

CHILDREN OF WAR – BOOK ONE

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Printed in the United States by Createspace.

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Formatting: E. Rachael Hardcastle

First Edition.

Also available as an e-book.

*Includes an introduction to Children Of War by author E.
Rachael Hardcastle. Printed for the library of Low Ash
Primary School. Book 1/2*

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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.

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 first collection of stories by Class 6HM, and wishing the very best of luck to these new authors.

E. Rachael Hardcastle
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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?"

NIGHTMARE

by Alina Raja

This story is about a girl that didn't believe in monsters, monsters that showed themselves throughout the night!

She got sent back to the past to correct the mistakes that she had made back in 1988. A day when everyone had a fright, it felt like a year but only a night.

A girl called Jody was awake on her bed, scary spooky creatures imaged in her head.

As she woke up she heard a noise, she went downstairs to discover what it was. I guess it was just her imagination. She didn't want to do anything. She stared into mid-air, thinking about her nightmare that still haunted her.

She couldn't remember yesterday. She couldn't imagine tomorrow.

She got distracted by a whispering voice that was thought to be coming from her wardrobe continuously repeating itself.

It haunted her, saying, "*Jody. Go back to sleep. Don't tell mum.*"

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She shivered uncontrollably under her covers. Hoping, just hoping it was her brother. She ran downstairs and screamed to her mother.

“I’ve had nightmares. I know they’re not real - it’s just my imagination.”

“Yes dear, that’s good.”

Jody stood still, staring at her mum knowing she wasn’t paying attention because she was too busy taking care of Ella (Jody’s little sister). She didn’t bother any more, but ran upstairs and went to sleep feeling relieved that she had let it out of her mind by discussing it with her mum, even though her mum wasn’t paying attention in the slightest bit.

There was one more thing, though. Jody hadn’t been paying attention to the noise that was printed in her mind and which had stopped as she had spoken to her mum. She had remembered that her mind spoke of not telling her mum.

Jody thought carefully in her bed about the fact that she couldn’t tell her mum. The only thing was that she didn’t know that she had already discussed it.

That speech cost her life.

Jody’s eyes flung open with total regret. No, she wasn’t dreaming. This wasn’t a fairy tale. This was all of her nightmares, all in one, but in reality. She had her chances but had messed them up.

Trapped. Trapped in her own mind.

Jody was never to be seen again...

THE STORY OF WW2

by A. Arkadiusz Modlinski

(Recommended For Readers 12+ Years)

One cold day lived a teenager named Bob. Bob would usually spend time with his books and diaries. Until that one fateful day. The day when WW2 started...

They all sat round the dinner table listening. Peace or war? That was the first question of the day. After all, if war started the only reason for this would be Germany (or should I say Nazi Germany) invading Poland.

I wanted to go on holiday there, but there was no point because Poland wouldn't probably exist. But I couldn't believe it. Since 1933, that horrible dictator Adolf Hitler was going on about how he would take over the world.

In October there was an air raid and we got taken to London where we hid for a long time. I couldn't imagine what was happening outside. I couldn't go to bed, not with the bombs. That's all we heard.

After the air raid we got a dog: Puppy, we called him.

My brother Tom had his birthday just after the air raid. He

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was 18 and because of that he joined up to fight. We were afraid. With a concentration camp open in Poland, we were afraid of him getting sent to it.

Things didn't go too well, not by any means.

That fateful day, we got a telegraph that Tom had died. In Warsaw. We kept our emotions to ourselves. Even Puppy, the loudest dog in the world, didn't bark. I would just join up. But I couldn't. I was just too young.

That Christmas was silent. Nobody spoke, nobody laughed.

Soon afterwards was my 18th birthday and I could join up. I went for medical training. For Tom. We got sent to Warsaw. I didn't think we would go to Warsaw. I also couldn't believe what was happening. Bombs, injured, killed, wounded and everywhere just flags. Not Polish flags. Nazi flags.

My heart froze. We helped in Kraków. which meant we got a glimpse of Auschwitz. It was a horrible thing to see. How could Hitler do such a hideous thing?

In Kraków it got the worse. The Germans took us. Auschwitz was the closest place they could dump us so that's how it happened. From the point that I tried to do something good for the world, I ended up in a horrific place. My mind was racing. A year later in 1944 we heard that stuff was going down in Warsaw. Something called The Uprising or Upstanding.

The Allies had lost. Warsaw was burned to the ground. The camp was liberated and we went back home but I knew it. The war wasn't over but I managed to get home.

My mum was the only person there. Puppy died. Next month was the month we had wanted for so long. War was over.

THE MONSTERS OF THE WAR

by Bradley Patefield

It was the 1st September 1939. It was a very scary day for a lot of people, apart from two extraordinary people- two superheroes. The war had been declared and the superheroes were ready. Who would win?

It was the 2nd September when the bomb got dropped, Germany thought it was going to stop the war forever. Instead, it unleashed something different from the original plan which was something mutant....

The two superheroes didn't really hear anything about it for the first few days, until the 5th. That was the day they leapt into action. Even though they knew they would have had a loss...

They flew through the air looking down at the broken houses.

“Look at this chaos,” the two superheroes mumbled.

There was nothing left! BANG! The monster broke the floor into two halves, Everyone was afraid. The majestic heroes swept in to help, but it was too strong. It was as if it was indestructible.

They hit it from the left, they hit it from the right, but

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nothing or no one could kill it. It was no use - they had to do something. They trained and trained to take the thing down. They didn't even think they could, but they had resilience and never gave up.

Finally it was the day, the day to take that thing down. It was the 8th May 1945 when they set off on an adventure. An adventure to kill!

The heroes were trying to find him, but he wasn't there. He was in a different country. They flew around the world trying to find him and finally they found him in NYC terrorising the city, killing innocent people. They had to kill it!

SLASH! BANG! BOOM! ROAR! It was dead.

It tossed both heroes up in the air, crashing into 12 buildings. That was it. Both superheroes tossed both of their swords into its left and then its right eye.

And this time it was dead for real!

COLD BLOOD

by Callum Asquith

People were shouting, “attack”.

I heard the axes scream. I ran up to a wooden box and took cover from the guns aiming at me. As I slowly aimed at a German soldier, one side of me said to kill him but the other side said I shouldn't.

I stupidly decided to pull the trigger. BANG. He was dead.

At that moment, I realised that there was blood on my chest. I was slowly bleeding to death. Suddenly, a young soldier picked me up and dragged me to a first aid kit.

“You will be ok,” he said to me kindly.

