

Dawn Parade



by Philippa Werry

illustrated by Jennifer Cooper

*Ready
to Read*

Published 2014 by the Ministry of Education,
PO Box 1666, Wellington 6140, New Zealand.
www.education.govt.nz

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Enquiries should be made to the publisher.

Publishing services: Lift Education E Tū
Editor: Bernadette Wilson
Designer: Liz Tui Morris
Literacy Consultant: Kay Hancock
Consulting Editors: Hōne Apanui and Emeli Sione

ISBN 978 0 478 43911 3 (print)
ISBN 978 1 77663 510 8 (online)

Replacement copies may be ordered from Ministry of Education Customer Services,
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“At the going down of the sun ...” is called the Ode of Remembrance
and is from a poem called “For the Fallen” by Robert Laurence Binyon.

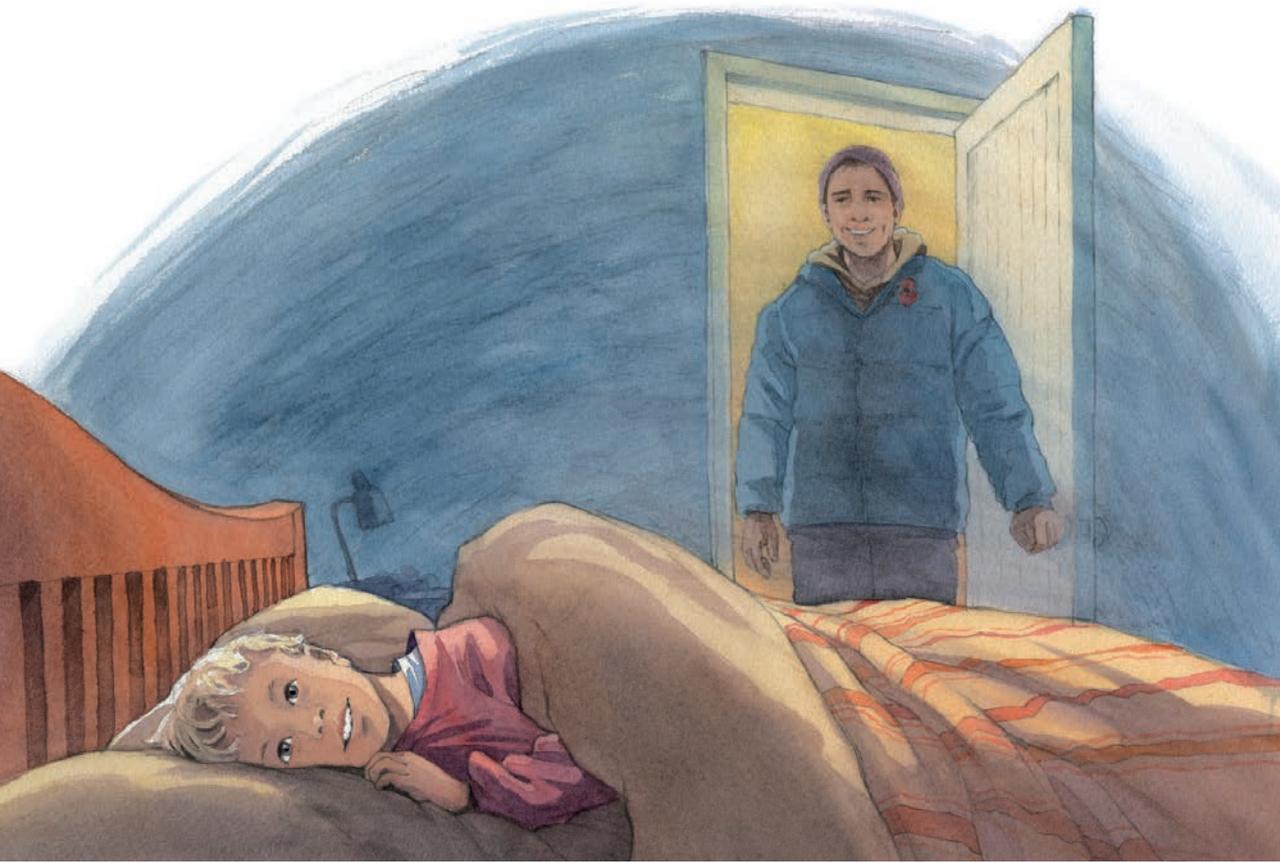
The “Last Post” is played at services on Anzac Day.

The poem referred to on the inside back cover is “In Flanders Fields”
by John McCrae.

karakia (ka-ra-key-a) a prayer

For more support with pronunciation, go to www.readytoread.tki.org.nz
to hear an audio version of the text.

by **Philippa Werry**
illustrated by **Jennifer Cooper**



Dad pinned a poppy onto Leo's jacket. He gave Leo a torch to carry, and then he and Leo tiptoed out the back door.

It was very dark.
The house was quiet.
“Wake up, Leo,” said Dad.
“Wake up. It's time to go to the dawn parade.”
Leo got up and put on some warm clothes.



Leo had never been to a dawn parade before.
“Is it very far, Dad?” he asked.
“It’s at the war memorial,”
Dad said.



They walked down the road,
past the dark houses.
The sky was black.

There were lots of people at
the war memorial.
Everyone waited.
Everyone was quiet.



Then ... tramp, tramp, tramp
came the sound of marching feet.
The marchers swung their arms
and looked straight ahead.
Their faces were solemn.
Their medals glistened
under the streetlights.

The marchers stopped at
the memorial. A woman
wearing a heavy gold chain
stepped forward and said a karakia.
“She’s the mayor,” whispered Dad.



Some people walked up to the memorial carrying flowers.

Then a man read a poem, and the people in the crowd joined in.

*“At the going down of the sun
And in the morning,
We will remember them.”*

Leo didn't know the words, so he just listened.



Leo watched as a man in uniform began to play a bugle.

“He’s playing the ‘Last Post,’” whispered Dad.

The music floated up into the early morning sky. It sounded sad.

Afterwards everyone was very still. Nobody said a word.



Then a band played the national anthem, and everyone sang. Leo knew the words, so he joined in.

The service was over. The marchers tramped away, and the other people started to leave.

“Can we go and look at the memorial, please, Dad?” asked Leo.





Leo gazed at the long lists of names carved into the stone.

“All those people died in the wars,” Dad said.

“That’s a lot of names,” said Leo.

“Yes it is. And they all used to live around here,” said Dad.

“We remember them every year on Anzac Day.”



Leo saw lots of poppies lying among the flowers. Dad put his poppy down, too. So did Leo.

Dad and Leo walked home again. “I hope no one else dies in wars, Dad,” said Leo.

“Me too,” said Dad. “Me too.”

The sky was orange and red.

“Look, Leo,” Dad said.

“Here comes the dawn.”



Why do we have dawn parades?

After the First World War, soldiers wanted to remember their friends who had died. They decided to meet at dawn because it is a peaceful, quiet time.

It was also at dawn when the Australian and New Zealand soldiers landed on the beach at Gallipoli.

That day was 25 April 1915, the day we now call Anzac Day.

Why do we wear poppies on Anzac Day?

In the First World War, poppies grew in the fields where soldiers had died. A soldier called John McCrae wrote a poem about poppies. Now they are worn to remember the people who have died in wars.



This book is for students to read and enjoy after they have become very familiar with the big book during many shared reading sessions.

Scan the QR code or use the short URL to go directly to an audio recording of this book.



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