

Maya's Story

Dear Diary,

It's a cold but sunny day. I've been at the peaceful Bread Street church, trying to find out if war has been declared. I discovered that unfortunately it has. They also announced that we are all going to need air raid shelters to keep us safe from the Germans.

But I should introduce myself. My name is Sophie Pill. I live in London - Bread Street, number 22 Rose Cottages. I decided to keep a diary so that I could tell someone my deepest darkest secrets. I have a big brother who is twenty-two years old and I have my mum and dad. Our house is quite big. If you walk inside and turn to the left you will find the living room. Here there is a nice bouncy sofa and a fireplace. We have a kitchen that is joined to the dining room. Upstairs there is my

parent's bedroom; I have my own room and so does my brother Sam.

We normally have a big dinner every night. Tonight though we are having beans and bread. It's because we have to start this thing called rationing. We have to start it now because German submarines are attacking the food ships which are bringing all the food we can't grow here in Great Britain.

Dear Diary,

This is the worst day ever ! It's raining and that matches my feelings.

This morning we were having a breakfast of toast and small amounts of bacon. At that moment we heard a knock on the door. We all ran down the hall as fast as we could. Mum opened the door. Waiting patiently was a woman in a black dress.

'Who are you ?,' said Mum. 'What do you want ?'

The woman smiled. 'Hello,' she said, 'my name is Alisha Morris. I am a billeting officer. I'm sorry to tell you that I am here today to take your children for evacuation to a safer part of the country. And what's

more, I believe that you to will be perfect for the army.’
As she said this she was looking at Sam and Dad.

‘Noooooooooooo !’

Mum screamed as shiny, salt water tears streamed down her face.

‘Don’t worry darling,’ said Dad, trying to reassure her. He patted her on the back.

‘I’m going to be all alone, all alone !’ She was screaming so hard now that she might have screamed the whole neighbourhood down.

‘You can join the women’s land army,’ said Alisha as she shuffled things around in her handbag.

‘But I don’t want to be taught how to shoot people,’ said Mum, frustrated.

‘No, no, no, you silly,’ laughed Alisha. ‘All you have to do is work on a farm.’

Alisha pulled a piece of paper out of her handbag. ‘Here,’ she said. ‘Sign this if you want to join. Who knows ? Maybe you’ll meet a lot of friends there. And guess what, you get a better deal work-’

‘Okay ! Okay !,’ said Mum.

‘And you, young lady,’ said Alisha, pointing at me. ‘You should be up in your room, packing your suitcase.’

Mum was still streaming with tears. She nodded. 'Yes,' she said. 'Go and pack your suitcase.'

I ran upstairs. I could hear Mum saying it was for my own good and that she wanted me to survive. I threw stuff and gloves into my suitcase and ran back downstairs. Mum was standing with the billeting officer at the front door. I could see no sign of Dad and Sam. I asked Mum where they were.

Mum stared at the floor. 'They just went to join the Army,' she said. I cried hard and Mum joined in. We stood on the doorstep crying our hearts out and hugging each other as we made a small puddle of tears. Alisha had a sniffle too and a tear rolled down her rosy cheeks. She turned serious again. 'Come on, come,' she said. 'You don't have a whole entire year until the war starts.' She grabbed my wrist and took me away from Mum. I knew she was only trying to help.

Dear Diary,

Right now I'm trying to write this on the train. It's pretty annoying that they have taken all the station signs down. Suddenly, a giant voice boomed out, 'Penzance Station !

Penzance Station !' At that same moment the train ground to a halt.

Dear Diary,

Pinch punch first of the month !

I've been put in a lovely house - or I should say, Farm. The owners of the farm are Mary, Tom and their son Landy.

Before I knew it, me and Landy were the best of friends. A whole week passed. I missed Mum so much. Luckily, Landy was there to cheer me up.