

Creative story, section ii



The sun was setting with the sky blazing like a furnace. Me and my son James was lying on the soft grass staring in the sky. The breeze blew onto us and we both looked at each other, satisfied with the sensation. A call from Jenny, indication of dinner was read to serve. There wasn't much left to eat, as the World War II had caused civilian to donate, in a forceful way to assist the soldiers in battle. However, without food, the warmth in the family still remains blazing brightly. We sat there with a piece of bread and a cup of milk. We told jokes and memories to our son James.

It was unfortunately that we couldn't afford for his education. But he still smiles at us with his small little teethe. A knock from the door was heard. It was unusual but predicted.

I opened the door. A black figure emerged from the sunset. It was a sergeant from the Australia army force. Bangs of the batons smashing on the cells awakes the group of Australian men. The drowsy sensation of morning sleepiness follows me through the position of standing up. The doors were unlocked and two Japanese soldiers instructed us, using hand signals for us to move into another area.

Half sleeping soldiers were slouching when heading to the door. Without warning, the Japanese soldier pulled out his baton and viciously hit the soldier's back until he stiffens up. The rest of the group automatically stiffened up to a saluting position. In silence we marched out toward the open area. The blazing sun strikes us on our face. As other prisoners emerge to form neat, straight rows, no conversation was made. When this formation was completed, the Japanese general a boarded the stage.

??? To all fellow Australian, your government has sent you a very warm and welcoming letter.??? The letter was quite long, however it was not until the general said this, ??? Keep smiling Australian.??? This caused us to break into laughter.

Its been 6 months in the Japanese prisoner camps with no plans taken to save us, and all he wants to tell us to do is keep smiling. Me and my partner laughed so hard until our eyes started to leak with tears. Consequences were awarded to us as the laughter died out. Twelve hours of grave digging was allocated to us with serve beating before we began the job.

However we all agreed that the laughter was worth the punishment, a sense of humor was finally discovered. I placed my hands and kneeled onto the soil, clutch my fist tight and dragged back. This repetitive action was done for twelve hours. Each soldier, including me was allocated to complete five graves. The hot sun dehydrates my skin as I cried for water. The torture was yet to continue with the Japanese laughs and beating of us. It was hard and slow work with several cuts and injury caused by the rocks and soil.

Eventually my hand itself became part of the soil with the dark colour similarly to the soil. As the night approaches; the temperature drops slightly, as the sun was replaced by heavy search lights. As the job was finally finished, my muscle ached as I drag myself back to the cell. Food was served, it was exactly two inch by two inch piece of bread and a cup of muddy water, every night was like this.

Our voice was restricted as any complaints will resolve to severe punishment, as it seems to be a sign of disrespect to the Japanese empire.

As the sleeping session approaches, I stared out to the night sky. The star twinkling brightly as if itTMs a sign of hope. A Japanese officer came in and chucked a box to us.

In amazement one of the soldiers screamed out ??? its postcards from our family!??? We were all anxious to find the letter our loved one had sent us. Finally they called my name, in stumble; I approached to retrieve the post cards as my muscles still ache.??? John we loved you so much, me and James wish you are at home now. I love you.??? I re-read the post card over and over again and my eyes started to leak tears as if it was a running tap. My heart aches so much as I can only wish I can see their faces.

Please save me out of this misery.