

# Jack Thornton's Story

Tom was sitting and eating when the siren went off. He was eating and eating fast because he was still hungry from yesterday. Yesterday they'd been at Dunkirk. There had been 3000 allied soldiers and 4000 Germans.

My friend John was a spy who was sent to work in Germany. After a long time of not being found out, eventually the Germans spotted him and put him in a jail. He was treated so badly that in the end he could hardly use his hands.

But I've got over it now.

My name is John. Since the day I was captured I have been trying to escape. Its a hard life, but I supposed everyone's going to die some day.

There's the person called Vivian who everyone thinks isn't going to die. I'm going to try and see her today. Everyone likes her because she cheers us up. I waved at her with the palm of my hand.

My son is eighteen now and in the war. They taught him how to use a gun and now he's a Spitfire pilot like me. He said he didn't want to be sitting down

My wife was suprised when I got home. She didn't ask me how I had escaped. All she asked me was about our son. I told her that he had crashed in his Spitfire and that he was not coming home. He was hurt but

people helped him and when he was okay the Germans put him in prison.

When I went back to my base, everyone asked me where I'd been - but of course I couldn't tell them.

I decided to go to London to see if I could find out something about my son.

Which I did.

In fact, I bumped right into him.

'I'd started to think you were gone,' I said. I hugged him as hard as he hugged me.

'I met a spy who managed to get me out,' I said. He told me that the Prime Minister was sending another 130,000 troops out. He would often sing 'White Cliffs of Dover.' He kept telling me that when we got back to England I would have to be a soldier.

When we got back I discovered that what my companion had said was true. They had more pilots than they needed - what they needed was soldiers. My wife wasn't happy about this as there is more of a chance of dying as a soldier.

The boy was a spy - he was searching for information about us. I stared hard at him. He knew I was angry. 'Tell us who you are,' I said. 'And tell us everything you know.'

'Okay,' he said. 'Hitler sent me here.'