



Joyce Smith

“We were all put on a bus and went up to the station and I couldn’t understand why my mum was crying. She was at the gate they weren’t allowed, the mothers weren’t allowed on the platforms and we could see her through this gate with my sister and they were both crying and I’m being sent away to pick flowers for my mum for the day. That’s what I was told. I mean I was six and I thought this was, this was great and I was going with my sister and my brother and that’s what I went off to do, pick these flowers for mum. Why was she crying? And that stayed in my mind a long time. That’s stupid I was grown up, she shouldn’t cry. I know we cried all night, in this, in this tiny little room with a single bed, holding on to each other, I’m crying “When am I going to pick the flowers for mum?” and Violet’s saying “Tomorrow, tomorrow”, and she’s crying her eyes out as well. I mean God she was only twelve.”