

# PREP

# MAGAZINE

Summer 2021-2022



Austin

## The Evacuee

I was doing some drawing in my bedroom when Mum called my little sister Evie and I from the front room. I collected Evie from her room and we went downstairs, Evie bouncing down the steps in front of me on her bottom. Mum and Dad were in the lounge, listening to the wireless.

"Ssshhh, listen to this," she whispered. It was the Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain. I listened so hard that I thought my eardrums might pop, but I didn't understand a word. Once it was over, Dad just told Evie and I to go to bed. Later, Mum came up and told me what was going to happen, explaining that it was because of a war. That night, I didn't sleep.

At seven o'clock the next morning, I got up and carried Evie downstairs in my arms. Mother had made breakfast (scrambled egg on toast) and then told me to have a bath, get dressed, then... she paused. "Go and pack your bags," she said quickly.

I did what she said. I packed my knitted hat, scarf and gloves, clothes, and my favourite art book and coloured pencils. I also packed a packet of fruit pastels (my favourite sweets). When it came to choosing a teddy I struggled - I had so many favourites. Eventually, I decided to bring Sugar, my knitted pink horse. I helped Evie to pack, which was easy because she took all the same things as me. It was half-past eight and we had to go to school where we had been told we would be "organised".

As we walked out of the front door, Mum said she would come with us to the bus; I hoped she would come with us to the train station too. Evie looked very confused and just frowned as Mum tried to explain to her what was going to happen. I don't blame her - it was all very confusing. When we got to the school gates, I was holding Evie's hand and Mum was walking behind us. We were told to go into our class lines with me in Class 6 and Evie in Class 1. All our teachers were there; Mrs Climbing and Mrs Marr. My friend Katy was in front of me in the line. She leaned backwards and whispered, "Are you excited?"

"No!" I shouted. A bit too loudly because everyone turned round to look at us. Oops.

"Katy Evans and Lucy Campbell," shouted Mrs Marr. "Be quiet!"

I looked across at Evie who was standing with her friend Grace. Five minutes later, I was at the front of the line. All the parents that were coming on the bus were at the back, but I realised that Mum was walking out of the school gate until Mrs Climbing stopped her. They had a conversation and Mum came back to stand with the other parents.

"Yes!" I muttered happily to myself under my breath.

"Lucy Campbell?" Mrs Marr asked. I stepped forward and she tied a label onto my collar. I read I as I walked back to my place. Mum looked at me and frowned. A few minutes later we were on the bus. Katy was next to me with Evie and Grace on the seats in front of us. All the parents sat at the front where I could see the top of Mum's hat poking up. The ride to the station was long and bumpy. I looked at the label again; it said I was going to Wales. I looked at Katy's; she was going to Wales too. We looked at each other's labels and realised we were going to different towns. Katy pulled an atlas out of her bag - Geography was her favourite subject - and showed me the two towns were next to each other. After that, the bus ride seemed to go much more quickly.

At the station, Katy and I hugged until I was sent to platform nine and she went to platform eight. I met up with Evie again and checked her label - thank goodness she was going to the same place as me. I climbed onto the train with Evie holding tightly onto my hand. I had already said goodbye to Mum and hugged her more tightly than I ever had before. Evie finally seemed to have realised what was going on because on the bus she was chatting away to Grace, but now she just sat silently like a doll on the seat next to me.

The rain started to move and I began to feel nervous. I waved to Mum and Katy, still on the platform, until I could see nothing except thick, white steam.

We had been on the train for half an hour and I felt so tired. A lady came along the carriages, giving everyone brown paper bags. I looked inside mine. There was a chocolate bar, an apple and a sandwich - cheese and ham, my favourite. A boy in the carriage next to me had already eaten all his food and then threw up all over the floor. That made me feel sick as well but I managed to hold my breakfast in. I looked across at Evie. She was asleep but still shivering. I was cold too, but I took off my jacket and wrapped it around her. She snuggled into it and slipped into deeper sleep.

I felt the train grinding to a halt. I woke Evie up, got our cases down from the rack and walked down the aisle. I got to the door and realised that Evie didn't have her gas mask. I raced back to our seat, grabbed the buff-coloured box and ran all the way back. As I climbed onto the platform, people started checking our labels and telling us to line up on the grass. I held Evie's hand all the way. Finally a kind-looking lady came over and pointed to a red-haired girl who stepped out of the line and went with her. After this happened with a few people, I realised what was happening. Lots of people kept coming and going but none of them chose me or Evie. I hoped we would be chosen together. I wondered if anyone had picked Katy...

Evie and I were the last ones to be chosen, but at least we were together. A man came along, apologising for being late. He looked as though he might live on a farm. He pointed at me and I held onto Evie's hand even more tightly. He noticed because he then pointed at Evie as well. Yes! He told us his name was Richard and he had driven down to the station in a car! We jumped in to the back and drove back to his home.

He did live on a farm and he seemed very kind. I decided there and then that I liked him, that Evie and I were very lucky and that I was going to enjoy living in the country.

LUCY CAMPBELL PREP VI

**GOVERNMENT EVACUATION SCHEME: LIVERPOOL.**

Code No. G.811. L/B Party No. S.2

Name H. Holman

Home Address 98 Chester Rd.

91 / 39

School SHOTTON. Nr. Chester

SOUTH CHURCH. Liverpool

**On the Beach by KG**



**ANNABELLE CASEY**



**FIFI SAEED**



**MARYAM HUFFI**



**FLORENCE KNIGHTS**



**JACOB OFORI**



**ISABEL SIMMONS**

## Grendel by Prep III

As mean as a devil, meaner than any creature that once lived on the world,  
He eats like a pig, snorting and sniffing,  
Grendel, that's what he's called,  
What a mischievous and gruesome name,  
Anyone who passed him would die of his decaying smell,  
He is as quiet as a mouse when he flows sneakily through the night,  
He is vile, vicious and villainous,  
He is unspeakable,  
He spits like an evil cobra, he lives in a forgotten treacherous cave,  
His boils are green and ferocious but he shadows over you like a giant.

ANNIE JOHNSON

far away in the misty, mysterious, mythical marsh covered with darkness  
A gruesome, hideous, colossal beast departed from hell,  
A smelly oozing forest reeking of evil  
From a hollow fiendish tree where the dark horrible looking owls do not hoot.  
This mythical creature has razor sharp disgusting fangs that dig in the decaying flesh of  
unspeakable dead bodies  
He has hair as sharp as spikes  
And rough, terrible icky skin that not even the sharpest sword can cut through  
He is as violent as a vulture  
Whenever he hears the merriment of people his heart burns hotter than the sun.  
His angers would rise up when the music tortured his ears.  
Grendel was his name.

TANISHA JOSHI

A hideous monster very far away, where no one would dare to go, called Grendel  
His hair is as long as a hose  
His disgusting face filled with boils  
He creeps slowly through the dark, evil, unspeakable forest  
He despises the tunes of the happy people  
A sinister beast on the hunt to kill everything and everyone.

