



Banqueting Hall

Dear Diary,

Many soldiers entered the hospital today. I guess things aren't going too well in France. It worries me. I was placed in the main hall for most of today to deliver first aid. I know we weren't supposed to touch the men but they look so lost and empty. I feel like words won't comfort them. Most men are fine with me touching them but a few of the older men refuse to even be treated by a woman, rejecting all of our help. "You are useless" they say, "This is not a woman's job." Those men normally become the sickest. In my place I could hear the shrieks of men in surgery and their screams all the way to the end. I went through it to try to keep upbeat for the men yet to go in. But already look terrified, especially when fellow soldiers are carried out as white as a sheet. You can almost taste the blood in the air. I wish I could hug them and hold them and promise that they will be fine. But some of the other nurses have their eyes on me. I was told that one more touch and I'd be out of the job. I don't understand why. I'm just here to help and they could just say so if they don't want my help. But I'm here to make them happy and as relaxed as possible and I will accomplish that.

Written by Maia

This room is extraordinary. The paintings and the ceilings are mesmerising. I got moved into this amazing room after a month of being here. The operating room is next to this mind-blowing room. Everyday you can hear soldiers screaming in pain and when they enter the massive hall they are mostly still screaming and the screams would echo through the ward. Personally, the screams frightened me and horrified me.

Written by Katie

It's the year 1916.

I'm still in the beautiful seaside town Brighton. Made loads of friends here. They let us go out into the Royal Gardens. Sometimes me and other soldiers play chess. It's very peaceful here. The English nurses and doctors treat us like royalty, always asking if we need anything. I stayed in a large room with many other Indian and Muslim soldiers. This room was very beautiful and symmetrical. As beautiful as it was I sometimes felt very uncomfortable. There were a lot of soldiers in this room and I felt as if I was exposed. This room was called the Banqueting Room, one of the biggest rooms in the palace. Always will be thinking of you all. Until next time.

Written by Anika

My name is Billy Forster and it is the 15th of January 1917.

It is 5 minutes past 9:00pm. I am trying to get to sleep but can hear and see a lot of things such as crying, creaking of floors, coughing, sneezing and throwing up. It is very hard to sleep with this racket around me. Even with my eyes closed, I still have sight of the room I am sitting up in. I can see disturbing pictures but at the same time pleasant pictures. The disturbing pictures are unfortunately are of the trenches that I have currently fought in. People don't talk to me much but they are always talking about me, which upsets me. They are saying things like, "Oh, Billy is totally going to die soon." People around me keep saying things like, "I don't feel too good", and then start being sick. Luckily I am feeling better than other people around me, but my brain and my knees are still feeling bad and they can't stop bleeding.

Nurses keep asking me the same question, "Are you feeling okay?" or, "Are you feeling better?" but they keep getting the same reply from me which is, "No. I am feeling worse than the last time." I really like the sound of the sports clubs and the sports activities but I am too ill to join them. Unusually I can still smell my favourite meal that my mother used to make me all the time at home. I don't think I am going to be there for my mother after the end of this week. Please mum, please hang in there. Please wait for me to come home and look after you. Please mum. Please hang in there.

Written by Holly (aged 11)

My name is Daniel Holdoy. It's the 13th of December 1917.

I shove an unhappy glare at the passing stranger patients. Their optimism only depresses me further. This sadness swallows all my hope and enthusiasm, every last shred. I am left to stare into the emptiness despite the crystal chandeliers and glorious decoration. Whispers are croaked, none aimed at me. A nurse passes, her smile eager but fake. I return her energetic grin with an angry sorrowful look. Endless hours crawl pass before me, but they're only mere seconds on the hanging clock above the cosy fireplace. It must be slow - I'm sure. It has to be. I attempted to distract my restless mind with focussing on my arm that is now numb with pins and needles. Groaning with the painful effort, I twist slowly onto my back, staring at the domed ceiling. Eventually, I drift into a troubled sleep, memories of bombs, mud and the horrible sick feeling that I have had ever since, lingering in the back of my mind.

Written by Amira - 12 years old

I got deported from England. I was situated in Brighton. Brighton is an amazing place. It's a very vibrant town. I haven't been in Brighton for that long but ever since I have arrived the doctors and nurses have been very welcoming and kind. Last week, I wasn't feeling my best. I kept getting shell shock. I felt as if I couldn't move my body. I felt as if I was paralyzed. I kept troubling the

nurses. I didn't mean to but they were very patient with me and didn't get annoyed. I thank them for being there for me. I am very grateful. I am in safe hands so you don't have to worry. Until next time.

