 Scarlett Eustice **SHINING**

 **LIGHTS!**

 1

 train

Squished and tired I sat on my seat. I was being evacuated far away from my brilliant life that I had once lived in. Timbo (my pet mouse) sat in my pocket harmlessly chewing on his cheese. My heart was beating like a drum and my hands were sweating like a dog that had jumped in the water. I was nervous but not as nervous as the little boy sitting next to me, he was only up to my stomach and had tears forming in his eyes, he looked as if he could burst into a flood. He glanced over to me, so I tried to comfort him by nicely giving him a friendly smile which was hard since I wasn’t in a jolly mood at all; although I think it helped since afterwards, he took a big breath and then smiled back. I realized that I had made the boy feel better which distracted me.

“Would you like to play a game of cards?” the boy politely asked. I wanted to say no since I didn’t know how to play and by the looks of it nether did, he.

“Oh, I just remembered I bought cat’s cradle” I told him but as I reached into my bag to get it, a brown fur ball flew out my pocket. It was Timbo. His tiny little feet were going so fast not even the best runners could catch him. I was just about to catch him when I looked behind me, looked back again and he was gone. I was now running whilst looking around me when I bumped into a tall man who was holding the cheeky fur ball (Timbo) in his hands. He looked down at me

“This train is to evacuate children, not animals,” the man said angrily. “What do you have to say for yourself?” He was now looking at me with his eyes wide open. My hands were shaking, and my heart was beating like a three-year-old child hitting some drums.

“I’m sorry sir, you’re right I shouldn’t have brought him here,” I admitted. Even though the man seemed mad at me he also seemed quite attached to Timbo. He carefully handed me Timbo and walked back to his seat. This made me more worried what it would be like at Devon, would it be all posh there? Would they take Timbo away from me? I couldn’t let that worry me now though, I had to stay strong like I had been already. I tried to listen to myself, but the tears were already filling my eyes, so I rushed to the bathroom and water flooded out of my eyes. I told myself to get a grip, I’d go back outside and make a better example of myself, so I did.

Finally, we reached Devon at nine o’clock; we were all very tired. Me and Will (the little boy from the train) got out of the train together and looked for the people that are going to look after us. As I looked around there were people laughing, hugging, everyone made the children feel so welcome which made me feel exited to meet the person that was going to take care of me. Me and Will both bumped into a tall man with a straight face.

“Are you miss Alison Brim and Mr William James?” he asked, looking down at us. A frown came across my face. Is this the man that is going to take care of me? I asked myself and I think Will was asking himself the same question.

“I am not the person looking after you two, I will only take you to her,” the tall man said to us. Trying not to show it, a wave of relief hit me.

When we got to the house, we were so tired that we didn’t even look around the place, we just found our rooms and collapsed on our beds. As we were falling asleep, I realised we hadn’t even met the person looking after us, although I was too exhausted to think about that right now, so I closed my eyes and fell asleep.

The next morning, I woke up feeling positive and exited to make a great impression in front of Mrs Bothwell (the lady looking after me.) I went to check on Timbo, who I put in the drawer, to make sure he didn’t interfere with my big impression but when I looked in my draw the little fur ball had simply disappeared. Suddenly, I heard a knock on the door. Confused, I told them they could come in. It was Will back from the toilet.

“Um… Timbo has run away again,” he told me. I ran faster than I had ever ran before, my legs were moving as fast as jets flying. This was no way to make a first impression. When I ran into the kitchen, I saw a lady laughing, stroking Timbo and inside my head, after what I’d been through, I begged that that was the lady looking after me.

“Hello, you must be Alison,” the lady kindly said.

“Yes. I’m so sorry,” I said guilty

“What an earth for? I love this mouse!” Mrs Bothwell replied kindly.

I looked at her, shocked and also kind of relived to learn that Mrs Bothwell wasn’t mortified by Timbo or, in some people’s opinions, a ball of trouble.

“He’s called Timbo,” I said to Mrs Bothwell.

She seemed so fascinated with the creature, it was as if it were her long-lost brother. Suddenly, Mrs Bothwell put Timbo down and started rummaging through her cupboards

“Ah, HA!!” she yelled and placed a bowl of cheese down on a table I had (previously) ignored. There on the table were all sorts of terrific meals; waffles with warm maple syrup poured on top and bacon and sausages on a huge plate. It was even better than the ones my mother once made me. I thought that like good people, good food had died in the war.

