

Childhood's Treasures in Struggle



Paul Baldry



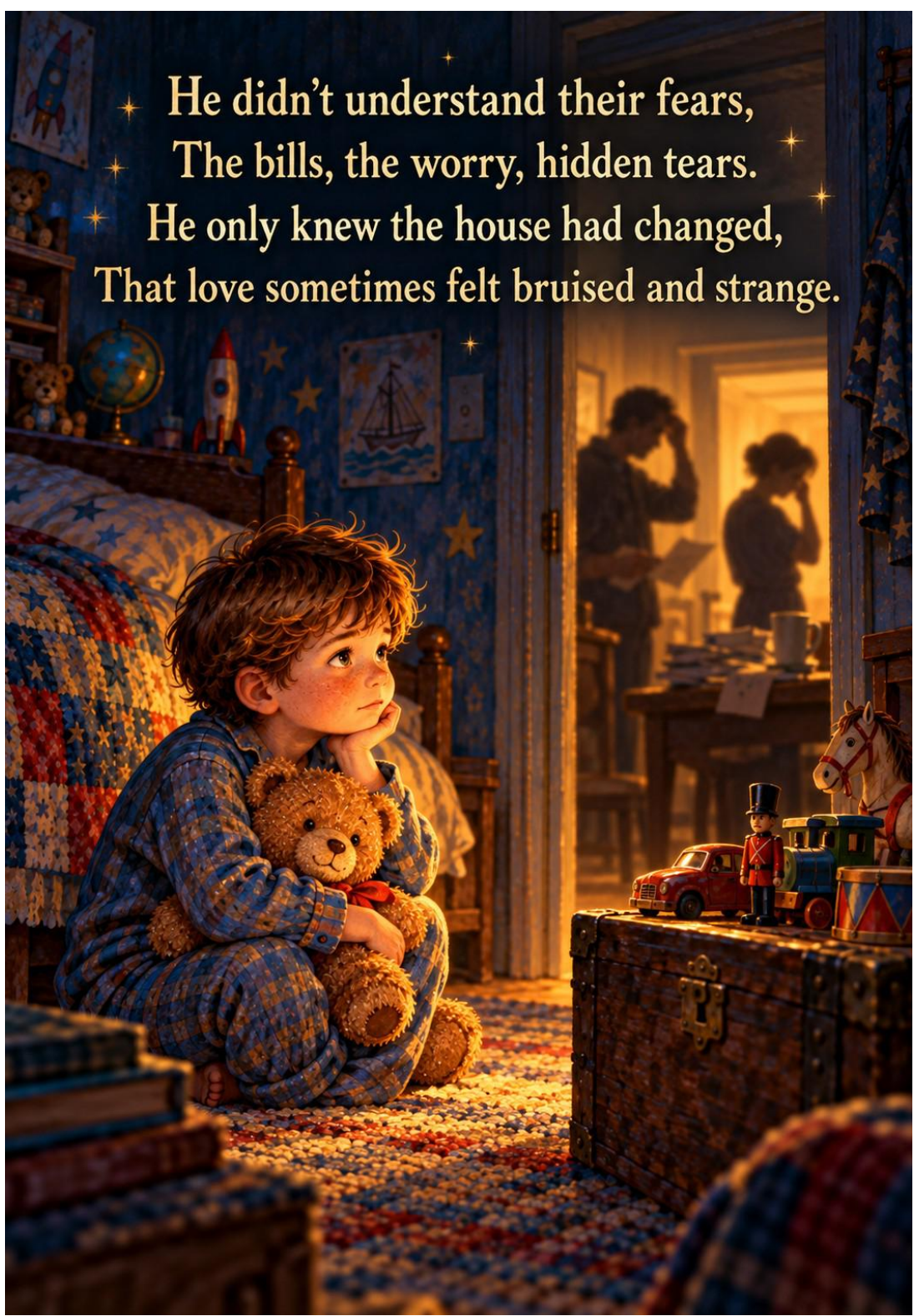
The voices rose beyond his door,
Like thunder rolling through the floor.
Words he heard but couldn't know
Why angry voices hurt him so.



