

**This Tale Has to be Told  
by Tia Abbott**

They stare, eyes wide  
arms out, pushed aside  
they look, in fear,  
In Faithlessness, Poor dears.

No man, no child,  
No faith left to fight,  
Love is all lost  
Because of these fateful nights.

The flames grow higher  
as the screams dim  
this nightmare, this horror  
ready to begin.

Steam from the chimneys  
Twirl in pain,  
Scratching on the tracks,  
Here come the trains.

More and more arrive  
Without say,  
Because of who they are  
They all need to pay.

From thousands to millions,  
Each day goes by,  
Now sound asleep  
Listening to the lullabies

of screaming infants.  
Blood runs cold.  
The sound of death.  
This tale has to be told.

**Holocaust Poem  
by Jack Wood**

Herded into trains,  
Carriages of gloom.  
Every bump on the track,  
One step closer to doom.

Sealed in a chamber,  
With nowhere to go.  
Innocent lives taken,  
And now we all know.

The wrath of one man,  
Hitler was his name.  
All those lives lost,  
Did he ever feel shame?

**The deadly Days of Holocaust  
Chuga Chug Chug the Train  
Goes...**

**By Madeleyn McCollom**

Chuga chug chug the train goes,  
Back and forward,  
Forward and back...  
The train tracks screeching,  
Hundreds of people weeping,  
Everyone having to fit into one  
train,  
Bodies lay on top of each other,  
‘Everyone pile in’  
Everyone huddles together not  
knowing what’s to come,  
Bellies empty, starving them out,  
Chuga chug chug the train goes,  
Ready to pick up innocent people,  
People would die for their religion,  
for no reason,  
Chuga chug chug, the death train  
goes.

**REMEMBER**

Let’s all remember the people who  
died for the life we have today.  
Innocent people: children, mums,  
dads, all being murdered because  
of what they believe in. starved,  
being put in gas chambers. Why?  
Just because they didn’t like them.  
Next time you’re moaning because  
you didn’t get a new phone or a  
new dog, just remember what  
they did for the life you have  
today.

**Holocaust  
By Hallie-May Tudor**

Men went on the right, women on  
the left,  
I knew then I was alone, nowhere  
to run  
Nowhere to hide – Our last  
moments together I  
Shall not forget. It was all a lie until  
we die!

My last words couldn’t come out I  
had tears  
In my eyes begging it to end – until  
I looked  
Over to my mum and sister waving  
their last  
**GOODBYE!**

I knew at that moment we were  
long, long  
Gone. We could be separated  
forever, they could be gone. I can’t  
be alone forever  
I can’t lose my family!

Let’s not forget how hard the  
Holocaust would have been.

**Holocaust  
By Grace E Murray**

Women to right, men to left,  
Terrified screams echoed in the air,  
Women to right, men to left,  
People stood with no hope left.  
Corpses lay with grey blank faces.  
Children stood putting on their  
brave faces.  
The sky was grey, the corpses lay,  
Women to right, men to left,  
Finally the day’s over,  
Hardly anyone left.

**Hanukkah  
By Olivia Smith**

As we gather together around the  
menorah  
Weslot in the candles from right to  
left  
We feel this Hanukkah is different  
As they committed theft.

Theft of our Hanukkah, a celebration  
of joy  
Theft of the people who simply love  
another boy  
Theft of those who lack sky blue in  
their eyes  
And theft of the family members  
who now live beyond the skies

Theft of the boy with a disability  
And theft of the girl not in touch  
with her femininity  
Theft of those who tried to help the  
helpless  
And theft of the religious Jehovah’s  
Witness

Satans Slaves come knocking at the  
door,  
They don’t see us as humans but  
just another chore.  
Mum hides the candles, Dad  
responds to the knocks,  
They drag us kicking and screaming  
out of the ghetto blocks.

The train and its wheels cry with its  
clacks  
Like the families that fear the end of  
those train tracks.  
We grind to a halt, my nightmares  
come true.  
I am pulled from my mother’s grip  
and my father’s too

We line up, single file, one after  
another  
The Nazis shout their language  
that’s of other  
As I wait for the bullet to pierce  
through my skin  
I remember my last Hanukkah in this  
world that we live in.