“This is for you and Will” Mrs Bothwell told me with a generous smile on her face. Timbo leaped to the table and started to nibble away.

“Oh, and Timbo of course”

This lady seemed different to the man me and Will met on the train.

Out the window was a group of people celebrating, even the evacuees, everyone except Mrs Bothwell. I started to wonder why she didn’t come and pick us up from the train station? Why wouldn’t she? It couldn’t be the people, they all seemed wonderous… (well, everyone but the man on the train).

“How was your ride?” Mrs Bothwell asked

“Not great,” I answered

“Oh, why?”

“I made a mistake bringing Timbo. He escaped, and one man clearly did not want him on the train,” I told her

“Was this man tall with brown hair by any chance?” Mrs Bothwell asked.

“Yes, how do you know?” I asked in shock.

Mrs Bothwell obviously had experience with this man but looking at her face and seeing her reaction to him, I could tell she knew him in a bad way! Sadly, I got the feeling that this man would be living near us, so I supposed his personality would be living with him!

“That’s Felix - an old friend,” Mrs Bothwell told Alice.
“AND…?” I asked, a little too intrigued, “Sorry, I mean - and….?”

 2

 Tilly Bothwell’s story.

I was in my 20’s, so was Felix and, well, we were chums, we were. Every day we would go and ‘hang out’ I think you call it these days, all until his sister came. I’m not blaming Lily, she was lovely. We would ‘hang out’ all the time together, Lily even told me what she did for a living. She illustrated children books which I thought was lovely. This is when it all went funny and I don’t know how.

One day, my friend Billy called, telling me he was struggling finding an illustrator so I had what I thought was a wonderous idea - Lily should be his illustrator! Lily also thought it was a good idea, or at least I thought so what with the hugs and most unpleasant ‘cheek kisses.’ Lily pleaded me not to tell Felix yet, which was hard, but the lady was so nice…… she even complimented my home-made soap, so I did as she asked. It was even more awkward when me and Lily went out for the occasional chit-chat about the job.

A few days later, she left to go to London for the new job and we still had not told Felix. Lily was just about to tell Felix about the job but a few minutes later she came rushing back. I thought to myself that she must’ve said good bye fast because she did it faster than I can say… say…what is that word you all say now… Cross-a-tera? …. Crack-a-do? … Never mind, it doesn’t matter.

That evening, I stayed out side. When I saw Felix, I tried to wave but when I did, he shook his head in disappointment.

What I did, I don’t know. But how it made me feel was guilty and almost heart broken. And that wasn’t the worst of it - he would avoid me all the time. Several nights I thought over what I could have done wrong, I searched my head every night, but I could never ever find the answer, each time I searched for it, well, it was never there.

Things got worst each day, I was spending my days with my cousin, Mary. I had told Mary everything and yet I’m still not quite sure if she understood. However, if baking bread is what made me get over everything, then that was where I would be. Mary herself was a very smiley lady and I don’t think I had ever seen her frown (which after a while could get very annoying.)

From then on, my days were very boring without Felix and I missed him ever so much. I kept searching for what I could have possibly done wrong.

Just as I thought things couldn’t get worse, they did. They got much worse. Even though I wasn’t any longer friends with Felix, I loved my reputation in that village. I was known as the village friendly lady and I was always very easy to get along with. I walked out of my house each morning feeling sad and confused about what had happened with Felix. The one thing that made me feel better is everyone smiling, waving, chit-chatting and even hugging. I would personally be absolutely mortified if that went away from me and well, guess what? It went away, all of it, thanks to flipping’ Felix…

One day I was supposed to meet Mary at the bakery to make a cake for her friend’s little sisters’ friend, very complicated when explained.

 Now as I said, I love my reputation and I have many decent friends around the village. We definitely have many laughs and when I woke up there was a sign next to my door and this is what it said.

***Beware***

***This lady is a master of coercion!***

As I read this, I thought to myself ‘another laugh from Gerald’ when I saw him walking away with a hammer in his hand. I then put on my best ‘very funny’ face on to return the joke but when he looked at me his face was so angry, I realized that he meant it. At first, I thought maybe it is a joke, maybe I didn’t realize it was a grumpy, lazy Sunday morning but as the day went on it got worse.

