

AMIRIA'S FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL.

My name is Amiria and it was my first day of school in a little village near Hiroshima, Japan on March 14th 1942. I had just asked my teacher Mr Rinku if I may go to the toilet. I had just left my classroom and I thought I would be a few minutes and then be back in my classroom. But no, my life changed over the course of a few hours. While I was washing my hands I heard a whistle, a piercing whistle that made me want to cover my ears with my wet hands. I marvelled at the thought if my best friend Ashton had heard it. Then there was the boom.

A wave of power had hit me like a giant fist. The force pushed my little body back and made me slam into a bathroom door; the door then broke off its hinges and fell back. I covered my body just in case more rubble wanted to crash onto my body. After about 5 minutes I started to push broken bits of sink, tap and wall off my body. I then stood up and looked around. The wall that had just held sinks was now a pile of broken chunks. "What happened here?" My voice trembled, laced with fear.

As I looked around at the rubble I finally decided to move my legs. I walked around and started to breathe in massive gulps of smoke, dust and something filled with scents of poison, dust and the putrid smell of something dying or dead. As I left what had been the bathroom I walked to where my class was, dead or dying bodies were flung around the school ground like rag dolls, blood staining the ground turning bright green grass to a sticky red mess. When I had reached where my classroom had been, it looked like a tornado and earthquake mixed into one horrible creation had blown through the classroom. Broken desks and chairs were thrown around the classroom, the desks spewing pens, pencils and books. Books that were on the top of tables still fluttered back to earth with pages ripped from the spine.

"Please if anyone is there. Please, oh please reply." I cried. I thought I should start moving again to see if I could find someone alive. After 5 minutes I of what seemed like walking around in circles I started hearing faint wails that said "Amiria, Amiria!" I ran in the direction towards my name.

After a few minutes of running I had convinced myself that I would never find who was calling my name. That whoever is was had been conjured up by my small mind. "Please, answer if anyone is out there!" My throat was raw from crying so my words were hard to form and came out as lots of miss-formed words that were hard to understand. Again I heard again "Amiria, Amiria follow my voice." I ran in the direction of the voice and ended up at the old playground. When I reached the old playground my eyes scanned the area. When I was about to give up hope I spotted a small pair of dirt covered arms that belonged to the person that I wanted to be with since, what I think was a bomb went off, Ashton.

I ran towards him and felt all my worries melt away like water flowing in a stream. "Ashton, Ashton! I finally found you!" My voice was high with excitement. When I reached him I pulled him into a hug. "Come on Amiria let's get you a gas mask and you can see Mr Rinku." His voice was filled with grief but I decided to ignore it. "Wait, did the class survive?" I asked with relief. "Well no, only me, you and Mr Rinku survived. They others didn't put on the gas masks properly. Wait how did you

survive?" He questioned. "Well I have had about 10 short breaths in the last hour and I am starting to feel sick so I don't know." I said taking a small short breath. "Well let's get you to Mr Rinku." He had already started to move away so I stumbled after him.

After a short while we found Mr Rinku with a gas mask strapped on. Apparently we were the only survivors of the school. That is how my life changed in the course of a few hours. My life was never the same. Ashton and I got adopted by Mr Rinku as our parents died when the bomb went off. After a few years the war ended and Japan was at peace at last, but we decided to move to another country as Japan held too many memories. The country we moved to was America. We established a great new life in America. Ashton made some great friends and learnt how to play a brand new game, American Football. I also made some great friends and discovered a great passion, dancing. My friends and I created a dance group called 'The Seventh Harmony'. We do street dancing.

Written by Amelia Barnes.



A picture of Hiroshima after the Atomic bomb