

THE RUN AWAY.

On the outside of Bonn, Germany in a little town on September 25th, 1939. Axel (me) and Mum (Marlene) settled ourselves around the old crackly radio listening to what Hitler has to say about the beginning of WW II.

“Why does Dad have to work for this mule” I ill-manneredly said. “I know” stated Mum. At that exact precise time Officer Rich was walking past our old farm cottage and must have heard our rude comments, because he trotted through the garden and insisted that he will come in. But we didn’t let him in. “I’m coming to get you someday soon!” demanded Officer Rich. “We need to get out of here now!” demanded Mum. I groaned at this but then agreed to do so. It only took us a couple of minutes to get ready for our run away. We did not have a clue where to go but we had one idea, was to get out of here.

September 30th, 1939

At the end of our tiring 5th day at about 6pm when we were eating our cold can of baked beans in our remote hiding place. There were fighter jets flying over our heads, high in the sky, flying towards our home town. “Oh no they don’t!” shouted Mum, she knew what was going to happen and she started sprinting. “You’re not going to make it there in 5 seconds you do realize!” I giggled and shouted at the same time. “I don’t care” moaned mum. Just then there were fireworks coming from the direction of our little home town, and then there was a long black cloud. “No! Everything is gone, our home, the garden, EVERYTHING!” roared Mum.

October 3rd 1939

After 4 days of sprinting we finally made it to our burnt town, everything was black. “NO!” Mum and I shouted at the top our

lungs. There was an injured skinny dog covered in blood that walked slowly in front of our mortified living bodies standing there. "Why did we leave, Angus?" questioned Mum. "I don't know" I replied while steering into the middle of nowhere. "I don't think there's any one here!" I commented. "We better have a look" mumbled Mum while trying not to cry.

After one hour of looking around our black, burnt bombed town there was no one other than dead horses and soldiers and injured lost pets, looking for their owners, half starved. Just then Mum froze like she just had a heart attack "Wait, stay still I think that there is someone in that house!" whispered Mum while pointing to an old stone cottage. The Dutch door just creaked open a little. I was creped out, I had goose bumps. Who was it? "Who is it? We come in peace!" Mum shouted. "MUM! Why did you say that?" I said out loud. "Leave now, don't come in!" replied the unknown person. "Why!" replied back Mum. "Because you'll die. Run as fast as you can the enemy are coming back soon!" cried the mysterious person. "Okay thank you" thanked Mum. "Right, we are going to Uncle Jerry's place it's a couple of hours away" whispered Mum not trying to talk loud so the unknown person heard. "Okay I'm happy with that" I replied.

Written by Samantha Fitzgerald



Our bombed little home town