

CHILDREN OF WAR – BOOK TWO

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*Includes an introduction to Children Of War by author E.
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25th September 1940 – Entry In The Low Ash Log Book

Children sent to shelters at 10.15am as suspected German raid overhead.

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INTRODUCTION

On November 4th 2016, I returned to visit my first school, Low Ash Primary. I was honoured to meet the children and to work alongside them in a Year 6 creative writing workshop.

I was stunned by how imaginative and enthusiastic Year 6 were and it was fantastic to witness such excitement for the written word, tailored alongside their study of war.

Low Ash Primary School welcomed me back after all these years. I know after reading the finished stories in this book that in the near future, they will be welcoming back more writers like me.

Presenting the second collection of stories by Class 6H, and wishing the very best of luck to these new authors.

E. Rachael Hardcastle
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FEATURED AUTHORS

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FELIX'S STORY *by Tom Greenwood*

TOM'S STORY *by Stan Graves*

ISOLATION *by Zorana Majstorovic*

PROLOGUE

It sounded like a humming bird at first, but it gradually became louder, until it reached a deafening roar. Children started to scream as I started shaking. The teachers asked calmly for silence, but we could see the growing fear in their eyes.

Still the noise rang through everyone's ears and even the strongest and toughest people in the classroom were nervously biting their tongues. The bombing had begun.

We were instructed to leave our classroom and follow the Headteacher to the bomb shelter outside. The Reception children were smiling and even though I knew they didn't have a clue what to do, anger rose in my heart because of it. My anger was interrupted when we stepped outside. The walk there was only a one minute walk, but it felt like a century.

I heard the door open and stepped inside. Boredom started.

One child asked, "Shall we tell stories?"

ROB THE DOG

by Jake Hanson

One day Simon got up and to his amazement he heard the radio - Neville Chamberlin stated that war was declared. Five seconds later the air raid shelter alarm rung. My brother and I ran to the air raid shelter.

After a while we became extremely bored and decided to tell stories. Half an hour later it was Simon's turn...

Rob the dog was an ordinary dog and his owner was an archaeologist. He was looking for dinosaur bones and blood from dead mosquitoes.

Then a T-Rex mother leapt out of the ground and the archaeologist was never seen again. The only survivor was a beautiful Labrador who was white with black splodges - he was called Rob the dog. Rob ran to a big, rusty car and thought just push the pedal. He jumped in the car and rammed into the T-Rex's legs and THUD it fell onto the ground – dead!

The siren went off and Simon went to his house.

BLACKOUT

by Alex McLaughlan

Hello dear reader. My name is Edith. I am twelve years old and I have two younger sisters called Eliza and Emmie. I have a lovely dad and a caring mum. I can probably just tell you my whole life story but you will most certainly get bored. Let's get on with my "amazing" story. I wish.

I am being evacuated. Four of the most terrifying words I have ever heard in my life. I AM BEING EVACUATED! I'm so scared. Spine-tinglingly scared. I've just lost my mum and now I'm about to be taken away from my two sisters. Don't cry. The last thing I want is for this page to be wet before you even get to the juicy parts.

I am in my best clothes: a polka-dot dress, black boots, a brown satchel, a warm jumper and white socks. Not the kind of fashion you'd expect but I am in 1939.

At that very moment, a long, black steam train came chugging noisily in front of me. I stepped back. Slowly and nervously, I stepped back. So beautiful was this sight. So beautiful that the hairs on my neck stood on end. If you're wondering, I have never seen a train in my life.

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“All aboard!” shouted the man standing like he was the king of the train station.

What a moron! I got onto the train. You don’t need much description. I just got onto the train.

Suddenly, I fell, banging my knee as I went. Struggling to get up, a really pretty, young girl (around my age) crouched down beside me and held out her hand. She’s so helpful!

“Hey there. You ok? Looks to me that you’ve never been on this thing before. Sorry, where are my manners? My name is Emily. Emily Wingate. What’s your name, friend?” she asked, while helping me up.

“That’s unusual. My name is Edith Wingate. I-I-it must b-b-e a coincidence,” I answered, “if it wasn’t, then it must only mean...”

“WE’RE SISTERS!” we chorused.

But how was this possible? Is it even true? I mean we could be jumping to conclusions. I glared at her. Shocked, still, motionless.

A few minutes later, the steam train slowed down and a humongous crowd of children of all ages snuggled uncomfortably next to us. Emily, who was apparently my sister now, opened the tiny door at the front and we went out of the driver’s exit. She’s super cool! Two arms wrapped around me. A warm feeling rushed through my body. It’s been a while since I’ve had an emotional, warm feeling. Dad used to give me the best of all hugs. He is at war right now. I hope he comes back.

“Come to my house!” Emily commanded.

Of course I said yes. I can break a few rules, right?

As soon I got to her house, I knew where I was. A castle

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from a fairy tale. Ok maybe not but it was magnificent. Instantly, I dropped my luggage inside. I fell asleep...

Swirls of black and white; my head was pounding and everything turned strange

BLACKOUT!

The last thing I heard was, “Edith!”

I gasped like I had never breathed before. An obnoxious smell flew up my nose and it seemed that I was in an underground shelter. Bombs were whistling. I could hear them searching for people to kill. Girls' cries were echoing through my ears and boys' cries were faint and I could hardly hear them.

