

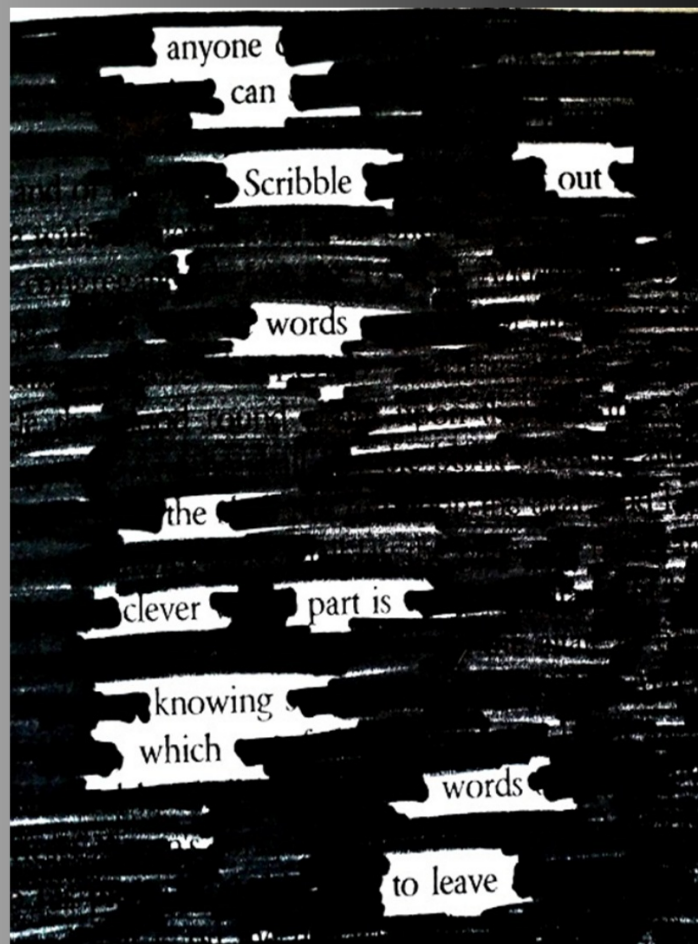
# Blackout poetry

**What do you think  
blackout poetry is?**

**Talk to your partner...**

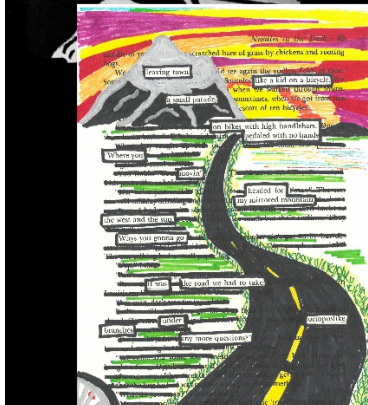
**What do you  
notice about  
this?**

**Talk to your  
partner...**

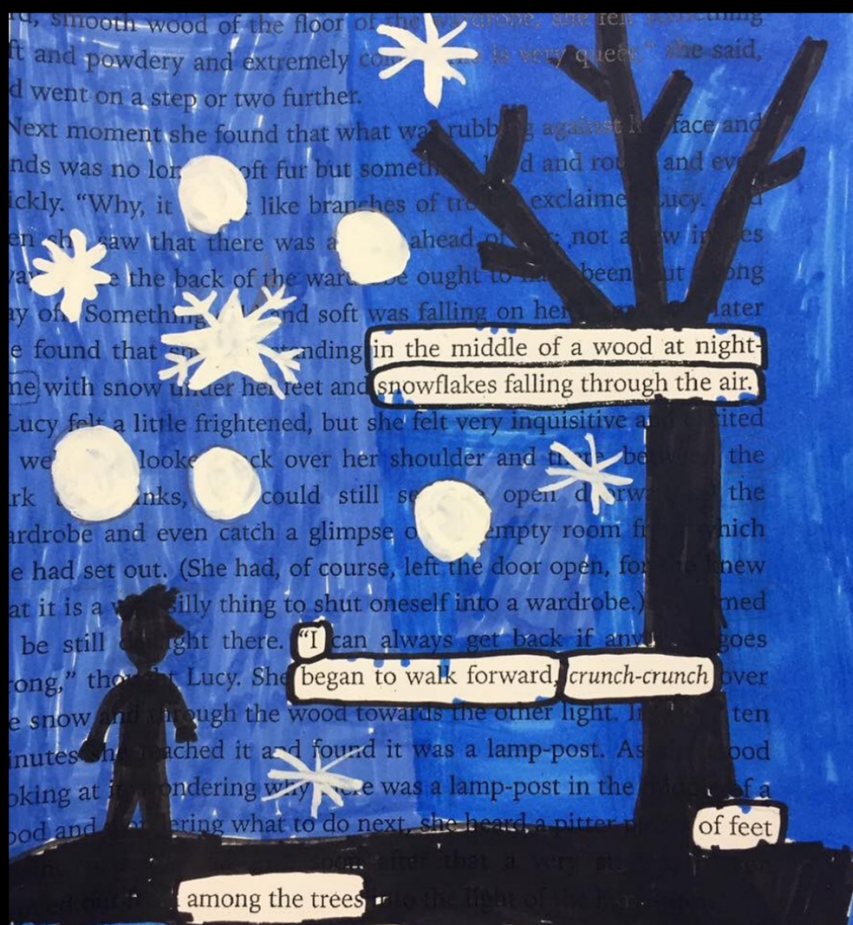




*A Future and a Hope* by Judy Huf

[illegible]

