,
Our donations to them should reach the sky.

John

Do not let them stay; they are full or greed,
They will only be extra mouths to feed.
Taking our stuff is what they like,
They even tried to take my amazing bike.
They will kick us out, make us live in a tree,
They should just go back to their home country.
These 'animals' just aren't very nice,
The only thing they will serve to us is lice.
Why oh why should they get our food?
They will steal our belongings, and that's just rude .

'You'

They should have someone to watch their back,
Do not bully them just because it's food they lack.
Imagine it was you, no water, no food,
And you were so innocent, yet you got thrown there too.
If they were ill or hurt or got a graze,
The only thing to comfort them was sunny days.
You really do not know what they have been through,
Let this home help them heal – become like new.

Leo H

Opposing viewpoints poem