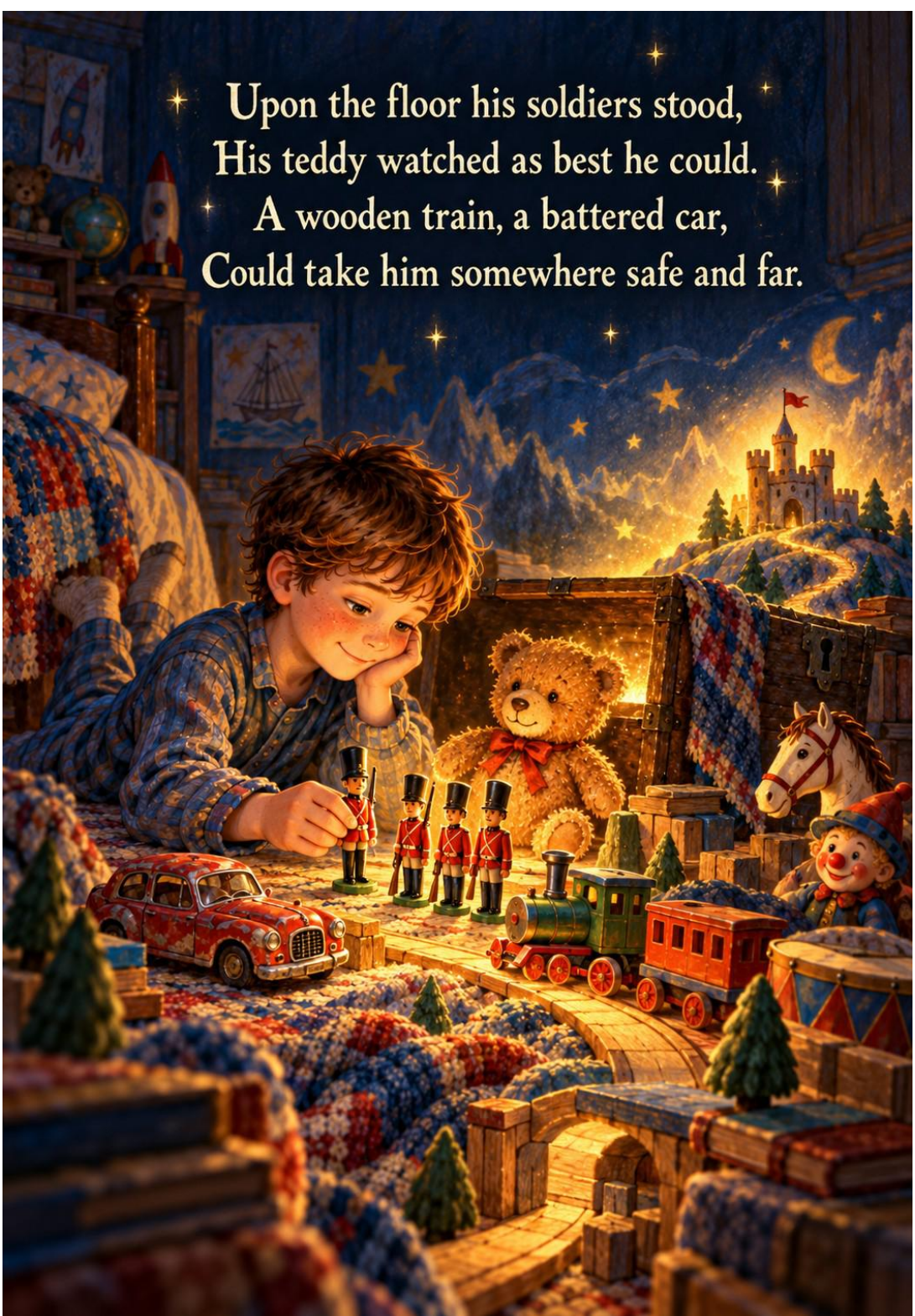
A cupboard slammed, a chair was moved,
Another argument unresolved.
He pulled his blanket round him tight
And wished the noise away that night.



He didn't understand their fears,
The bills, the worry, hidden tears.
He only knew the house had changed,
That love sometimes felt bruised and strange.



Upon the floor his soldiers stood,
His teddy watched as best he could.
A wooden train, a battered car,
Could take him somewhere safe and far.



And underneath his pillow lay
A little golden key each day.
No crown, no treasure, castle grand—
Just something small within his hand.



He waited till the shouting died,
Then crept towards the chest beside
The bedroom wall, where dreams were stored,
A secret world behind its board.



