

The Blitz

I could hear my mum running upstairs to get me.

The acrid smell of smoke leaking through the window, just as the siren began, my mum burst through the door, "Shelter now".

Before I could ask what was happening, I was dragged out of bed. I was told to grab my gas mask and shoes... Boom!! The glass in the window shattered, my mum and I were thrown back onto the floor.

As we stood up, my ears were ringing. "Go!" shouted mum, "your brother is already in the shelter!" I ran down the stairs into the garden. I froze... I suddenly realised how petrified I was. The whole street was ablaze. Then I heard the front door slam shut. Mum was running down the path. She grabbed me by the back of my jacket and dragged me into the shelter.

I saw the last of the street light disappear as we slammed the door shut. We were plunged into darkness. I fumbled to light the gas lamp with a match. When I finally lit it, it illuminated the small room with a warm yellow glow.

I lay on my bed watching dust fall from the ceiling, from the impact of distant bombs. My ears were filled with the sound of my mum and brother whimpering in the corner, anti-aircraft gun fire, bombs exploding and the worst sound of all, screams being cut short by falling bombs and the fiery inferno. It was then I realised these sounds would haunt me for ever.

Eventually sleep washed over me. I woke to the sound of the door creaking open... Then deathly silence... The only word I could think of was... Destruction.

Billy R YG