Later on, that same day I waited hours for Mary to meet me and when people went by, they all tended to snarl at me. I know I was the village friendly lady but when they snarled it made me have a beastly tingle crawl up my spine and I suddenly wanted to shout very loudly

“what the blimmin’ heck have I done wrong?”

Luckily, I didn’t do this because that wouldn’t be helping the situation AT ALL. (Well, maybe just a little bit.)

To my disbelief, time was going by and yet there was still no sign of Mary. Inside the bakery I heard a noise, a rolling pin rolling up pastry and then, when I looked, I saw Mary and some other girl. Despite it being locked up, there they were making a whole list of things. Jam, pie, cake, everything!

 As words of shock were about to blurt out my mouth, I thought I best to knock on the door so I could show them.

When the door opened and so many feelings were now squashed up inside my mind an opening the door didn’t make it much better. There it was, Mary’s first frown in history and that’s when it all happened, all these different emotions jammed up in my head. Sad, confused, guilty I had no idea how to feel. I decided possibly I should just swallow down these harsh words and let Mary just shut the door on me, which she did do.

After that I went home with all these feelings in my head. All these feelings felt like dropping something in the ocean one day and then dropping something else another day and again and again and again. When you look at the see in so many different angles certain things will pop back up again and then they’ll go and your back to square one. I sat in my living room that evening once again searching it for what I could have done wrong. I woke up the next morning feeling reasonably happy. When I went down stairs and opened the door, I gave the post man a good wave and what did I get back? Nothing. I tried it with another person and the same thing happened, I looked down at my mail box and nothing was there.

The day before I felt hated, that day I felt invisible. Or at least I thought it was just that day. From then on day after day I felt like I was not even on earth. It felt to me as if a witch had waved her wand and forever made me invisible. When things got hard, I was lifted at the fact I would go to Felix and confess how I felt, but then I realized I couldn’t for Felix was the one who caused all this. Out of all the people I’m sure Felix would not want to talk to me.

When I found out that two children were going to live with me, I was so excited I felt my heart miss a beat. From now on, with you I can make a whole new example. Finally, people in the village who can trust me, people who will talk to me, even if you are just some children. That is how in need I am for some one to talk to me.

 3

 Tilly’s trouble

As Tilly finished her story, she was practically crying which I could tell embarrassed her. Will was whizzing round the room with excitement.

“a home a home” he yelped whilst running wildly. In the corner Timbo was still nibbling on his cheese and I sat, heart-broken for Tilly’s un-lucky damage. Thirty years and no one had forgiven Tilly. That afternoon we got to no Tilly very well. We stayed inside for the most of it, as I thought if we went outside all her feelings would come flooding back to her. As much as I like Tilly, the amount of board games she has is humongous! When I looked out the window, I saw evacuees playing. I have never been jealous since war started, that is when I decided this was crazy. Then I sat down and made a list of why Felix could be so annoyed at Tilly. When I was done, I hardly had anything at all.

Letting lily keep it a secret she was leaving.

Not inviting him to go and talk.

The next day, Will and Tilly went out for a walk. I was too cold, so I stayed indoors. As I waved through the window, I saw people snarling. Tilly was not exaggerating at all! People were giving her such cruel looks; you could see her getting sadder each time someone walked by. Tilly walked into a bakery; however, I could see this was Mary’s bakery re acting to the look on Tilly’s face as she entered.

Now intrigued, I sat outside, despite the cold, so I could get a better look of things. As I watched intensely, I saw talking but could not hear it. My idea was to (without any one looking) hide behind the bakery and listen. Instincts pulled me closer to the bakery however, my sensible self, gave me a right talking too. Who am I to spy on Tilly? If I did go over there, I would feel guilty. I wanted to go there so much I thought of reasons why, if I did so it would be kind. In the end, all I could come up with was ‘no one knows how long I’m staying with Tilly, so any of her problems are my concern.’

Nothing to important had happened yet, apart from Will desperate for a chocolate muffin.

“Please, Tilly, please” Will yelped with all his might. Tilly looked at him with tired eyes.

“come on Will” she pleaded “don’t make my life difficult!”

Marys face, on the other side of the till, looked strange and close to smug. She picked up a tray with muffins on top and started walking their way.

“Typical Tilly.” She said whilst handing a muffin to Will. “always forcing people to do it your way.”

Will, sensing the moment, says:

“you know what? Suddenly, I’m not hungry.” Annoyed, Mary looks between the two of them and then stomped back behind the till. Tilly was so close to tears, so she cancelled her walk.

