

THE NAZI PLAN

“But I don’t want to!” I screamed to Mum – my parents wanted me to go and meet a group of Nazi’s but I hated Nazi’s. My family was just under Hitler so we were very wealthy. If we were so wealthy then why was I so unhappy? Well they do say that money can’t buy you happiness and I agree. But my parents didn’t care about my opinion and they still don’t care – so we got into the car and was heading for the train station.

As soon as we got onto the train I felt butterflies in my stomach, the butterflies were so large that I thought I was in a zoo. The next station was my stop but not my parents. The train was now coming to a stop and I had told my parents that I needed to go and see my luggage, because it was closer to the door and then the doors began to open. As quick as a whip, I jumped off the train and ran for my life. I don’t know if my parents noticed I was missing, but if they didn’t care about me then I didn’t care about them.

I passed by the ammunition factory and the Nazi’s workstation and right there in front of me I saw it. I was at the concentration camp. My heart was pounding so loud I was afraid I would get caught and be thrown into prison. Then, as I was tiptoeing through a dark, gloomy tunnel (the entrance) my hair was getting pulled.

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Slowly, I turned around with tension building up in my head, I saw a tall dark haired man, which kind of looked familiar and that’s when it hit me.

“Hello Alexandra!” I said

“Oh hello,” he said “Hail Hitler, sorry I have to say it whenever I see someone, also it is my duty to. Oh also sorry for pulling your hair.”

“No problem,” I said “and also Hail Hitler.”

I was so happy that he let me in to see the little children (this was a children’s concentration camp) my plan was working. There was a little girl that caught my eye, very trustworthy, I know this because I told her the plan and she didn’t say a word to anyone. But little did I know that Alexandra was standing behind me.

“I agree!” he said and joined my voyage.

He said that we could break free in three days. He also said that we couldn’t trust any of the guards because they had very strong beliefs in Hitler and the Nazi troops. After rehearsing the plan – take all the children to the gate and then use the secret passage to escape, the passage was near the gate, pretty simple, isn’t it?- about one thousand times we were all vexed and tired so we all fell asleep immediately. Unfortunately, it turned out that Alexandra talked in his sleep.

I was deeply disappointed when I was woken by Alexandra screaming the plan out loud for everyone to hear. I thought it was a dream so I ignored it. But what I didn’t know was that it wasn’t a dream and a guard was listening and had told every single word to Hitler.

I woke up early, revising the plan in my head, today was the day of the big break free but it was about to be ruined. I was going to go and wake up Alexandra but something wasn’t right. Then I noticed that the guards weren’t there. Then my suspicions were raised further, they always guard the gates so why weren’t they there today? I ran straight to Alexandra’s office. I told him to hurry up, we were doing our plan early.

When we got out of the secret tunnel with all the children from the concentration camp we were ambushed by Hitler’s army. It was only a small army with only about fifteen people (because all of his army was out fighting in the war, soldiers in training) when the army saw who they were fighting they were upset, they were brainless not heartless. They all decided to fight Hitler instead of fighting the children. Fortunately, he had a knife and he, clearly, wasn’t afraid to use it. He threw a mighty big knife at me and luckily enough I dodged it but it just skimmed my arm and it cut my arm open.

There were streams of blood pouring out of my arm. I felt sick just looking at it. I told the children, Alexandra and the army to run for their lives I was going to deal with Hitler myself. I was just about to punch him but I saw Alexandra gesturing to me to follow him.

I saw my parents coming towards me in disbelief. Just looking at them made me feel sick in the mouth. “I want to be adopted by Alexandra.” I said.

“Fine by us!” said my ‘old’ dad “you are a disgrace to the Nazi’s!”

“Fine then!” I said with a tear running down my cheek. My parents that have raised me since I was young just gave me up in about two seconds. So since this day I have been Alexandra’s daughter.

By Marissa