All of a sudden, a big line of axes appeared in the distance and all of the British soldiers were sent back on their boats.

“Retreat,” the captain said and all the soldiers climbed on the boats.

As we sailed on the English Channel back to England, I said to myself, “Now I'm home”.

When I came round, I was on a stretcher into hospital. I was in so much pain, I was so close to passing out. But all of a sudden, I had a nightmare about the war. I woke up in a panic.

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In my head, it felt like the war was starting all over again. As I stepped onto the battlefield, I heard bombs dropping and people shouting. It was all happening again!

NIGHT OF THE GOBLIN

by Charlie Emery

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.

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The man had a look of relief but then the goblin stuck his claws straight through the man's chest...

THE DAY THE WAR BROKE OUT

by Melissa Barraclough and Crystal Boyce

Dear Diary,

My name is Jim. I have lots of cool hobbies, my favourite colour is red and I am 10 years old.

My hobbies are football especially and running. I have blue eyes, blonde brown hair, my skin colour is creamy white and I am usually a little bit tanned.

My habitat is a small corner house on Brigand's Road. My favourite animal is a ww2 dog which I have two of which is because I think they're so fluffy.

My favourite meal is pizza with lots of cheese on top. My two dogs are called Rags and Ben. They are my life and I don't know how I could survive without them.

My parents died in a fire last year so I am living with my older brother, Luke, and my sister, Emma. My siblings are 18 years old and they are identical twins.

It was the day the war broke out the day that everybody hated, where all the children under 14 were evacuated, including me. So my brother and sister (Emma and Luke) took me to the train station where thousands of children were

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standing. They left me and the last thing they told me was that they loved me and would never forget me...

The bell rang but I dropped my stamp which I had to give to the Leader of the Evacuation Process. We only had ten seconds to get on the train before it left town. So I snatched my stamp off the floor and ran for my life with my two dogs, but my dogs didn't make it. There was nothing I could do about them, so I walked around and as I was doing, that someone caught my eye.

It was the prettiest girl that I had ever seen and it was love at first sight. I went red in the face, even redder than a tomato. I walked towards her, then stopped to think about what I was going to say to get her to like me, but as soon as I got to her, the train stopped. The wheels were screeching almost making me deaf. What was I supposed to do now that my chance had been blown?

So I leapt off the train and followed the map to my new home. Then I saw the girl again. She had the same map as me.

"Here is my chance," I said to myself.

So I walked up to her and asked her, "Can you help me find the way to my new home?"

All of a sudden we were there, at my new home. The fear of heights was my biggest fright - it was a tree house...

I stepped on the first step of the ladder and told myself not to give up. Suddenly, out of nowhere I saw a tiny glowing door that only the smallest of mice could get through. Straight away I saw the girl, the girl of my dreams. She touched the door and then in a puff of smoke, she began to shrink. I was amazed!

Before the door closed, I touched the tiny handle in order to shrink myself then ran inside. As soon as I walked in, I saw a

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lift and I grew back to my normal size. The girl disappeared and I was left all alone, but then I remembered my new family was in the room above me, so I hopped into the lift and travelled to the top. My family was sitting there with the girl of my dreams.

“Is she my sister?” I shouted out loud.

My new parents spoke in a different accent to mine!

They said, “Oh hello, my dear, do come and join us. We are watching a family film and yes, she is your sister”.

The next morning my new mum told me to go and get some treats from the shop but I didn’t have any money. So I ran to the shops and grabbed some sweets, hid them in my trousers and ran, but I got caught.

“Thief!” the shopkeeper shouted.

I ran as fast as my little legs could go and hid in a small bomb shelter in someone’s garden and that is where my story ends. Where I’m writing to you now is the same bomb shelter that I have been in for a year or two. I am still hiding.

Goodnight diary!

RALOF'S STORY

by Dominic Baldwin

Ralof was an unordinary boy, for a ten year old. He loathed the fact that he was evacuated and cried all night about it, like you would expect. But there was a tragic thing which haunted Ralof even more than evacuation. His father was dead. He died from cancer, and the doctors couldn't do anything to stop it.

And there was also another thing which made him even more dissimilar from plenty of other children. Vampires...

He believed in them, he wanted to join them. Imagine joining the ranks of the undead. He wouldn't get an infection like his father – vampires didn't get infections. Daytime didn't matter; his eyes were used to the dark bomb shelters. Little Ralof read plenty of books about vampires, and had even seen a black and white picture of one – Ralof had looked and looked for that man he saw for 2 years. But what he didn't know was that becoming and living like a vampire had terrible consequences, consequences which not even Charles Dickens' imagination could withstand...

The blood curdling sound of bombs dropping halted, and

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children had stopped crying. Yet the terror still ran through the hearts of those who feared death, and that feeling was like ice, growing stronger even though it should be melting. Ralof was immersed in thought, about Hitler, about Winston Churchill and just plainly the war. He looked up at the door to holy freedom, fresh air and a nice, fresh breeze.

Standing up, he shook off all his cramps, which felt like they were actually pins and needles stuck into his body. His view on the door was suddenly blocked by many men and women eager, like him, to come outside. An old A.R.P. warden reached towards the door and opened it. Ralof saw the man gasp with horror, like someone who has seen death.

“Hurry up,” Ralof thought, not at all troubled about the old man’s horror. “We have been in this godforsaken shelter for too long, and people have been moaning for too long, but now you refuse to come outside?”

He barged past the dreadful person who looked after Ralof. She wanted him to call her ‘Mother’ but he just called her annoying or ‘the torturer’. She whipped him for almost everything he did, right or wrong. Nobody cared for him like his real mother – sweet and thoughtful. Some of the boys there offered to play with him, but he knew that it would not heal his wounds (emotionally or physically). The annoying person who he refused to call ‘Mother’ would punish him because of it too, even if he told them that she was a nice woman.

He felt happier when he saw the woman gasp in pain but still longed to go outside the bomb shelter. In the end, Ralof wished that he stayed with his ‘Mother’ instead of going outside, where all the trouble happened.

He walked up to the door, still barging people out of the way.

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Yes, he was a ten year old, but strong for his age – the war had made him cut out for it. He looked enviously at the people who were already outside and went outside himself. But (again) he wished he had stayed put. Instead of a small village, perhaps a few smouldering ruins (but beautiful all the same), there stood nothing. Nothing but flat terrain – no trees or mountains were in sight.