Written by Anika



Kitchen

My name's Charlie Foster. It's January the 7th, 1917.

Dear Diary, I feel so angry. I have been looking forward to turning 18 for a long time. I don't appreciate having to have an operation on my birthday. I would rather be back at home grooming my horse, Bob. I am worried that Bob might kick out at the new person that's looking after him. I can't stop looking at the sharp instruments on the trolley. I feel scared. I don't want to be in pain afterwards. I hope there are decent painkillers. The doctor asked me if I'm okay. I tell him I'm terrified.

All I can remember is my tonsils operation and how much pain I was in after the seventh day. I can hear the instruments clanging. I can hear the clock ticking at its normal speed. I woke up in agony feeling dizzy. I don't want to fall out of bed so I asked the nurse to give me more support. It's nurse Linda. She's my favourite - nice and kind - she has dark hair. I am looking forward to going home and seeing my horse now but the days are dragging on.

Written by Charlie

My name is Steve McIntyre. It is the 6th of November 1917. I am sitting on the operation bed and I start to feel worried and petrified because half of my leg is ripped off, so they're going to have to rip the rest of it off! I can hear the clunking of the instruments touching the tins. I can see the silver tins and the nurse said she is going to keep me calm. This could be the end for me - and my sister Emma, I might not see her again. Hopefully I'll survive this surgery. I think I'll scream. People only talk to me in the operating room and that's the nurse. All she says is, "Are you ready for this?" I'm thinking about my mum. I wonder how she'll feel when she sees me?

Written by Abla (10 years old)

16th of December, 1914

Dear Diary,

As I walk into the Pavilion, I can't help but feel a touch of pride. No one is allowed in unless you are a patient or are working in the hospital. This, understandably, leads to groups of curious passer-bys collecting by the gates. Unfortunately, the sense of pride drops as soon as you walk

inside and your sense of duty takes over. Injured men line the beds and they need to be tended to. I have never seen the likes of these injuries though. Men come in with shattered bones, festering wounds and unstable minds and it is our job to look after them. The fact that we are not allowed to touch the men is difficult. The Orderlies can occasionally be clumsy and do it incorrectly but the rule is fair. Some of the men can find it uncomfortable around the women, but I'm going to have to watch the new girl Victoria. She is a little too touchy feely for my liking and doesn't abide well with rules. As Matron, I must keep my girls in line. I do wish that the Operating Room wasn't so close to the beds. I think the noises of the surgeries can be unnerving to the wounded and the room tends to echo. I know that I wouldn't like to be the next person. We do have the best in our operating theatre. Everything is up-to-date. Well, almost everything is. Our x-rays are made in America because the up-to-date x-rays are made in Germany and we can't really get them there, so we make do.

Yours truly,
Mertle

Written by Ella

23rd of March, 1915

They have changed the kitchen into the operating room. It is hard to believe that this room with blood on the floor and the odd bit of skin here and there was once the kitchen of King George IV. I bet it must have been beautiful before we changed it. I can imagine the chefs coming in here in the mornings preparing to cook.

Written by Scott



Red Room

23rd of March, 1915

They have changed the kitchen into the operating room. It is hard to believe that this room with blood on the floor and the odd bit of skin here and there was once the kitchen of King George IV. I bet it must have been beautiful before we changed it. I can imagine the chefs coming in here in the mornings preparing to cook.

Written by Alex

I am Bob Jones. It is the 17th of November 1917.

I sit on my bed. I hear someone crying from the pain and other people talking to each other. I can see the different patterns on the wall and I looked closely - I discovered hidden dragons drawn all over the walls. As I looked on the other side, there was a sun setting outside my window, just like it used to at home. There are many nurses helping people. Poor boys crying in the corners. All I can think about is my family and the future. I don't want to go back to war. I'm tired, hungry, but happy that I am receiving treatment. No one talks to me. I feel lonely but happy. Hoping my family aren't worrying.

Written by Basma (aged 12)

My name's Charles Smith and the date's the 6th of March 1917.

