

The unpredictable journey

I was an ordinary 13 year old girl, living in Richmond when World War II broke my present and future life apart . In the time of 1941, all of my kind and caring friends were evacuated by their parents to the countryside for safety . The only people I was close to were my family.

It was a Sunday morning in February: I was sitting on a chair in a cafe studying for the GCSEs. All of a sudden, the air raid siren rang loudly ; I was then told to go to the Anderson shelter for safety. That's when it happened. Whoosh! Crash! Bang! Gasping, falling, swirling: I was pinned against the rough floor: I gasped for air and it was bombarded with smoke as I started to feel dizzy .

After the dangerous and horrifying accident that happened to me, Mom decided evacuating me was the safest option to make. She used to say all of us had to stay together; however she knew it was best for the next part of my life. If I were a mom, I would like my children to be safe.

After an enjoyable and exhausting train journey, I stood on the dusty and unpleasant front porch of the dull and dark mansion in the village under the warm sunrays with my new partner or family member known as Mackenzie Maclare, who is 20 years old. She always keeps a kind smile on her face. She also has blue eyes and ginger hair. After entering, the only ways I could use to describe the house was that it was a plain donut with strawberry fillings on the inside pouring out.

On my first day of school in the village, the children were mean and rude. They humiliated me in front of everyone saying I was dirty and spoiled as I lived in Richmond before coming. After that, everyone gave me dirty looks and whispered as I walked past like dominoes. At lunch, nobody sat next to me; I was lonely. I tried thinking of positives of that but there was just none. I felt like I was just useless. Was I actually not good enough?

After two weeks of being at the bottom of everyone, I met Lexie Johnstones , a quiet but smart girl the same age as me, who was also evacuated from London. Both of our dads died from fighting the jerries. We went through the same things together, I finally found someone who could understand me and my feelings. She thought of an idea to get revenge on the girls, and amazing idea, an outstanding idea, an extreme idea.

Before the sun even rose, Lexie knocked on my door, woke me up and tutored me with her school supplies while I focused and listened to every word that came out of her mouth. Without telling me, she told the teacher about the unacceptable bullying. Everyday- reluctantly, determined, concentrated- for a few months- we stayed in my room from 5 am to 9am working on our projects and studying.

My life was repaired from a million pieces to a whole. That tiny and helpful deed done by Lexi was almost everything to me. This journey gave me a once in a lifetime lesson learnt: don't accept what others think you are; show them what you are and outshine them.