The crying started again, and many started shouting. An outsider might have guessed that either people were very drunk or that something bad had happened. Houses were lost, possessions had vanished, and the village didn't have any money. Suddenly, Ralof saw out of the corner of his eye, a thick trail of dust – as though someone had been running swiftly. He blinked and it was gone, but where the trail had ended there was an old lady with a big, bushy beard stood on her walking stick – which looked like it was made out of stone. She was wearing an old, cotton jumper but had no hair. It was a terrifying sight, like one of those where if you describe it in your head it doesn't look scary, but when you're face to face with it, you realise the trouble you are in.

Click!

Ralof turned around and realised that everyone else was in the shelter and the door was locked – even an archaic would have been able to tell that he was the only one in danger. He spun around quickly, and started to tremble with fear. Acting like a much braver boy than what he felt like inside, he asked in his most demanding voice.

“W-ww what do y-you want?”

“*You...*” She cackled, and Ralof's insides felt like they were being clenched by strong, metal fists.

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Whoosh!

First Ralof was standing next to the bomb shelter, and then the next thing he knew was that he was in a small, short-roofed cave. But what surprised him the most was what the ‘lady’ now looked like. The normal big, bushy beard, but now ‘she’ looked like a man. No longer leaning on the stone walking stick and wasn’t wearing the old, cotton jumper like before, but was wearing a blood-red jacket. He was still bald, but his eyes looked remarkably different. Like his jacket, they were blood red. But there was something oddly familiar about this man.

Ralof smiled. This was the man he was looking for!

“I know you!” he cried in excitement! “You’re a vampire from one of my books!”

“Aha, yes I am.” The Vampire grunted as a response. “That’s why I have been looking for you. I could feel you searching for me, so in return I have been searching for you.”

Ralof was too stunned to speak.

The Vampire walked unhurriedly up to a chest in the cave and opened it. Ralof saw many items in there and grew curious: foul-looking poisons; red potions which looked massively like blood in a wine bottle; and two long daggers with a red liquid on them (blood?). To Ralof’s amazement, the vampire picked up the chest and moved it as though it weighed the same as a tiny ball of fluff and revealed a gap in the floor.

“Follow me,” he commanded, and Ralof hastened to proceed.

The ladder down was very short– barely 3 meters– and there was a room which looked mightily like a basement.

“You want to join us, yes?” the Vampire asked and Ralof nodded his head. “Stand still then!” and the next thing Ralof

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knew, he had been punched directly in the nose (the precise aiming was something which no amateurish human could have managed) and was unconscious.

“Wake up!” someone yelled, and Ralof sighed in frustration.

It had all been a dream. No vampires, he was perfectly normal and the torturer was now yelling for him to wake up. But Ralof’s eyes were open, and he still saw the Vampire in his face, with something which looked like blood all around his mouth.

“It isn’t a dream!” Ralof shouted, and the Vampire looked oddly surprised.

“Of course it isn’t!” he said, and chucked a bottle of blood at Ralof. “Drink up, or you will pass out again, and I really don’t want to listen to your stupid ideas of this being a dream...”

Ralof started to drink but started retching.

“That’s horrible! I can’t believe you drink this!” and the Vampire grinned.

As though Ralof hadn’t said that, he asked a question: “What’s your name? I can’t sense it”... Mine’s Dalen, Dalen Blood.”

“Ralof, and I don’t know my surname. When I was... was evacuated I was too young to know.”

Dalen looked sorry and pointed at Ralof’s bottle of blood, to symbolise that he needed to drink it. Reluctantly, Ralof drank. It tasted as though it was sour milk but was thick and hard to swallow, like something dry.

“Right then, down to business. We have a job to do.” Dalen said, rubbing his hands together.

“Job?” Ralof asked.

He thought all of the undead could do anything they wanted.

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“Yes, job you moron!” Dalen exclaimed. “You think vampires can do anything they want? Course not! We have assigned duties to kill monsters, before the blood runs out because people are slaughtered!”

Dalen started to grin mischievously, but quickly stopped when he saw Ralof looking.

“But first, I need to talk about your powers. It will take a day to come to full power, but you still need to know these things: your fingernails will grow really long. They are your best weapon. You will grow sharp fangs, which you can retract whenever you want. These two things are your best sense of survival – they can cut metal.”

Ralof sighed with relief – he was glad he wasn’t relying on something which as a human can barely mark wood.

“You can see in the dark. Not when it is fully dark, but you will be able to see more than ten times better than your old human vision. That is it. Grab some rest; I shall inform you when it is time for our job.”

Ralof thought slowly about these powers: sharp fingernails; retractable teeth; and being able to see in the dark. They sounded remarkable!

Despite not being comfy at his old home either, Ralof complained that he had to sleep on the floor – most vampires didn’t believe in beds and the legend that vampires sleep in coffins was just a myth. Dalen snapped back at him and said that he had to get used to it, and there were things which were even worse than sleeping on the floor ahead. Rumbling with anger, they both started sleeping until midnight.

“Morning,” Dalen said, when he saw Ralof, who had finally decided to sleep, stirring. “Our job today is to kill a werewolf.”

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Whoosh!

They were outside another cavern, where a dead cow covered in blood was laid out.

“W-werewolf?” Ralof asked.

He believed in vampires, but werewolves were a different question – nobody really wrote books about them and they were just a minor legend. Dalen only nodded his head slowly and drew a dagger. Ralof bared his fangs and lifted his hands, hoping that his fingernails will pull him through. The eerie silence showed that they had entered the lair – the cavern of *death*.

A deafening howl came from the centre of the cave and Ralof saw Dalen charge in to kill. Ignoring Dalen, it charged straight at Ralof as though he was the tastiest. Bringing out his fangs, he bit into the werewolf’s throat, hoping to kill. If only it had worked. The werewolf then scratched Ralof on the back with its stronger-than-razor sharp claws, leaving a wound.

Ralof screamed in pain and started scratching the werewolf savagely for revenge. Dalen returned like a hero and hit the werewolf with his dagger. The beast cried out in pain too and, despite Dalen hitting him, made again to bite Ralof. He dodged most of the hit but scratched his arm, now making the bleeding unstoppable. One last hit by Dalen and the werewolf was dead. But Ralof couldn’t grin because the pain was absorbing his life. He was losing too much blood and he was about to die. Dalen smiled.

“That’s another assistant down. Of course we don’t have jobs; this was merely a test to see if you would survive. I see you can’t survive anything hard. *So I’m going to leave you!*”

Those words continued in Ralof’s ears until Dalen left.

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“Goodbye...” He muttered, and the presence of the dead stayed in that cavern forever.

