

Blue parker original writing: the blitz



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

It started out as a normal day; birds were singing and the autumn leaves were falling, each golden, crisply leaf floating to the golden carpet of the woodland. Everyone in the village smiled and said, “ Hello” as you passed them by, the sun was shining like a shimmering coin. Trees were dancing in the mid-day breeze which lightly blew through the perfect air... That was until a growing cloud started to shroud my village and eclipsed the sun. That was until the rain shot down like bullets.

That was until my home was blitzed by the German army. The quiet and tranquil morning was suddenly replaced with chaos and fear. No longer did the citizens not stop to say hello, instead they dashed into their homes. No longer did bird song echo on the breeze. Now only the sound of chaos and fear remained. The black mist closed upon my village; it was in complete darkness. Then I saw them; the fighter planes which elegantly swooped down like a graceful yet vicious swarm. The planes dived and ducked to violently attack my home land.

In the air I could smell fear mixed with a smoky blitz of burning buildings; the odour of engine oil, gunpowder, smoke; the unforgettable stench of dust which ate through the smoky polluted air. The silent clouds above sneaked through the frozen sky. The scent of tense anticipation hung in the air, until Crash.... Boom! The bullets and blaze covered my village in a thunderous crackling wave of panic and despair. The inferno took hold and the flames flared like grotesque dancers approaching the finale of their show.

The cold morning was replaced with an orange glow as the flames began to devour the village. The buildings burned one by one leading up to the

church, where the priests stayed vainly believing that they would be safe in the 400 year old masterpiece. The cathedral was as white as snow and stood at a staggering height, opposing the fire until the moment of reckoning finally came: the church was defeated by the orange, glowing demon which got stronger and stronger as it ate through my village. My usually quiet village was in ruins the perfect landscape ruined.

Roads became blackened dirt tracks, houses became shacks and people... became corpses. Flashes of red and orange ate the buildings throughout the village, buildings were falling, crashing and burning. Was it a horrible dream? I didn't care; I had to run. I kept running towards the safest place which ironically was the tallest building in the whole of the village. As I stumbled over the hill, which blocked the telephone tower's view, I was astonished to find it there, sizzling in the soaring heat that beamed down.

It was just lying there like a sleighed knight. My plan was a failure. What now? Everyone around me raced towards the next town (Greenford) it was every man for himself people frantically clawed passed each other. Desperate people fled the village, there were no attempts to calm or put out the blazing monster which tore the village apart, nobody helped the trapped helpless people that were taken captive by the evil red monster. As for me, I followed the desperate horde of people to safety.

But would the next village get bombed then the next then where do we go? The next day came. All around me I could see nothing but death and destruction. The village was ruined. Buildings, once standing proud and beautiful were nothing more than blackened shells. Lone people, hysterically

crying, wandered from building to building in the hope that they might salvage something. The German planes had left hours ago, flying away safely and smugly satisfied with the havoc and devastation they had reeked. The enemy had gone but the consequences of war remained.