Dear Diary, it's my mum's birthday but I'm extremely sad I'm not there. I'm really trying to forget about my mum's birthday. I was sitting down thinking about my cricket match against our rivals Roverhampton. Then I came over dizzy and went back to my room and to relax. It was medicine time so I had no one to talk to. Then I started thinking about how different my life is now, like I'm sleeping in a nice bed instead of blood and mud. I'm having different food every night but in the war I was having bread, jam and bacon. Before my stupid idea of going to war I wanted to be a farmer. Now I can't do that because I can't look after all of the animals single-handedly, milk the cows or harvest the crops. I just want to carry on my life living to the full. I'm being taught how to be a carpenter so that's my new life ambition. I just want to power through and beat the pain away.

Written by Dean (aged 11)

Dear Diary,

The pain and suffering here is becoming unbearable in this cramped room. The days are seeming even longer by my fellow soldiers never ending screeches of misery. Blood. Dead. Gone. These words are constantly being thrown around like they mean nothing. The only thing that spurs me on are the beautiful sights outside from the window. Seeing the sun beam on the lily flowers helps me get through the days. It gives me hope and drowns out the feeling of pure torture. This isn't what I asked for. I asked to fight and defend for my country, not sit here helplessly with my amputated leg and no purpose. I just really try to find a way to get through this searing agony. I try. I try. I fail.

Written by Zoha

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I've been moved again. Here, the wounds are less and the room is brighter. Many great windows fill the room with a beautiful white light. The room is less decorated and more plain but now I am able to go out and enjoy the sunshine in the gardens. I spend many hours just wondering through the flowers taking fresh lungfuls of sea air. Everything is so different now.

Written by Alex



Corn Exchange

My name is Daniel Holdoy.

It's the 25th of December 1917. I cram myself in the corner of my new bed at the Corn Exchange ward. I'm getting better, apparently. The window's open, a strong wintery wind blowing fiercely at my back. John and Andrew are looking absorbed, writing hastily for their Pavilion Blues. There are wild cheesy grins, a contrast to my mournful sneer. Charlie plonks himself cheerily next to me, Santa belly bouncing as he chuckled. He offered me his hand as I was beckoned towards the warm party crowd. For one moment, my thin-lipped glare twitched into a wrinkly laugh. One thought then interrupted my cheerful daydream of joining the partying crowd. Grey, bleak wartime memories swept away any chance of happiness like rain clouds on a picnic. I snarled coldly at Charlie but his Christmas spirit remains unaffected. A warm friendly nurse passes carrying a sack of carefully wrapped brown creased paper parcels, tied lovingly with thin string. She passes a small parcel to Charlie, somehow purposefully passing it across me, giving me false hope. Charlie hauls himself up off my bed to return to the celebrations. Before leaving he turns to me and says, "Merry Christmas Daniel. I hope you get well soon." He turns to leave while a single salty tear roles down my pale cheek. "I hope so too", I mumble, and I meant each word.

Written by Amira (aged 12)

It's February the 12th 1917. My name is Jake Hull.

I can hear people snoring really loudly and coughing. The people being sick are making me sick, especially the person next to me called Josh. He looks really pale. Josh just moved to this ward, about 15 minutes ago. Josh is related to me. He is my big brother. I felt happy because he is always looking out for me and I also feel surprised, because I don't remember him joining the war. He is crying a lot. He is crying because he misses our family back home and friends. I remind him about our sister. I keep telling him we'll get out of here soon. Josh lost his leg in the war. I kept thinking we lost the war because there are so many people here, but most of them are moody, but I think they think the war is over too.

Written by Laura

1917 on February the 12th.

"Jake! Jake! Wake up!" said my brother. He said, "You're moving to the Corn Exchange." I didn't

know what to feel. I felt mixed emotions. Everyone stared at me when I came in except the people sleeping. I was scared for two reasons - one because I'm worried about my brother, and two, the nurses are strict here. About 15 minutes, when I moved here, I felt insecure but now I've met this nice person, but he went. Then a nurse came up to me and said, "You and your brother are going home."

