

## THE DIFFERENT WARS

‘This is going to be a great day!’ I had thought that morning. How wrong I was. This day was meant to make my heart bounce and face lighten up with joy, but when I leapt cheerily off my bed and tender feet touched the dormitory floor, I stopped in my path to joy... there was a tight, cold air in the room, and my breath came out in billowing clouds. The room was eerily still and cold too.

I shuffled painfully, slowly across the floor and past the boys’ empty beds, my feet silent. The teddy of the youngest boy was sprawled across the bare bed, its beady little eyes staring pleadingly up to me. I passed the teddy and walked slowly towards an open window. The worn out grey curtain blew spookily in the chilling wind. I knew instantly where the chilling wind that could freeze a man was coming from.

Hugging myself and breathing heavily, I walked down the still corridors. It felt as if they went for miles on end, and I stared heavily at the cold-eyed portraits of the boys that were in the dormitory before the other dormitory boys and me.

I reached a massive brass door and opened it, making a loud squeaking noise to reveal the deserted cobblestone streets of Poland, bathed in a blue fog that covered everything and swallowed everything from sight. I shivered, holding my heart, and without thinking a glimpse, I walked into the middle of the deserted foggy streets. Out of the blue, the dormitory door banged shut without even a gust of wind. I stopped, (and so did my heart), and my eyes widened. I heard something, or *someone* scurry past and I turned around slowly, my face white as snow, only to catch a glimpse of a shadow passing me, *circling* me, running through the fog - and then I heard a gunshot go off, rattling my eardrums, a crack through the air, and then another - and that’s when I fell, fell onto the street clutching my now bloody leg, wailing. I cried, cried out to someone, *anyone*, and then everything swam away before me, going black before my eyes.

I woke up, a mean man looking down at me. I screamed, only to get a muffled shout out of my efforts. I found I had a cloth stuffed in my mouth and a rough rope that tied my numb hands together. The rope dug a sore cut through my hands as I realized that the Nazis had captured me. Oh, I also had an itchy sack that covered my lower body.

The man that loomed over me had musty grey hair and he quickly and boldly threw me into a tiny, dark cell with only the light of a flickering torch on the cobwebbed wall. He cackled, and banged the door shut. I looked around squinting through watery eyes. I made the shape of a bloody skull! Its big, hollow eyes cried out to me, wrapping me in a cool airy blanket. I suddenly saw my fate. Bones of all shapes and sizes were curled around me, from ribcages to thighbones. Big, fat tears strolled down my cheeks, and I forgot all about my aching leg and curled up into a small ball of sadness.

This was so unfair. It’s my birthday, a day that is meant to be great. I already had been through a war of my own. My mum died when I was three, of scarlet fever, and then my dad died of heartbreak and longing to be with mum. So my sister Ruby and I were separated and became orphans in two different, equally mean orphanages. We wrote to each other every day and became closer than ever with each other until one day, the letters from Ruby stopped and I received a much neater handwritten letter telling me that the

Nazis had killed her and all the other girls with a bomb. I cried for weeks, my heart throbbing in the same pain I was going through now.

I looked up at the ceiling, knowing many other poor souls were trapped in here. I looked up, bracing to join my family in heaven, wished my luck for all the other poor soldiers fighting away outside, and closed my eyes for the last time.

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