Lost child

By Alfie James from the play: Home for a lost soldier

**MAYOR:**

A father isn't supposed to outlive his son. There are so many names on this list. So many young men gone before their time. So much life lost and for what? Has anything changed for better? Have we really created a better life? A better future? Was it really a war to end all wars? I pray it was. I pray and hope that we have learnt our lesson and that all those dreams cut short weren't cut in vain.

So many names. So many graves. But what is to be done for the people whose loved ones aren't on this list. The empty graves, the unmarked crosses. Those lost and unfound. Those that were sick? Those that did desert. Are they to forgotten? Am I to forget my boy? Am I to forget that cheeky smile that would look up at me at the breakfast table each morning? Am I to forget how he would make brighten up my darkest days just by being there? The dreams we had of going sailing one day together and visiting the place is mother was born? Am I to forget that?

Heroes. That's what they call each of the names here. Heroes. That’s what they called them when they signed up. But what do they call the boys like my son now? The boys whose hearts and minds weren't cut out for such brutality? Are they cowards? Traitors? And who decides?

Where do I go to mourn my son? And who will remember those whom have no family left behind and what happens when I am gone and there is no one left to carry on my family name because this God forsaken war has killed its existence? Will anyone remember? Or will their graves simply become hidden by overgrown weeds and stepped upon by walkers passing by. Will their sacrifices really have made a difference? I doubt it. They'll be back to playing their war games again. Arming their guns and shooting their threats. I curse war. I curse greed and I curse fighting. What am I meant to do now? I have nothing. I don't even have a name.

*(The lights fade out)*