The same familiar arms wrapped around me. Unfortunately, it was not Emily but it felt like her. I had a feeling that I would gaze at Emily again and we could finish off what we had left.

All I had to do was go back to sleep...

THAT DAY

by Alfie McNicholas

Early one day I was told by my mum to pack my bag. It was the beginning of the war.

She whispered, “It’s the day, the day of the evacuation.”

Calmly she sat down close to me, to say what evacuation meant. I was only ten.

As we solemnly strolled to school I held her hand tightly as this was our last moment together. My mum started to cry.

I asked, “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” she stated, “We are nearly there.”

Wherever you go I will be thinking about you.

I was getting on the train when I questioned mum, “We don’t go on trains that often do we mum?”

“No,” she cried. “Your about to take off so take care and don’t forget me”.

I was scared. Very scared. I did not know what was going to happen. The train finally stopped.

I was met by an old lady and taken to a farm.

I asked, “Where is my room?”

“Room 4 - second floor at the end,” she mumbled grumpily.

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“People will show you where it is.”

One day later, I got a knock on the door. I opened it.

This grumpy old lady moaned, “I’m sorry to say this, but last night there was an air raid and the last bomb last night hit your house whilst your mother was in it and sadly she died.”

The End

MY LIFE IN GLASGOW

by Ava Mathers

My name is Lottie, I live in Glasgow with my mum, dad, brother and my little sister Dotty. However, I have to say recently my dad and my brother (Charles) had to go to war. Both Dotty and I want to be nurses when we grow up.

Suddenly, one morning really early, Dotty and I heard a thumping noise at the door. KNOCK, KNOCK

Mum yelled up the stairs, “Girls see who it is at the door”.

We opened the front door and to our surprise there was a letter on the step outside on its own. Dotty grabbed it as I looked around to see if it was a prank. No one was there except us. Mum rushed down the stairs and complained that we were taking forever.

“Give me that,” mum shouted loudly.

I think everyone on the street heard it. Mum gave me my special bright purple headband and she put it on my gorgeous brown hair.

”It always makes you look beautiful!” she whispered.

Dotty looked at me with her sad eyes in the way that she does when she desperately wants something. (She wanted to

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open that letter). However mum told me to open and read it. It says:

Hello my dear family.

I hope that you are all doing well. I am missing you dearly. I hope I come home soon, as it is awful here. How's my Lottie and Dotty?

Hope to see you soon.

Mum started to cry and we reached out to hug her.

CARA

by Eleanor Lofthouse

I'm scared. Terrified. Curious. Also a bit relieved. It turns out I am being evacuated. Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't introduce myself properly. My name is Cara Black. Cara Emily Black. I am 12 years old (13 in a week) and I have 3 siblings- 2 brothers, 1 sister- named Charles, Maria and Edward. Well, I have a story to tell you...

This morning, I was practising my back flips in the garden happily, thinking all was right with the world and then I got 'the yell' from my awful mother.

“CARAAAA!! COME HERE THIS INSTANT!!”

I trudged into our teal blue living room, my hands in my brown trouser pockets with my blondish white, flowing hair on my shoulder, and I slumped down onto the black, leather sofa. Mother turned on the wireless (or as posh people call it, radio) and I found out that our Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, was on. Again. I sighed as he declared his (boring) speech like he did every day.

All I could make out from his droning voice was, “My long struggle to win peace has failed. I'm sorry to say but we are at

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war with Germany.”

My mother looked at me with great concern.

“You know what this means Cara?” she asked.

I shrugged my shoulders, covering my cold ears just in case she yelled at me. But no. Instead, she looked cautiously out of the window to see if anyone was watching her.

“Mother. Mother!”

She suddenly snapped out of it and stared at me.

“Cara, you, Charles, Maria and Edward are all getting...” It looked like she was going to burst into tears. “...e... evacuated!”

Before I knew it, I was at the train station, about to get on the train from Edinburgh to The Highlands.

“Are you nervous?” asked Edward. I cringed. “N...no?” I answered, gulping.

The train was coal black, the steam coming out of the funnel was like clouds of snow and it was a bumpy experience. When we all got on, it started up and jolted all the passengers. A blonde haired girl walked slowly over to me and helped me up.

“Oh thanks. What’s your name?” I asked her.

She only dug her face into her shoulder and gulped. Hard.

“M...Mary,” she whispered, “Mary Black”

I gasped. “Well that’s a coincidence because my name is Cara. Cara Emily Black. And who is your mother?”

She smiled and giggled for some reason. “Um...Martha Black. But she unfortunately died in a car crash.”

I was getting immensely confused with Mary.

“Well my mother was involved in a huge car accident but she still survived!” Mary looked shocked.

“Well if it isn’t, then we must be...”

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She paused in delight. Then we chorused... “SISTERS!”
Unbelievable!!

We were jumping up and down in excitement, whilst there was a low rumbling sound beneath my feet. Was it my stomach? Well, to be honest, I haven't eaten in days. But it wouldn't be possible to be my tummy as the moaning sound of it came up from below us. Was it an illusion? No, I felt it. Mary felt it. I guess the driver felt it too because we all heard his screams as we came to a halt. Unfortunately, we were crossing over a bridge whilst stopping abruptly. Mary held on tight to the seat we were sitting on and I held her hand. Tight. The train was toppling to the side and before I knew it, water was filling up and fast. Mary grabbed onto me but I felt like I was fading away.

