

The Air Raid

As they walked through the park, a cool autumn breeze blew through causing the three children to button their coats. Alice, the eldest, announced that they were going to get sweets from the corner shop. They crossed the road Alice's golden, grizzled hair flowing down her back, onto her ruby coat. Her younger brothers with their woolen hats and scarves shivered even under these layers.

They entered the shop and, straight away, her brother charged to the sweet aisle. Joe, 6 years old, was gazing at all of the jars of sugary treats, wide eyed and mouth watering.

Andy, age 10, asked, "How much do we get Alice?"

Alice replied, "I'll be back in a sec' you two choose what you want."

She walked away towards the toilet.

"She needs the loo!" Joe said, still gazing, wide eyed at the jars.

Andy grabbed two paper bags to fill with sweets when, all of a sudden, the air raid siren blared, worrying the siblings.

"Where's Alice?" Joe asked, frozen with fear.

"Quick grab my hand!" Andy yelled, taking control. Everyone rushed out of the door to find shelter yet the brothers stood still. The more people ran out, the more Andy screamed inside.

"Stay here I'm going to find Alice," He was interrupted by the shopkeeper.

"What are you waiting for? go find sister!"

"Our sister's in the toilet," Andy explained his heart thumping.

"I just checked the loos," the shopkeeper stated "They're empty."

Andy's heart skipped a beat and, holding Joe's clammy hand, he rushed out the door.

Racing out of the door, a sudden chill filled his body. It can't be true. Where was Alice? Sprinting to catch up to the group, Andy saw the city on fire. Why would they do this? He thought. Whoosh! The planes flew overhead. Crash! A bomb lands in front of them. Struggling to breathe, they continued on. Coughing on the smoke, they arrived.

"Come on," the warden said "Cake and board games inside!"

Joe, liking the taste of cake, quickly ran inside yet Andy took one last look for Alice. There she was, her ruby red coat now stained by ash, her once pale face now grey and ashy.

Andy charged out of the shelter. The shelter that kept him safe. The warden told him no but he was only focused on Alice. Bombs landed around him, shrapnel went flying into his leg, he fell to the ground. It all went dark.