

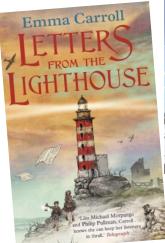
### **World War 2 Reading Spine**

## **Fiction**

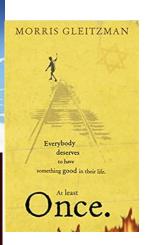












### DULCE ET DECORUM EST

Barr double, like old beggars under sacks, Koock-kneed, coughing like hags, we curned through sludg Till on the huanting flares we turned our backs, And towards our distant rest began to trudge. Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots, But limped on, blood-shock. All went lame, all blind; Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! QAS! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling Fitting the clumpy helmets just in time, But someone still was yelling out and stumbling And Bound'ring like a man in fire or lime.—
Dim through the mistry panes and thick green light, As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

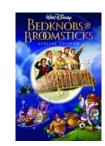
If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace Behind the wagon that we flung him in, And warch the white eyes withing in his face, His hanging face, like a deril's sick of sin, If you could bear, at every jolt, the blood Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs Bitten as the cud Of vide, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—

Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: Dulce et decorum ess
Pro patria mori.



# Films/poetry





#### Refugees

They have no need of our help So do not tell me These haggard faces could belong to you or me Should life have dealt a different hand We need to see them for who they really are Chancers and scroungers Layabouts and loungers With bombs up their sleeves

Cut-throats and thieves
They are not
Welcome here

We should make them

Go back to where they came from

They cannot Share our food

Share our homes Share our countries

Instead let us

Build a wall to keep them out It is not okay to say

These are people just like us

A place should only belong to those who are born there

Do not be so stupid to think that The world can be looked at another way

(now read from bottom to top)

Brian Bilston





Non-fiction

