

Cephia Pye's Story

It was a wet but sunny evening. We were eating dinner and my mum thought it was too quiet, so she leaned across the table and flicked the radio on. BBC. The reporter's blabbering broke the silence. I will always remember how he said, 'All children must be evacuated immediately. This country is in terrible danger !'

'What ?, ' I thought.

But wait. I didn't introduce myself. I am Ebony Windsped and I am twelve years' old. My mum is crazy, my dad old and poor but strong and I have two brothers. One of my brothers is sixteen and the other one is fifteen.

And now back to my story.

My mum gasped and made a terrible choking sound. The reporter gulped, took a breath and then said, 'This country is at war.'

I woke up at three o'clock in the morning. It was sunny outside. I got out of bed and opened the curtains. Then I suddenly remembered that tomorrow was the day of my evacuation; I flopped down on the bed and told myself that I was so not getting evacuated. I have a diary which I take everywhere with me. I also have loads of teddies, my favourite of which is Fluffy the stuffed dog. Mum told me I can only bring two small things in my suitcase ! It was so unfair. I will never ever be able to fit Fluffy and my diary in my little suitcase, especially with all the other things I have to take.

Oh my God !

You will never believe what my dad just said to me ! We were talking about chocolate and schools when he suddenly said, 'Dear, about these evacuations. I'm not happy with it. I was evacuated in the first war and it was a terrible experience. You, mark my words, will not be evacuated.

I couldn't believe it. My life wasn't over after all !

I am super duper truper tired. My little suitcase is packed. It's one o'clock in the morning. Perfect time for running away. I hauled myself out of bed and grabbed the handle of my suitcase. Inside it were Fluffy, some pyjamas, a blanket and my diary. I quickly got changed into my blue silk dress, took my woolly macintosh from the peg and opened the door. Careful not to make a noise, I slipped out.

It was pitch black and awfully cold. I pulled on my macintosh. A breeze swept over the small town. I shivered. I started to run because I was so scared. Suddenly, I heard a voice:

‘OWWWWWWWW !’

I had stumbled on someone or something.

‘Sssssorry,’ I said in a tiny voice.

‘You hurt me !’

The voice was a boy's. He stood up. He was dazed and confused. I peered through the darkness to see him.

‘My name is Edward Brown,’ he said.

‘Mine is Ebony Windspeed. I'm sorry I hurt you,’ I whispered.

‘That’s okay.’

‘What are you doing out here in the cold ?’

Edward looked sad. ‘I’m running away. I don’t want to be evacuated.’

‘So am I !,’ I said.

We burst into laughter. In a while we had laughed so hard that we fell on the floor.

‘Let’s get a move on,’ said Edward.

So we both ran on and on.

Edward and I had been sleeping under a dead tree for six hours. We woke up. I pulled off the blanket I’d brought with me.

‘Looooook !’

‘Whaaa ?,’ I asked sleepily.

‘It’s a small - and I mean small - house,’ he shouted.

‘What ?’

‘A house !’

I jumped up and quickly stuffed my blanket into my suitcase. I ran to Edward and - yes - there was a small house ! I peered inside. There were two benches and

one window. I put my suitcase on one of the benches and quickly unpacked my things.

‘We did it !,’ Edward cried. ‘We ran away for real !’

We hugged each other hard.

No evacuation !