The tale of Rose Blanche

BY ROSIE In 1939 we all gathered up to wave our brave solder of. It was happy times; nothing’s changed when army left to go to war are. I still play with my friends and go to school but sadness comes later.

I walked home my favourite way. When my mum was waiting to welcome me home I smiled with happiness. When I was in my garden my hot chocolate I looked on the street there was an army truck but it was broke down. A little boy sprung out of the truck and hugged the fat Mayor while a solder said, “Stop I will shoot you ’’. The fat Mayor garbed him by the neck and chucked him into the truck. I could see more pale faces. The truck fled in the smoke and leafed wear no one knows.

I followed the truck as fast as I could. I ran and ran until my face got scratched by branches. As I got to a clearing I saw people behind a barbwire fence. A person asked “give us food ’’. Someone said, “pleas be our friend?’’ when I got home I told no one.

The next, I left school really early with some food. Sour apples, jam and I even saved the food off my plate. I was already skinny and pale but I began to get skinnier. The kids behind the fence said, “Thank you for the food.”

After yesterday, people started leaving and I went missing. My mum asked people if they had seen me. My friends parents said, that I was probably playing at the front so my mum left with them. When I got passed the trees everything changed and no-one was there. As I turned back, an injured soldier came towards me. I heard a gun shot. I had been hit. A soldier that spoke a different language saved me. A few later I died sadly but I lived a good life.

THE END

BY ROSIE