

My New Life In Appletreewick

I was just a boy. I was a boy who had seen only 11 years. It was only November 1941. I have wasted a whole year of my life watching the heartless Nazi's destroy my world. Both of my parents were dead; dad drowned at sea, mum from a heart attack. I had lost everything. I was living with my uncle and aunt. Uncle Bruce was a retired one-legged soldier; he had stepped on a mine on his first task. But now the Nazi's were going to shake my world yet again.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Aunt Mary was in the kitchen and I was laying the table. Then I heard it. *WHINE!!!* The unmistakable sound of a bomb filled my head. My uncle's eyes grew wide, then he dived into me, pushing me under the table. Quite an impressive feat for a one-legged 42 year old. *BANG!!! KABOOM!!! CRASH!!!* I heard a scream. Aunt Mary! *THUD!!!* Then silence.

After the Luftwaffe shattered my uncle's life, he decided that evacuation was the only option. I wanted to stay. I needed to! Who knows who I'll have to stay with, yet I still had one hope: the prospect of a new friend. If I were my uncle, I'd want me to hightail it out of here as well, even if only one person could go. He says I have to pack light; I can't even bring my diary or my books. Or my award. I could only bring my favorite pen.

The sun was shining. After a friendly billeting officer showed me to my seat, I was on my way. We stopped off at Cambridge fuel and we picked up another batch of children. Among them was a boy: Bartholemule. I knew I had met a new friend for life. We got off the train together. We were at the back of the queue and the line of the line of want-to-be parents was swiftly diminishing. Then the sky broke. Downpour and chaos ensued. The billeting officer rushed everyone along. He then man-handled us into the wilderness. He was speaking to us, but I wasn't really paying attention, I was just trying to stay dry. I'd just ask Bartholemule later, he was listening avidly. We went past a sign saying: 'Welcome to Appletreewick church' with a little skull graffitied on the sign. A feeling of horror and dread filled my body. As we rounded the bend, the sight of an old decrepit church filled my view. And standing outside, in the downpour, was an ancient priest. He grinned evilly and said something inaudible. Then, we were waved inside.

As time passed, mine and Bartholemule's lives steadily degraded. Every night, we heard the door slam. Then slam again several hours later. Every morning, we would go downstairs. We would find Father Jack (the priest) sitting - or rather *slumped* - in his armchair, face implanted into the table with beer spilling down his back. Then, we would have to go to the village to eat. The fridge at home was filled with beer. We

didn't even go to school. And we could only do this if he unlocked our turret door. It went on. On and on and on. It never ended.

After a month of never-ending torture, me and Bartholemule (who was faring with our predicament even more badly then me) started to scheme. It turns out that Bartholemule - who had won the JCLA (Junior Cambridge Literature Award) - loved writing as well! It was him who bought together a plan, a spectacular plan, an astonishing plan.

One dreary afternoon, me and Bartholemule decided to take action. We snuck out of the church and sneakily, swiftly, determinedly snuck into the village pub - the spot that Father Jack disappeared to every night and where he drowned in beer. I shoved open the heavy, oak door and ushered Bartholemule in ahead of me. asked "Excuse me, landlord. By any chance do you know Father Jack? White hair, a little crazy." The conversation went on for a while and I lost my concentration. Bartholemule spun around and I saw his face: victorious, bitter and even a little bit embarrassed. Then he spoke. "We have to work it off. But otherwise a success!

My life in Appletreewick is finally starting to become more bearable. Bartholemule's mad idea had changed my entire existence. And now, my stay in Appletreewick is the **best**. This spectacular disaster has completely flipped my life around and I'll always remember my lesson; you can fix anything, you might just need some help.

Written by Alasdair Dewar (6H at time of writing)

Same world as An Evacuation To Yorkshire (By Theo Law)