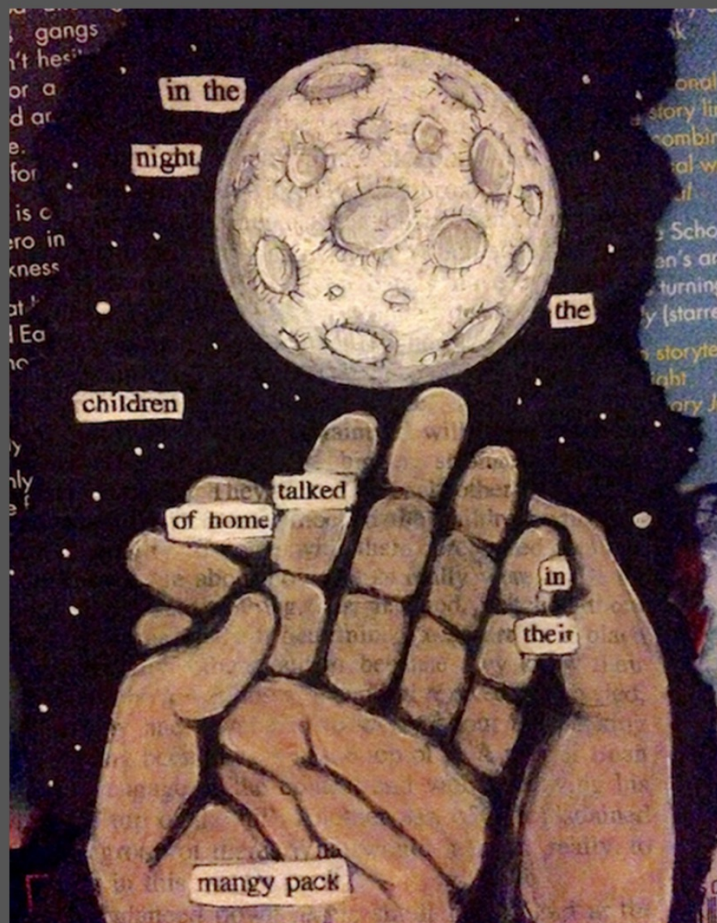




What do you  
think this  
poem is  
about?



Blackout poetry  
started off with  
newspapers, but  
we can create  
poems from any  
text we like.





What text do you think we might use?

### The Day the War Came

The 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 made a picture of myself with wings.  
Then, just after lunch, while I watched a  
cloud shaped like a dolphin, war came.  
At first, just like a spattering of hail  
a voice of thunder...  
then all smoke and fire and noise, that I  
didn't understand.  
It came across the playground.  
It came into my teacher's face.  
It brought the roof down.  
and turned my town to rubble.

I can't say the words that tell you  
about the blackened hole that had been  
my home.

All I can say is this:

war took everything

war took everyone

I was ragged, bloody, all alone.  
I ran. Rode on the back of trucks, in  
buses;  
walked over fields and roads and  
mountains,  
in the cold and mud and rain;  
on a boat that leaked and almost sank  
and up a beach where babies lay face  
down in the sand.

I ran until I couldn't run  
until I reached a row of huts  
and found a corner with a dirty blanket  
and a door that rattled in the wind

But war had followed me.

It was underneath my skin,  
behind my eyes,  
and in my dreams.  
It had taken possession of my heart.  
I walked and walked to try and drive war  
out of myself,  
to try and find a place it hadn't reached.  
But war was in the way that doors shut  
when I came down the street  
It was in the way the people didn't smile,  
and turned away.  
I came to a school.  
I looked in through the window.  
They were learning all about volcanoes  
And drawing birds and singing.

I went inside.  
My footsteps echoed in the hall  
I pushed the door and faces turned  
towards me  
but the teacher didn't smile.  
She said, there is no room for you,  
you see, there is no chair for you to sit on,  
you have to go away.

And then I understood that war had got  
here too.  
I turned around and went back to the hut,  
the corner and the blanket  
and crawled inside.  
It seemed that war had taken all the world  
and all the people in it.

The door banged.  
I thought it was the wind.  
But a child's voice spoke  
"I brought you this," she said "so you can  
come to school."  
It was a chair. A chair for me to sit on and  
learn about volcanoes, frogs and singing  
And drive the war out of my heart.

She smiled and said "My friends have  
brought theirs too, so all the children here  
can come to school"

Out of every hut a child came and we  
walked together,  
on a road all lined with chairs.  
Pushing back the war with every step.