Ralof ascended to a better place, hoping to one day meet Dalen again in the place where the dead go.

TEN DAYS OR TEN YEARS?

By Ella Mayes-Goodall

On Thursday 3rd November 2001 a girl called Izzy, who was eleven years old, was starting her first day at Immanuel College, which was an amazing high school. As she stepped into Immanuel, she saw her true love at first light, Lucius. However, her worst enemy, Lizzy, took her true love because she always steals her dreams. As days and months went by, all of a random sudden, a boy, who she didn't even know, asked her out. She didn't want to say yes, but she didn't want to hurt his feelings so she said yes. The end of the day had come. And finally the end of tomorrow had come.

Izzy didn't appear at school for a fortnight. Everyone was worried...

One day, Izzy was lying on her bed. Knock, knock. Someone was at her door. She didn't expect any one, so she wondered, who was at her door. A wizard, she thought. She thought she was having an illusion, but she just had a check-up at the doctor's, so it couldn't be that.

He said grumpily, "Izzy, you beautiful young girl, aged 11, you are in big trouble."

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“Why?” she replied.

“You won’t have an idea what I am about say, but in the underworld there is an evil ruler called Lizzy Wormwood - well, she is evil to us and I know for sure she is relatively mean to you. Well, anyway, she sent me to give you a warning (a 10 day warning) to sort out the solution to the problem that you have apparently caused between your true love and your enemy although I am not saying her name.

10 days later...

The wizard knocked again. Izzy answered again. The wizard spoke again.

“I am sorry to say this, but you haven’t sorted out the solution, so you cannot show your face or yourself to the outside world for 10 years.

9 years and 364 days...

One night before Izzy was allowed to show herself again, at 11:45 at night, Izzy’s eyes shot open with a light in them. Not any kind of light, a lighthouse light, more like it was real. Floating up from her bed, spinning round and round, her eyes lit up, fangs pushing through her gum skin turning it white.

Morning soon arrived. Izzy woke up not knowing what happened to her, not knowing whether her skin would burn or being aware that she was now a Vampire. Staring at her mirror, smiling.

“AAAAAAAARRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHHHH!”

That was her screaming with anger, yet sadness. She thought she couldn’t go to her family or friends unless it was midnight, but everyone would be asleep. That was not a good plan, so she

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decided to stay in her room, as if she was hibernating, like a bear.

She shot back in time to think through what the wizard said.

Oh no. She realised that he said on the ninth year and on the three hundred and sixty fourth night she will have a nightmare of her being a vampire. But little will you know that your nightmare will come true. She was going to be imprisoned in her own bad dream.

Rushing back in time...

Her spine shivered in terror as she didn't know what to do. She didn't dare to even peek at the mirror again. She was happy, terrified, but confused at the same time. Her sorrow filled with sadness whilst tears run down her cheek. She wondered what she could do. Thoughts running through her body. Rushing to her mind.

“Ha,” she said with enjoyment.

Every word and letter what the wizards said filled her mined with excitement and happiness. She exactly knew what to say as she memorised the wizard's words. She to change her hobbies and her life.

So she read a book instead of watching television. Also she did her homework before hanging out with her friends and she lastly tidied her room more often.

There it was her new and improved life and the more she did her new hobbies the more her fangs went smaller and her skin burned a lot less. One morning she looked in her mirror, smiled her fangs were not there and her skin was normal. She was over the moon and she smiled with happiness whilst she is over whelmed. Before she even decided to back to school she had

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the biggest sleepover ever she had before.

She invited all best friends; Lauren, Lily, Lara, Brooke, Hermana, Alina, Isabella, Louisa, Ella, Matilda, and Alyssa. It is the best sleepover.

After tea they all asked me were have I been for all these years and days ...

ME AND MY UNI-MAID

by E. Francesca Walker

Up above where the fluffy clouds hover lay a beautiful pond full of bright pink flowers on bright green lily pads. There lived a beautiful uni-maid with some unusual qualities: a shimmering aqua tail; a pretty pink horn; and glittery wings covered in clean, white feathers with her pet seahorse pearl.

She had always dreamed of going to live with the other mermaids but she was different and she never understood why until one day she actually had to fight for her home!

A week later, which is actually only a day in fantasy years, the Devil being his evil self was up to no good and wanted to burn the whole sky and to transform the beautiful clouds into ferocious fire.

Sparkle, the uni-maid, had by now realised how much her home meant to her and she knew that he had to stop him one way or another. She used her initiative and remembered that the Devil's fear was to see ugliness (his own reflection) so Sparkle now had a plan!

A few hours later, she arrived at the Devil's dungeon to see him sitting happily on his throne.

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She said to him, “There’s one hundred million gold shillings stuck in my pond and I needed someone to help me to scoop them out.”

Because the Devil was foolish, he couldn’t help his greed for gold and so he followed her. She then told him to look into the pond! Again, being his greedy self he looked into her pond and there stood his reflection.

In a split second, he was gone. Once a devil; now nothing but dust!

GLOWLIGHT

by Emily Holmes

This was her first day of college when Bella began her new life in Britain. A better life! Her mum and her dad had wanted Bella to have a good education which she wouldn't have in America.

As she walked through the gates of college, lots of feelings went in her head. She was always a quiet tomboy and hated girly things. As she held her book with her sweaty hands, she headed for her new class.

On the way, she saw a man who had pale white skin and looked at her weirdly.

Bella said to him, "Can you tell me where class A14 is?"

He ignored her. She said to him again, this time much more loudly, "why are you so ignorant!?"

He turned round and said, "I am not!"

She thought nothing more of it until a year later, when all of a sudden she came across the strange man being run over! Then silence. Bella screamed, but the man got up and ran faster than a speed of light. Bella followed him, but he climbed up the tall tree and asked Bella to go away. She started to walk off, but

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after five seconds she stopped and turned round.

Then she said, “How come you are pale white and can run faster than anyone? What are you hiding?”

As the day turned darker the man glowed and at that point, Bella realised that he was a vampire...

“So you are a vampire,” Bella shouted with fear, “so answer me!”

“Yes, I am,” the guy said as he jumped down from the tree. He then added, “I bet you are scared now, aren’t you?”

Bella replied, “I don’t sleep at night *and* I have 2 sharp teeth.” She added, “I am not scared of you. I am not scared like a girl would be.”

Edward then told her that she shouldn’t be there and to leave quickly.

“Pretend you don’t know me,” he said to her.

She said that she would keep it a secret for ever.