In the kitchen all we could hear is sweep- swoop sweep- swoop.

Suddenly, the sweeping and the swooping stopped!

It was then I remembered what I had left in the kitchen.

 THE LIST!

I accidently knocked all the chess pieces of the board.

“Hey!” Will yelled as I rushed to the kitchen.

“Don’t read that.” I blurted out, not thinking. I didn’t seem to think of the chances of her not reading it, she probably just stopped for one of the tarts she made. Luckily, I didn’t seem 100% stupid, only 99% since she was reading the LIST!

The amount of time before Tilly figures everything out is miniature. How she suddenly realised I was jealous of the evacuees, I don’t know but how it made me feel was almost embarrassed. She looked at me with a heart broken face after telling me what she thought had happened (which was in fact true.)

She started to walk towards me. Oh no I thought as I thought she was going to give me a hug. I was never someone who liked to hug. My mother can get claustrophobic, so I guess that’s where I get it from. Because of this, we have a spare sofa in case one of us does get claustrophobic.

Luckily, she didn’t come for a hug but a very shaky apology. Her thought was that I should pretend not to know Tilly at all. This would solve my problem however would be rude just pretend I didn’t know her. I was now almost as shaky as her because it was overwhelming not knowing what to do. It wasn’t like me to get so teary in front of someone I barley know however these last few days Tilly was already starting to feel like family.

My voice was crooked and all that came my mouth was a very tearful, wobbly:

“I’ll think of something”

I differently did not want to make Tilly feel bad, but no other solution came to my mind. I really, really want to make a friend in this village, so I ever so slightly changed Tilly’s solution. I just wouldn’t bring up where I live or about Tilly, that way everyone wins.

I didn’t tell Tilly about my plan because I still felt slightly guilty. I went to bed, trying to look on the positive sides of things. The next day I rushed outside, trying not to be seen walking out of Tilly’s house. I then walk over to two girls giggling and laughing and introduce myself.

“hello” I say

When they introduce themselves, they join me into there conversation. Lizzie had brown hair and Sarah had black hair.

Both of which, were very kind people.

 4

 The village

Me, Kasey and Lizzie stayed and talked for hours. I finally felt like another villager. a man carrying boxes, big heavy boxes down the lane. Lizzie went all quiet and sorrow.

“are you ok?” Kasey asked, “you’ve still got two weeks ahead you know.”

I was now getting curious and wondered what they were talking about, so I asked them. There were looks between the two of unsureness. Lizzie became less sorrowful and looked at me. She took a deep breath in and then began to talk.

“Next month I’m moving.” She said with disappointment.

“to a village near by in Devon”

My heart fell for her, I know how she felt. Being took away from your perfect life is no piece of cake. Lizzie went all silent and almost shaky. Then I realised I should probably change the subject, but Kasey obviously already had the idea in mind.

“so, where do you live, Alice” she said. I could tell Lizzie was not in the mood for a deep conversation, but she did want to change the subject, so she tried to listen any way.

“I live just over there” I said pointing to Tilly’s house. I then thought in my head about the rumour, so I quickly stopped pointing and tried to look like everything was normal.

They looked me as if they were suddenly having second thoughts about being friends with me. I didn’t want them to suddenly make rubbish excuses to leave so I blurted out everything.

I said something about ‘not knowing what the actual rumour was’ and ‘it’s not my choice where I live.’ I the end I think Lizzie and Kasey understood more of what I said than I did.

Out of everything I said they managed to figure out that I didn’t know what the rumour was and decided to tell me.

“according to my mum (who heard it from Felix) Tilly forced Felix’s sister to leave.”

My brain felt like an old puzzle. I’d found all the lost pieces, now I just need to put them in order. While I put the pieces in the right order, Kasey and Lizzie looked as if they were waiting for an answer to a competition. When I did figure it all out, they had a breath of relief as if they had won the competition.

“Are you going to tell Tilly?” Lizzie asked.

I thought in my head for a while, seeing what good it would do.

“no” I said, “it won’t do her any good, I however will fix it.”

Kasey and Lizzie share a look of determination and then jump up.

“we’ll help” Kasey said.

Later that evening Tilly let me meet up with Kasey and Lizzie. They both bought tons of paper with writing all over. When we sat down, they both started whispering suspiciously. If they had the option, they would both make great secret spies.