We are going to use  
The Day the War  
Came, the poem we  
looked at in our last  
Current Affairs  
lesson.



### The Day the War Came

The 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.  
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to try and find a place it hadn't reached.  
But war was in the way that doors shut  
when I came down the street  
It was in the way the people didn't smile,  
and turned away.  
I came to a window.  
I learned about volcanoes

I went in.  
My footsteps echoed in the room.  
I pushed the door and faces turned  
towards me  
but the teacher didn't smile.  
She said, there is no room for you,  
you see, there is no chair for you to sit on,  
you have to go away.

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She smiled and said "My friends have  
brought theirs too, so all the children here  
can come to school"

Out of every hut a child came and we  
walked together,  
on a road all lined with chairs.  
Pushing back the war with every step.

You might want to pick  
out all the positive  
words, to make a  
happy poem.

### The Day the War Came

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the window sill  
and my father sang my baby brother back  
to sleep.  
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But war was in the way that doors shut  
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It was in the way the people didn't smile,  
and turned away.  
I came to a school.  
I looked in through the window.  
They were learning all about volcanoes  
And drawing birds and singing.

I was alone.

She didn't smile.  
She said there is no room for you,  
you see, there is no chair for you to sit on,  
you have to go away.

And then I understood that war had got  
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She smiled and said "My friends have  
brought theirs too, so all the children here  
can come to school"

Out of every hut a child came and we  
walked together,  
on a road all lined with chairs.  
Pushing back the war with every step.

Or you might want  
to pick out the  
negative words, to  
make a sad or  
dramatic poem.

### The Day the War Came

The day war came there were flowers in  
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  
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I made a picture of myself with wings.

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Pushing back the war with every step.

1.

Begin by circling the  
words or phrases you  
really like.

## The Day the War Came

The day war came there were flowers in 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, sang a song about how tadpoles turn at the end of the road.

She made a picture of myself with wings.

Then, just after lunch, while I watched a cloud shaped like a dolphin, war came.

At first, just like a spattering of hail, a voice of thunder...

Then all smoke and fire and noise, that I didn't understand.

It came across the playground.

It came into my teacher's face.

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It was in the way the people didn't smile, and turned away.

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My footsteps echoed in the hall

I pushed the door and faces turned towards me

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2.

Then, if you want to include a picture, draw that in pencil first.



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I made a picture of myself with wings.

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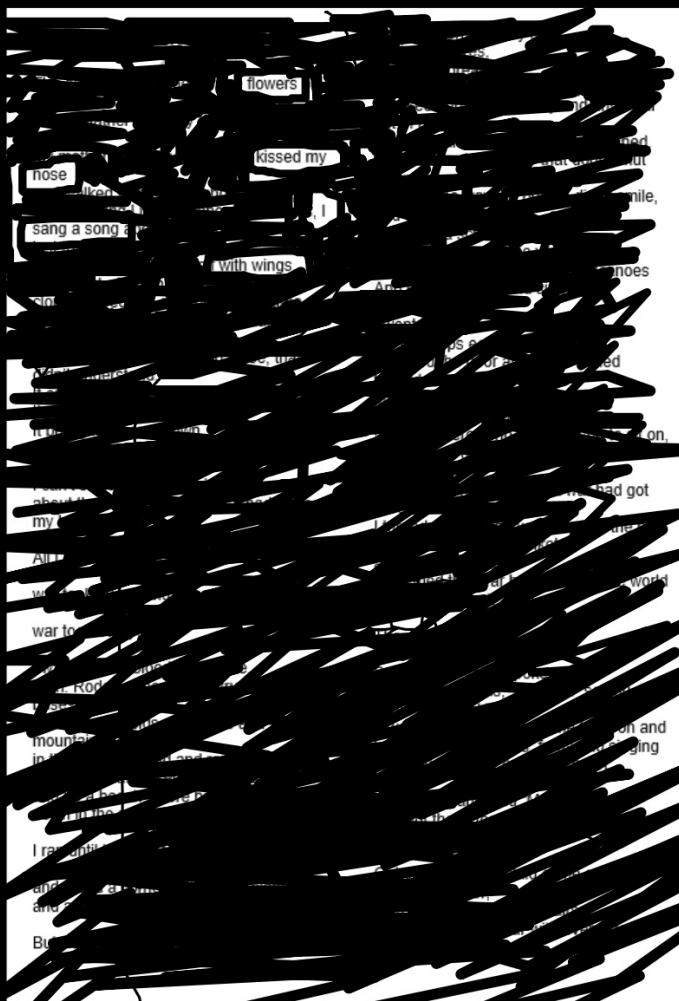
She smiled and said "My friends have brought theirs too, so all the children here can come to school"

Out of every hut a child came and we walked together, on a road all lined with chairs.

Pushing back the war with every step.

3.

Then colour everything in around the words you have chosen, or...



...you can just black  
out everything else!



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[illegible]

## Now you try!