I couldn't swim.

I saw Mary looking at me with concern. With hope. And with love. Then...I woke up. In some sort of medical van. Mary wasn't there. Mother wasn't there. My brothers and sister wasn't there. I was somewhat on my own. A brunette haired nurse told me that my house had been bombed and my whole family was gone.

“You're lucky you survived the ‘Blitz’.” She told me.

I was in London. Alone. And that's the way it would stay...

THE GIRL THAT GOT EVACUATED

by Charlie Wanless

One day in 1935 someone called Ella Crooks was born. 4 years later her life was changed! World War 2 started she didn't even know there was a World War 1. She didn't know how many people died. She didn't know she was going to get evacuated! Her parents however did know. She was going to get evacuated, but where to? Her parents thought for a while then a little longer. Finally they found the place. On the beaches of Scotland.

A few days later Ella Crooks was evacuated and it took quite a while, however she enjoyed it. She made a new friend - Poppy Garcha – on the train. They told stories and played rock, paper scissors. Soon they arrived but when they got off the train they were split up. Then Ella remembered her family, she wished they were there as she would get company and love.

Suddenly she saw someone (a boy) called Jake - whose hair was ginger and his eyes were dark green like grass. They got to the training school where there was a police man waiting outside.

“Identity card” he shouted.

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She showed him it and stated, “Here you go sir.”

Next they were informed where they were sleeping.

4 long years later at the boring training school it got to her 8th birthday and that very day a letter came. She cautiously opened up the letter.

Dear Ella,

I am so sorry to say this but your dad has died.

Ella started to cry.

Jake came over and whispered, “It will be ok, it’s happened to me. Just stay strong. It’s still your birthday have a good day”.

The alarm went off and they had to hurry to get to the Anderson shelters. After a while everyone started telling stories. Finally the alarm went off again and it was safe. She stepped out of the Anderson shelter and there was her dad standing there.

How had this miracle happened?

THE FUTURE DREAM

by Daisy Bell

Snip Snip Snip. Edward finished cutting. The Mammoth looked naked without its hair.

“Finished!” Edward paused, “Well we have enough wool to make clothes for the winter now, old boy.”

Edward patted the Mammoth’s bare skin. Although Edward thought he was alone, he was not. The old bomb shelter was not – as Edward thought it was – empty. Jane stepped out of the shabby bomb shelter intrigued, yet taken back by her surroundings. Startled by Jane’s sudden appearance, Edward dropped his large, grubby scissors.

“Excuse me but what is the date,” Jane looked at Edward earnestly.

“Why it’s the twenty eighth of January 3040.” Edward stated.

“What a load of tosh. You’re telling me that I’ve been unconscious for over nine hundred years... Unbelievable, utterly unbelievable.”

Edward looked puzzled. “Look ma'am, I’m telling the truth,” Edward paused, “perhaps I should take you to the doctor!”

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which had chicks in.

“Oh no!”

Jane knew that her death was near but she was not afraid. She was not going to flee. One infant bird neared and opened its beak in front of Jane’s head then... Black! Jane awoke in the bomb shelter.

“It was just a dream, it was just a dream.”

Jane was laughing with tears of joy. Then Jane realised that it was still world war two. Jane clenched her eyes shut as she slowly opened the bomb shelter’s door and anxiously stepped out.

She opened her eyes. The village was destroyed...

EVACUATED

by Lovleen Garcha

One cloudy day, Millie Mathers, who was ten, and loved reading adventure books was wondering what to do. As always she wanted to go on an adventure to faraway places. However she lives in London with her mum and dad and two sisters (who are older than her and also mean). Her parents are strict and refuse to allow her to go anywhere even the park or play with her best friends.

Millie had always been looking at unexciting things whilst she was doing nothing, just wandering around in the massive house. Her older sisters Mary and Sarah always went out but not Millie. Her sisters were so popular but she wasn't. Could this be why she was never allowed out?

On the wireless she heard the Prime Minister say, "We are at war with Germany."

Then it all began... Planes were flying. People who were in the army marched. Millie was crying as the war started. She rushed upstairs, packing her clothes, books and a bear. Minutes later her parents dropped her at the station. They waved her goodbye as the train set off to Liverpool and onward to

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Canada.

As soon as she arrived in Canada the children were put with parents, who were strangers to them. They got upset after they left their parents in Britain. As time went by they got used to living with their new family, who were not strangers to them any more...

MY LIFE WITH MY GRANDMA

by Holly Kirby

I was in my old house in my dark, small bedroom packing my bag to go somewhere. I really wanted to know where I was going. Was I going on holiday or was I going to my grandma's house?

Anyway I should introduce myself. I am Grace and I'm twelve years old. I live here with my mum, dad and baby brother called Billy. I love reading, writing, swimming and playing the flute. I have blonde hair, sky blue eyes and I'm very tall.

"Grace, Grace are you ready yet?" Mum shouted.

"Nearly mum, I'm just putting my teddy in my bag." I replied.