“alright lady’s?” Said a man as he walked by. He had an accent. I rather enjoyed it as back in London you don’t find many people who speak different yourself. Of course, people had a different voice to your own, however, not as different as his was.

“I’m Billy Jones,” he stated. I looked at Kasey and Lizzie, they were smiling. It seemed this wasn’t the first time they had met.

“Hi Billy” Lizzie replied

“this is our friend, Alice.” Kasey said pointing at me.

Even though what she said is totally normal, these past few days, the word ‘friend’ seemed so distant. Billy looked me up and down and smiled, I decided I liked him. It was all well, until he asked what we were doing. Lizzie and Kasey, good spy, bad at being secretive.

“Nothing,” Kasey said, rolling her eyes her eyes to look at the floor. In the background, Lizzie did a little fake laugh which didn’t help the situation at all.

“come on lady’s” Billy was insisting we tell him “you can talk to me.”

Lizzie bit her lip and looked at me.

“Excuse us a minute Billy, will you?” She said.

As he left, we started talking. Kasey asked me what I wanted to do. After I thought it through in my head, I took a deep breath in.

“Well, you guys understood when I told you, right?” I said hoping for a positive reaction. I didn’t want to heart Billy’s feelings, since he seems like such a nice person.

“Absolutely, completely,” they both blurted out at once. We invited Billy back towards us and started to explain.

“You know the rumour about Tilly Bothwell?” Kasey asked him. With not a single part of me surprised, Billy said he did know about the rumour.

After explaining everything to Billy, he completely understood and was very sympathetic for Tilly.

He thought it would be best to tell everybody the truth about Tilly Bothwell after a lot of persuading, he got me thinking it was a good idea.

We were very tired that evening however, so we decided to do it tomorrow. I had never been in a team; this was a small one but at least I was in it.

When me, Kasey and Lizzie got to the bench, Billy was not yet there. At first, I went with Lizzie and Kasey since Billy had not got there yet.

“Heard the latest gossip Heather?” Kasey started.

They obviously knew these people well, as when Heather found out she had missed the latest gossip she put on quite a paddy.

“NO!” she yelled. “Why am I always last to find out things? Tell me, tell me quick.”

Just as we finished telling Heather about Mrs Bothwell, Billy turned up. Billy was also very good at subtly telling people about Tilly. Before we knew it, almost the entire village Knew the truth about Tilly and our team was getting bigger by the second.

The last person to tell was Felix himself and somehow, I was the one who had to try and tell him.

I saw Felix by himself on a bench reading the newspaper. I walked over to him and sat down, he acted like he didn’t notice me, but I knew he did.

“So, guess what I…” Suddenly, Felix interrupted me. “Look, I know you’re with Tilly so just leave me alone,” he spat.

 5

 Secret spy.

That evening, I was thinking of ways to speak to Felix. That morning Felix sounded as if we were going to mess up a plan of his, but what plan?

I came to my head every five minutes that I’m just overreacting but then I would be intrigued about one of my new ideas. Finally, I had an idea, a crazy idea. For it to work I needed help.

Later the next day, I had asked to meet Lizzie and Kasey by are usual spot, the picnic table. I explained how I’d been thinking of ideas all night long and how I finally got one. I went on and on about all the details, until Lizzie eventually stopped me.

“Listen Alice, what was your idea?” I took a big breath in and tried to hide away my slight grin. I have to admit, I was quite proud of this idea and at the same time, I thought I was mental.

“What if we sneak into his house?” There was an awkward silence. Lizzie had got me to stop saying nonsense, but I wandered if she then regretted it.

“guys,” I said, trying to break the silence. Kasey did a thinking hum. “It is possible if we think it all the way through” She started thinking out loud of plans to get in. Lizzie took a big breath in with amazement. Me and Kasey stopped planning for a minute and looked at her.

“what?” Kasey hissed.

“Were planning to do something people get arrested for!” Lizzie stated. She started to blurt out reasons not to sneak into someone’s house.

“I can’t stand living with someone who is avoided by the rest of the village!” I interrupted. Even if that sounded selfish, it was true.

“come on Lizzie” Kasey said trying to persuade her. Lizzie looked at my sorrow face, she then rolled he eyes.

“Ok,” she finally said. After we had persuaded Lizzie, we started to plan. We chose to do it that night at sundown.

