Blu

Caleb and the War



Caleb woke up from his frightening dream. He was in his house and he heard a BANG! Wait was he in a dream? He wasn’t in a dream it was real life. His heart started to pound faster and faster. He threw himself out of bed and onto the ragged, red carpet. His hair on edge. He had only got on his beige top and a pair of darkened, baggy trousers. His hair a mess with a bit of green gunk in his hair –from the ceiling. Caleb grabbed his brown jacket that had a few holes in the pocket and a small hole in the back. BANG! Again. But it was closer. He also had to quickly put his brown boots on.

Caleb heard the footsteps of someone coming up to his door. It was Adolf Hitler. He was terrified. He carefully opened the creaky door a little bit. “Let me in now otherwise we will kill you and anyone else who is in there. If you join us you will not be killed.” He spoke wisely from the street. Caleb was frozen, he opened the door a little bit more. “Hi and yes, because I would really like to help you the Germans and other countries if they have joined or if they want to.” Spoke Caleb as he opened the door even more until he couldn’t open it anymore. He didn’t really want to join but he did so he didn’t get killed. One of Hitler’s German soldiers threw him a gun and one of the suits they wear. “Go back in and get changed into it. Come back out and meet us on Bluemill Road, just across the street.” One of his soldiers spoke.

As he entered the house he started to get nervous. What country would they bomb and what would he do, fly and plane there?

Caleb came back out, “My name is Caleb. What are your names?”

“Wolfgang.” spoke one of them. He was short and plump with a long red nose from the coldness.

“Wilhelm.” Spoke another. He was opposite to Wolfgang tall and thin with a small pink nose.

“Of course you know my name. Well I hope you do. Anyway my name is…” he couldn’t continue because Caleb took over.

“Adolf Hitler.” He exclaimed.

“We need to go now boys follow me we need to get into the van and now.” Said Adolf Hitler. They all followed him. Except Wolfgang pushed Caleb behind him to the very back.“Now you will know how to do our special walk.” He said to Caleb sarcastically. He didn’t say anything back. Caleb looked at the feet trying to do the ‘special walk’ as Wolfgang had told him.

When they arrived at the van, Caleb followed them into the back of the van. Hitler went into the driver’s seat. He sat on a piece of wood that looked burnt. Wilhelm sat on a bag of bombs. Finally, Wolfgang sat on the old wooden chair with a broken leg on it. “Boys, tomorrow we are going to fly to France to bomb them. Remember Wolfgang and Wilhelm you will be dropping the bombs through the opening in the back of the plane. Caleb is that your name? Well, you are going to pass the bombs to Wolfgang and Wilhelm. ”exclaimed Hitler.

“Of course Sir Hitler.” Spoke Wolfgang.

“Yes Sir Hitler, we will do our job well.” Wilhelm slowly said.

“Ok, I guess I will. No I mean of course we will.” Spoke Caleb confused. Hitler started to drive. “We are going to the Nazi Camp.” Spoke Hitler.

When they got there Hitler walked doing the ‘special walk’ went through the main entrance. We went through and into the bedrooms -which had bunk beds. “You will be sharing one with Wolfgang,” Hitler confidently spoke, Caleb was very annoyed. “It is time for dinner come to the dinner hall, it is vegetable soup with some bread on the side.

After dinner it was bed. Caleb laid on the bottom bunk trying to get to sleep. All he could think about was bombing France. He couldn’t, but he had to. His eyes started to blink and close. He pulled the grey, fine threaded blanket over him and drifted off into a relaxing sleep.

\*Ring! Ring! Ring!\* Caleb woke up with a sudden jolt. It was a bell. Everyone was getting up, so he thought that it must be the morning bell. Through a speaker Hitler spoke encouragingly, “All must report to dinner hall. I repeat all report to dinner hall. Get dressed into your uniforms first, and again all report to the dinner hall.”

Caleb quickly got changed -otherwise he will be put to the penalty of death.

Once he had finished he got into the line with the other soldiers. They started to do that ‘special walk’ again, all the way to the dinner hall. Finally, when they got there, Caleb and another 1000 people got their breakfast. He got some powdered eggs and a drink of water. He went over to one of the tables. He sat down with Wilhelm and unfortunately Wolfgang. The smell was putrid that came from the powdered eggs. The water was better. He kept his head over the bowl until he finished eating. The powdered eggs looks like yellow, orange flour. When he finished he took one sip of his drink but it was a bit salty. He drunk it all otherwise he would be very thirsty and put to death penalty again- Wilhelm told him all about what would happen the night before if he did the wrong thing.

After breakfast, Hitler said that they should go outside after they grab their guns and bombs. They went outside and Caleb followed Wilhelm and Wolfgang because he was getting on the plane with them two and another person. There was another person who was at the front of them three, Wilhelm told Caleb,” That is Vatan. He thinks that he is better than everyone else here.”

“Ok. So are we getting on the plane now?” asked Caleb, they had got the guns and bombs. Caleb had got only a gun.

A minute later the boarded the plane, ready for take-off but nervous at the same time he went to his seat near the front. Just behind the pilot’s seat, facing backwards. Vatan was the pilot, Wilhelm was at the front in the left seat next to the pilot. Finally Wilhelm was sitting facing Caleb, which was great because he didn’t get along well with Wolfgang.

Vatan said “Boys are you ready for the best plane ride yet?” Caleb now saw him in action thinking he was the best. A low humming sound started as they started to take off from the ground. When they were flying quite high all of the boys slyly spoke, “Woohoo! Yeah this is the best!” while they were actually thinking the complete opposite thing, such as this is the worst take off ever.

Around and hour later, they were flying over France. “It is time now to drop the bombs,” exclaimed Wolfgang,” You know what to do so do it! Well I bet that little Caleb guy doesn’t so you need to pass…”

“Excuse me he knows, plus don’t speak in that baby voice he understands us you know. I think you need to be spoken to in a baby voice actually.” Spoke Wilhelm, in a brave voice. He had stood up for Caleb.

Wilhelm and Wolfgang got up out of their seats and so did Caleb. Vatan opened up the back, Caleb started to pass Wolfgang and Wilhelm the bombs to drop down. POW! As he kept passing them he started to feel really bad, he is helping kill people. He can’t believe why he is doing it. He thought back to when they came to his door, he wishes that he would’ve died rather than everyone else that he is killing now. POW! POW! POW! Lots of bombs had dropped at once there because Wilhelm and Wolfgang had dropped one each and Caleb had accidentally rolled one too far off of the edge,”Oops, sorry about that.”

“You will be when I push you off of the edge, won’t you?” Wolfgang shouted.

“He said sorry though,” spoke Wilhelm.

“Ok I am pushing you both off the edge now.” Exclaimed Wolfgang. This time he wasn’t faking it this time. He was horrible and he quickly grabbed Caleb and threw him off. Soon followed Wilhelm. They didn’t dare say a word when they fell. As he smacked the ground he had his last breath as he was falling.

Their bodies would lay there until someone discovered them.