

### Young Life on the Line - Poem

He sat in the ship waving at sea, Fremantle to be his destiny.  
Accused of stealing, just let it be.  
They reached where they sent us, each one to be an apprentice.

They worked long and hard while wood shards flew.  
Carving at wood one by one, they would be starving for years to come.  
Young John was annoyed at the lack of care, so he was quite ready to dare.

After dinner on a stary night, rage overtook him like one big swipe.  
He didn't know what he was doing, rage told him it must be done: to take it out on  
the Pollard's son.

He crept through the window to where George slept, so peaceful and quiet,  
not a sound he made.  
With an adze from the shed, John held it above his head.  
He brought it down onto George, leaving him dead.

An agonising yell came from George, John realised he would belong in hell.  
Footsteps came and the door swung open, he'd broken the law and felt quite sorry.  
He got to his feet, going to retreat, a hand grabbed him and said "Not so quick."

Officers came running shortly after, crashing and lashing into the room.  
They took one glance at the body and didn't give him a chance.  
His hands were tied together with rope, picked up by the arms and ankles, dragged  
to the Roundhouse, where he was clamped in shankles.

There was no doubt that he was guilty, but the question was “What would the punishment be?”

They finally agreed with great satisfaction.

It stung John to hear, it was his worst fear; to be hung.

They brought him to the gallows where a small crowd stood. The rope was slipped over his head while his scripted death was read. “John Gavin, Guilty of George Pollard’s Murder”, plunged to his death, he took his last breath.

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