Later that evening, we snuck over to Felix’s house. I had let Lizzie and Kasey dress me in all black. I had to go through the front door and just hope it’s open. I made Lizzie and Kasey look out for Felix. Luckily, at first Felix could only just be seen walking up the beach. I tried to open the door and I managed to do it.

Inside, it was messy. It smelt of old card and paper. As I walked through the kitchen, I entered an office looking room. It had a ripped up, green chair and an old wooden desk with paper scattered all over. I looked through the window where I saw Lizzie and Kasey hurrying me. I started to rush and regret what I was doing. I opened a draw and I saw letters.

Each one had the most beautiful handwriting. There were about five letters at least, all piled up on each other. I put my fingertip on a bit of the handwriting and followed it. When I lifted my finger, the ink had smudged on me. It was a dark blue ink that looked expensive. I read each letter quickly. I tried to find more letters, but I found something else instead.

I found a big book, a photo book. I opened it up carefully. Inside I saw pictures of a girl about my age. Her face looked awfully familiar. I figured this was his sister, Lily. I spent ages, intrigued with the pictures. It was like flicking through these children’s childhood. There were pictures of them riding bikes and of them baking. The best part was how happy they were when they were together, even though they were related, they were best friends. I immediately got a picture of mum in my head; I wasn’t smiling now. I think of Lily leaving Felix, they were best friends like me and my mum and yet they had to be separated, also like me and my mum.

I was closer to the end of the book now and every page I flicked Lily looks even more familiar. I love photo books and yet I had never made one, so I decided when I see my mum again, we will make one.

I was so fascinated with the pictures I had totally forgotten Lizzie, Kasey and Felix. It took me another minute or two before I remembered about them, I just kept looking through the picture book and trying to think of how the girl is so familiar. I was now very near the end of it and I almost felt sad. The last picture was of a ticket, it looked like a boat ticket. As I read it up close it said the ride was to Devonshire. It makes since why he acted as if Tilly was going to spoil something the other day, he was worried Tilly was going to spoil Lily’s visit. I looked through the window, I could now even see Felix myself. I needed to hurry!

I got almost everything out the draw. I very neatly rolled up all the letters as if they were scrolls and placed them in my bag. Suddenly I heard something. It got louder and louder until my ears were screaming. People were running, there were plains in the air. It was an AIR RAID!

I started stuffing things in my bag. I was so scared I thought I was going to be sick. Normally in an air raid I would turn to see my mum with her arms wide open and she would walk me to the shelter, this time I had no one.

I picked up my bag and started to run, when I saw a glimpse of something in the draw, it was one more letter!

Dear Felix

 I have wonderous news to tell you! I have missed you ever so much these past few days and what with war and all I have decided I am coming to Devonshire. I will get my ticket on Tuesday. We have experienced another horrible air raid here in London and it is so crowded in the shelters, it is hard for people to get in! I am most certainly worried it isn’t safe here in London and I enjoy it so much more with the people I love. My dear daughter has recently been taken away from me and if I do come, I may be able to see my beloved child. Look out for her and make sure she is safe. When you do write back to me, tell me about how she is, who she has made friends with and if she truly is happy. Just before war started, I decided to leave the book I was illustrating and write a book and illustrate it myself, I hope to carry on my dream when I get there.

Really Felix, I cannot tell you how exited I am to see you! I love you ever so much and I will write again soon.

Love Lily

 6

 Bombs coming!

 I grabbed the letter and ran. I met Tilly and Will running to the shelter. Bombs were dropping, making my heart swell up. Everyone was running, some crying. Suddenly, Tilly stopped.

“Tilly?” I said trying to get her attention “Tilly!” Behind us was Felix running.

“Take Will to the shelter and stay with him.” She told me. I gripped Will’s hand tight and ran. Bombs were dropping behind us. I lifted Will up to go faster. I pretty much dived into the shelter. It was cold so I threw a blanket over me and Will. He was almost attached to me, I was no professional sister, I wasn’t even a sister, but I could tell Will was scared. I looked through a crack in between the doorway and the door. As I looked through, I saw a bomb dropping. Tilly was running faster than ever now. A man came barging through the door and pushed me outside. I clawed the ground, trying to get inside. When I looked behind me, Tilly was running towards Felix and then barged him out the way of the bomb. I was so distracted I didn’t notice the bomb dropping right by my side.