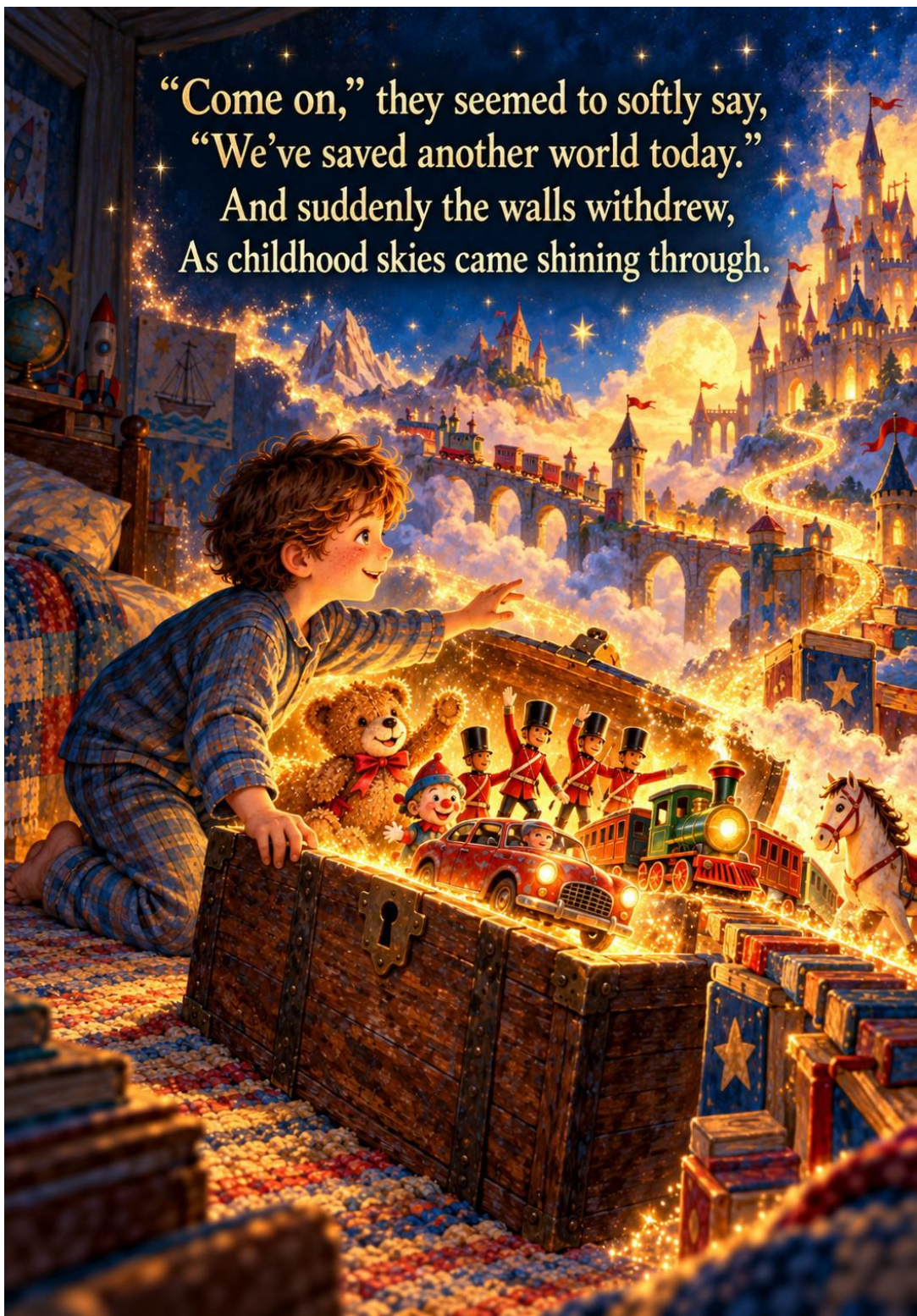
The golden key turned with a click.
The room grew quiet—almost magic.
The wooden lid rose slowly wide,
And all his faithful friends looked outside.



The teddy smiled. The soldiers marched.
His little train crossed bridges arched.
The battered car became a steed,
Ready to race wherever he'd need.



