ANZAC

By Miss Marg

Australia New Zealand Army Corps

Poppies

Badges

Dawn services

Old men

Trumpet sound

The sound of the trumpet echoed over the silent crowd. It was a cold dawn that morning and the wind made me shiver. I slipped my hand into my Grandpa’s. He looked down at me with a sad smile and gave my hand a squeeze. I knew he was remembering the friends that he had fought with that were no longer alive. I was glad I had got up early to go with him to the ANZAC Day service.