I felt sore all over. I saw an outline of a person. It came running towards me and picked me up. It was Felix, he had saved me!

Silence fell all around the shelter. Dazed, I stared at Felix. Though he acted totally normal. Tilly was huddled up with Will in the corner. Everyone I cared about was here, apart from Kasey and Lizzie.

“Wait,” I blurted out. “Two girls, there not here, there not safe!” Tilly looked concerned and scared, at the same time. I didn’t have time for that, I had to get them safe. I flung myself out the door and ran through bombs being dropped. I knew Tilly was behind me but even so, I did not stop. I was running very fast now, when something grabbed my arm. I turned to see Tilly. I was expecting her to stop me, call me crazy but she didn’t.

“I’m coming with you,” she told me. I took a deep breath, grabbed her arm and started to run again. We stopped at the picknick table and took a very big breath. Tilly started cringing at me and I didn’t know why.

“Look at you,” She said. I looked down to see blood pouring down my chest and yes, it did hurt.

I was biting my lip, not to scream but as Tilly, very slowly bandaged me up, I felt like the bomb was dropping all over again.

“ALICE,” I heard someone yell but as I looked to my left, my right, I realised I needed to look down. Below me I saw two, very familiar heads. It was Kasey and Lizzie. A wave of relief hit me.

I gave them my hand and helped them up. We started to run to the shelter. When everywhere on me felt sore, I realised I was not ok to run. I started feeling dizzy, tired. Without even thinking about it, I fell to the floor.

“Wait,” I called constantly but no one heard. My eyes began to fill, and I started to seriously panic. I screamed with all my might. ‘NO,’ I thought. ‘I WILL NOT DIE!’

Lizzie’s head was the first to turn.

“ALICE,” She yelled, so the rest would hear. They all came sprinting at me.

“What will we do?” Kasey asked, not that it would help. Tilly suddenly, put her arms under me and looked determined.

“On the count of three,” She told everyone. “Lift Alice up.” It was nice seeing everyone being so sweet and trying to help me but now was no time for thankyous.

There was many “errs” and “arrs” and I have to admit, we were walking slowly. However, there was a thought inside me, that said ‘we’re going to make it.’

We kept stumbling to the ground and tripping over rocks, but we had made it a long way. We were all very determined to get there and bit by bit we were starting to go faster. I looked down at my chest; the blood was leaking through the bandages and I was still in a lot of pain. Everybody was being so helpful. Meanwhile, in the background, I was cheering them on very loudly.

About thirty yards in front of us, was the shelter. Everyone was now walking faster and puffing louder. Even my cheering got louder (although, I think it got quite annoying, so in the end I stopped.) We were stumbling more but were moving faster.

I put my hand to my chest, the wound stung violently. I tried not to let out tears, but I had never been in this much pain before and I was finding it hard to cope with.

We were most definitely running now; we were all desperate to get to the shelter before a bomb dropped right on our heads. We were falling on the floor, almost each step we took.

Five yards, three yards, one yard. Finally, we reached the shelter door. Kasey, Lizzie and Tilly all took very big breaths. Bombs were dropping behind us, we needed to get in.

I couldn’t help it, the wound was so sore, tears started to fall from my face.

“We need to get you inside,” Tilly told me, and I agreed.

We opened the door to the shelter, and everyone gently laid me down on the floor, or at least Kasey and Tilly did.

Lizzie looked confused and was staring at the space between Billy and Tilly. I was about to speak but it came out a sort of shriek of pain. Luckily, Kasey did speak.

“What are you looking at, Lizzie” She said.

“Where is Felix and that boy?” Lizzie asked. It looked as if Kasey was as confused as me.

“What boy?” Lizzie looked at us like we were very dumb.

“That boy, isn’t he your brother Alice?” No, he was not my brother, but I did know exactly who she was talking about. A rash of worry spread all over me.

IT WAS WILL!

 7

 Friends with Felix

I tried several times to get up but what with my injury, I couldn’t. I ended up staying there until the air raid was completely finished. As soon as I heard it was all clear to come out, I jumped to my feet.

My chest still hurt but after Tilly bandaged it up, I felt much better. I walked like I was wearing twenty layers. Tilly took my hand and guided me to sit down.

“Kasey and Lizzie will start looking for Will,” Tilly said. “But you need to get to hospital.”