"Ok hurry up." Mum told me.

"Grace you and your brother are going away to your grandma's for some time because World War II is going to start and it is not safe for you two here," Mum explained, "but everything will be ok. I will take you both on the train station. Now take your brother's bag and put it on the train."

There I was so nervous and scared. What did all this mean?

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Are other children going away for a couple of years ? Maybe or maybe not? I thought to myself.

“Grace come and get on,” Mum told me.

We parted with lots of hugs and tears.

It was awful on the train, there were lots of children wondering where they were going but lucky for us our grandma lived in the country side so we were going there. I was really bothered about why my mum and dad weren't going to a safer place. Would they die during the war? Who knew, we were all going through an awful time then.

“Grace this is your stop, so I'll say bye.” Mum informed me.

“Ok” I replied.

We walked inside to my grandma's house and said goodbye to my mum. I was feeling really upset because nobody knew when everything would be back to normal.

A few minutes later, I started to look round the house that I would be staying in for a few years. Firstly I went up to my bedroom and unpacked my suitcase and there was my favourite flute that I loved to play. Then a few minutes later I unpacked my brother's bag. He was going to be sleeping in my grandma's room, in his cot, because he was only little. Soon after I went outside to explore in the garden. It was a really lovely little garden. It had a vegetable patch, a flower bed, a wishing well and a little table.

Ooh a tulip and a rose, oh and a wishing well - I wonder what's down there?

Meanwhile my grandma was sat having a drink on the little table and my baby brother was sat on a blanket on the grass playing with some baby toys.

Suddenly, I found myself inside the well, with wet damp

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feet. It was amazingly light down there! There was a funny kind man down there asking me repeatedly to make my way through the maze. It got very annoying after twice so I just said yes. The first part of the maze was to jump over fifteen ramps, then choose the right door to go through. I nearly walked through the wrong one but I just shut the door. Then the final one was to answer fifty maths questions. I only got 49 right though...

I was then sat back in my new normal life playing with my baby brother.

NIGHTMARE WW2

by Jack Crooks

1939 September 5th, the worst day of my life, the day war started. Me, Callum Bradbury and my family including mum and dad, woke up and rushed down stairs because my dad knew that there was a special announcement on the wireless. None of us wanted to miss it. Anyway we got the wireless out and dad tried to find the right channel. Eventually he managed to get the live announcement, and it was bad news in fact it was life threatening...

I knew what that meant, it meant that I was to be EVACUATED! I was heartbroken as I'm terrified of war. I'm terrified of war because I have heard horrible stories about World War One so I'm not looking forward to being evacuated.

Anyway, I finished packing my bags ready for torture. My mum walked me to the station and the train eventually came. I was terrified of the train security guard because he was double the size of me. He kept giving me the dirty look, (like my teacher always gives me every time I misbehaved) so I tried my best not to look at him. My mum waved me off and we headed to the countryside.

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I got off the train and my teacher took me just around the corner to the next block. WOW!! There were rich mansions but we went past them and she took me to a poor broken house. She knocked on the door and a nasty, old man shouted, “GET IN NOW.” I quickly ran in. I woke up the next morning with a cut on my head. I wondered why I was in pain. I jumped out of my bed and I was in a concentration camp!

The general kicked down the door and then he shouted “GET UP NOW OR ELSE!” I did what he said. Next he tied my hands up and he covered my head with something but I couldn’t see what he did it with. One hour after he finally lifted the thing off my head and he pointed a golden R.P.G at my pale innocent face and I screamed NOOOOO. I will never forget that day.

JACOB'S STORY

by Callum Bradbury and Luke Sale

Once there was a young boy (aged 5) called Jacob Bradbury. He was a clean boy who wasn't poor but wasn't rich. Jacob was: extremely slim; had black hair; and brown eyes. He also had exceedingly kind parents.

On the 27th January 1942, Jacob Bradbury, who lived in Japan, forgot to build a bomb shelter. As a result, when the siren sounded his family had to sneak outside and they crawled silently into someone else's protective bomb shelter. Shortly after a grumpy, angry man came out from his house and entered the shelter. When he noticed the Bradbury family he ordered, "If you come back in here within the next 4 days, I will shoot you."

The family immediately acted upon what the old man had instructed. They sent the poor boy (Jacob) off to China to be adopted. He acted exceedingly bravely -however on the inside he was scared out of his skin.

His parents sent him away to make sure he definitely

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wouldn't get killed by the evil man or the unseen enemy.

His parents thought the dodderly man was joking about them getting shot. However on the fourth day they got nervous. Nervous because on this day he exclaimed that he would shoot them. Even though his loving parents at home were brave, the next time they heard the air siren was to be the last. Would you be as brave as his parents?

JAKE'S STORY

by Kornel Troska

It was 1939, I was just sitting in my house when I heard this. I was shocked to death. This is the beginning of shocking deaths! World War 2 began. I can hear people screaming at the radio. I told my mum and dad and they said it's fake. But...it... wasn't.

The first thing that I did: I went upstairs, I got a bag, I got a cushion, a few sweets, a cucumber and some fruit. I also got a can of dog food. I took my dog (Woofy the Chihuahua). We started to run to the shelter next to my house.