LUCA KEANEY

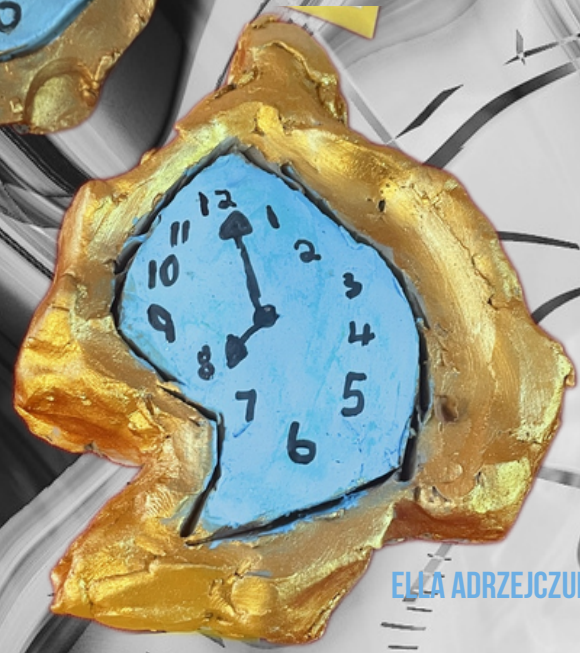
Salvador Dali Clocks by Prep IV



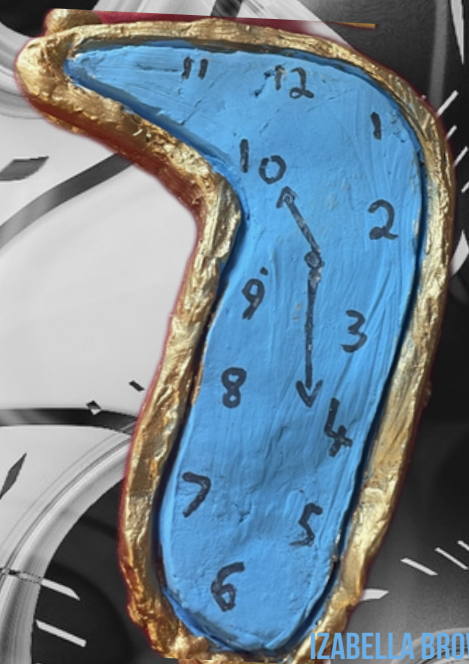
JENSEN PAYNE



YING WUN KWOK



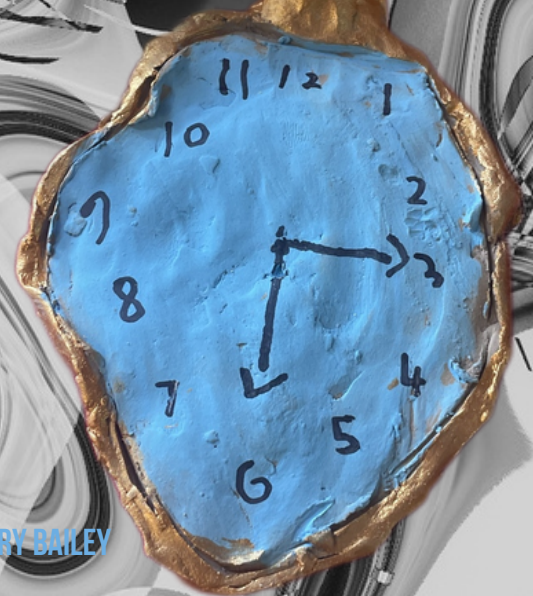
ELLA ADRZEJCZUK



IZABELLA BROWNE



RUBY WEBB



HENRY BAILEY

## Letter from Lady Macbeth by Prep V

Dunsinane  
Glen Rish  
Scotland

13th November 1097

My Dear Macbeth,

I know you are busy at the moment talking to your troops but I have to tell you a couple of things.

For the past few days, I have been feeling strange. My maid Mary tells me I have been sleepwalking and going to wash my hands with no water! She also says I have been saying, "Out damned spot!" and "Hell is murky!" Also my face looks agonised even though it is a dream. The strange thing is that I don't remember any of this. However, Mary told me I was washing endless source of blood off my hands!

My mind is running wild while thinking about all the murders we have done. Duncan was a good man and he thought he was safe under our roof. Lady MacDuff had three little children and they were all harmless and innocent. Although Banquo was your best friend you stabbed him in the back and destroyed him. I have changed you and I am sorry. You used to be a loyal servant to the king and now you are a tyrant, all because of me.

Macbeth, please end your reign of tyranny before it is too late. We can do the right thing and confess our crimes before the battle. I beg you please do it because after the battle we might not be able to do this. This is our last chance to do it and stop everything. Even if we get sent to prison or executed we know we did the right thing.

From,  
Lady Macbeth

ABDULLAH FARHAN

# Pointillism Rockets by Prep II

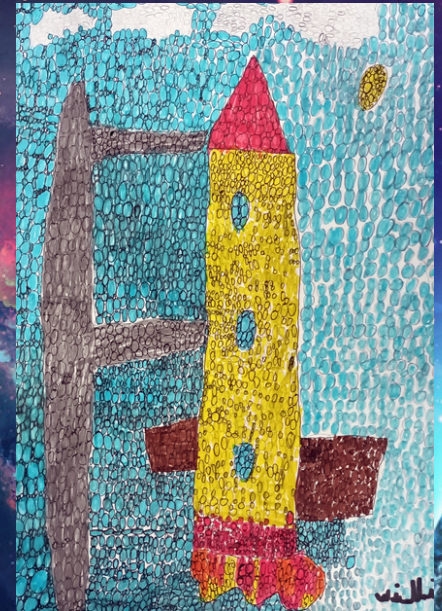


POPPY BOYES



ASA BARTON-JOHAL

WILLIAM ROTHERAM



HONORAH WORRALL



ARIYA MODARRES

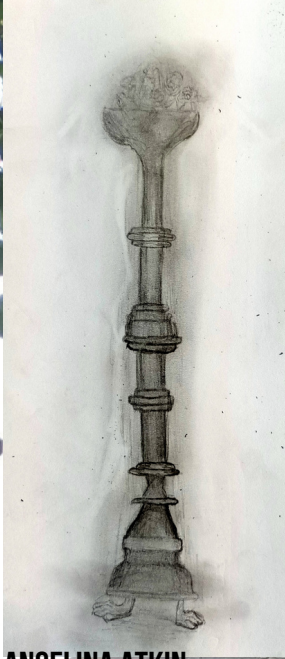


CASEY KNIGHT

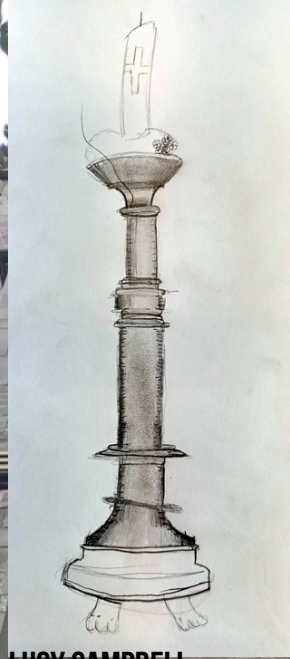




# Sketches in St. Mark's Church by Prep VI



ANGELINA ATKIN



LUCY CAMPBELL



BLAKE BUCKLE



SAMUAL MCMANUS



MICHAEL ODEMAYOWA



KIAN FLAVELL



LIBBY CHAN

# The Rainbow Fish by Prep I



DEXTER TURNER



JOE MANDEL



ARIA COLLETT



CLAUDIA JONES



AUSTIN ROYLE



ISHA JOSHI



TOBAN SHARPLES-BROWN



PENNY JOHNSON



SAMUEL OGDEN

# The Highwayman by Prep V

"The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees.

The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas."

Alfred Noyes



ABDULLAH FARHAN



AMELIA BVUMA



LEO FLEMING



ARTHUR BARKER



TOBY THOMPSON



ALEXANDER MUCHARWA



DAVID ADEBANJO

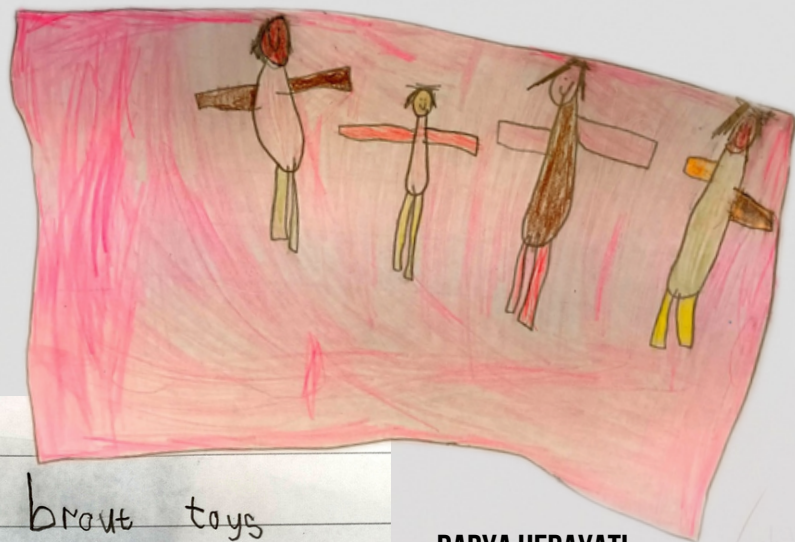


KASPEN LAU



LAYLA LIVSEY

## Independent Writing by Reception



I Went to the shops I bought toys  
With mummy and daddy and Danya

**DARYA HEDAYATI**



I Went for diner with My mummys  
friends. I had ris and chicken.

