Rose blanches tale

Hello I’m Rose Blanche

And this is my brilliant story because I survive. So in 1939 we went to war there was a marching band with blue hats and medals then the huge smart mayor gave a boring speech. Also the old men gave advice to the new strong soldiers with iron hats in the town and they listened.

Life was still good because nothing’s changed I still went to school and play with my friends then I take my favourite way home. By the lushest blue river with my mum at home with a hot sticky delicious hot chocolate. My mum sent me to get shopping and the lines were huge because they took all the food.

Then one day I saw a broken down truck with two men fixing it then he opened the back and a boy lepta out. I was surprised! Then he bolted out of the truck saying “you won’t catch me “then a solider bellowed “stop IL shoot he ran in to the fat mayor who looked pleased too pleased he grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and through I was gob smacked and really cross because I saw loads of children sad droopy they screaked “give us food little girl I did not have anything so I stumbled back home

So for the next week or so I kept bringing extra food to school jam and apples I even saved my own food after I ran down and gave the food to them then people started leaving my mum was worried but someone told her “she is probably with her friends” so she left I went there to find the place bombed but then I heard tanks they weren’t Germans

They were Russians they shot at me I was left there but after they left some one picked me up and ran and next thing I know I’m in a hospital bed with some concern and some happy they said “you can go” so I left and got a job as an accountant and I found and I found my mum and now I live in A house next door to my mother. THE END

BY AUSTIN ATYEO