I saw a plane. We ran quicker to the shelter. I closed the door. I cried. I saw my parent's dead. They fell into the fire. I got my cushion out, I threw the can at the wall. It opened. I gave it to Woofy. He ate it. I ate my cucumber and one of my sweets. I went to sleep.

1 day later. We went to look for planes, there weren't any...

We packed up everything. I ran with Woofy. Woofy and I ran into the forest. He ran into a tree. I put him in a bag. I ran. I ran. I heard Woofy crying. I ran faster and faster. Then I got to my grandparent's house. They put Woofy in a delightful

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kennel.

After the war ended, I was 14. We lived happily ever after.
The End

MAKING FRIENDS

by Millie Chapman

1939, the year war came to our city.

Mum frighteningly muttered, “Get your bags packed!”

I went to school and immediately we were all evacuated to Canada. After sleeping in the shelters for a few nights I had not made a single friend. On the 15 September 1939 the ear-piercing siren turned on and I was so petrified. Another little girl called Lilly, who was about the same age as me, was also scared. We cuddled until the sirens stopped and we told memories about family and friends.

A few days passed and I made some new friends called Matthew, Naomi and Bella. I was having some fun but also missing my family back home (Dad, Mum, Missy and my baby brother Finley-Jay).

One night Lilly thought she had heard gunshots and the barking of dogs in the distance. That night, while I was asleep, Lilly set off searching for the noises. As each hour passed she got closer and closer to the noises until...

I woke up with a terrible shock. A piece of white, folded paper was staring me in the face. The thing that scared me most

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was the single drop of blood. I unfolded the paper while tingles raced down my spine. It explained my friend was dead!

EBONY'S STORY

by Niamh Brewster and Cora Johnson

Hi. My name is Ebony Rockwell, I am 10 years old and I live at 12 Lane End, London, England, LD12 3PA. I have dark brown hair, ocean blue eyes and a pet Goblin called Sharp Tooth! I like the colours royal blue, rustic red, lilac, yellow and pastel pink. My hobbies are playing the flute, arts and crafts and playing with my younger twin sisters Tulip and Daisy (2 ½ years old.) I also have an older sister called Alexa (13), and a mother called Julie Rockwell and a step-father called Paul. I have a best friend, my Pixie. She is nicknamed Thumbelina. Anyway that's enough of me, let's begin my story...

Right now I am so relieved! I don't have to go on a field trip with my revolting Auntie Cathy and Uncle Gary! The reason behind this is that, I am taking my first dance recital. EEKK! I can't wait. It starts at 2:00pm and finishes at 5:00pm...

Finally it has finished. My recital. To be honest initially I actually enjoyed it, but then it got boring!

Tired, hungry and thirsty Mum called, "Supper's ready."

"Oh good," I replied, in desperate need of refreshments.

After I finished with my supper, I ran upstairs to play with

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my little wooden dolls, who have string and woolly hair.

An hour later I get my pjs on and climbed into my very cosy bed! On my bed Sharp Tooth likes to lay with me and Thumbelina, which is kind of annoying as he snores a lot!

“Goodnight everyone,” I whispered and turned out the light...

NIGHT OF THE GOBLIN

by Charlie Emery and Isa Ansar

Although it was almost summer, it was an ice-cold Halloween night, Happy Trick or Treaters were being snatched and eaten alive...

“Come on!” said a happy little Trick or Treater.

He went down an ally. There was a scream, then suddenly there was silence. There was a goblin with teeth like knives and claws like a rhino’s horn. It stole children from the streets and ate them in one whole bite. Later in the night, the parents noticed their children were missing.

“Where are my children?” shouted and screamed every parent in the village.

A few minutes later, there was a long queue at the police station, full of worried parents all asking for their children then a large, hooded figure at the door.

There was a knock, then another, then a great big knock that shattered the window. The hooded figure entered and took off his hood. It was the goblin.

It killed half of the police force before one man stuck a knife straight to the back of its skull. The man had a look of relief but

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then the goblin stuck his claws straight through the man's chest...

MY LIFE IN GLASGOW

by Olivia Jameson

My name is Dottie, and I live in Glasgow with my mum, dad, brother (Charles) and my sister Lottie. Unfortunately, my dad and my brother are away at war. Lottie and I both want to be nurses when we are older. Lottie is 5 and I am 6 years old. Lottie takes her favourite giraffe teddy everywhere with her.

Suddenly, one morning Lottie and I heard a thumping noise, KNOCK, KNOCK, on the door downstairs.

“Girls, go see who that is,” Mum yelled from upstairs.

Lottie raced me to the door, she won, again. I opened the door, there was a letter on the cold floor right in front of us. Lottie ran back inside and I checked around to see if it was a joke. No one was outside except Lottie and I. We took it back inside for Mum to see. Lottie called for mum to come back downstairs to see the letter, well that’s what we thought it was.

“Give me that NOW!” Mum yelled as she knew it was Dad’s handwriting.

Scared, I gave Mum the letter as quick as I could.

“Lottie would you care to read the letter?” Mum asked.

Lottie nodded.

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*Dear Jane, Lottie and Dottie,
I'm missing you dearly and I hope you are doing fine. I hope
I come home soon because it is awful here as nobody speaks
and it's boring. Hope I see you soon.
Love from dad.*

Mum started to cry and I lent in to hug her and Lottie got her some tissues.