I did my best ‘how could you?’ look but Tilly wasn’t having any of that. She looked around for a while and then started walking near the road. She stuck out her hand for quite a while. Ambulances kept driving straight past Tilly. One ambulance slowed down as the lady inside spotted us. She looked past Tilly to see me. The first thing that caught her eye was my injury. I could tell because when she looked at me, she immediately looked sympathetic. Suddenly, she stopped the ambulance completely and opened the door.

“You can take a ride with me,” She said to Tilly. Tilly had a huge smile on her face.

“Thankyou… um…” The lady got out the ambulance and put her hand out for Tilly.

“Hoyle, Ruby Hoyle,” Ruby said, meaning her name. We got in the ambulance. When Ruby was driving, she kept bobbing her head as if she was thinking of a song, she then started to sing aloud.

“There’s no business-like show business like no business I know,” She sang. “There’s no people like show people like no people I know.”

For someone who is living in world war two, she was very jolly.

“Are you alright back there Dave?” Ruby said looking behind her. Behind us, was a window. Through the window I saw what looked like a mini hospital room in the back of the ambulance. There was a bed and on the bed was a man in an army suit. He had blood smeared all over him.

“I’m…um…okay” He sounded almost sarcastic when saying that. Poor Dave. He looked like me but far worse.

When we got to hospital there was a lady behind the desk. When she saw us, she got to her feet, but I think it was mostly due to Dave’s injury. Ruby went to talk to her, on her name badge it said ‘Amy’. Amy walked towards us, without slouching.

“Mr Hame you’ll be in room 23 and Miss Brim you’ll be in room 24,” She put on a huge smile. Walking back to the desk, she picked up a note pad and flicked through the pages.

“In fact, I do have a room available with two bed. That is if you two came together, Mr Hame?”

“We’ll take the one with two beds,” Dave said. She walked us to a corridor with many, many doors. Finally, we reached door 20. Inside I suddenly felt peaceful and relaxed.

In two weeks, I was back to normal and Mrs Bothwell took me home. I told Mrs Bothwell about the letter from Lily (Felix’s sister.) Luckily, we found Will with Felix.

Later on, we invited Felix for a cup of tea. When he finally convinced himself to turn up, Mrs Bothwell explained to him about the illustration job in London.

“You were just trying to help Lil all this time?” Felix asked. Tilly Grabbed his hand and nodded. After many apologies Felix finally forgives her.

In the last air raid, the beach was ruined along with the beach shelter which would be a perfect please for Lily to draw her illustrations. We planned to meet the next day to fix it up. Will was over excited the next day and was bouncing up and down. We started early the next day. Our backs ached after only two hours and then finally at the end of the day the shelter was beautifully made. Sadly, the day was not as Will hoped it to be, so I promised him a treat.

Later, Felix took us out on his boat, it was magical journey; the sea shimmered, Will covered his eyes from the blinding light and if I was not trying to be mature, I would have probably done the same. Will looked for sharks because they were, as he said, his favourite animal. When he saw a fish or what he called a shark he wanted me to lower him down with a bucket to catch the fish. With my arms still rapped around Will I dazed of further into the sea. I started thinking of mum imagining she was coming to see me. I saw more fish in the sea, how simple their lives were sheltered from the war, the war that tore me and my mum apart……… And my brother who is only six years old, I try to hug him but when I lower my head he is not there, he is gone. Suddenly, I start to panic. I look in the water to see a bucket, his bucket. There was no time to scream for help, Tilly and Felix were in the under part of the boat, it was up to me to save him. Pressure piled up on me as I was in a stressed panic to save Will and live. I looked into the sea, my life didn’t seem so important now but Will’s, more than anything.

I JUMPED! Splashes and fish filled my eyesight. I chocked on the water. My hands gripped onto the rope. I pulled myself down unable to spot Will. I went further and further down. I think I had gone twelve metres down when I had realised, I had held my breath for about five minutes. Crazier than I already was I opened my mouth; I wasn’t crazy, I could breathe! I saw the rope end at the floor, but something glowed in a cave about one metre away. Scared, I missed Felix and Tilly. Do they know we are missing? Then I remembered seeing Felix’s face before I went under. I got closer and closer to the glow. I came face to face with it was a portal, or it looked like a portal. I heard a scream from it: it was a tiny puny scream; I recognised the scream so bad I needed to find the scream because it was Will’s scream. Without thinking, I grabbed the stumbling rocks, pulled myself forwards and leaped.