

# A NEW BEGINNING BY EMMA MAMAI

*In the dreadful year of 1941, I was living in London while trying to survive world war 2 at just 11 years old. The devastating news arrived when my father's jet was brutally shot down over the country of France last month by the terrifying Jerries.*

*It was a Friday in January when I was sipping tea at the local cafe. In a matter of seconds I could see the Luftwaffe jets flying up ahead as the air raid siren was ringing in my head. I ran as fast as I could to the nearest shelter, my arms pumping like pistons, but i was too late. THUMP! WHUMP! CRASH! Gasping, choking, staggering. Air was sucked from my chest, planes droned onwards. Glass was everywhere. I tried to stand but my body was in the air. I don't remember the landing part.*

*After London was shattered to pieces, mum had decided that I had to be evacuated. I kept on telling mum that I didn't want to leave her but she didn't listen. I eventually understood why this was important. If I were a mother, I would want to keep my child safe too.*

After a long train journey, I finally arrived. The billeting officer led me to a majestic chessboard queen of a lighthouse where my older sister was waving welcomingly. Her shiny brown hair swayed side to side as I walked to her with my heavy bags. After a long journey of getting to my room, I unpacked my items in a cozy little space where the sun showed its rays gleefully. I finally felt safe after so many months. But I couldn't help but wonder, what was my mother going to do all alone?...

During the week at the school, the local kids were obnoxious. At class, people kept throwing paper balls, pencils and erasers at me. And worst of all, I was completely ignored at lunch! The only people who talked to me were bullies who called me names. I sat there looking at my lunchbox, I felt like all the things they said were true and I deserved that treatment- I wasn't smart enough.

Although the days were not going so good, I did make one friend. Her name was Laura and she went to my school in London. (she had also been evacuated as well.) I finally felt like I had someone who was just like me. One day, she had an idea. An amazing idea. A wonderful idea. An idea that will change the world.

One day, Laura showed up to my doorstep. She brought pencils, notebooks and other school supplies. At first, I was very confused. But then I realized that she wanted to teach me. It turns out she had planned this with my sister to teach me skills and how to stand up to myself. After so many early mornings, I learnt how to read, write and was ready to stand up to my bullies. At school, I stood up to them, finally passed exams and no one picked on me anymore. I felt pride, I had a friend.

My life was solved like a complicated puzzle. My best friend Laura helped me in the toughest moments of my journey. I was taught so much from this: you shouldn't stay silent, ask for help when you need it.