

Under my fathers pillow



THE ROLLER COASTER OF TIME
SHE ROLLS ON AND ON

UNDER MY FATHERS PILLOW

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BOOKMUNDO

AUGUST 2025

Title: Under my fathers pillow

Photos from the Creative Content Library
of Microsoft 365

Design cover, layout and content realized by myself

The unsigned poems are from my hand.

See also: www.oorlogsverhalen.com/

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On page 109 of the booklet *De Bevrijding van 's-Hertogenbosch* (DE BOSCHBOOM 1969) I read a moving piece written by block head Foppele ('t Zand).

'And then those poor little children, children who had no idea what was happening around them. Instinctively they took cover from their parents, who tried to protect the delicate child's body as much as possible from the merciless missiles and cold with their bodies. They looked up at their parents with big questioning eyes, as if to see in their eyes how great the danger was. Never before had the childlike trust in the parents made such a big impression on us and for many those moments will undoubtedly have been unforgettable.'