

## The Effects of War

There was much to think about when a war was on. Are we winning, has father been killed, will the war become worse. The depressed sky gave a groan as we scampered across the festering brick wall. An icy breath of wind blew through my mind as the clouds gave a desperate call and rain started to trickle down my face, it didn't bother me, England Isn't known to have too many sunny days. "You little brats" screamed Mrs Philips, the head maid" come inside before you all get tommy's ruddy cold". It was usual for her to be grumpy, the timber and joinery factory is a big company and Mrs Philips was in charge of feeding all the workers and all the orphans. We followed her grey figure through the grimy corridors that I called home." Sit down and no talking or you won't be getting anything" yelled the cook. She had a crabby personality but I guess you could say that there wasn't much happiness in the factory and orphanage. That night I watched the stars glide across the gloomy sky before hell rained down on us.

I woke up the next morning at mid-day when three men pulled a bedroom cupboard of the hole in the floor board I fell in during the bombing. The men lead me through the destroyed corridors to the muddy paddock where medical cars and fire trucks awaited the wounded. It looked like the whole of England showed up. They started to crowd in but they didn't crowd in on me, they crowded in on a dead man been carried out of the dilapidated building. I was curious to see what the fuss was but when I saw him, my mouth went dry and my pale skin went even paler. Then I realised all the horror around me. Trees were torn from their roots, smoke engulfing the sky in black. Mess was everywhere. I remember looking out of my tiny window at the ugly world which was now even uglier. I couldn't bare it, I started run down the broken war beaten pavement, the sky turns the same colour as my face and a chilly wind brushed across my face. For the time in my life it was cold and drew me a macabre face. I walked and walked and people hardly noticed me. I hardly noticed I was even tired until I collapsed on a sad street. It wasn't nice to be on the street, it wasn't happy, but it was peaceful and nobody cared that you were there. As I sat there listing to the panic in the background memory's started flooding back. I remembered the day that father left in his melancholy uniform. I remembered the dusty hallways and the broken pavement and I remembered the black sky and the dead man's pale face. I had one last thought before I cried myself to sleep these are the effects of war.