**BOB’S ADVENTURE**

Suddenly, a high pitched wailing sound filled Bob’s swollen ears! He looked to the pitch black sky, he could just make out a few bodies of dark planes in the light of the Wardens rotating searchlights. They were gliding lazily through the sky, bombs falling from them. All those planes brought was death!

One year ago, the ominous war of World War Two had begun. Bob had only been ten when it had started and since then he had so many responsibilities. Bob had shortened his name from Robert to Bob.

Bob dashed into his families Anderson shelter, all it is a piece of corrugated iron with grass grown above for camouflage, he didn’t think it made any difference to the bombs. Inside was two bunks, a chest and an old, weather beaten stool. His Mum and Dad were already there. His Mum was on the chest his Dad on the stool, they were both shockingly worried. A second after Bob had closed the door, the shelter rattled violently as a bomb hit the ground! Bob covered his ears at the low grumbling noise. “How close was that?” asked my Mum in a shaky voice, ”A mile away,” my dad replied, trying to sound confident. Bob knew it was closer! Without warning, a bomb hit! The bunks collapsed, the stool upturned and the chest opened with all the cans of precious food which they had collected from before the war! Everything was lost!

It was a long tiring night, the bunks were too hard to sleep on and you couldn’t stop thinking about when the planes would come back, Bob barely got any sleep, as did his mum and dad. They took turns of the one bunk left over, the one of the bed was on the floor.

When Bob opened his eyes in the morning he rushed out of his bunk and barged through the hanging open door. As soon as Bob stood outside his mouth hang open! Where his house had once been was now just a pile of cracked bricks, from where he stood you couldn’t even spot the collapsed roof! As Bob stumbled up the ruin his back door came into view. It was now only hanging on one, bent hinge! As he ran towards it the rubble slid under his feet. Bob decided he should find his mum and dad first.

He found them kneeling by a cracked photo of himself as a young boy! There were tears in their swollen eyes, as Bob came towards them they hid the destroyed photo, Bob knew they were so upset.

A few minutes later, Bob’s mum and dad were hurrying him to the crowded station so he could get evacuated. Bob didn’t want to go but his mum and dad had forced him. Bob had never been to the station before since his parents only worked at London.

The station was an over populated place; parents hurried children onto the awaiting trains, pushing their small suitcases into their hands. Bob had been given a small label with string tied onto his neck.

After a while, a tall man came up to Bob, he checked Bob’s card and said, “Get on the train, you are getting off at the third stop.”

Five minutes later, the train was edging out of the station, Bob sat in a compartment close to the back of the carriage, there was two other people in the same compartment, when Bob had come in one said, “Hi, what is your name mine is Steve, nice to meet you” Bob replied, “My name is Bob.”

After that Bob sat next to Steve, though he didn’t chat, he was thinking how he would get off at the next stop, he didn’t want to leave London Then it came to him! He would just have to dash out.

An half an hour later the first stop came into view and Bob jumped up to the door,

“Oh are you out this early?” asked Steve in a disappointed voice,

Bob hesitated, “I am,” and then he dashed out of the compartment.

At the door to the carriage was a tall man who had a deep blue uniform on with a smart hat on his head. As soon as he saw Bob he strode towards him. Bob ran, he barged past the man, pushing his arms away.

Bob didn’t stop until he was in the dense wood near the station; the trees made a green carpet above you and there was hardly any space to move around! Without warning, a man jumped out of the trees, he looked strangely joyful; there was a huge grin on his face but strangely his brown eyes weren’t sparkling-Bob knew that the man wasn’t really as joyful as it seemed. The man jogged up to Bob and said, “Hi my name is Wolfgang and I ran away to the woods a few months ago, I didn’t want to be a British soldier!” (Bob thought this was strange since he had seen hundreds of posters seeing troops with grins on their scarred faces) Bob replied, “Why won’t you join the army? It seems so fun!” Wolfgang didn’t reply to the question but said, “Do you want some food in the cottage I made? It took me so long for me to build; a year in fact!” “I thought you only came here a few months ago?” replied Bob in a mischievous voice, “Where did you live before?” “Near here,” Wolfgang said in a hurry, then said a few words in a torrent of a foreign language.

A few minutes later, Bob was being led by the hurrying Wolfgang to his cottage without, knowing what he was doing following this stranger. The cottage was made of oak wood in the middle of an open clearing, there were small windows in random places along the walls, and the roof was strewn with pulled up shrubs for camouflage. “So this is it,” Wolfgang muttered. All there was inside was a mattress, two chairs and a table. Every single one was either broken or weather beaten; the chairs had both lost one leg, the table han a chunk of it on the floor and the mattress had a hole in it. The food was mostly fruit or vegetables and a few pieces of meat.

The next few days were always peaceful; the only thing Bob could hear was the occasional tweet of a bird or a squirrel scurry across the leaves. On the fifth day in the woods Wolfgang suggested a walk to Bob. Bob agreed to it then to his surprise saw something gleaming in a hidden gun canister inside Wolfgang’s coat! Before Bob went on the walk he followed Wolfgang until he could snatch the gun, it took him some time. The boy waited half an hour to get the gun. As soon as he found it lying on the table he dashed out onto the walk.

There was a curtain of leaves above his head- the light they blocked only left a slight glow in the air. After an hour through the walk, Bob heard a rustle in a bush, then a sharp voice reached his ears, “Stay were you are, you’re coming with us.

Slowly Bob turned around, two men were standing there with a gun pointing at his heart! Bob had brought his gun up as soon as he had heard the voice, he now aimed it at them! Without warning, a crack filled the air, a hole appeared in front of Bob’s feet. Ten he fired, Bob‘s bullet missed its target but at that moment Wolfgang arrived then fell to the floor, **dead**! Bob fired two more shots then ran, hoping the other two mean were dead, he didn’t stop until he got to the station to find help. Instead he jumped onto a train to London!

There was only army members on the train, they only glanced at him. Bob was the only child there and was only. Suddenly, one man walked up to Bob and said, “What are you doing here, you should be in the country?” Bob didn’t reply.

**THE END.**