

New World, New Life

I was only 13 just 13 living in London in the year of 1941. We had suffered through two neverending, astonishingly awful years of WW2. Even worse, me and Mam were brought to tears with Susan catching scarlett fever. 10 year old Micheal acts scornful but we all know he's worried too.

It was a hot Saturday in July me and Micheal were splashing about in a nearby lake. When all of a sudden, the horrible siren pierced my ears... Whoosh! Bang! Wallop! Stomach churning, lungs burning I screamed for Micheal to get to the shelter, hauling myself up I ran... legs straining. The Anderson shelter door was already locked. I threw myself onto it. "Micheal!" I screamed. It was too late!

As smoke engulfed the city, Ma decided it was evacuation or DEATH! I'd rather be alive, thank you very much. Ma said a few weeks ago - after the disturbing news - that our family needed to stick together but her children's health and safety were at severe risk. "I have to stay with Susan." I begged. Even though if I were to have the final say, I would want my children to be alive even if I die.

After an exciting trip sitting in a window seat booth, we arrived at a peaceful countryside station, which I guessed was in Devon from the hills and valleys in the near- beyond. A few families were standing near the exit and Me and Micheal were greeted by a welcoming household (the Jasons) . They were super friendly and said they had two children, a girl - Robyn- and a boy - Charles- 9 and 14. "You must be Grace and Micheal Robinson." exclaimed Mrs Jason with a kind, caring smile. We arrived at their house- a tree among the bushes. The kids immediately said 'Hello' and Micheal (when he saw Robyn) blushed red head to toe. The bright amber sun stretched its fingers into all the dusty corners of the house, the wind blew the swaying trees. "Grace," Micheal whispered. "I'm in love with this place already!"

During my first day at the county school, a bully named Owen spread revolting rumors that I was a flippin' jerry and my uncle was stupid Hitler! I look nothing like him. All the kids steered away from me, luckily, Charles was my classmate and he supported and stayed by me throughout the whole day.

Whilst eating with Micheal and the Jasons, Charles asked me to meet him up in his room, which was strange, only his mates were allowed in there. Ever since I'd arrived in Devon he'd been super quiet (flushing pink whenever I talked to him) but really kind and we'd play footy together on Saturdays. Upstairs he told me he'd take me somewhere secret, this was an amazing idea, an epic idea, it was the cat's pajamas.

Late at night, Charles knocked on my bedroom door. I immediately awoke remembering what we had planned and threw on a pair of trousers, my coat and pulled on my boots. I carefully braided my hair. Time to visit the lake! When we arrived (after a long cold walk) I stared in marvel at the zen sight and instantly felt at peace. We decided that every Thursday night we'd have a self-regulation session - calming, peaceful, relaxing - to help with my home sickness.

New World, New Life

The Jasons are the best. So friendly, welcoming and fun (especially Charles). Soon Susan is coming, I couldn't be happier!