**ISABELLE ZEIB**



**ETHAN FLETCHER**

I went to the stream with my  
nan and dad.

## If I Were King or Queen For a Day by Prep 1

If I Were Queen or King for a Day

I would...

- I would feed the queens Corriges.
- I would tell all the people to get a electric cars.
- I would ask the surves to MAKE me a hot mill.
- I would tell my gardens to plant me flowers.
- I would command my cleaners to clean my palas.
- I would make up new rules.
- I would sit on the throne.

TOBAN SHARPLES-BROWN

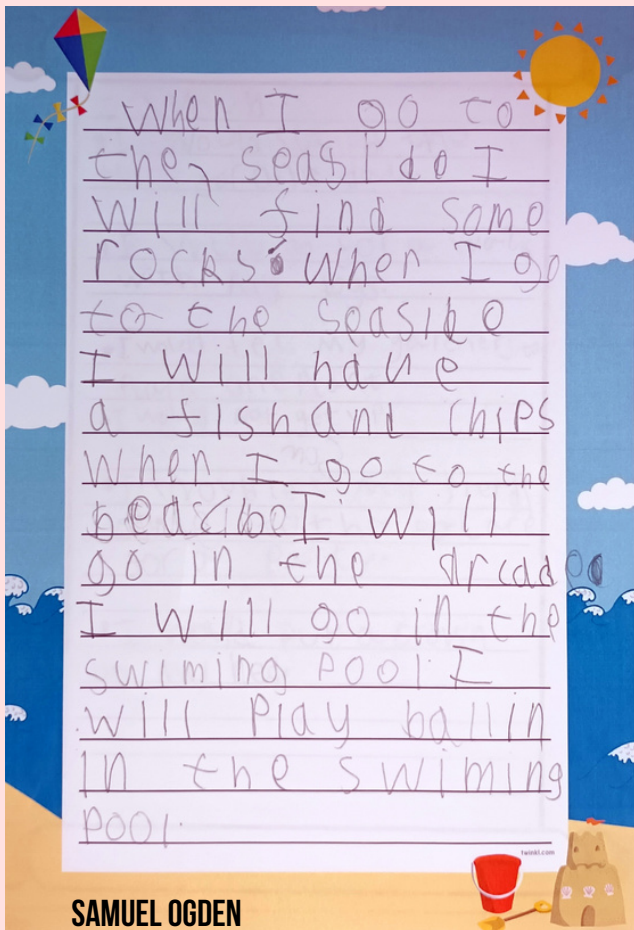
If I Were Queen or King for a Day

I Would...

- I would sit on the throne for one day.
- I will go for a walk with my dogs.
- I would tel my gareners to plant one plant.
- I would not get up.
- I would let my friends come to the palace for a party.
- I would put a crown on my head.

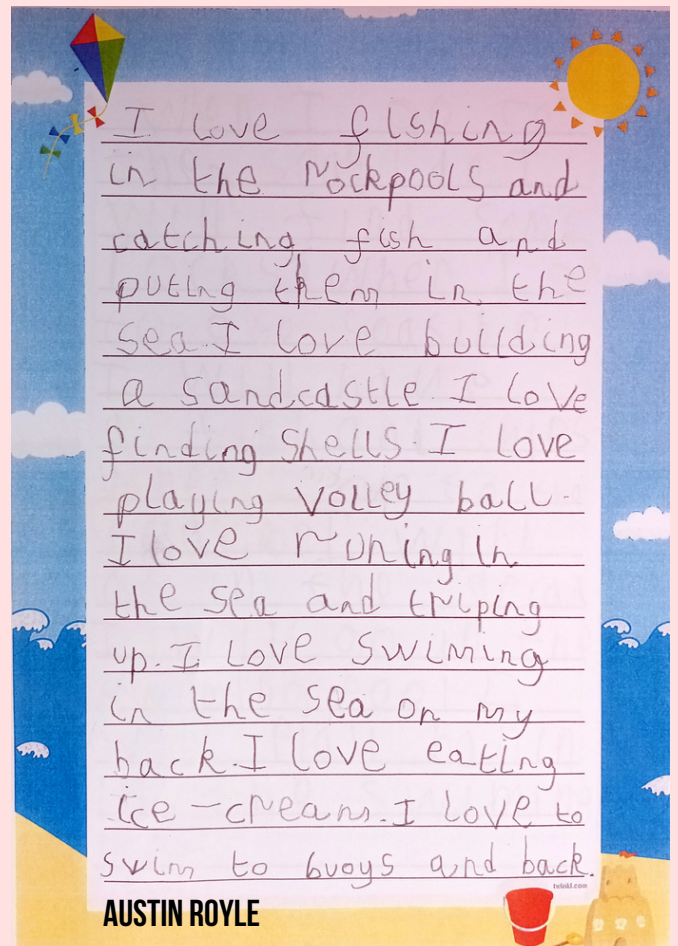
DARCY SPAVIN

## On The Beach by Prep 1



When I go to the sea I do I will find some rocks. When I go to the seaside I will have a fish and chips. When I go to the beach I will go in the sand. I will go in the swimming pool. I will play ball in the swimming pool.

SAMUEL OGDEN



I love fishing in the rockpools and catching fish and putting them in the sea. I love building a sandcastle. I love finding shells. I love playing volley ball. I love running in the sea and tripping up. I love swimming in the sea on my back. I love eating ice-creams. I love to swim to buoys and back.

AUSTIN ROYLE

## Letter from Lady Macbeth by Prep V

Dunsinane

Glen Rish

Scotland

13th November 1097

My Dear Macbeth,

I know you are busy but I feel I need to write to you.

For the past few days, I have been emotionally unstable. Our maid Jade tells me I have been washing my hands with candle wax and imagining I have Banquo's blood on my hands. I have also been saying, "Out, damned!" something I can't remember. I need to be honest: I summoned evil spirits into my body. I am scared of myself. "Hell is murky!" I have been saying and "Banquo can't come out of his grave." Macbeth, please help me because I am losing my mind.

My mind is running in circles about the murders we have done. Firstly, our loyal King Duncan. He trusted us and we killed him with no remorse. Who have I turned in to? Oh, I know a monster and it is my fault! Secondly, Banquo your brother from another mother. You killed him. **MACBETH!** Wake up! I want the loyal trustworthy, gold-hearted Macbeth, not the killing machine Macbeth! Finally Macduff - you killed his wife and his three children. Who have you turned in to?

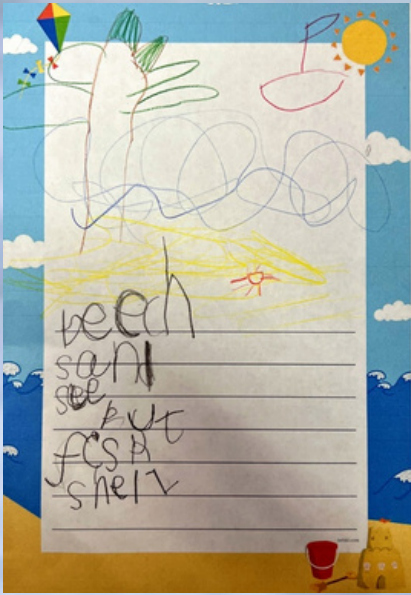
Macbeth, please cease your reign of tyranny. We need to tell everyone our guilt and face our fate. Whatever happens in the dark always comes to light. What I'm trying to say is even if we are executed at least we are our former selves. If I can turn back time I would take everything back, the three murders. Even your encounter with the three weird sisters.