As night fell, Bella thought about Edward. A hundred times that night, Bella woke up screaming from a nightmare. But she soon realised that she loved Edward.

Morning came and Bella saw Edward.

“I love you,” she said to Edward. “Please make me a vampire too. My life is boring. Please!”

He looked back at her briefly before he nodded...

IT'S MY BROTHER

by George Barnes and Seth Towriss

“This is about my brother,” said Arron when my brother met a girl called Jenny. .

He said he met her at work. They went out a lot. Then Jenny was very worried because John (who was Arron’s brother) joined the army and four weeks later he went to war. John had known that the day would come.

Shortly afterwards, Jenny was kidnapped by Germans then she was gassed. For the next couple of days, John stayed inside the trench. Then he and some other English soldiers were taken as prisoners of war by the Germans and sent to a concentration camp. He never came out of his cell there because every morning he would be woken up by his fellow inmates being beaten by the German guards.

One morning he sat on his bed and when a German guard walked passed his cell, John kicked the guard in the leg. He nearly broke it, so ten guards took John outside. Next, they wrapped his hands around a metal pole and then started to whip him on the back. By the end of the day, the guards put him back in his cell. John looked at his back and he was bleeding, with whip marks all over him. He then saw some other cell

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mates who had also been beaten like him.

A few days later, an old man got whipped and everybody heard him scream. They all looked out of their cells. The old man threw a bag into John's cell as he was pushed into a nearby cell. John didn't dare to open it because he thought it was a trap.

In the morning people saw that the old man had died and the guards threw him into a dirt pit. John opened the bag that the man threw him. Inside, he found a baby dragon. The baby dragon had a tag on saying that its name was Chameleon. John had never seen anything like it. It was a kind little monster, so it gave John a hug. One of the guards heard a roar coming from John's cell, so John hid Chameleon from the guard for when the guard searched his cell. When the guard finished searching, Chameleon was shivering in fear. John took good care of him. John never let Chameleon down.

One day he turned into a chameleon himself which lasted for two months. Seven months later, Chameleon himself was found and John was whipped again. This made him mad, so then Chameleon turned into a charzard and tore through everyone's cell and between them, they beat up all the Germans and scared them so much that all of them ran away.

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WW2 WITH PENGUINS

by Harrison O'Donnell

Chapter 1 - In school

Wadell went to school and got bullied by a person called Brad. Two of Wadell's friends stick up for Wadell. He didn't get bullied any more. They play together. But Brad felt sorry about his mistake. He apologised to Wadell and they played together.

Chapter 2 - A few years later

When it was 1939, Wadell's dad died. They went to the funeral. Wadell went home then the radio came on.

"There is going to be a war."

"This is going to be bad," shouted Wadell. "It's a war!"

Chapter 3 - Argument

Wadell and Joe had an argument about who's going to war.

"I'm going to war," argued Joe.

"It's too dangerous. You could get killed," warned Wadell.

Chapter 4 - The war starts

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Wadell and Joe go to war. The war starts, they all have to survive. Suddenly Joe gets killed, Wadell gets arrested.

Chapter 5 - Waddell gets arrested

Waddell has been arrested. Is it the end?

“We have got a plan.”

Chapter 6 - The new plan

Wadell has escaped from prison and he's going to finish the war. The war is over and he's going home to celebrate the end of the war.

THE COLD YEAR

by Harry Firth

It was a cold day in a cold winter. Will, who was a 26 year-old youth, was cooking diner for his wife and son before he got evacuated. Suddenly the radio started telling them to send all the children to the countryside.

It was a busy time at the train station because everyone was taking their children to the countryside. After an hour or two, Will and his wife Gill were at home very upset that they had to send their son Billy to the countryside to a random stranger. They sat up all night upset.

A few weeks later, the siren went off again. Every one rushed to the tube lines. Gill picked up some essentials: a big coat; a pair of old shoes; and a lot of food.

She shouted, “Hurry up, you’ll miss it!” and ran for her life.

She opened the hatch and got in. On the other hand, Will grabbed what he considered to be essentials: a cool hat; a pair of trousers; and some spare clothes and ran to the hatch. Suddenly, a bullet was shot. Will got in the hatch just before the bullet hit. A few hours later, Gill and Will finally found each other.

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It was time to go to sleep. Will had a scary dream that he was killed. He got up. He was scared. Everyone got up. They walked down the track like in his dream. He was scared he would die. He tried to take everyone another way. When they got to the place in his dream where he died, he hid someone to die instead of him. He and his wife hid and ran so that they did not die.

Six long years later, war was over. They found their children and went home.

THE FEAR OF WAR

by Hollie Barker

One morning I woke up and my mum told me, “This might be the last time I see you in a long time.”

I said, “Where am I going?”

She said, “I don’t know.”

I just sighed and sat down. At 9am, my mum walked me down to the train station. My sisters, who were called Erica, Molly and Francesca, didn’t come as they were triplets and all 18. They were all in the land army. My name is Meredith. I was 12 years old and did live in Glasgow.

Anyway back to the story. In my bag I brought a range of items that I thought I might need: a cute cuddly toy; three changes of clothes and a toothbrush with toothpaste. When we reached the train station, I jumped on the train and kissed my mum good bye.

Where was I going? Was I going on a holiday? Was it to move house? So many questions.

When we stopped, we were at the countryside. I wondered why we were there. When we got off, there were rows and rows of adults. Suddenly, adults started picking children. I

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realised then that I was being evacuated. Somebody chose me and they sounded great. The family, which only had a mum and dad, took me to their home and gave me some tea. I had jam and bread with water. After that at 9pm I went to bed.

It was the next day and we had to hide in a bomb shelter. Hide in a bomb shelter because a deafening bomb siren went off at 6am in the morning. It was so squishy and we had already been there for 2 hours! It made me jump when some metal hit the bomb shelter. We had been in the bomb shelter for 4 hours by then (luckily I brought a book.)

We got out and I was safely in my new home. My family is so nice and caring. I love them so much (but I still love my mum and dad more!).

I never want to leave the countryside it is so much better than the city. Maybe my mum and dad could live in the countryside after the war has ended?

BATTLE OF THE STONE AGE IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR

by Jack McNicholas

Jason Dolphinsmeller was on a jog and had one last lap of his local football pitch to go when suddenly the sirens went off. He rushed home and told his mum and his little brother and sister that they had to go. They charged to the air raid shelter. He could not go in the same shelter as his mummy, as he was only 17. People under 18 were in the junior shelter. Over 18's were in the Adult Shelter.

Jason, his younger siblings and his friends started telling stories.