Written by Lucy (aged 10)

19th of June, 1915

I feel so strange here. I almost feel as if I could just walk round a corner and meet the king. Full of pomp and have to bow to them. My arm and leg feels much better today. My doctors tell me that all the shrapnel has been removed from my broken but mending body. Oh look! Here's another cup of tea and another plate of toast. I have decided that I hate toast. What is this British obsession with toast? I just don't understand it. Anyway, I refuse to be annoyed today. One of the nurses, Mary I think, is going to wheel me out into the beautiful green sea of the gardens. I love these gardens. They don't rival anything in India but they hold much more beauty than that dragon infested red room where I lie all day staring at the grimacing faces of those stupid dragons. I think my favourite flowers have to be the buddleia: the serene purple lets me lose myself in a wall-less world full of kindness and uniqueness. And the gorse bushes: that yellow. It really reminds me of my mother's cooking back home. Thankfully, I have been moved out of that awful red room and into this place called the Corn Exchange, and it's astounding. It's like being in a glasshouse. There are so many windows. It's bright, airy, and so filled with this elusive English sunlight that it doesn't feel like a gloomy and death-riddled hospital. I can see the beautiful trees undulating in the breeze like lungs. But I have only been here a few minutes and I have already been warned by the men that this is where you go when they are beginning to think that you are fighting fit and could go back to the war. I don't, won't, can't go back to those evil eating beasts, gobbling men's bodies faster than the bullets flying. I don't want to die, but then who does I suppose? But I will live. I'll do my best to live for my family, for my love, and for my future. Until I see you again.

Written by Laura

5th of August, 1916

Dear Diary,

Lazy chatter echoes through the room. The Corn Exchange is a nice change from the gloomy Pavilion. It is so much brighter in here. It is a shame that the Corn Exchange doesn't happen anymore. It'd give me something to do on a Thursday. But it is so nice to look out on a beautiful Summer's day like this. We had an older man come in yesterday. He had a shell blow up in his face. It was quite scary actually and he is most likely to lose half of his sight and part of his hearing. I would like to wheel him outside but he is still in a bad condition so we'll have to wait. The men enjoy sitting in the gardens partly because it smells better than the wards but also because the sun is out, a cool breeze is drifting and the plants are flourishing. It is also easier to

take photos we found. It's on days like this I think of my brother Edward. He is 35 so six years my junior.

We urged him not to go but someone gave him a white feather and Edward is so proud. He could never accept such an insult. As the days pass I see more and more injuries and my concerns grow. So many deaths. So many casualties. His letters become shorter with time and less optimistic. I need to put away these emotions because the patients come first. But Edward, stay safe.

Written by Ella



Dome

My name is Edward McCallen. It is November the 1st 1917.

Dear Diary, I am back in the Dome. They've refused a different room for me but I talked to this boy and his name is Billy and he wanted to go home for his 18th birthday. He was short for his age. I didn't want to upset him by seeming nose-y, so instead, I let him be. But I am still interested in what is happening that is so extreme and important. Because he is still upset, he wanted to go into the Recreation Room, but he couldn't considering it is late at night. However, he did cheer up because I talked to him.

Written by Taylor (aged 11)

My name is Steve McIntyre.

It's 18th of November 1917. I'm in the Ward Room at 3 o'clock in the morning. When some people are sleeping, I'm not sleeping because my leg hurts and it has been hurting me all day long. I'm thinking about my family. A lot of people are sleeping and really snoring. I like staring at the flower-shaped roof - and the nurses are coming now and checking if we're sleeping, so I quickly close my eyes just in case. People have started to cry and chat. I'm feeling happy because I survived. Worried about my family. I'm thinking about my mum. How will she feel when she sees me?

Only the nurse talked to me and said, "You two! Stop talking!" I'm secretly feeling excited because I'm going home, then, I'll give everyone a hug.

Written by Abba (aged 10)

Dear Diary,

I lay here every day and hear wounded soldiers screaming. The operating theatre is just down the hall from the ward. There is lino laid on the floor so that blood doesn't stain it. The screams and cries echo throughout the ward. There is a bed in the middle of the room where the soldiers would later receive their treatment. After their treatment they would get sent back to the ward to recover. They then go into the Dome for their final stages of treatment. Then they have to go back to the battlefield and defend the Empire. But that won't be me. I will never walk again. For now, I'm just going to lie here and admire my surroundings. The pain of war drifts away with every glance I take.

