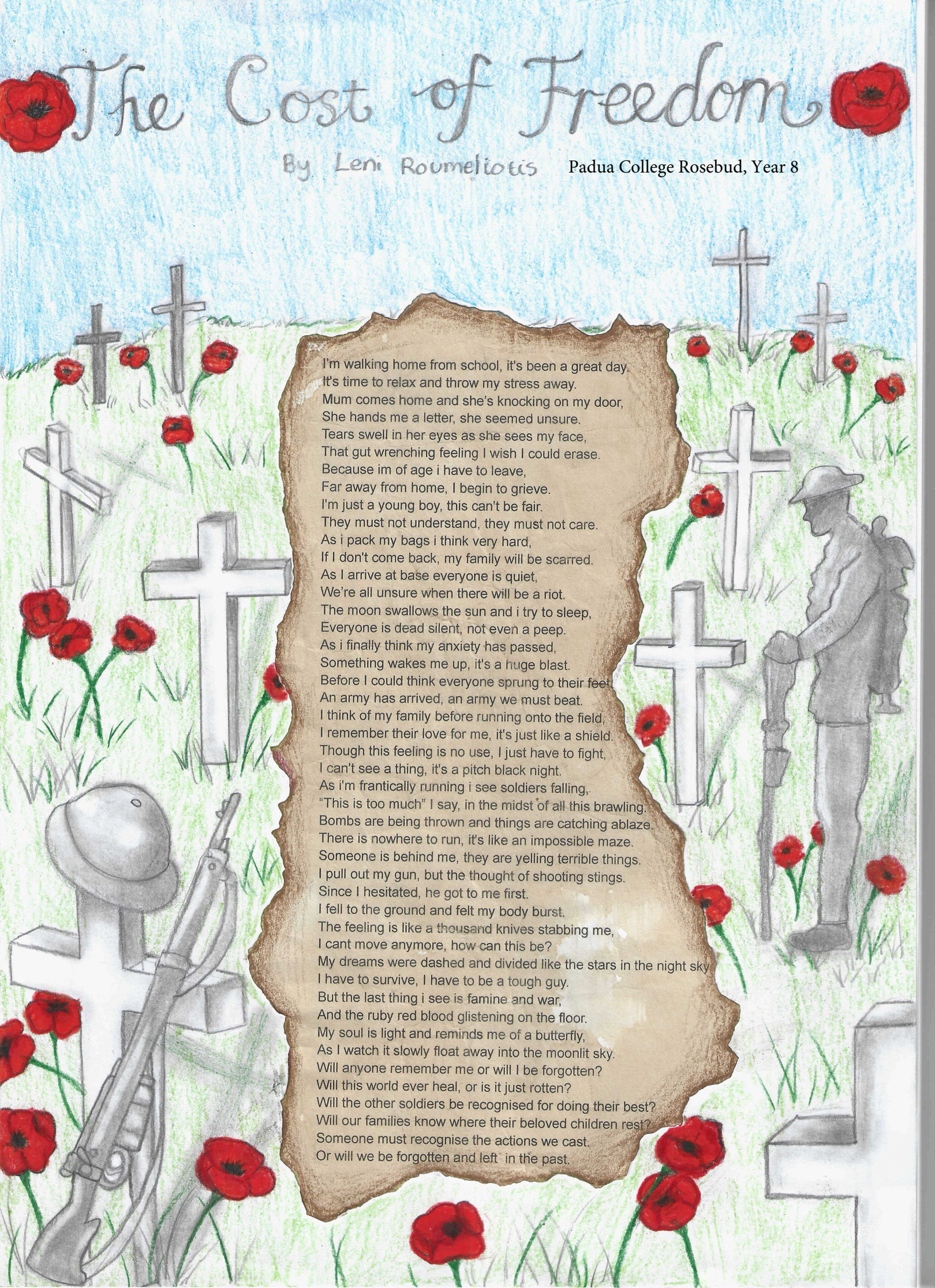


The Cost of Freedom

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Padua College Rosebud, Year 8



I'm walking home from school, it's been a great day.
It's time to relax and throw my stress away.
Mum comes home and she's knocking on my door,
She hands me a letter, she seemed unsure.
Tears swell in her eyes as she sees my face,
That gut wrenching feeling I wish I could erase.
Because im of age i have to leave,
Far away from home, I begin to grieve.
I'm just a young boy, this can't be fair.
They must not understand, they must not care.
As i pack my bags i think very hard,
If I don't come back, my family will be scarred.
As I arrive at base everyone is quiet,
We're all unsure when there will be a riot.
The moon swallows the sun and i try to sleep,
Everyone is dead silent, not even a peep.
As i finally think my anxiety has passed,
Something wakes me up, it's a huge blast.
Before I could think everyone sprung to their feet
An army has arrived, an army we must beat.
I think of my family before running onto the field,
I remember their love for me, it's just like a shield.
Though this feeling is no use, I just have to fight,
I can't see a thing, it's a pitch black night.
As i'm frantically running i see soldiers falling,
"This is too much" I say, in the midst of all this bawling.
Bombs are being thrown and things are catching ablaze.
There is nowhere to run, it's like an impossible maze.
Someone is behind me, they are yelling terrible things.
I pull out my gun, but the thought of shooting stings.
Since I hesitated, he got to me first.
I fell to the ground and felt my body burst.
The feeling is like a thousand knives stabbing me,
I cant move anymore, how can this be?
My dreams were dashed and divided like the stars in the night sky
I have to survive, I have to be a tough guy.
But the last thing i see is famine and war,
And the ruby red blood glistening on the floor.
My soul is light and reminds me of a butterfly,
As I watch it slowly float away into the moonlit sky.
Will anyone remember me or will I be forgotten?
Will this world ever heal, or is it just rotten?
Will the other soldiers be recognised for doing their best?
Will our families know where their beloved children rest?
Someone must recognise the actions we cast.
Or will we be forgotten and left in the past.