“Listen up everybody!” he yelled. “I have a good story, so nobody speak.”

It went like this...

Once upon a time there was a Dwarf named Bilbo. He liked to explore old places, and find new discoveries. One day he went on a quest, but no one knew what for, except that it was to find something new. Whilst he was on his quest, He found a massive block of ice. There was a strange outline in the ice. It looked like a giant, fierce lizard. Slowly, the ice started to chip.

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Before he knew it, the animal was practically out! Finally, it was out of the ice, but it wasn't happy. It started charging at Bilbo, it may have had strength, but Bilbo had the brains.

Quickly Bilbo ran to the cave. Another strange creature rose from the abyss. This time it was loud, brown and hairy. Bilbo named it the 'mammoth', and noticed something on its back. It looked like a basket. Suddenly, the two creatures were charging at each other and the mammoth's large tusks were making scratches on the dinosaur's face. Bilbo climbed onto the mammoth's back, and grabbed the basket. He rushed home and opened the basket.

There was an egg inside...

Slowly it started to hatch. This again was loud, brown and hairy. Quickly, Bilbo sprinted down to the place the two were fighting. But little did he know there were not animals, but bones...

"Benson Bear-Grizzler, your turn!"

THE RAT THAT BLEW UP

by J. Thomas Johnson

One ordinary day on the streets of London, lived a kind, generous man named Marcus Mouse-Tickler, who was 21 and a bit of a prankster. He liked playing extraordinary pranks on his friends.

So one day he thought to himself, “what could I do to trick Donald Pump?”, his best friend.

He thought and thought all day, but the best idea came to his mind!

“I am going to put a bomb inside a dead rat and blow it up in Donald’s horse and carriage. Ha!” he thought to himself.

Later on that day, Donald Pump, his best friend, (who wouldn’t be any more) jumped in to his horse and carriage, but realised that there was a dead rat in his back seat. He picked it up but then 3, 2, 1 BANG!!!!

There it was. He was killed.

Marcus felt so guilty and heartbroken for the death of Donald Pump. He and his dog had sat in that very corner where Donald died. All his happy times had gone, pulling funny pranks on others; going to watch the footy- especially Bradford City- on a Saturday, and playing his favourite game, monopoly.

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Now he was crying and crying so hard. He rang his mum and explained what had happened to Donald.

She said, “My darling, what are you on about? He is sitting here with me having a nice cuppa!”

“What did you say?”

“I said, he is here at mine.”

He strolled down as slow as a slug wondering how this had happened to Donald. After 42 minutes of walking, he finally arrived at Mum’s castle.

“Come in. I’ve put the stove on.”

He sat down on the bench but all of a sudden Donald jumped out and gave him the biggest fright of his life.

WOW! He didn’t know what to say. It must have been a dream!

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WAR

by Jacob Sunter

We're going to be in here for a while, so I'll tell a story about someone 50 million years in the future and around 100 years in the past...

There is a 20 year old person named Hunter, who is a soldier, and is someone that you may meet one day. When Hunter was 10, he and his brother were taken from his family by evil people. They tested their experiments on them, but one day it all went wrong. Hunter's brother died although Hunter did not. His skin turned blue, but there was also a good thing: he got super strength. Sadly, his family died too.

10 years on, he became a soldier and was sent back in time to 1914 to stop the war, in fact to stop all wars. This turned out to be harder than he thought.

Who was that German soldier?

"He is looking at us," Hunter said, "so he is after one of us for sure."

The Germans were definitely after him. They killed everyone but him. He thought he was dead for sure, but an English officer killed the German soldier so he was safe for now.

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In 1915 he became a pilot and was the commander of the Sharks. He and his team were going to attack a German U-boat, so that the army could attack an enormous German camp at the same time. When they arrived, there was a trap and he lost half of his team. He bombed the bridge so that they could not call for backup and changed the entire future of the war...

JAKE AND THE PIKACHU

by Jake Drew

One day there was a boy called Jake and his pet Pikachu. But one day the alarm went off so Jake and Pikachu got in the bunker. They had to sleep in the bunker all night. When it was morning, they ran to the train station to be evacuated, but Pikachu said, ‘No’. He wanted to join the army. Jake was worried.

When Jake got on the train, he said goodbye but Pikachu didn’t say goodbye back. When the train was setting off, Jake saw him on a statue waving with his military helmet on. Jake was proud, worried and sad all at the same time.

Jake soon got to the country side. He got put with an old guy called Mr Barnes. His full name was Jacob Barnes. Three weeks later, he got a letter. It said:

Dear Jake,

Sorry to tell you that Pikachu has been taken to a concentration camp by the Germans. He could possibly die.

Winston Churchill

When he finished reading it, he was furious. So Jake joined

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the army. The boss gave him a flame-thrower, some grenades and a fake, German identity card. So he sneaked in.

He was watching Hitler, but soon he told Jake to follow him. Hitler showed him all of the people he had been beating. There were dead bodies everywhere including a guy he knew called John. He then took him into an interrogation room. They had Pikachu, who was hurt and beaten up. So Jake was angry and sad.

When Hitler went out, he left Jake and five others to beat Pikachu. But Jake pulled out his flame-thrower and burnt the five others. Then Hitler rushed in with loads of other men and threw him in a cell next to John.

Later that night, a German threw Pikachu in the cage with him. He looked hurt and tired. John then told Jake that there was a secret door in the cell made by Winston Churchill himself. So he went in. It led to the interrogation room. There was no-one in there, so they went in. But Jake was caught. They tied his hands together and his feet to a rock and tried to drown him. Then they whipped him, but he managed to get himself, John and Pikachu out of the concentration camp and took them to the boss.

Jake was so happy that Pikachu was out.

Later, John, Pikachu and Jake sneaked into Hitler's base but by then he was already dead. He had committed suicide. They all celebrated that the war was over.

THE MAGIC CUBE

by Kimberley Pearson

My story is about a girl called Kate Green who is aged eleven. Her hobbies are reading, writing and playing games. She is also imaginative and thinks as well. She has a thoughtful personality but she is a kind, quiet and worries because she farther is invading in the war so she is smart.

Even though she is quiet Kate is a strong and a kind person she has an appearance of long troll hair, wears glasses, also she has brown eyes and is smart for her age as well. She wears shoos and diverting sound.

Suddenly a boy and his girlfriend went out on a boat and his girlfriend falls out of the boat but it turns out she can see and breathe under the water. When the boy and his girlfriend sees a magic box that helps them when you are in need for help sometimes the box will give them something that might or might not help them in the water or it could be some strange thing!