Written by Charlotte

Dear Diary,

My family are very poor and war was the only option. I got shot in the arm and my leg was blown off. I will never walk again. Despite this, I have never been so honoured to defend the British Empire. If I was to die, then I die with happiness and gratitude because I was part of a noble battle. Days pass and I miss my family more and more. My dad and older brother went to war. We all had to do the courageous thing and defend the British Empire. I haven't heard from my dad in months. I'm hoping that he's alright. My brother replied to my letter from a couple of months ago. He told me that he is fine and I shouldn't worry about him. But I don't think he is. I think that he is missing in action and I will never see him again, but I'll remain hopeful. Later today I will be moving into the Dome where the rest of my treatment will happen. I have already been to see it. It is quite dark and has an eerie atmosphere. Screams and other sounds echo around the room and have filled me with terror. Rows of beds sit side-by-side, filled with noble men who risked their lives. Nurses hurry across the room to assist those in need of care. For now, I just lie here knowing that my brother might be missing in action and I will never walk again.

Written by Charlotte

24th of May, 1915

Dear Diary,

I was moved into the Dome last night and I'm not enjoying my experiences so far. I miss the Drawing Room, my old ward. There are so many people in here and the vast ceilings make every sound echo for everyone to hear. I feel like my privacy is being invaded. I can't have a private conversation with anyone as my bed is positioned on the lowest level; it feels like everyone is looking down on us. I believe that I am coming to the end of my time here at the Pavilion Hospital as my injury is healing up well. I have lost three fingers on my right hand which has left me unable to operate weapons so I am going to be travelling back to my family in the mountains in India. I miss my family loads as it takes weeks for letters to reach my town and for them to write back. My brothers who came to war with me haven't been in contact with me since our journey to the Western Front. I can't wait to get back and try to return to my old life as a farmer. The journey back is daunting, as I have been thinking about it often as not many people speak my language here at the hospital so I haven't had many people to talk with. I have to go now as my bed sheets are being changed by my favourite nurse. She treats us all so well. Goodbye for now.

Written by Max



Music Room

My name's Charles Smith. It's the 9th of February 1918.

Dear Diary, I am plodding around the Recreation Room deciding what to do. Today two years ago exactly I got sent here because I lost my arm and two toes. This place hasn't been heaven but it's been extremely nice for a hospital. All I can hear is the daily singing or the Recreation Room. They're mostly singing war songs to cheer us up. I was just talking to my best friend Bill Hannington. He was my sergeant so we know each other very well. He lost his leg tragically trying to save me but it didn't work. All of a sudden he just felt really dizzy and went back to his ward. I've been on so many painkillers but I have been seeing visions of my dad helping me cope with all of my pain. When I'm not thinking about my dad, I spotted a good friend of mine having an arm wrestle to see who was the strongest. It was quite fun to watch but it went on and on. I was feeling extremely homesick but at the same time I was happy that I am recovering. I was mad at myself because I dragged my friend Bill into the war and now he's ended up worse than me.

Written by Dean (aged 11)

My name's John Parker. The date is the 9th of February 1917.

Dear Diary, these days have been awful. 22 years old and I have a best friend called Jim Brown. He's 19 and right now it's very cold. I'm really upset about how good it could be if I was sitting down with my family playing pool, hearing the massive pool balls hitting together. I'm really worried about what my little sister is doing. She's 3 - never met her. A year ago I got in contact with my mum. She told me all about her, but now it's cold, I'm starving. It's even really lucky to get food. At least I've got a friend. I stick around with him and do pool and hand wrestling and board games like chess. I can have some good times with my friends but the food's really yuck. Not nice. It was a shepherd's pie. But no, it did not taste nice. All you can taste in your mouth was rotten sprouts and watery dog food. It was the worse thing about what my family's eating, like my mum's cooked mashed potatoes - yum! I miss that. Now all that's good is my vision. Every night I see a ghost of my mum and my brother, sister and dog. My pet is called Bonnie. It is a French Mastiff. I bet he misses me. What I do like is pool, but I do play more games.

Written by Ryan (aged 12)

20th of May, 1915

Just been in the Music Room. Apart from the dragons and snakes, I wouldn't have minded sleeping in that room. It looks extraordinary. I imagine before it was changed into a ward it would

probably be used for balls and special occasions. Imagine being a kid and playing in it with your friends.

