**World War 2 dilemmas**

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“A thrilling tale of daring adventure and

Beautiful family relationships.”

*The guardian*

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Rodger rushed through the dust and rubble. Screaming sounded all around him as he shouted “Mum, Mum where are you?”

Smoke fled into the sky, licking the tops of the chimneys. Coughing filled his ears as he turned around desperate to find his mum! There she was lying on the grey, sandy floor. Blood poured out her leg and bathed the ground in red.

Rain started to splatter onto Rodgers face. Tears rolled down his face and his eyes became red and blotchy. His hand clasped his mother’s as she drew her last breath, her eyes closed and her hand fell to the floor. Rodger screamed for mercy as he looked down at his mother.

Suddenly, a huge bang blared behind him. He turned his head towards the commotion but fire clouded his view. A small house had been bombed by the ever growing Nazis!

He looked up into the rain and saw the huge zeppelin hiding the clouds.

Now that his mother was dead his only relative in England was his sister, Bianca, who was in the andison shelter. She was 7 the day before.

Rodger got up and slumped back to the ruins of their home. Bianca was there stirring the soup for the third day in a row.

“so where’s mum,” Bianca said not looking up,” I thought you went to look for her.”

“I did but…”

“You didn’t find her!”

“No, no, I found her but…”

“But what?”

“She’s… she’s gone, “I answered, tears were welling up in my eyes again, “she’s actually gone!”

Suddenly, another bomb went off behind them. The remains of their home started flooding into the shelter. All went black.

Rodger opened his weary eyes and looked at the chaos in the room beyond him. People were rushing around in white cloaks and carrying clipboards. Everyone was shouting orders at each other while they rushed around too.

Then he studied the actual room. Cracks crept up the walls which met up with the ceiling at the brownish corners. Posters hung everywhere showing children playing with big pills in their hands.

Rodger realised where he was at that very moment in time. It was the place he dreaded most… the hospital! He turned his head to the left to see the patient there. His sister lay there looking up. As he looked the penicillin started to wear off and her eyes stated to flutter. Her head turned and she looked at me. She was in pain, deep pain. A deep cut slashed across her face.

A doctor rushed over to her and told her to look back up.

Helplessly, he laid back down as well and looked at the ruined ceiling.

He needed to get out but without his sister as she was too ill. Ideas rushed through Rodgers head but only two were good enough. He tried the first.

“Doctor, doctor, doctor –“Rodger said to a nearby women.

“Actually I’m a nurse but go on,” she answered

“Let’s just say… I need the loo” I continued.

“Not going to work on me sonny boy.” And she walked off.

Rodger thought to himself, he’ll have to try the other way to get out.

He grabbed a bread roll and a cup of water then he ran, as fast as his legs would carry him. He reached the double doors before anyone realised he was gone. He was about to run through the doors, when suddenly, the nurse turned around and shouted,” Oy, you, come back here!”

Rodger shot past and fled into the starry night. Yells echoed in the alley behind him as he skidded round the corner into the street. As he looked around he realised that this was a very bad idea. He had ran into a Nazi base!

Nazis surrounded Rodger.

“komm Jung dett für dich, sich uns anzuschließen,” said a neat man, he put his arm around Rodger and smiled coldly.

“What?” Rodger replied.

“He speaks German, he said come and join us.” another man behind him said.

“why can’t he just speak English, he is in England.” Rodger replied.

Of Corse Rodger knew he was being tricked and he also knew that the nurse saw him come here so she must be calling the police. He just had to keep the Germans busy.

“Before we go can I have some water,” Rodger said.

The other man turned back and said to the general,” Er will etwas Wasser, Sir.”

“sehr gut, sehr gut, aber schnell” The genral said back.

The man turned back around and looked down. His eyes widened in terror. The three other Nazis were on the floor groaning in pain and the boy was nowhere to be seen.

Rodger ran and kept on running, through the wood hoping to get to the other side before noon the next day. After an hour he sat down to rest. He looked up at the distant sky and mulled the last few hours over in his head. So many bad things kept happening to him and now he was all alone again.

He stood up and looked at the big field in front of him. Then he looked at the top of the hill, a small figure was at the top of the huge hill. Maybe it was a friend. As he climbed up the hill he saw more details of the figure. It was a man. He was holding a girl. As he got closer he realised who it was.

“Papa” Rodger shouted seeing the strong man before him, “how did you know that Bianca was in hospital,”

“ A good father always knows when their children are in trouble.” He looked down at his son,” now let’s go kick some Nazi backsides”

That’s how their story started.