THE BOX

by Lauren Stubbs

During the war in 1940 there lived a kind-hearted girl named Kate Green. Although she had been through many air raids, this one was the worst and the longest. The worst thing was that she was stuck in an air raid shelter with her arch enemy - Hollie King.

Usually when she was stuck in a bomb shelter, Kate would bring books and games to play but today she had to get out quick. Kate was evacuated two weeks before the war started. Now she lived with a nice family in Somerset but guess who she was paired with? Hollie King.

In the air raid shelter, Hollie was bored. Kate was bored.

“Let’s tell stories to pass the time,” said Kate hoping that Hollie would consider her request.

“Ok, but just one,” mumbled Hollie.

Kate had prepared an amazing true story for them. A story that many people would want to hear in the future...

On a hot summer’s day not long ago, there was a boy aged 18 and his name was Thomas. He had a girlfriend called Ruby.

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One day in the depths of summer Thomas took Ruby out on a boat trip along the river. This was all during World War One, so they had to be very careful. Suddenly it started to rain and rain and rain. A storm then grew and the boat was rocking like a wooden rocking horse. Ruby fell out of the boat and into the water below. Little did Thomas know that Ruby could not swim. The only thing that the extremely terrified Ruby could do was to put her arms out in front of her to reach the hard, sandy ground.

Just then, she felt a seaweed-covered box beneath her hands. Thomas pulled her up. The storm was getting worse.

Were they going to die? Was this the end?

If they didn't try to save themselves, then they would die. At that second, the box flew open and a sword as heavy as an anchor flew up and landed in the middle of the boat. Out with it came a number of strange items: a jagged rope; a bowling ball; and some weights.

They were as shocked as ever before.

"Wow," stated Ruby. The boat was rocking lots and lots. "I just had the best idea. Let's make use of all our stuff," exclaimed Thomas. Let's tie that rope to the bowling ball, the weights and the sword and throw it in the water to stop the boat from rocking."

Then they took cover and waited for the storm to stop. That very special box is now still at that river waiting for Thomas and Ruby's return.

The end.

"What an amazing story that was," exclaimed Hollie, "and maybe we should be friends."

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A few years later the war ended, but Hollie's and Kate's friendship is still as strong as ever.

THE BLOWN UP HOUSE

by Lily Nicklin

At a time round about now in 1940 teenagers were in a bomb shelter telling each other stories...

A German was in the war around the age 18 but he moved to be a member of the Allies because he didn't want to be part of the Axis powers. His name was Tom. A house a block away from his house was a target to be blown up by his best friend. His best friend, who was German as well, was on the Axis side so it was hard for them to be friends if they weren't on the same side in the war!

His friend, Robert, placed the bomb in the house ready to blow up in 2 hours. Tom was coming home in an hour, going to his favourite shop which he spent ages in. Then he was going to the shop for some food that was really hard to get so he was sent to get it quick by his mum who was at work. So he would be back from there in around ten minutes.

One hour and ten minutes later Tom came home (finally). The bomb would be going off in fifty minutes.

Oh, did I not tell you? Robert accidentally planted it in Tom's house! Tom found it in his plant pot outside his house. He found a note on it that Robert put on and forgot to take off

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saying ‘Have a merry Christmas Tom, from Robert!’

It wasn’t Christmas! Tom was curious...

Tom was extremely angry but he couldn’t just fly over to Germany and tell him he was mad or send him a letter because it would take forever to be sent to him. He tried having a walk to calm himself down but he found Robert walking sneakily on the other side of the street. He ran over to shout at him!

Back in the shelter, where they were telling stories, the teenager who told the story asked them if they liked his story.

They said, “What happened to Tom and Robert?!”

She said “Oh yes, I didn’t tell you. They say that on November 3rd every year, Tom goes round to everyone’s house saying, “I want revenge on you, Robert!”

“Why would he do that? He has already shouted at him for doing it!”

“Apparently he didn’t get enough revenge and I understand shouting at someone about it won’t scar them. And he’s mad, oh, he’s mad all right.”

“Wait, I’m called Robert. What will he do to me?”

“Relax- the Robert he is looking for is dead. He won’t get mistaken, plus he knows what the dead Robert looks like, so you are definitely worrying too much”.

Before he could finish, a girl screamed, “AAGHH! November 3rd is tonight...!”

Everyone was scared and not because they were in a bomb shelter!

THE DEATH GAMES

by Madison Clark

On 1st September 1939, the war started. It was a tragic time. All of a sudden, lots of bombs started going off and everybody was forced to go into the bomb shelters. My friend Greg and I were the best of friends. A few hours later, lots of people were fighting on two different sides.

I was going to go on the same side as Greg but I didn't.

"Trust me," he whispered in my ear.

Although I don't normally trust him, I did. All I heard was the noise of war: gun noises, tanks chugging, and sobbing.

Greg gave me a bottle of water. I drank it because I was thirsty. I felt woozy and fell on the ground.

Greg shouted, "It's for your own good."

It turned out that I was dead.

What would happen next...?

THE OTHER DIMENSION

by Oliver Brady

Hi, my name is Billy and this is my story on how my life is switched between wars. One where I'm a hero and one where I have to stay out of it. This is my life.

"Billy!" I heard, stepping out my tree house. "I need you!"

It had to be my mum, who was the best cook I've ever met. I raced down the steps to the smell of my favourite dinner and the sound of the radio. I was 17 at that moment, soon to be 18.

I walked into the kitchen and saw my tea which looked delicious: green peas, yummy chicken, brown gravy and yellow mash. Mum had a semi-worried look on her face. She turned off the small, quiet radio.

She said, "Billy, war has broken out."

I knew something was up otherwise she would have been more upset.

"But I have something to show you," she added and led me to the basement.

She then murmured in a strange language.

"Abawoky jabawoky eatawoky whatthewoky."

A strong wind raced in followed by what seemed to be like a black hole, but more friendly. It opened. Although I was scared,

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I wanted to touch it. It soon opened up into a forest but not the ones on earth it was more life-like and more green. All of a sudden, there was a knock, knock, knock noise.

“Billy, go through,” said my mum.

BANG. The door to the basement fell down the stairs.

My mum said, “Go, Billy. You should be able to find your dad in there.”

