

The Blitz

I woke to the sound of my mum screaming and deafening bangs. I jumped out of my warm, snug bed and hurried down the stairs. The whole kitchen was on fire, and I could smell smoke that hung in the air. Confused I followed my mum's orders and put my mouldy mask on. I could see fear written all over her face. The air raid siren went of telling me as clear as day that there was an air raid.

Rushing back for my cat, Gunner I realised I might never see our house again. He protested as I picked him and his bed up. Rushing outside I froze, I could hear the rattle of the anti-aircraft guns and the low hum of aircrafts in the sky, a bomb landed in the street blasting away some houses. Every building I could see was on fire, my neighbours' building was crumbling away into their garden.

My mum shouted for me to come to the Anderson shelter, I followed her, dazed at what I had just seen. I never thought we would have to use the Anderson shelter. The last thing I saw was our house totally ablaze.

I stumbled down the wet, slippery stairs felling my way to the room. The first thing I did when I was in the room was to put down Gunner and the bed while my mum lit the candles and locked the door. Every minute there was another boom that sounded like a bomb. The scariest thing though was the whistling of bombs as they came down, because you didn't know what they were going to hit. We tried getting some sleep but soon ditched that idea.

Eventually the booms stopped, and noises like glass shattering began. We decided the only thing we could do was to sit at the table reading, and trying to ignore the noises that we knew had destroyed our house. Finally everything stopped, and we had a chance to get some sleep. But I lay awake thinking about what everything would like.

I woke to the sound of my mum screaming, groaning I climbed out of my bed feeling for my slippers. And then it all flooded back to me. I followed my mum up the stairs and out into the world, like a bear that's just come out of hibernating.

I stood at the top of the stairs and stared, the world that I had known so well had disappeared. Most of the buildings including my house, had been destroyed. Half of our house was in the garden and I been in my bed I would have been killed.