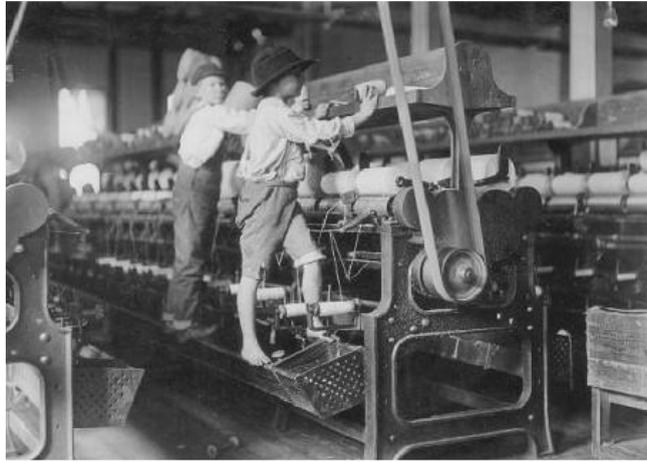


"Tiny Hands, Heavy Chains"
by Rea Svigkou & Sotiria Tsirogianni (B4)



In Victorian times, kids' life was nothing like today
In the factory's darkness, they spent each day.
Not a sign of happiness seen, no time to play,
Child labor ruled and kept joy away.

From morning till noon, in the factory's gloom,
Little hands worked, as fast as they could.
Little hands worked, doing everything they should.
In the town's factory, in every room.

No school bell had ever been heard,
No trace of tenderness had ever been felt
From these little, poor souls,
whose voices were stolen from the factory's ghoul.

When the sun set, they were still there,
Tired eyes and messy hair.

Dreaming of fields and skies so wide,
Places where they could run and hide.

All they wished for was justice,
A world with no more darkness
where their souls would be filled with happiness,
where the ruler would not be injustice.

And now we stand in brighter, better days,
When children learn through books and games.

But injustice still rules in some places.

Let us hope that in the end
Children will feel safe in loving, warm embraces.