

# The Blitz

I was awoken to the sound of my Parents panicked voices, "Tom, Tom get up!" I hastily got out of my comfy bed and made for the door. I couldn't help myself, but catch a glance of the destruction that was going on outside...

I could just make out the shadows of buildings before they were swallowed up by flames. A large light was situated near the side of the road, nestled between ack-ack guns, shining a dim light into the empty sky. "Tom, hurry up!" I leant my hand on the brass doorknob, as I did so I felt a vigorous shudder emanate from the ground. I heard the whistle of a bomb drop outside, it reminded me of how my dad used to whistle, only this sounded much simpler. As the bomb landed, the side of my house was blown away. I quickly pulled open the door and lurched down the stairs. I looked out of the jagged hole in the wall, only to see smoke carpeting the mass destruction of the night. I shuffled towards our entrance but instantly backed away from the now blazing door. I was trapped...

I tried to remain calm, but as the first beam of smouldering wood fell, I knew I had to get out immediately. As I stumbled back up the stairs, another bomb went off, knocking a family photo of me, my mum and dad off the wall. I knew that if I didn't get out now, I would never see them again. My vision blurred as I dashed towards my shattered window, and looked down at our old garage roof. I leapt out of the window and landed gracefully on the roof. Slowly I climbed down the rusty ladder and onto the upturned grass.

I ran towards the shelter, my heart yo-yoing up and down my throat. Suddenly a huge gust of wind blew an enormous cloud of toxic smoke towards me, stinging my eyes. I looked above me. A carpet of flames covered our thatched roof. I instantly moved backwards, tripping as I did so and stumbling down the cold damp stone steps of the shelter. I slowly stood up, my hand reaching helplessly for the doorknob. My fingers interlocked with the metal handle as I slowly pulled it open. I lunged forward into the darkness of the shelter.

I felt my aching body come in contact with the soft, bouncy cushion on the floor. I couldn't see much because of the damp darkness, but I still could make out the room's key features. A dark desk occupied one corner of the shelter, while the bases of the others were covered with blankets. There was a musky smell, the sort that you find in all underground rooms. I buried my head into the blankets in an attempt to eliminate the sound of the bomb explosions. I could feel myself drifting off into a world where everything wasn't so cruel and violent.

The next morning I awoke, propping myself up with one elbow as I did so. I crawled out of the shelter and into broad daylight, the sun blinded me instantly. Slowly, I pulled myself up, the ache in my legs still screaming with pain. I looked up, fearing what I might see before me. A vast wasteland of rubble lay ahead, the smoke still rising from the ashes of the fallen buildings. The toxic stench of burnt rubber was so strong; it made my head ring with pain. The few survivors were either helping their loved ones or wandering around with confused expressions on their charred faces.

Ever since that day, I hoped I would never be faced with such a violent night ever again, but that was very doubtful, as the war was intensifying.