

The End and Start

By Tamik!

From 6h

I was a boy of 10 years old, yes 10 years old in August 1940. We had endured a dreadful year of WWII. Everyday was painful, as all of my friends had been evacuated to the countryside.

It was a Monday in August: I was about to take the winning penalty for my football academy. When suddenly: Thump, whump, crash; three bombs landed on my team's goal, we ran, ran for dear life when it happened again. We were blasted into the air: Gasping, shouting, swirling. After that bang I fell to the ground. I don't remember that part.

After yet another blackout, Mum got the idea that she would evacuate me and my younger sister to Wrexham. I was bummed I wanted to stay. My mother had said that we would have to stay together so I have already gone without evacuation but my sister's safety was valid and a priority. If I were a mom I would have wanted my kids to be safe.

After a fun train journey, we had considered ourselves lucky to have ended up with none other than West Ham's wonderkid Bobby Moore. He greeted us with care and called us lassie as if we were his real kids, but his house was a whole other level. This whole time my brain was telling me evacuation was gonna be rainy but it just became so sunny I could hardly believe it. It was like a coronation for us.

During my first week at school I had a rough time kicking off, I had no friends whatsoever and playing by yourself well what I thought was playing was really boring. At school there was a bully that kept saying mean stuff about me. I'm ugly what if that's true, what if that's true and people don't like me, what if that's true and people don't like me or even worse they hate me.

I was reunited with my best friend from my school in London named Jake. He had also been evacuated, Jake had gone through the same thing I had left, leaving his family and losing his dad, at last someone that could understand me. it was him who came up with the solution, the amazing solution, the amazing and fantastic solution.

One day Jay came up to me and told me his plan that I approved a full stop at lunchtime Jake purposely shouted, "your stepdad is Bobby

Moore," acting surprised as if he did not know and had only just found out now. Now suddenly everyone was lining up to be my friends or even just talk to me. The bully kept saying sorry: embarrassingly, ashamedly and reluctantly.

School had become more palatable than before. that generational idea for my best friend Jake was the best thing that could ever happen to me a lot: everyone has highs and lows, be kind, not everyone has the same background.