The Silver Sword

By Divine

THE SILVER SWORD

Jan picked up the letters beside him. They were written to him by his Mother from inside the concentration camp where she was being kept.

*To Jan*

*LOOK INSIDE THIS LETTER, DON’T IGNORE!!!*

*This letter has a silver sword in it, you must be wondering why I have given it to you. It is because if Nazi soldiers see me with it, they will give to Hitler and he will want me killed. So hide it and don’t let anyone take it from you. Love you lots, always,*

*Mum.*

Knock. Knock. Knock.

“Feline, hide! Someone’s at the door,” Said Jan.

Jan walked slowly to the door and Feline (his dirty, old, scruffy cat) followed him.

“Thompson, what is the matter? It looks very urgent,” said Jan, as he tried to hide the letter that he had just read.

“Jan, this is urgent, you need to give me the silver sword because the Nazis are coming to steal it from you and if you try get it back then your house will be bombed and you will be killed,” lied Thompson.

“But I thought you were a Na-”

“So pass me the silver sword and will get going,” interrupted Thompson.

Jan took the silver sword out of his pocket and handed it to Thompson.

“Oh, and if you need me, I will be in the, um…market with my um…my brother,” lied Thompson again, banging on the door on his way out.

Jan picked up the emergency letter that his Mother gave him.

“Oh no! Mother told me not to give the silver sword to anyone!” Said Jan.

IN THE MARKET…

“Hitler, I’ve got the Silver Sword,” Said Thompson.

“Good, where is the boy? Jan is his name. You were supposed to catch him?” Said Hitler.

“Oh, I thought I only had to bring the Silver sword,” said Thompson disappointedly.

“Because of that I will reduce your pay,” said Hitler.

IN THE STREET…

“Feline, wake up, we have to go to the Market, remember Thompson told us that he will be in the Market with his brother,” said Jan.

Feline and Jan walked down to the Market looking around to if Thompson and his brother had left.

“Feline, stay close, there are so many people,” said Jan nervously. Jan waked down the busy market with his cat Feline. Feline purred with fear because he didn’t know anyone.

“There he is Feline! Let us go and ask politely if we can have the Silver Sword back. Oh Mother, I’m so sorry, please forgive me.” Said Jan.

“Thompson, where is Thompson?” whispered Jan.

“You were looking for me Jan? Oh I have what you need, the Silver Sword, but unfortunately, you are not getting it,” said Thompson. Listening to that sentence, Jan realised that Thompson wasn’t a real friend.

Suddenly…

“Meow!!” cried Feline saving the day as her tail knocked Thompson off balance. The sword fell out of Thompson’s pocket. Jan picked it up and ran away.

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