Written by Scott

14th of June, 1915

I am alive. There it is, written down in my shaking hand. What doctors tell me is the truth but I still believe it is just part of my fevered imagination. How can I be alive when so many are dead? I can only believe that Vishnu has saved my existence for a little while longer for some plan of his. I can barely remember anything for the last two weeks, only that rupturing pain like a flesh-eating demon tearing away at my heart, then, the waves of agony that crushed against my body and swept me away to unconsciousness. Then, all there is left is shadows, uniform shadows in white, whispering to me, "Buck up old chap. Everything will be right as rain", and that they'll do their best for me. But I wasn't there. My unconscious brain had taken me away back to that night, making me relive that ghoulish nightmare again and again. The whistle, yelling, sounds so loud that I thought it was the beginning of the destruction of the world. My body thrown across No Man's Land. The dead weight that was on top of me. The pain. Then when I woke I was again tormented by a dancing ring of demons circling a glowing lampshade, protected by their golden dragons. When I woke from my fevered sleep I realised I was in England. England, the beating heart of our Empire. And I am in a palace. I feel so important being here especially as kings and queens have lived here. Sometimes the nurses will take us outside into the garden and it feels like this world has been preserved from war. I love sitting in the sun, to listen to the small birds singing to each other their love and hope. They know nothing of the horrific war that is ending this world. I do like this place, this Pavilion. The beauty of the rooms blows my mind. I am just a small farm boy from the Kinnaur district of Himachal Pradesh who has had to work all his life, although I was the top student at the village school. Thinking about home makes me miss my family even more. I can see them all now. My brother Rajeev, with his face between boy and man like every sixteen year old, oiling a piece of a harness. Aruni and Anusha, the two twins plaiting each other's hair: they have no worries in the world, just like nine year olds should. I'm sitting by the fire at my lovely Chachi Ka, my moonlight. I love everything about her and cannot wait to hold her in my arms again. I must remember to write to them soon, although the whole village will probably have it read to them. Until I see you again.

Written by Laura

Dear Diary,

I lay here frightened by my surroundings. Many thoughts rolling through my mind. I had to join the army. I couldn't just let my two brothers go. Me and my twin brother never got anywhere without each other. Most people would say that we were inseparable. My younger brother is only 17. He said that it would be an adventure. We come from a poor family so we wouldn't be able to travel out of our village. I tried to warn him of what it would be like but he was too convinced by the idea of an adventure. My twin brother wanted to defend our country, well that's what he told me. Our friends kept going on about how they were going to join. He said it had nothing to do

with that. I wasn't convinced. My dad wasn't allowed to join because he lost a leg in a severe farming accident. My mum stays at home and looks after the farm and the crops. I'm 23 so I am old enough to know what it was going to be like. But I still went. Now, loads of different thoughts keep coming back to me. I'm never going to be able to walk again. I don't remember much. I just remember seeing my brother being shot. I was trying to get to him. When I finally saw him it was too late. I couldn't feel my leg. All I could feel was warmth. My vision started to go. As I looked up at the sky I started to forget where I was and that was my last memory. Now I'm stuck, laying in a ward. It's quite frightening in here. All I can see are dragons as they are everywhere. It took my mind off things but not for long. I just want to find my brother as he is staying in a different room. The nurses are nice here. They keep me updated on my brother. My sister's a nurse here so I have someone I trust. She wanted to do something, as her three brothers were, and because she couldn't fight she became a nurse. I am so worried. My little brother out there by himself. I want to go back but they won't accept me with one leg. I had to get operated on as my leg got badly infected. There was nothing they could do but cut it off. That was a few days ago now. My leg is extremely painful and I find it hard to sleep. I guess the dragons help. I am glad I have been moved to the Music Room because in the Banquet Room all I could hear was sounds and screams from the operating theatre.

Everywhere in this place is dark and gloomy. I have talked to a few people but most of them are trying to recover from their horrific experiences they have had. I guess I am too. When I look beside me I see rows of beds filled with soldiers with different injuries. Some make mine look like nothing. The details on the wall keep me distracted. That's the good part about this room. Until next time.

Written by Hayley

How strange it is to be treated in a place of royalty. God, you have spared us soldiers from the painful death in battle and sent us to a place that keeps us from the cold; a shield of gold sparkling walls that is fit for a king. Finally, when I woke from my days of life, I found myself in a bed with soft blankets with women dressed in white tending to our every need. How strong they are. They command others around with such power but of a sweet heart when needed. The hours slide by as I lie beneath the grand ceiling. The windows inside the centre of the dome are patterned with stained glass. The centre of the ceiling is lined with thousands of golden scales. Dragons of gold and emerald cling to the walls, watching us like guardians while the nurses tend to our wounds. The light above me reaches out like a growing flower and silent bells hang from hooks far above us. It's like a heaven in a room of silent dance.

Written by Alex