She pushed me as soldiers walked down the stairs to my mum. The portal closed I was worried about my mum who I loved. I walked around till I saw a house. I ran to the house hoping my dad would be there but instead there were elven looking things. They were weird and vicious. They came at me with knives and tried to kill me. I rushed out of the house hoping I could save my life until I saw a human silhouette. I ran and ran hoping it was someone I knew and luckily it was. It was my dad. I couldn't believe it was him. I hadn't seen him since I was ten.

“Billy,” my dad said, “it's you, it's really you.”

He hugged me tight. I couldn't believe my eyes. It was really him.

He said, “Billy, you need to come with me now. We are at war with the eastern tribe of this realm and we need to get back to the base then we can talk.”

So we headed back to the northern tribe. It was all humans, it seemed like but with weird and unique powers. We headed inside one of the houses and sat down. We caught up with each other. It seemed as though he was trapped here in this dimension otherwise he would have gone back home. Just then I started to wonder about my mum on what the soldiers did to her; maybe they came for me to make me a soldier but my

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mum didn't want that happening to me.

My dad told me that there is a way out but we would have to fight the war to get it. So we headed out to try to make peace but if that didn't work we would steal the ancient teleporter ruby. The ruby was able to teleport you to any dimension you want (hints in the name).

It took a couple of days to get to the eastern tribe but we finally got there. We ended up in the castle so we had a look around to try and find where the ruby was and we found it. The bad thing was it was well protected.

The next day we spoke to the king of the eastern tribe and he didn't take it too well. We had one more day in the castle then we had to leave so we had to steal it over night. We headed back to the room and my dad told me more about the ruby. It could teleport you not only to other dimension but teleport you any where in the dimension. So we set up for our heist to steal the ruby.

We set off with a sword in my hand and my dad used his powers. We took out the guards in an instant and took the ruby.

We teleported to our dimension but instead we saw...

THE END OF THE WORLD

by Thomas-Jay Evans

In an ordinary week within an ordinary day, Lola was at home taking care of her baby, Charlie. She heard a noise. BOOM! It was the Germans attacking.

“Not again,” Lola sighed.

Hitler, who was grumpy, spoke in a deep voice to the Italians.

“We won’t attack you if you join our side,” he yelled.

I said to myself, “Why should we?”

But I knew we had to because they would keep on attacking us. So we joined, just so they would stop attacking our country. So, now we were a part of their side. We had to evacuate our children. Charlie and I went to the train station. We got on the train, when suddenly the train broke down; we were stuck. Then a strange man appeared. BANG. The first person died. BANG. Then the second. Then the person next to me died. I thought it was the end of the world until... my husband!!! BANG. He killed the strange man.

“Woooo!” I shouted.

My husband had saved my life and the fighting stopped. We were all very excited.

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1939

by Scarlet Gott and Sophie Harris

One day Abigail, her loyal dog Halo and I woke up outside a bomb shelter.

There were Halo and I, sitting scared. All I remember was sitting outside the bomb shelter with Halo howling in desperation! I remember when Nevil Chamberlain broadcast a very sad and worrying news report that we were at war with Germany. All of a sudden, the raid shelter alarm went off and within the glimpse of an eye we were in the half empty bomb shelter...

Halo and I sped over to the Anderson shelter. We were just in time. BANG. CRASH. Bombs dropped down and aeroplanes came swooping through the sky ...

Early one morning, there was a knock on the door. I came out with a smile until I noticed a letter was in his hand and my smile turned into a frown. My sister and I handed the letter slowly to our mum. Their mum (Fiona Scribbles) opened the letter.

*Dear Mrs Fiona Scribbles,
I regret to inform you that your husband Brian Scribbles*

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sadly passed away yesterday. He will be sadly missed.

Yours sincerely,

Robert Baker

One year later...

Abi said, “I wish my daddy was sitting here at the wooden table.”

My mum was in tears. We got a letter five days later with the following message:

‘Your husband, Brian Scribbles, is not dead. He is a prisoner of war.

Yours sincerely

Robert Baker’

Olivia said, “Who is Brian Scribbles? Oh yes – my daddy!”

As for me...I am on Cloud Nine, over the moon, sun and rainbows.

THE WORST SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE

by P. Elliot Marsh

Mike was an ordinary man who loved all sorts of things: going out shooting; looking at bombs; playing rugby with his friends; and watching wrestling. He also worked for the British army. If anybody messed with him, they would be in for a shock. Overall, Mike was a nice lad. He had a friend called Freddy Fish-Tickler Benson, who was weirder than everyone and anyone, and they were really good friends. They would go out every day and night. But one day, Mike and Freddy went into Nottingham Forest and saw an incendiary bomb lit on the floor. But the worst thing was, Mike and Freddy got blown up by the bomb! They were both ok, but little did they know about the horrid secrets that were about to unfold...

The next day Mike took a day off work. Apparently he had a broken pelvis and a fractured foot. He couldn't believe what had happened to him. Later that day he received a phone call from his boss.

“Mike, I've got some good news and some bad news, the good news is that we have new equipment and weapons, the bad news is that... war has been declared on Germany. We wish the best of luck to you. Bye!”

“Oh dear,” Mike sighed...

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Even though Mike had several broken bones, he still went to war, no matter what his boss said. He just ignored him. He couldn't walk very much, but he still tried his best. But the weird thing was that he saw Freddy shooting the Brits, he realised that he was working for the Nazis!!

“What the heck is Freddy doing over there?” shouted Mike.

“He's betrayed us!!” shouted Sgt Kev Salter, Mike's boss.

Freddy was aiming for Mike but just in the nick of time Kev shot Freddy.

The second day of the war started, and several bombs were being dropped from the air to the ground.

“So, Freddy is dead, that's only half the battle for me!” Mike thought to himself as soon as Kev shouted, “Fire at will!”

Mike did exactly as Kev requested. Mike shot two bombs in a row, killing more than fifty Nazi troops in a row. It was past Two o'clock in the morning and the walls and floors were covered in blood.

“Mike, look out!” shouted Kev as a nuclear bomb bigger than a seven feet tall man dropped right on to Mike's head.

BANG

Mike was then forever remembered, but sadly gone... forever.

The next day was his funeral, and all his family, friends and teammates – in fact everybody he knew - were there. The place was packed. Even the outside was filled (but not as much as the inside). Then all of his family and teammates were told to come to the front.

But suddenly, somebody said, “Hello, is anybody there? I can't see.”

“Must be a blind person,” exclaimed Kev, “Wait a second...”

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The coffin shook. The chief of the funeral opened it... It was Mike. He was alive.

“Oh, hey guys, what are you doing?”

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END OF BOOK ONE

CHILDREN OF WAR – BOOK ONE