The next day when we woke up it was a dark, gloomy day. Rain was pouring down outside our bedroom window. The air raid siren started and mum rushed into our bedroom and picked up Lottie. I ran after them. We panicked and swiftly got into the air raid shelter in our back garden.

It was cosy because there were blankets that dad had put in before he left to go to war. Mum started to hug me and Lottie - one at each side.

“Mum, what’s going to happen?” Lottie asked.

“I really don’t know Lottie my dear,” Mum replied and then looked down at her feet.

The noise was unbearable now. It was just like a lion roaring above our heads.

Lottie started to cry.

“What’s up Lottie?” I asked her.

“The... noise Dotty it hurts my ears,” she cried.

The noise was hurting my ears too but I didn’t want to tell anyone.

There was the siren to tell us that the air raid was over.

When we stepped out our neighbour’s house was burning down incredibly quickly. It was a horrible sight.

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Fortunately our house was still in one piece.

BONNY'S STORY

by Poppy Stowe

I have 3 sisters called Mary, Emmy and Elaine. My sisters are so popular, but me, I'm just ordinary. I live my life fearful, scared and petrified. I have jet black hair, tanned skin, green grass like eyes and sharp piercing lips. My parents are called Edith Mills and George Mills. Anyway let's start with the story...

I've packed my bag ready to go to my Auntie Jill's house, where my older cousin Erin lives. I love her (she's my favourite cousin ever!). She has got golden hair, and the most beautiful, delightful dress collection ever.

"Sweet heart come down here."

That was my mum shouting me down to come and walk to their house (27 blocks away). I've got my book and my teddy and two sets of clothes and I can never forget my Thumbelina.

"Hi Auntie Jill."

Silence ...she didn't even speak to me.

"Hi Erin."

Silence ...she didn't speak to me either.

"Hello is there anything wrong." I mumbled completely

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confused.

“No.” stated Auntie Jill, quite matter of factly.

I sighed with relief. At least it seemed as if everything was ok. I ran quickly up the stairs and unpacked my bags. What will I do next?

“Bonny we’ve got a party to go to,” stated my aunt.

I ran as fast as I could. As I ran down the steep steps, my heart skipped a beat. I felt a bit sick, but excited at the same time.

“But Auntie Jane, whose party are we going to?” I asked puzzled.

“Don’t you remember darling, it’s your birthday.”

I couldn’t believe it – how could I have forgotten? My heart beat just jumped up another level, as if I was on another planet. Every so often, I talk to myself thinking of when other people’s birthdays are, but I can’t remember when my own birthday is. How bizarre! I don’t know why it happens.

We jumped speedily into the polished, red car and drove down the grey, cobbled street. I suddenly realised, that I was at the zoo. I was wearing my pink, fluffy dress and my white pumps. I love them so much. I heard a roar and knew straight away it was a lion. Penguins, lions, tigers, bears and meerkats, meerkats my favourite animal of all times. All my friends were there - Amelia, Rebecca, Matilda, Belinda and Tilly. We looked all around the zoo, but to my great disappointment, there were no meerkats. I had a fantastic time. When we finally finished looking round and doing all the mini games, we had ice-creams.

I arrived home (Auntie Jane’s) at 3:00 and had birthday cake and jelly. I had the best birthday ever. I wondered what

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tomorrow would bring. Auntie Jane and Erin brought me back to my real home and opened the rest of my presents.

What will tomorrow bring? Who will I play with? Who knows.....?

NIGHTMARE OF WW2

by Sebastian Gradzki

One dark, stormy day, Arthur Junior, who was terrified to death, ran as fast as the speed of light to the old, rusty bomb shelter. No help, no family and no freedom. Finally he got there. His name is Junior. Arthur Junior. All of a sudden silence, a precious moment of silence.

After the siren finally sounded the all clear Arthur sprinted full of curiosity to his isolated home. Is it still standing or has it gone forever? Yes, yes it's there, in one piece. Suddenly a knock on the door. He thought to himself - could my father be dead? He opened the door and...

It was his father. He was so relieved. Arthur's father spoke, "I have got an atom bomb. We could win the war using it".

Arthur thought it was a great idea. They hid in a bomb shelter and sent the atom bomb to Germany where it exploded like an erupting volcano.

Arthur's father spoke, "This is the end. We have won the war."

But there was more. More soldiers, more emotions and more nightmares. Arthur couldn't believe it. Their home and bomb

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shelter was destroyed.

One of the German soldiers exclaimed, “You will go to our prison camp.”

Arthur and his father had no choice. They went with the soldiers to the prison camp.

Arthur asked, “Dad how do we stop the war?”

Dad replied, “Near the prison camp is a radio station. We will escape and overtake it and say if you won’t surrender Germany is destroyed. They will surrender.”

That night Arthur and dad entered the radio station. They spoke to the Germans.

”You will surrender or Germany is destroyed.” Arthur added, “Great Britain had won the war”.

THE COLD WAR

by Oliver Burdin

Jason was in the house reading a book when the ear piercing sound of the sirens went off. A rush of cold blood went through his icy trembling body. He bolted down the wet soggy, grass to get to the dark, dusty shelter.

