Rose Blanche

One sunny majestic day, the people sang and cheered and merrily they did indeed. Trucks came to carry the soldiers off to war. Everyone was in great cheer, but sadness would follow, eventually to the grave of dim. A girl named Rose Blanche with her mum, they felt a great deal of fortunate that fateful day. They both said farewell to the brave heroic soldiers. Rose mumbled “ I’m shivering with excitement mother..” . Her mum said, “ no, Rose, winter is coming”. At this time lots of trucks came to take the soldiers away to war as the elderly gave envy and ass the people cheered the fat chubby mayor gave his boring pathetic cheap speech that no one ever listened to.

Not much changed after this event, the soldiers leaving and leaving behind no trace of thankfulness or that anything would ever change. Rose still waited for her food for her mother and herself to survive on, and this is why she didn’t mind going shopping for her mother. No one else minded the ques because they knew it would benefit the soldiers of surviving the cold harsh winter. Rose still walked her favourite way home were her mum waited on the door step with a piping hot drink piping up steam and that always cheered Rose up.

One day Rose Blanche was walking down the cold scarce street that saddens the eye and is not that pleasing. Suddenly a truck appeared and stopped in the street she was curious and stopped as well. A small skinny dreaded little boy with brown messy hair and blue shot blood eyes leaped out of the back of the truck eyes widened sprinting across the cold street running into the fat mayors chubby arms panting crying. The people in the streets looked pail and some, eyes googling about, eyes following the truck drive of, Rose was so disgusted and furious she decided to follow the truck with the poor boy inside. Rose followed the path ready to investigate what was beyond this trail. Rose gasped and clutched her satchel and took several deep long breathes. There were several children that looked dreaded and in sorrow, they moaned “food…,food, we need food……” they moaned and groaned begging and pleading “Help… please…”. Rose knew that she did not have food “I have nothing to give?” rose looked away and ran and never looked back.

The next day Rose blanche packed extra food but told no one about what she had saw. She left school as soon as school ended she ran threw the fields panting under the gate and threw the wood branches brushing against her face into the clearing she went handing out the food through the barbed wire. She learnt there names and sked them questions. This went on for an hour or so, rose said her goodbyes wishing them great wealth.

The next day she came home from school as there village packed up to leave. Rose ran to the children, but there were no children they had… Rose dreaded this day, this moment… in the distance there were figures with guns. Several moments later there was no Rose Blanche no little girl standing in the middle of a open clearing it was over for Rose Blanche.