

The Blitz

I was awoken by my terrified parents shaking me. At first I was confused why my parents were crying and shouting, then, I realised we were under attack! Around me, I could spy all of the things we loved burst into flames, a cold tear trickled down my hot cheek. The heat of the fire made me sweat with fear. We headed for the door before it burst into flames. We were holding hands tight, Dad in front, then me, then my Mother. As my parents and I were sprinting to the Anderson Shelter, the sound of the terrifying shells made an electric shock go down my stiff spine,” Come on Alice, you’ll get killed out there!” my Father shouted.

When we bustled into the dark, cold shelter, the taste of smoke burst in my mouth. Goosebumps appeared all over me. Behind me I could see my house crumble to ashes,” NO!” I screamed and dug my head into my mum’s arms. I could feel her body shaking,” Mum? What’s going to happen to us, and where is Robert? Will he be okay?” I spluttered. My Mother didn’t answer, but one painful tear trickled down her scarlet cheek.

The next couple of hours, my parents and I were completely silent. The rumbles of a bomb landing were like a giant’s footsteps destroying everything in sight. I could hear the siren repeating its pattern non-stop. Then, a bomb hit near our shelter, BOOM! It exploded! The ground shook like mad as soon as it landed. I could see my father in the corner of the Anderson Shelter, his face covered in sweat and tears,” John are you okay?” my mother asked, gripping my father’s hand tight. “No! Of course I’m not OKAY! Why would I be OKAY?! We’re under attack, Robert is fighting and we are doing NOTHING!” he cried, and hid his terrified face in his dirty hands. I crawled my way to my father’s lap, and comforted him all through the threatening night.

As my mum stirred, I was peering out the door, looking at all the houses that had been demolished during the devastating Blitz. I could feel the wind blowing the remains of houses up into the grey sky. Then, from a distance, I could see the soldiers in their tidy uniform marching quietly out of their shelters. The city now felt like a dangerous place to stay. I wasn’t sure what was going to happen, but I knew one thing, we didn’t want time to reverse its self.

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