Sasha Collonge

It was a dark night, when Steve was eating with his mates at the table, and then a skinny man came running in and he was panting, ’go you need to bomb the German camps’

‘Why? ‘he asked.

‘They’ve got too many men!’

So he ran to his mosquito (a plane) and jumped in flicking switches every second. ’Engines set,’ he said to his self. The engine whirred and he took off. His journey to Germany had started. After about 2 hours he arrived at Germany. Suddenly some bullets shot his plane! His main parachute failed, he was tumbling through the air… then silence! Did he live or not? Did he get caught? YES he lived. The fully grown corn had saved him. He steadily got up from the wet and muddy ground. The Germans had followed the crash and tried to kill him. It was good that the plane was made of wood because it burnt all of the soldiers to dust! He looked to the vicious fire, then set off again.

A few days later, *still* searching for food. He found a perfect cave it was so good in fact, that it was like a perfect set-up! He packed to get some food and some water. Hours passed and he still didn’t find anything, he got tired of looking. He clumsily closed his eyes and then... BANG a German shot him straight in his foot! He fell straight down a cliff and painfully broke all of his bones in his right leg. He crawled all the way home.

His leg was throbbing with pain, but he had to keep on going. When he arrived he crafted a spear using a stone and a long and thick piece of wood. He also made a rope out of vines to hold the spear.

He killed some deer and made a fire to cook it. After a he got his strength back, he practiced aiming against a tree.

Then one day he heard a sound in the bushes, then he saw a Nazi and got ready. SWOOSH! Went the arrow through the bushes, and got someone in the chest! Slowly, he crept through the bushes and saw someone on the dirty floor with his eyes and mouth open. Then he had an idea. He would steel his cloths and put them on then go back to the Nazi camp.

A few hours later when he arrived at the camp he told them to help him with his broken leg, and that’s exactly what they did. Just days before the Blitz he was feeling much better so he told the German officer that he wanted to fight in the Blitz and the answer was YES. His master plan had started!

When he was in his plane he knew what he had to do. He was going to shoot the German planes and then he would make his plane explode because he had a grenade on his belt and then he would parachute himself to safety. BANG he heard the first bomb drop, this was his queue, and so he got the guns loaded and shot the first planes down, one of the planes crashed into another plane and the other one accidently dropped a bomb on another plane then he shot all of the other planes down. Every night he did that and at the last one he exploded his plane to smithereens and the landed down safely and found his family.

THE END