He was shuddering in the shelter and worried. So he told himself a fictional story...

Once upon a time there was a little girl called Lucy. She was having a walk in the forest when she stumbled upon a large, white baby basket. The girl went to pick up the basket and to her surprise it was empty. When she saw the basket empty she was overtaken by curiosity...

Jason's story was interrupted by the sound of heavy footsteps it was

His mum, she had returned from the walk she was on.

"Oh Mum it's you, you scared me," said Jason.

"Of course it's me silly," replied Mum.

"So Mum what did you get for tea?" asked Jason. "I was telling myself a fiction story before you came. Can I continue?"

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“Sure Jason go ahead.”

Okay so I got to the part where the girl leaves the forest. Lucy was leaving the forest, however before she did, she slayed the beast that had the baby. The baby was safe and it grew up to be a proud warrior.

The end.

UNICORNS VS HUMANS

by Alessio Cavallaro

Once in a land of rainbows and warfare is a fight of humans and unicorns. They will fight until the end, they will fight until the end until and the last drop of blood until victory. The king of the unicorns equipped the soldiers so they were ready for what is to come. While the humans just sit there as if waiting for the training bell to go.

Suddenly DING DING! Training starts so both unicorns and humans ran to the training booths. In there is a kit for different classes. There are scout kits. A fast unicorn has a baseball bat and a double barrel shot gun. The spy, a sneaky unicorn, has a knife and a revolver. There is also a heavy who has a mini gun (Pyro). There is also a unicorn of an unknown species who has a flame thrower...

Suddenly DING! DING! DING!

Then a voice shouted out, "Let the battle commence."

To be continued...

THE STORY OF SNIPER BOB

by Owen Mills and Isaac Brown

On the 15th August 1939, Bobby was living his ordinary life, but little did he know there was a war around the corner.

One week later, Bobby received a letter and it said, *we are sending you to war*. Bobby was shocked but he was also excited because he liked to shoot guns and use weaponry. The letter said *you need to be at the training camp on the 25th of October 1939*.

It was finally the 25th October and Bobby had to go to the training camp. He was really nervous; nervous because he didn't know what to expect. When he arrived at the train station Bob got a ticket to Green Lane Barracks in Shipley. When Bob finally arrived there he was shocked because of how big it was. As he got to the training camp the officer asked for all of his personal details and they gave him permission to do training.

The next day Bobby started his first day of immense training and all they did was just drills and how to reload guns and how to use bayonets. It was quite scary and difficult at first but then Bob got better and better until he became one of the best troops and started to get into shooting sniper rifles.

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Bob didn't know it was his last day at the training camp. When he was told it was his last day the general secretly whispered to him, "I want you to be my main sniper."

Bobby was delighted because it was his dream to use a sniper rifle.

The general said to him, "Be prepared we are going to war with Germany".

Have you ever heard of the legend of Sniper Bob?

FELIX'S STORY

by Tom Greenwood

One bright, crisp morning in an ordinary, stone brick flat, Felix Football startled awake from his nightmare.

“It was only a nightmare,” Felix whispered to himself.

It was just an ordinary, beautiful morning in London. Well that’s what he thought...

10 minutes later, he was sat munching on his corn flakes, as they were the only cereal (that he liked) and he could afford. Chomping on his cereal, he realised the Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain was broadcasting his live speech NOW! Felix pounced out of his wooden chair instantly and turned the radio on. By the time he got to the radio, Neville Chamberlain had finished his speech.

All Felix heard was, “The Prime Minister is speaking in a week’s time.”

Felix was extremely disappointed. He didn’t know what to do now.

Silence.

It was then he realised it was 11:00 and he had a football match at 12:00. Felix dashed to his wardrobe as fast as

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lightning and swiftly opened it. He reached out for his black and white, stripy shirt, and got changed into it.

“I’m ready,” Felix thought, “now, I just need to get there.”

When Felix got there, he ran quickly to the football field, like an Olympic sprinter. At the end of the match, it ended 5-0 to Felix’s team.

A week passed by quickly and Felix didn’t want to miss the speech, and he didn’t. There was only one thing, he wasn’t happy. That’s because... WAR WAS DECLARED! It wasn’t a good thing though.

“I have to join, I will represent my country!” Felix shouted.

So he joined up.

A week later, Felix was on his way to Poland. It was the 17th of September 1939. Felix was determined, but nervous.

3 years went by so fast for Felix.

“It’s 1942 now and I don’t ... know how I’m ... surviving,” Felix thought.

Another year went by so fast – fighting for survival, but the tide is turning now.

“4 years and I’m still surviving!” Felix muttered shocked, like a little boy at a surprise birthday party.

2 years later and it was 1945. It was declared that Germany had been defeated! On his way to the ship, Germany dropped a final bomb and blew Felix’s legs off!

As a couple of weeks passed by, Felix was released out of hospital, but in a wheelchair. Felix felt merciful for the soldiers who were still suffering, so to help them, he wanted to become a nurse. A nurse, so he can try save people’s lives and he couldn’t play football.

Felix had to pass a test to become a nurse. He tried his

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hardest to pass, and luckily he passed! His first patient was a beautiful woman, who was close to dying.