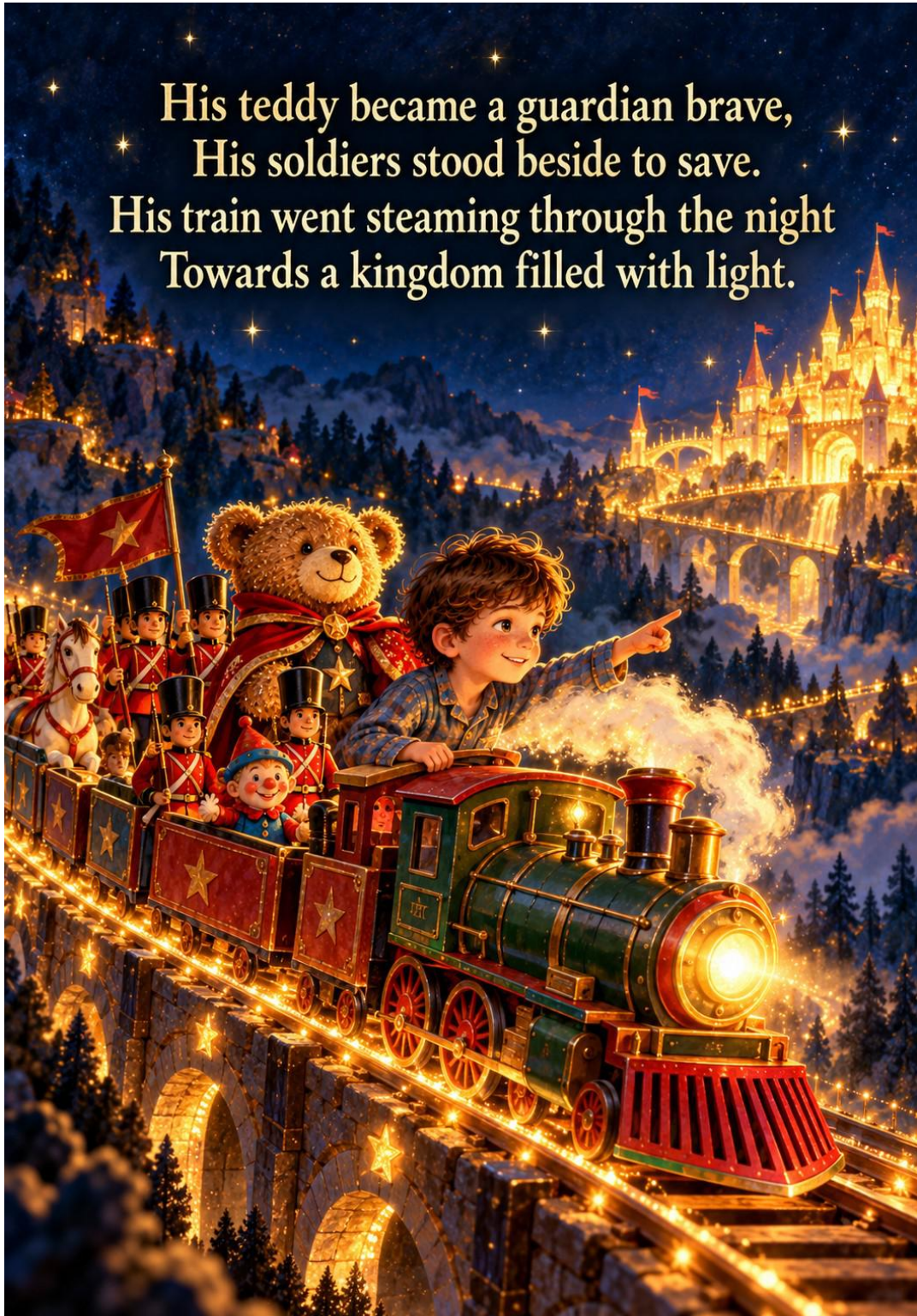
“Come on,” they seemed to softly say,
“We’ve saved another world today.”
And suddenly the walls withdrew,
As childhood skies came shining through.



No angry voices followed there.
No slammed doors echoed through the air.
No words too hard for him to know,
No frightened tears he dared not show.



His teddy became a guardian brave,
His soldiers stood beside to save.
His train went steaming through the night
Towards a kingdom filled with light.



Within that chest he could pretend
Each little toy became a friend.
They never shouted, never blamed,
Never made him feel ashamed.



They listened when he chose to speak.
They stayed beside him when he felt weak.
And when the real world seemed too loud,
They drew around him like a crowd.



Sometimes the shouting started more,
Its angry shadows crossed the floor.
But now his fingers found the key—
The little key that set him free.



For childhood finds, when life is hard,
Small secret places safely guarded.
A cardboard fort, a toy-filled chest,
Can sometimes be a child's safe nest.



And though the grown-ups never knew
What that small golden key could do,
Behind the lid, beyond their sight,
A frightened child still found his light.



Years later, when the chest was old
And childhood stories had been told,
He held that little key once more
And remembered what it once stood for.



Not merely brass, nor painted gold,
But every friendly hand he'd hold—
The toys that stayed when voices roared,
The childhood world that he adored.



For when his home was filled with strain,
They carried him beyond the pain.
And in that chest, when life felt wild,
His treasures sheltered one small child.





In a house filled with noise and confusion,
one small boy discovers a quiet world of
comfort hidden inside an old toy chest.

With a glowing golden key, he escapes
into the company of loyal toys who bring
warmth, courage and hope.

Childhood's Treasures in Struggle is a tender
story-poem about imagination, resilience,
and the gentle light a child can find
even in difficult times.



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