ROSE BLANCHE

This story is about a young girls life. She was called Rose Blanche. It all started in 1939 when World War Two began. As the soldiers left, a little girl blended into the crowd, cheering and waving. The blaring music echoed from house to house as the children screamed delightfully. The soldiers paraded in their green trucks.

Day after day, trucks were grinding through the old pebbled streets. Nobody knew where the soldiers were going. Rose’s life was normal. Every day after supper, she did her homework and she always played with her friends. In the morning, she went to school with her lunch bag dragging on the pebbled street. After school, she went shopping for her mother even thought there was enormous lines of people queuing outside the shops. Nobody was growling because they knew the soldiers needed food.

One sunny day, Rose was walking to the shop when a truck broke down in the middle of the road. Just then, a young boy ran out of the truck straight into the chubby Mayors arms. “Stop or I will shoot!” yelled a feisty young soldier in the bustling street. She was absolutely horrified that she saw the boy being dragged into the truck which was full of people whose faces were as pale as snow.

Rose followed the lorry through the town. She was a fast runner and she knew all the shortcuts. The chaotic streets forced the truck to go leisurely. She went through fields, ancient train tracks, over ditches and frozen puddles. But Rose didn’t know that she wasn’t supposed to be there. Even though she took a shortcut through the forest bare branches scarred her face. As she got out she saw a camp protected by rusty old barbed wire. Behind there were children who looked as hungry as ever.

It was winter. Rose saved her food from her own plate and took extra food from the cellar. She grew thinner and thinner every bitter day. Mysteriously the mayor was as fat as ever. Every day, she brought extra food to school for the children.

But nobody was patient so one day the whole village left the town. But Rose wasn’t there. Her mother freaked out and got worried. Her friend said that Rose was probably ahead with her school friends. But rose wasn’t with her friends she was visiting the children behind the crooked old barbed wire. When she got there she was horrified it was all gone the barbed wire gone, the children gone. NOO she thought! Just then there was a gun shot she saw a man fall down. After that, there was laughter.

Rose ran and ran as she ran further the laughter died. Then she ran into a village but it didn’t look the same. Mum? Mum! Where are you? She screeched. Nobody answered. Oh no she thought everyone left! She searched for three days. Then she found the crowd of people. Finally, she found her mum’s arms. Where have you been? Asked her mum. I’ll tell you later Rose replied.

After a month, they were at there new house. The very next day, the whole village had a huge picnic in the town square. There were sausage rolls, ice-cream, delicious treats and lot’s more. They also had fireworks and when the picnic ended, Rose and her mother went home. Finally the war had ended.