Your wife,

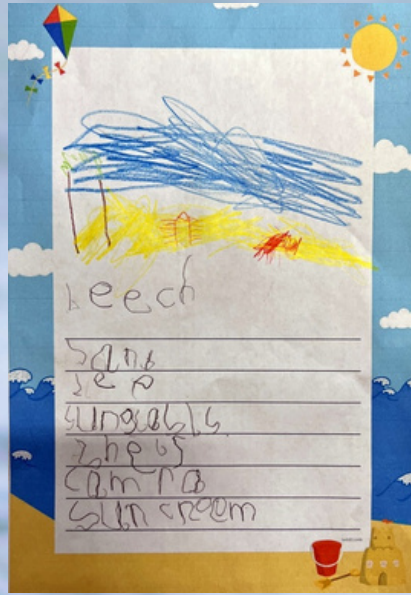
Lady Macbeth

VINCENT BERRY

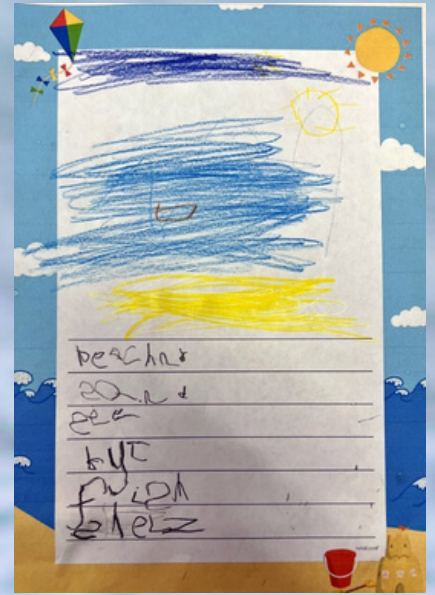
# What will I find on the beach? by KG



SOPHIA MORAN



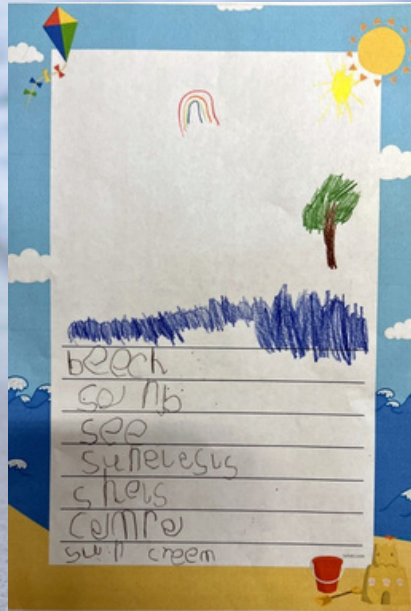
KILIAN BROWNLOW



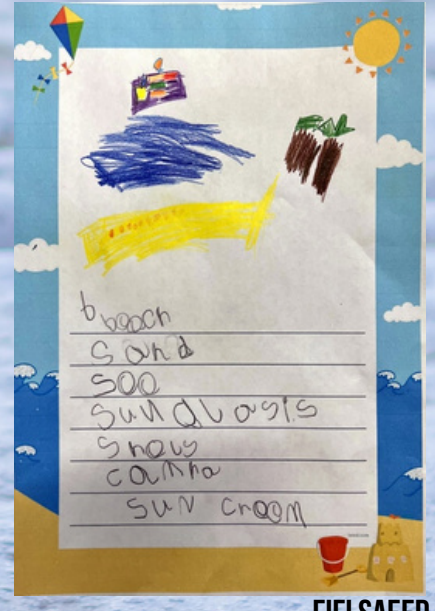
LACHLAN CAMPBELL



JACOB OFORI



ANNABELLE CASEY



FIFI SAEED



ISABEL SIMMONS

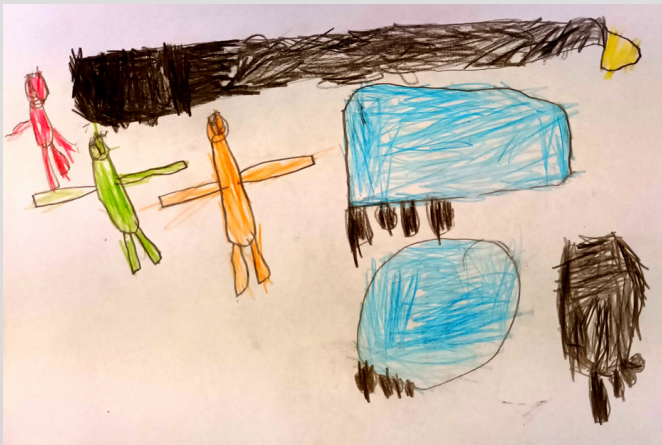
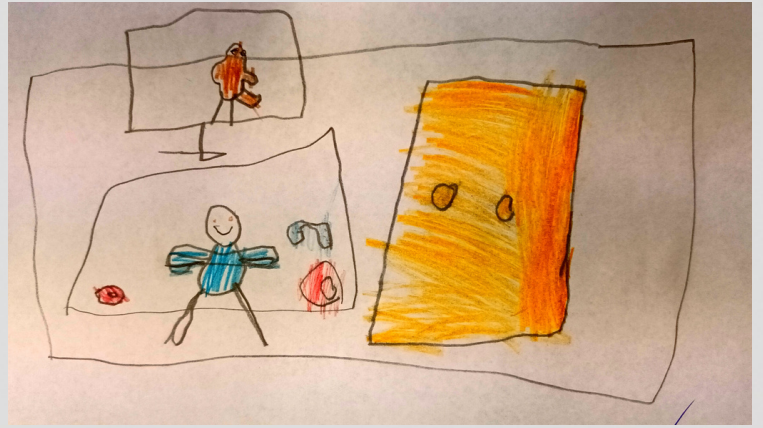




# Independent Writing by Reception

I went to the chris tractor  
and on saturday mi momee  
bot me soof wceey.  
super wacky

MARCEL GANCARZ



THEO MATTHEWS

oh > saturday I help dadys friend  
to Wash the car.

## The Princess, the Beast and the Dragon



JACOB MEE

## Fear by Prep III



I am frightened of the creepy crawlies that walk towards me when I stare at them  
They use their eight creepy legs to move around

I am frightened of the wobbly legs  
Their tiny eyes that are barely visible  
I wish that they didn't exist

I am afraid  
Yes, very afraid

I feel shivers going down my spine when I think about them  
They make me get sweaty palms  
Wondering what could happen...

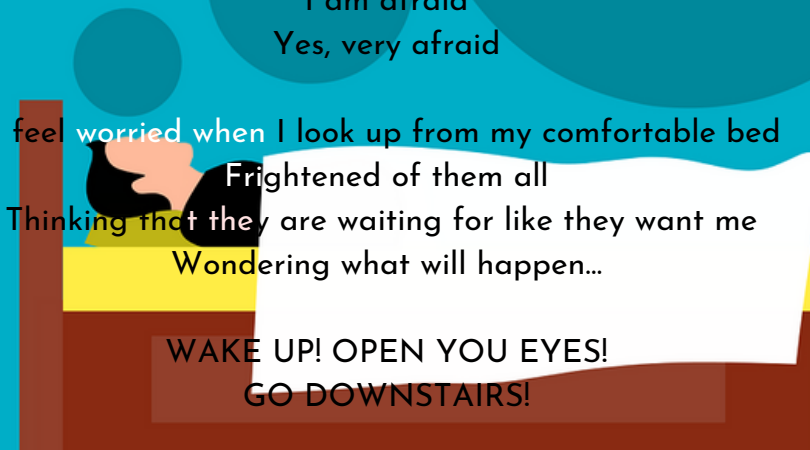
**GET OUT!  
GO OUTSIDE NOW!**

ALEX CLELAND

I am frightened of the evil characters who some people believe come out at night  
Like Titanic sized monsters and ghosts  
Looking to eat you greedily

I am frightened of the grizzly bears stomping  
Looking for you sleeping happily, disturbing your sleep  
When they all come together  
They gang up on you slyly, very slyly  
They are creeping across your floorboards  
Trying to punch open your bedroom door to eat you at night

I am afraid  
Yes, very afraid



I feel worried when I look up from my comfortable bed  
Frightened of them all  
Thinking that they are waiting for like they want me  
Wondering what will happen...

