

Run to save your life!

The wind blew fiercely and the loud, flashing sirens whistled and echoed. My heart was pounding, thumping louder than ever. The skies bright colour died down and the moon appeared as the sun faded away.

I was sprinting as fast as my legs could go, I was not racing I was running for my life and an innocent little girls life, I was escaping. My dark black hair swept across my face; the branches of the waving trees whispered amongst themselves. They dropped their branches slowly down and caused me to trip over and warned my follower, “ duck!”

I could hear little weeps and heavy gasps coming from behind. My arm was stretched as far as it could go, gripping on to her little, shaking hands. My trembling voice was let free, “ It is all going to be ok!” I tried to promise myself but I just could not believe it.

Flash backs were coming into my head, the series were all great about brave things I had done in the past and some previously. The little girl was going to be shot, shot dead. There were huge crowds all watching in fright. Her family were trembling and extremely tearful. Their raged clothes swept the floor, permanent stains left.

The little girl stole a loaf of bread. A single slice would do her family good. They were a very poor family. Their house, all they had left, was sadly blown up by the Germans when they invaded. “ Bang!” The soldiers aimed and shot. I ran to the crime scene, I grabbed hold of the poor little girl’s wrist firmly and ran off sweating like someone who was persevering in the Tour De France.

“ Boom!” Shot, louder, noisier than ever, a bullet had been released. I dared not to look back; I knew I was not hurt so she must’ve been! Tears swelled up in my eyes quickly; something in my heart had been fractured, broken.

Suddenly, I felt a heavy tug, a powerful fall to the ground. I paused, let go of my hand and sharply turned, I was screaming, barking like an earth quake had shook the entire world. “ Wake up, please I am begging you!” That was the loss of my innocent friend...

Her freezing cold little hand was shivering and was as blue as the summer's sky. Scarlet puddles surrounded her. I lifted my trembling hand and felt her heart slowly; it was pumping, thumping even. