

A Terrifying Night

As soon as I woke up I thought I could hear the buzzing of bees, the sound of a car crash and I could see an enormous blur. The blur went dashing through the roof, going diagonal left inches away from me. It bounced on my armchair, hit the wall and smashed through the floor. I sprang out of my bed and rushed downstairs being careful not to fall through the gap. The bay window looked like a piece of cracked ceramic. I found a rupture in the ground and I saw lots of Messerschmitts making a thunderous buzzing sound. But what was the blur?

Suddenly I thought I heard a plane crashing onto the ground and I saw a very bright orange light and smoke. Through the cracked window I could see my dad trying to put out the fire with wet sand. My dad loved smoking cigarettes and there was something on them that told you how to put out bomb-fires. I could also see my mum dashing inside. Seconds later she grabbed me by the hand and our whole family rushed to get into our Morrison shelters but we found them destroyed.

One of our neighbours bellowed: 'Come and share our shelter with us!' We all sprinted into their Anderson shelter, which looked like a pigsty covered with plants. The shelter was low, so we had to crouch. My parents let me go first. I squeezed next to Sam, the seven-year-old son of our neighbours. I used to play many kinds of games with him every Sunday. He seemed horrified but when he realised I was there he gave me a slight smile. All of a sudden, we heard an ear-splitting alarm so we covered our ears firmly with our hands. I was petrified. I was thinking, 'What can we do with no home when this finishes?'