**WAKE UP! OPEN YOU EYES!  
GO DOWNSTAIRS!**

ISABELLE HARRISON

# Collage Picasso by Prep II



ARIYA MODARRES



WILLIAM ROTHERAM

HONORAH WORRALL

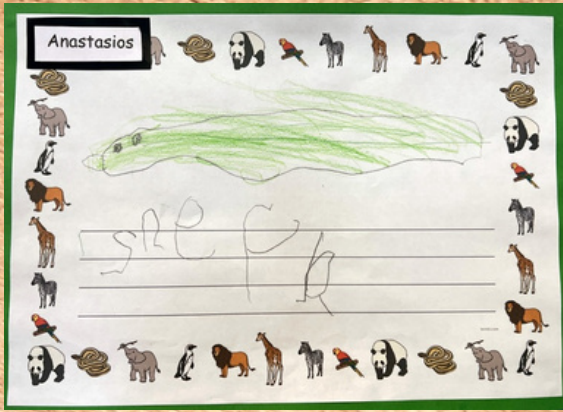


MYRA SAXENA

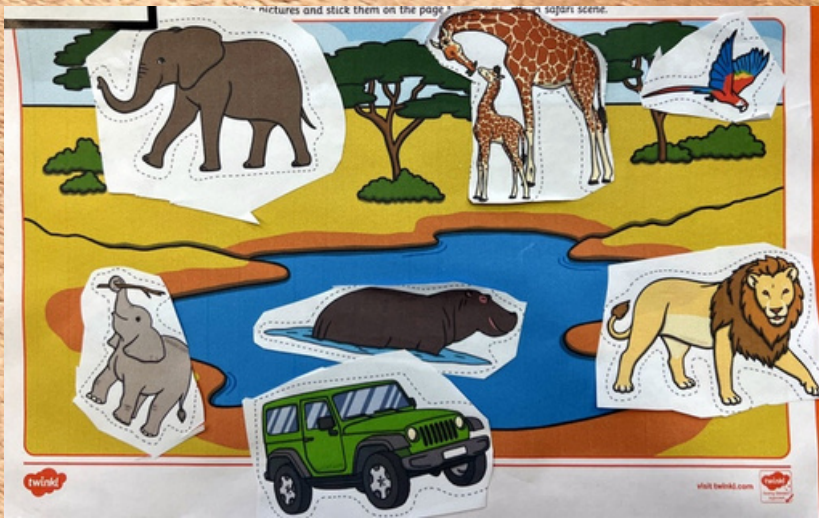


# On Safari with KG

JACOB OFORI



ANASTASIAS SOTIRIOU

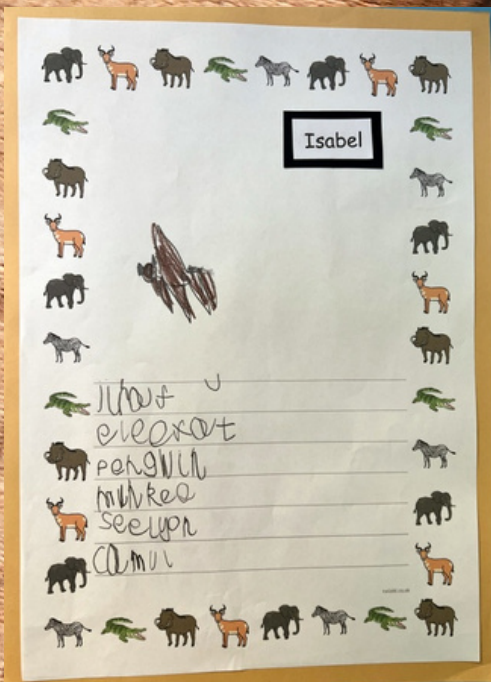


ANNABELLE CASEY

FIFI SAEED



WILLIAM BRIDGFORD



ISABEL SIMMONS



JUDE BVUMA

# The Lighthouse Keeper's Lunch by Prep II

Dear Mr. Grialings,

I hope you are well. I have heard about the hungry seagulls stealing your lunch! I have created an invention just for you. It is called... The Sad Seagulls! And its about the Seagulls trying to get the lunch so shall we start? So there is a tube that the lunch is in and it goes to the lighthouse and the Seagulls are crying because they want to have

there lunch I'm really sorry I can't show you the picture @ NOV I can show you the picture! @



P.S I will send it in the post  
yours sincerely  
Carly Johnson

CARLY JOHNSON

Dear Mr. Grialings,

I hope you are ok. I have heard about those unbearable seagulls stealing your lunch! But I have created a invention just for you. It is called the seagull stopper firstly, you must attach a grey, titanic tube from your little, white cottage to your lighthouse. secondly, tell your wife to make a titanic cake with a big red button that has dynamite inside. Finally send your lunch down the tube and see the seagulls get blown up.

I will send it in the post.

yours sincerely,

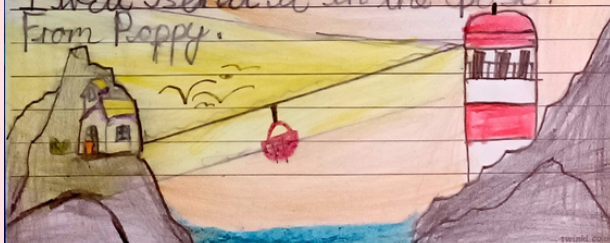
Eljiah



ELIJAH GRIFFITHS

Dear Mr. Grialings,

I hope you are okay. I have heard about the naughty seagulls stealing your lunch! I will tell you how you can get rid of those pesky seagulls all you need to get a bottle of extreme glue and put it on the wire and a bottle of red glue put the on the basket so thats all you have to do. And its called: The G luey Mess. The glue will trap the seagulls until they die of starvation and only the bones will still be there rotting like a monstrosity. It makes my spine shiver I would be sorry for them if they weren't so pesky. I will send it in the post.  
From Poppy.



POPPY BOYES

Dear Mr. Grialings

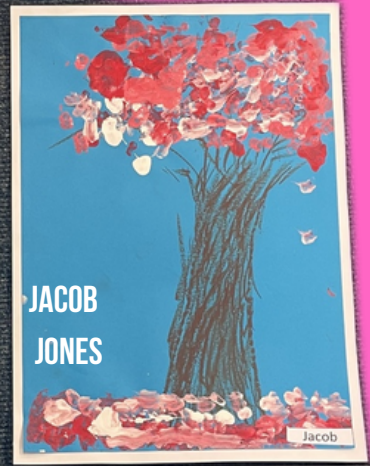
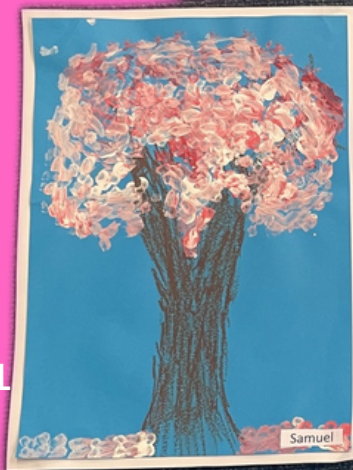
I hope you are well. I have heard perfect invention just for you what you have to do. Firstly, put kerosene on the wire, secondly, put a tube in the sea with the basket in and if it stops you have a bowling ball tied to a bit of rope and it hits the basket and it fly's up the tube and it will come up to you! Thirdly put the fake basket on the wire, then wait for the seagulls, when they get there light the wire and they will burn to death you need a fire extinguisher to put out the fire and you can have your lunch in peace. Yours sincerely.

