

A decorative border of small pencil icons surrounds the text on all four sides.

## PROBLEMS IN POLAND.

“What is happening?” thought Bella, the young journalist from New Zealand. She shook her head but still jotted down on her notepad the events that played out before her. “*The Press* will love this story,” she thought to herself. Nazi troops were everywhere, an unusual sight for the centre of Berlin, Germany. But this was war and the Nazis had to be ready for an attack ever since Britain declared it. Maybe 1939 wouldn’t be a good year.

‘18/07/1939’ Bella titled her reporting notebook. “I can’t wait to leave this behind and go visit my family in Poland,” noted Bella to herself. She roamed the cobblestone streets for another two hours trying to find a gripping story but couldn’t take her mind off her relatives. The whispers and rumours taunted her. She knew something was up. Some people said the Nazi troops were going to attack Poland while others claimed England was the first to be invaded. “I have to go!” exclaimed Bella out loud as she ran for her hotel. “If I run I’ll catch the next train to Poland!”

“Finally!” grinned Bella, “I’m here.” She quickly raced inside the inviting countryside cottage to see her relatives. As she discovered once she was inside, no one was there. Bella spun around in disbelief and saw the evacuation notice pinned to the back of the door. ‘THE WAR IS COMING’ it read. Terror zoomed through Bella’s veins like fire through a woodshed. She knew she had to leave.

BANG! Bella was too late. She peered out the window and glimpsed an endless line of soldiers marching out of the horizon. Guns fired from all directions. Was she in no-mans-land? What was she going to do? Hundreds of questions raced through her mind. CRASH! BOOM! More guns exploded around her. She squinted out the newly shattered window again and watched as soldiers fell to the ground and others kept marching over them. Bella spun around to glance out the window behind her. She could make out a brown squiggle running down the paddock behind the cottage. It was the allies’ trenches.

The fighting didn’t ease for another 20 minutes. The odd explosion could still be heard but could never compare to the fighting just before.

Bella was terrified and preparing for the worst. "I hope my family is alright," she mumbled to herself. CRASH! Two soldiers covered in mud catapulted through the shattered window. "Come with us, Miss. It will all be alright," the taller soldier tried to calm Bella down. "Let's get out of here," the other soldier suggested. One at a time, the soldiers and Bella leapt out the kitchen window and sprinted to the safety of the allies' trenches. "Thank you. I'm safe at last," Bella sighed with relief.

Two weeks later, Bella was on a ship back to New Zealand. Back to safety and home. Yet Bella would never forget the guns and fighting that had been going on around her. Nothing could ever compare to being trapped in her relative's home that happened to be in the middle of no-mans-land. She now knew what it was like on the front line even if she wasn't meant to be there. "At least I'm safe," Bella murmured, "At least I'm safe."

Written by Charlotte Roberts



Soldiers fought in trenches during WW2 to try and defend their territory from getting invaded.