



# Proud

*I ran up the beach  
Gun in hand, shooting  
At the Germans as I went.  
Mum would be proud  
Of me now.*

*We scaled the cliffs  
Blowing holes in them as  
We went, shells and  
Bullets flying overhead.  
My comrades dying all  
Around me, mum would  
Be proud of me now.*

*We killed all the  
Germans one by one  
Took the cliff and rejoiced.  
We dragged the bodies into  
A pile  
Mum would be proud  
Of me now.*

*I walked up the land  
We had taken, smoke  
Rising from the craters.  
Then suddenly I was  
Thrown into the air  
By a land mine, and I lay  
There dying for my country.  
Mum would be proud of me  
Now.*

*By Guy Fisher*