Threat of a Japanese Invasion

It was a cold night in 1942. An autumnal breeze drifted throughout the hills of Kaitaia, over where Wills and Harry slept. *Neeeeeeeeerrrwwwwwww! Boom!* A sudden explosion cut the silence of the night. Wills and Harry both jumped out of bed to investigate the explosion. Was it a tractor blowing up? Or was it the petrol storage igniting? Could New Zealand be under a Japanese attack?

As Wills walked along the old floorboards a mouse scurried under a hole in the couch. A kerosene lamp was lit from Harry's lighter. This lighter had been given to him before his dad went to war (The boys are only 17 and have to keep the farm going). They opened the door, not knowing what was on the other side. The brothers both walked along the dirt track towards a light. As the pair came closer the light grew brighter. Just around the corner was a flaming Japanese plane! Harry rapidly started dousing the fire in water from a nearby water trough. The blaze was only small, but could grow fast if the fuel tank was pierced from shrapnel or the crash. After what seemed like a lifetime of throwing water, the fire was put out. Wills and Harry both looked at the scorched aluminium plane. The fuselage was splattered with mud and grass from the crash. The plane was quite small but could fit three people inside. The glass had been shattered and had a stream of congealing blood down the remaining windscreen of the plane. There were signs of a struggle and a trail of blood. They boys had to find the missing person from the crash, before it was too late.

The boys followed the trail of blood and saw that it had gone from tree to tree, like the person was leaning against the trees then pushing off to the next one. After more walking the boys saw a shadow of a slumped over man. They raced over to him and tried to wake him up. He had lost a colossal amount of blood on his walk.

"What are we going to do with an injured Japanese pilot?" Harry asked.

"I don't know but if we get caught we will get in trouble with the Warden." Replied Wills as he started to clean up the pilot. The worst injury the pilot had was on his right arm. It looked like an artery had been ripped when he crashed. Harry ripped his shirt and tied it around the man's arm, just below his walkie-talkie. Hopefully this would minimise the amount of blood flowing out of it. The boys helped the wounded man back to the house and onto a spare bed.

At this point the sun had started to rise. The birds began to sing and the cows began to moo. There was a commotion outside. Wills got up out of his bed and peeped through his curtains to see a small group of people trying to look into the homestead. The people were arguing about something and Wills wanted to know why. He woke up Harry and took him to the window where they spied through a gap in the curtain.

"Why do you think they are here?" questioned Harry.

As Harry opened the door everyone started asking questions.

[&]quot;I'm not sure" replied Wills.

[&]quot;Let's go and ask them why."

[&]quot;Good idea Wills" Harry answered.

[&]quot;Where is the Japanese man?"

[&]quot;Is he spying on us?"

[&]quot;Who do you think you are, hiding foreign people in your home. What utter nonsense!" The boys could get into a lot of trouble if the Warden showed up.

[&]quot;Whoa whoa whoa, everybody calm down. We aren't hiding anyone in our house." Wills spoke confidently. Harry kicked Wills as if to say "What are you doing?" Wills said "I've got this".

The boys walked into the house and told the mob there was no Japanese pilot. Miraculously the pilot that had been resting on the bed wasn't there. *Vrrooomm Vrrooom!* The Warden's car pulled up outside, driving over a patch of grass, ripping it up. He walked over to the house like he owned the place.

"Where is this Japanese pilot?" The Warden demanded.

"There is no one here!" Shouted Wills.

"Oh really..."

The Warden barged through the mob, into the house and into the lounge room.

"I know he's in here somewhere."

The Warden walked down the hallway, kicking the doors down and peeking inside the rooms. He was at the last door and peered inside. *Crash!* A vase smashed inside the room. The Warden was heading out of the room then turned back to investigate the sound. Luckily a cat jumped from its sleeping place and Harry quickly blamed the sound on the cat. Wills had found a broom and swept up the razor sharp shards of snow white porcelain away. There was a fine layer of dust still on the wooden floor boards.

"Well you boys can consider yourselves lucky." murmured the Warden.

"Next time it won't be as easy."

The Warden drove off, leaving a pair of wide black tracks on the grass.

"That was close." exclaimed Wills.

"Yeah."

The boys walked back into the house and looked in the room for the pilot. He wasn't there. Wills looked left and right and saw nothing.

"Where is he?" Wills asked.

"I don't know." Harry replied.

The pair ran outside in the breeze and looked along the landscape. A ship was heading away from the coast and looked like it had guns onboard. Wills had ran back to the house to find any clues or notes the pilot could have left. He found a scrap piece of paper and it had a few messy drawings on it. One word had been scribbled under a drawing of a ship. 'Thanks.'



Japanese WW2 uniforms