Felix had to remember the fake emergencies on the dummy and did it on the woman. He only JUST saved her life. He loved her, she loved him. When she was released out of hospital, they got together and married each other!

Together they had a great life.

The end!

TOM'S STORY

by Stan Graves

One bright, sunny day, when the sun looked like a shiny, golden one pound coin I (Tom Box) was playing football in my back garden. I am 12 years old and live in Glasgow, Scotland, and it is 1942. I played football until bedtime...

Then the dreaded sound came. The sound of an air raid siren. My two parents (called Jimmy and Margaret) and I sprinted towards our Anderson shelter in the garden.

BOOM! I cautiously peered out of the shelter. Our house had been blown to smithereens, in a cloud of smoke. Suddenly a piece of bomb shrapnel hit me on my head, my eyes began to close and show multi-coloured swirls...

Wait? Where am I? Soon a colossal Diplodocus slobbered over my face and then I realised that I must be in the prehistoric era. I clambered onto my feet and regained balance.

“The land of the dinosaurs,” I thought to myself.

I cautiously walked around in search of the greatest of them all -the T-Rex! ROOAARR! I sped towards the sound. WOW! A T-Rex! Soon the magnificent beast lumbered closer and closer towards me, with its famous teeth looking as if they have

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been specially sharpened, just to eat me! It's piercing breath crept up my nostrils, the smell of its prey on it. I felt myself being plucked off the ground like a newly-laid chicken egg! Imminent death was dawning. I waited for the sound of bones crunching, then, SNAP! I was in a hospital bed...

My parents were leaning over me, along with a doctor. I blinked and my heart was racing! I explained to my parents about what had happened and they laughed! Shortly after, I was out of hospital and on our way to our (temporary) home. We lived with another family, in a back-to-back house, on top of each other, one room per family. Their children are always desperate for me to recite this story, so I decided to write that story.

That story is the one you have just finished reading!

ISOLATION

by Zorana Majstorovic

William was just 12 years old when the war started.

Just 10 weeks after the beginning of the war, William decided to make a change.

It was such a hard decision to choose whether to do it or not, but he chose to leave where he was born, where he was known, and remembered. William rushed upstairs to pack his bags and leave. He packed his belongings and he had so much food to the point that his bag seemed like a stuffed chicken.

Nonetheless, as William walked out of the door, he already missed his mother and sister. However strangely he felt bad for them.

As William walked, he could hear an unusual voice in his head- it seemed paralyse him. He turned around, and all he could see was an old man, looking for something. He couldn't resist but see what his business was.

He walked over to the old man.

“What are you looking for, good sir?” he asked with an awkward smile.

“I'm looking for someone to help to run away from this

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irrelevant war.” He grunted.

William’s eyes seemed as if he just saw his own parents die in front of him.

The old man couldn’t help himself but to say, “I shall help you as people don’t appreciate the good old me. Not any more.”

They got to the point where they needed a place to stay until the sun rose again. It was a risk sleeping outside in the middle of nowhere, so the old man found a shelter where they had to stay.

At the crack of dawn they set off again. It was hard to walk basically a marathon for a boy just turned 12 year old, so the struggles continued.

William was hoping death for the Fuhrer (Hitler) but it seemed as God misheard his wish, his family died instead, of a direct hit from a bomb. The old man told him that as they walked to Scotland.

William felt bad that he left them and that he didn’t stay to die with them.

William stared at the empty bag, realising that there was no water, no food and no nothing (apart from two pound coins which you couldn’t buy anything with).

William was wondering, “As we’ve got a high chance of dying, why don’t you tell me YOUR story? I mean we’re probably going to die, so what do you think?”

The old man was staring at William like he just confessed he loved Hitler but he tried to seem normal about it.

He muttered, “I begin with my birth. The First World War was ahead of me and my father’s death. My mother died soon after of a bomb in a direct hit, she couldn’t take my father’s

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death so she wasn't bothered about dying.”

The old man took a break, and he looked at the floor in an angry way, he hated telling his backstory, to anyone. William was ashamed of reminding the old man of his past.

The old man continued, “I am still confused why she did that but, now I don't ever think about it to be honest.”

William asked, “You don't think about your family any more?” His eyes widened.

The old man nodded in disgrace, saying, “No I don't really think about them to be honest apart from sad times.”

William sometimes felt sad for other people but this time, he was immensely depressed.

The old man replied with, “I don't talk about it because I ALWAYS feel ashamed that I'm telling anyone this so keep it safe?”

William nodded, slowly.

The old man and William heard something. Was it an air raid?

Will the pair be dead or alive?

It was only an air raid, the old man wasn't surprised but William, was scared for his own soul.

The noise got louder until it was a deafening noise.

The noise wouldn't stop, it was addictive like a baby's cry.

The old man figured that they should do something and by something he meant as in PHYSICAL.

The bomb dropped.

The fire started, and the smoke got stronger.

William may have a chance of escaping, but the old man, there's no chance.

The old man wept, “There's no chance of escaping my end,

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go on live your life and be happy.”

William didn't want to feel guilty for the rest of his life because of this, so he got the old man's water.

What will he do?

The old man stared at his own death.

The flames.

William ended the chance of the Grim Reaper coming closer.

The ground felt more still and the water wasn't wasted as it saved a few lives.

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END OF BOOK TWO