

The fresh start

I was a boy who was 6 years and 7 months old; In August 1940 in Kingston: we had to endure a horrible year of WW2. My Dad got killed by a bomb by the horrible and dreadful injuries.

It was a Saturday: Sukie told me and Cliff to a cinema then all of a sudden the people that there was an air raid the ground beneath us lapped my ankle then with glass. Then it happened I heard 'Whoosh, Crash, Crash, thump' I got tossed into the ground: I was gasping for air.

After another chaotic night, Mom decided that we needed to evacuate. That was the decision she made. We should leave London because it's safer to leave; because ever since Dad died we wanted to be close to each other but if I was in her shoes I would let them go because it's safer out of London.

After a dreadful long train journey, we arrived at a station in Devon, after that we met a nice bulletin officer and he took us to a mysterious mansion in town. I hoped it was not a crazy person after this hidden gem was amazing the door was huge and it was made out of iron and glass I was welcomed by a nice blue eyes guys.

During the first week of school at the school the children were rude, mean and vile, I was bombarded by assault names. At lunch I would sit alone which made me feel left out, alone, invisible and

annoyed and the bullies kept saying stuff about me which made me think that the bullies were right

After 3 weeks, I made a friend called with a shy girl could martin (who had been evacuated with me) and we both lost our Dad in the war (who was fighting in the battleground trying to defeat the vile jerries) I finally found someone who felt my pain. It was Martin who thought of an idea, fantastic idea, brilliant idea.

Early one morning, suddenly Martin showed up at my door with supplies; ready to teach me, help with homework. Her Mother assisted we us the anderson shelter (in the garden) and we should use it as the classroom. Everyday confidently, reluctantly, religiously for months we went to the shelter.

My life was finally coming together. Martin's iteration had changed my life. I was the cat you don't know what people are going through so always be kind to others.