



**T**HE DAY WAR CAME there  
were flowers on the window sill  
and my father sang my baby brother  
back to sleep.

My mother made my breakfast, kissed my  
nose and walked with me to school.



That morning I learned about volcanoes.

I sang a song about how tadpoles  
turn at last to frogs.

I drew a picture of a bird.

Then, just after lunch, war came.