ASA BARTON-JOHAL

# Cherry Blossom by Prep IV



SAMUEL DEVINE



ELLA ANDRZEJCZUK


HENRY BAILEY




# Jack and the Beanstalk by Prep I

JOE MANDEL

If I had a magic bean I would plant it in the garden. It would grow into the sky. The next morning I saw a giant rose. I climb it all the way until finally I reach the top. At the top I saw a giant fall of animals. A pig came to me. It said to me all of us even you are having a party. So the party started and the music came on and the proper party started. Then a snow hours later it stop. I had fun.

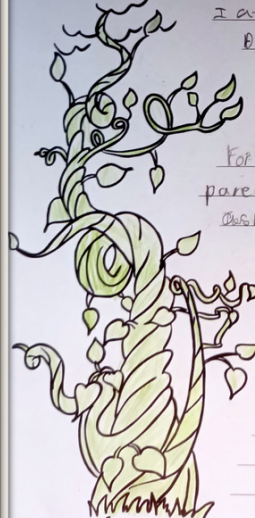


If I had a magic bean I would plant it in my school. and it would be a big apple, and I would climb up it. and I came in a football land and I saw lots of football players. They were playing football and I joined in with them and I scored three goals to win the game. I said hi to them and they said hi to me and then we played another football game and we lost and then I said bye and they said bye back and I had the best day of my life.



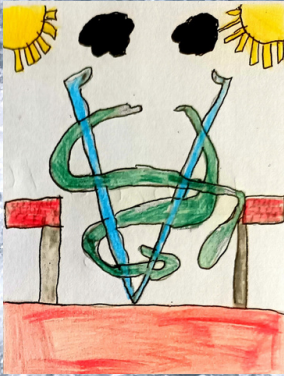
MAX DEVINE

If I had a magic bean I would plant it in my secret garden. It will grow into a blossom tree with steps. A little hedgehog with marshmallows on his back he says welcome to candy land. In candy land there were candy canes and chocolate gum drops and ginger bread. The floor was soft or icing and the people there had candy clothes. I ate some marshmallows for dinner and lunch and the drink was chocolate spread I slept with a marshmallow cover and a candy cane pillow. I had nightmares for hours. Then I knew that my parents were missing me so I asked the hedgehog if I could go home so he gave me some sweets and I went home and that was the end of my journey.

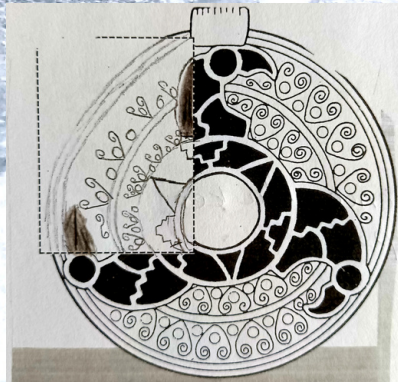


ISHA JOSHI

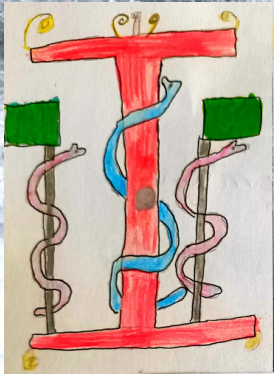
# Prep III Art Wall



ANGLO-SAXON ART - ISABELLE HARRISON



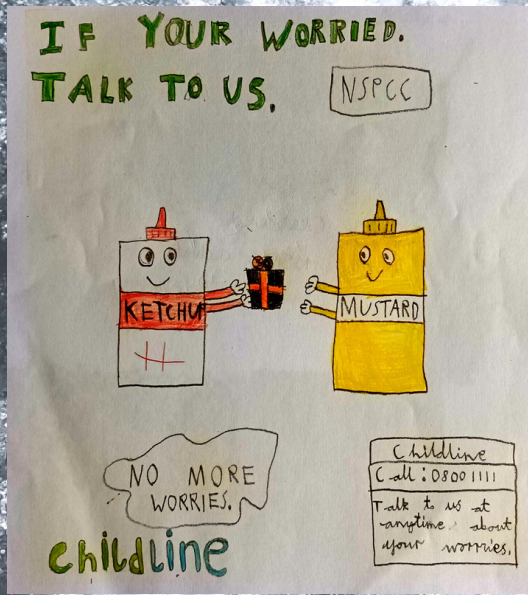
NICK ROWLAND STYLE ART - ANDREW ATURINDA



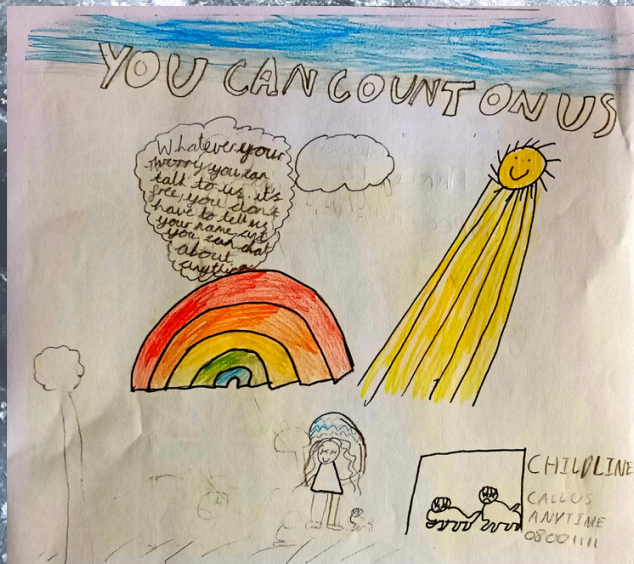
ANGLO-SAXON LETTERS - FLORENCE BARKER



NICK ROWLAND BLOSSOM TREE - LUCA KEANEY



NSPCC ADVERT - ALEX CLELAND



NSPCC ADVERT - ANNIE JOHNSON



NICK ROWLAND BLOSSOM TREE - NATHAN KUZNIK



# Michael's Island by Prep IV

Look! On the island you can see golden brown sand on the shore of the beach.  
The colossal blue sky shining above the silky soft green grass

Listen! On the island the only sounds are Stella Arois barking at the mischievous howling gibbons and the sound of the whistling wind above Stella and I.

As I move through the island, I smell The sweet aroma from the tropical fruits and the fresh bananas growing from these lush trees.

In the heart of the island I feel I scolded and lost  
as I ponder into the deep, dark, damp forest.

Around the island, the sea is a lovely marine coloured ocean with majestic crushing waves. The soothing sound of the transparent waves.

Above me, the sky is shining bright and gracefully with enchanted clouds that look like crystal gems.

The most peaceful place is the crystal blue sea where I can lie down under the blazing sun where I can play with my dog Stella.

The loneliest place is the creepy, dark, damp cave where the mosquitoes come and bite me to death and the mischievous gibbons disturbing me.

But the thing I will remember most about the island is the delight full adventure I had with Kensuke and the cave he gave me including fruits.

MAIA BVUMA

Look! On the island you can see golden seashells scattered in the sand and beautiful coconuts in the tree.

Listen! On the island the only sounds are birds singing, whistling and monkeys screeching for the red bananas.

As I move through the island, I smell the tropical fruit coming from the lush trees.

In the heart of the island I feel hungry and exhausted  
as I walked thru the mysterious forest looking chasing birds.

Around the island, the sea is so blue I can see my reflection. The crashing waves splashing against the rocks.

Above me, the sky I saw a cloud shaped like the Peggy Sue with a rainbow over it.

The most peaceful place is by the crystal blue sea, where I lie on the beautiful beach playing fetch with Stella.

The loneliest place is the deep, dark, cave because that is where the bats fly around night.

But the thing I will remember most about the island is the old creepy man and whatever he said? damada damada

IZABELLA BROWNE

Look! On the island you can see beautiful, golden, white sand with the salty sky blue sea. Tall coconut trees as tall as a skyscraper.

