**One Man; Two People**

**By Oscar**

**ONE MAN; TWO PEOPLE**

Tuesday 16th November 1939

’Boom’ went the city, as a loud bomb exploded in another part of the city, and more of the town was destroyed. Pieces of rubble covered the land as the enemies tried more and more to try and win the war early. Grey clouds of dust filled the air filled with planes. Although it was daylight the sun was blocked and so was the whole sky. Screaming cries filled the air.

“Did you see that bomb from the British Spritiheinhem?” shouted Commander 1746.

‘Who didn’t?’ replied Henrik.

At the burning centre, Henrik was shouting at the men, not because he didn’t like the Jews, but because he didn’t like his job at all, “What was your name?’

“Zakary!” the scared Jewish man replied.

As Henrik burnt ZAK-9274 into the Jewish man`s arm, he thought why am I doing this? But, he reasoned with himself, on the bright side, at least he wasn’t dying.

However later on that day…

“I’m leaving!” he shouted, He was sick and tired of putting people in pain. “I want to find a Pole!” He drove down the rubble road in his Nazi red and white big van. He suddenly stopped the van and thought to himself, why am I a Nazi? As he drove on in his red and white van, he saw a whole street full of complete houses and they were all spit spot-no bombs holes or anything-there was no sign of the war. It was strange that on one street the houses would be untouched, yet on another there would only be rubble for foundations. This war was cruel and everyone was a victim.

### He walked into the first house on the first street that he saw. It was a filthy, dirty house.

### “Bwaa waa  waa!”

### “Who, what was that sound?” Henrik said aloud.

### “Bwaa waa waa!” The high-pitched baby cried filled the deserted house.

“I said who was that? It sounds like a baby?” He shouted as his eyes darted round the room for a suspect. He changed the tone of his voice, “Trust me it will be alright. I promise I won’t hurt you.” He was hoping for an answer.

“Who are you?” A kid said. Henrik could see two yellow eyes merge into the darkness as a pale hand reached out to feel his trouser leg, to know that there was something there.

“It’s alright. Trust me. Here have some bread.” Henrik’s heart was tearing at the sight of someone so young, suffering so much.

“Thank you! Why are you wearing a Nazi suit?” another child said, and a second body revealed itself.

“Trust me I don’t want to be one!” said Henrik honestly.

After that, every day he came back to give food to them. He cared for them as if they were his own. By day he would do the work of Hitler, but by night he would mend his soul.

Unfortunately, one day Hitler came instead. Boom! The family of five were huddled close together. And that was how Henrik found them.

By Oscar.