Listen! On the island the only sounds are the screeching gibbons in the tall tree and the whistling of the birds.

As I move through the island, I smell the tropical, luscious fruit in the tall trees and the fresh coconuts.

In the heart of the island I feel lonely and hungry  
as I go deeper into the forest I discover a spooky cave.

Around the island, the sea is crystal blue sea like a shining, silky, shimmering beautiful diamond.

Above me, the sky is deep blue with enchanted, fluffy, cotton candy like clouds with a bright yellow sun.

The most peaceful place is by the silky blue sea where I can swim in the silky blue sea and play fetch with Stella Arois.

The loneliest place is the pitch, black, damp, cave where there are creepy sounds and at night the mosquitoes sting me to death.

But the thing I will remember most about the island is the delicious, yummy red bananas and the fresh tropical fruit.

PATRICK ZHAO

Look! On the island you can see the beautiful gold sand that shines in the day, and the rising sun that glows over the sea.

Listen! On the island the only sounds are the loud screech of the howling gibbons that pierces my ears and the whistling wind through the trees.

As I move through the island, I smell the damp animals from swimming in the salty sea and the fruit that smells heavenly.

In the heart of the island I feel lonely and desperate  
as I saw the cave I felt lonely and desperate because I miss my family.

Around the island, the sea is like a gem which cools my bites, beating waves crash on the island with a colossal bang and scares me a lot.

Above me, the sky is a pale blue colour with cotton candy clouds and a golden pearly sun to warm me.

The most peaceful place is my grey, firm cave where I can relax, eat, sleep and play with Stella Arois.

The loneliest place is the vast, wide open sea because I know the Peggy Sue is out there but will not come back for me.

But the thing I will remember most about the island is Kensuke because he kept me and Stella Arois gave us food, water. I will have memories of him.

RUBY WEBB

## A Witch's Spell by Prep V

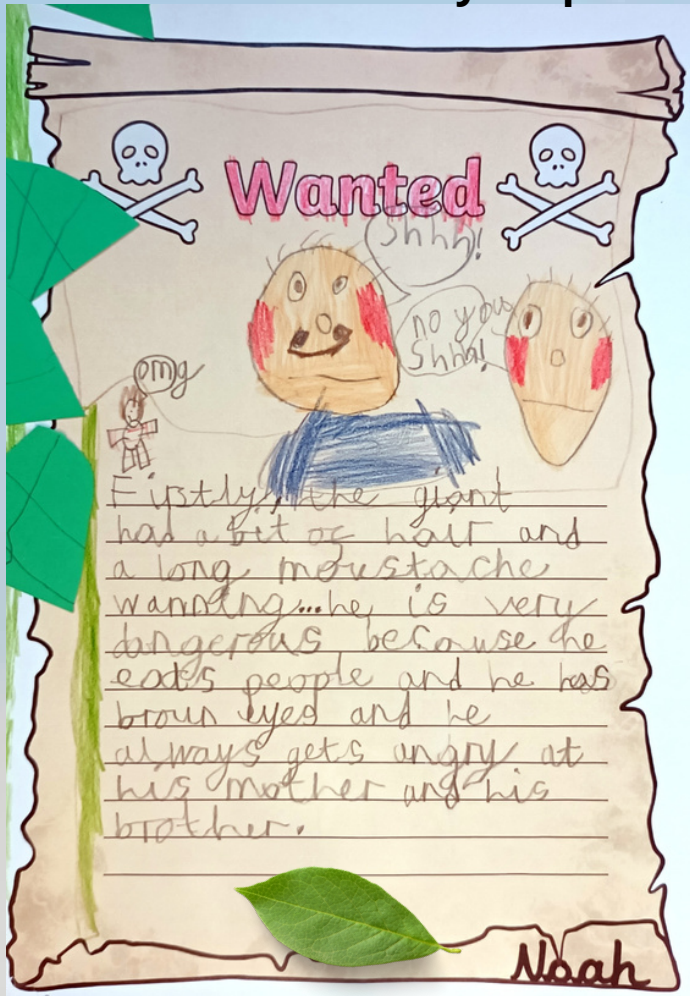
Double double, toil and trouble  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble  
Tooth of bull and tongue of cat  
Hump of camel and chins of bat  
Nape of tiger and magpie's cry  
Rage of boar and the blackened sky  
Tear of bliss and tired yawn  
Screech of kitten and infinite storm  
Soul of dragon and flaming sword  
Tree of growth and apple cored  
Gliding kite and bloody tail  
Rotten tooth and poisoned ale  
Tornado of steam and the sting of nettle  
Slither of snake and the steam from a kettle

ALEX MUCHARWA

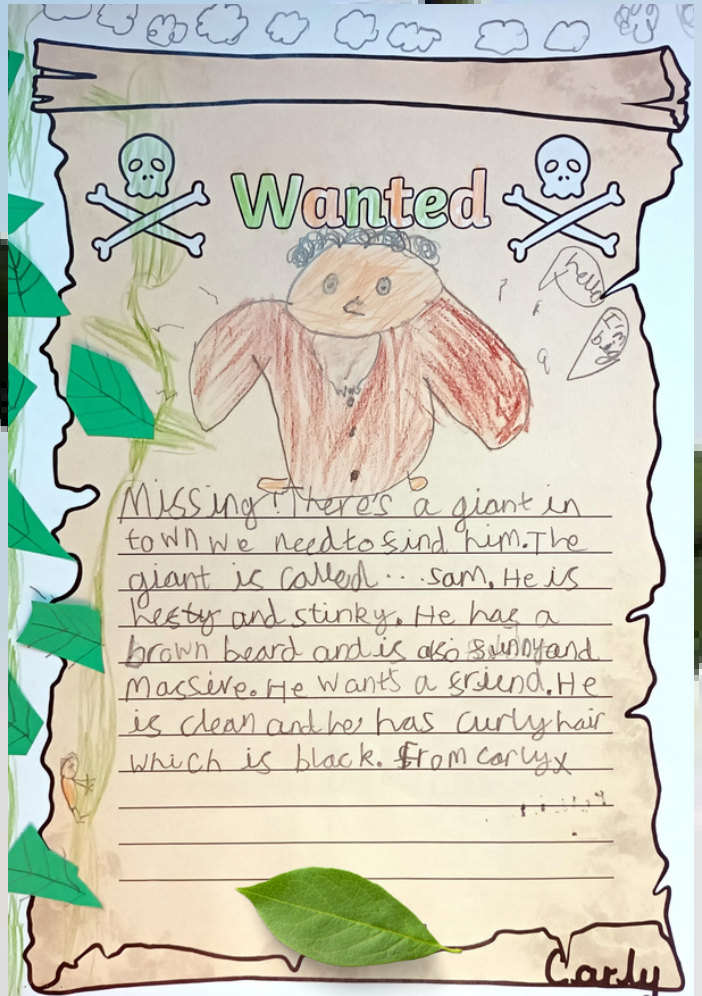
Double double, toil and trouble  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble  
Tooth of lion and leg of cat  
A hump of a camel and a wing of bat  
Nose of pig and magpie's cry  
Tail of a monkey and a lion's cry  
Head of bull and tail of dog  
Paw of a bear and belly of a frog  
Leg of a human, beak of an eagle  
Eye from a toad. Wait! Is that legal?  
Hair from a hare, wing from a bird  
Head from a dog, ear from a ladybird.

DANIEL ADEBANJO

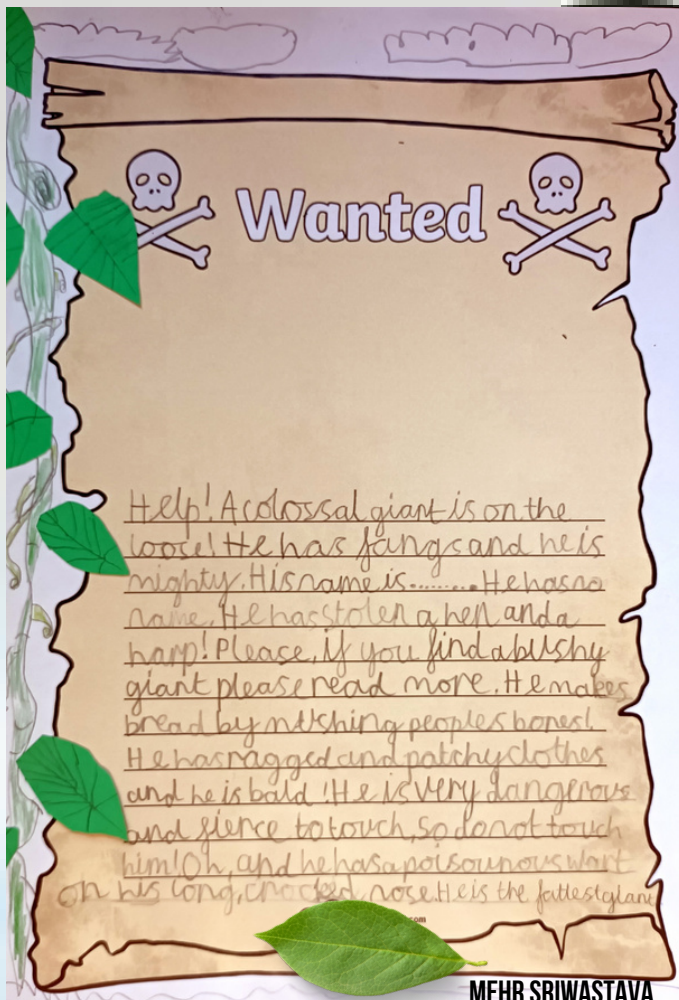
# Wanted: The Giant by Prep II



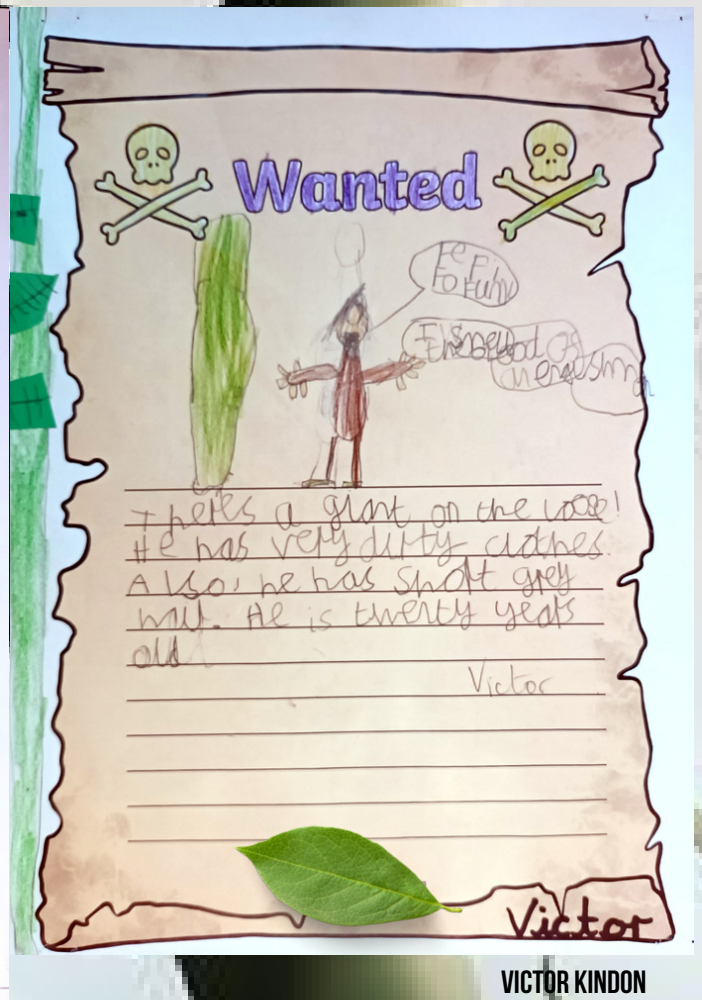
NOAH CIUBOTARIU



CARLY JOHNSON



MEHR SRIWASTAVA



VICTOR KINDON



## The Air Raid

Mum's dead; Dad's gone to fight. Just me and my sister. All our stuff was ready in case the air raid sirens went off. They went off sooner than I expected. A jolt of fear ran down my spine. Even my little sister Penny knew what was happening.

I grabbed our blankets and pillows while Penny grabbed Mr Bun-Bun (her favourite teddy).

We left the house, locked the door then turned around. Nothing. I saw nothing. Everything was pitch-black but I could hear people making their way to the public air raid shelters. Grabbing Penny's hand, I had to drag her to the shelters because she was so terrified of being killed on the way. She did not want to leave the house.

People were already queueing and shoving each other to get into the shelter when we arrived. As time passed, we slowly made our way to the front of the queue. I have to say that the ARP wardens were helping a lot. Down the steps we went. We scoured the tunnels for an empty bunk bed, or at least a spot to sit. Since Penny was a child, she slept on the bottom bunks whilst I slept on the benches opposite. To be honest, I didn't want to sleep on the bunks. They were made of metal mesh which looked very uncomfortable, but her blanket, pillow and Mr Bun-Bun made it look quite cosy, I must admit.

"Penny, come here," I said, beckoning for her to come and sit with me. I could hear the bombs doing their job in the streets above us. Penny came over, squeezing my arm as she buried her head in my lap. The bombs were taking their time, making their way towards us slowly but surely. Thump...thump...thump. Then...silence. A couple of minutes passed. We all thought the "all-clear" siren was going to sound when - BUMPH! The whole shelter shook, dust started falling from the ceiling and all the lights went out. Just as I thought things could not get any worse, the ARP warden came running down the tunnel waving his rattle as loudly as his arms would let him. Gas attack! I put my gas mask on just in time to see that Penny had not.

"Penny! Get your gas mask on, quickly!"

"Why?"



"Just do what I tell you!" I shouted. I had never shouted at her before. The lights came back on with a flicker. I saw Penny under her blanket with Mr Bun-Bun by her side.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to upset you. I just wanted you to be safe," I explained.

"It's alright, just don't shout at me again," answered Penny.

"Ok, I promise I won't."

The warden came back and said we could take off our gas masks. Penny was more than happy to take off hers.

"Tea or coffee, luv?" asked a friendly WVS lady.

"I'll have a coffee, please," I replied gratefully.

"And what about you, Munchkin? What would you like?" she asked, turning to Penny.

"Water pwease," smiled Penny.

Off went the lady to get the drinks, returning a few minutes later. "Here ya go, luv," she said.

"Tank youuuu," replied Penny with another big-eyed smile.

She chugged down her water pretty quickly so she could join in with singing, "Run, Rabbit", doing all the actions as she sang, making me join in too. A little while later, Penny whispered in my ear that she needed a wee, so we climbed off the benches and stumbled our way to the toilets. When we reached them, I could hear someone still humming "Run, Rabbit" so I just waited. Eventually the humming stopped and out came an elderly woman with a gas mask box in one hand and a walking cane in the other. I told Penny I would wait outside for her. In went Penny, and soon I heard "Run, Rabbit" again, this time in her funny, high-pitched voice, which made me laugh. She came out jumping for joy which seemed very strange.

"What's got you so happy?" I asked with a smile.

"The toilets FLUSH!" she squeaked, jumping up and down with delight.

"Well that's very nice and all, but we need to get back to our seats, it's getting late."

We made our way back down the tunnels as people were getting ready to sleep whilst others were already sleeping soundly.

We all woke to the welcome sound of the "all-clear".

"Everyone is free to leave!" shouted the wardens as they walked along the tunnels.

It was morning. As we went outside, I could barely open my eyes it was that bright. We made our way home, looking at all the destroyed buildings and families crying. When Penny and I got to where our house was supposed to be, we saw nothing. Nothing but glass, brick and metal. Our home was gone.

# The Blitz by Prep VI

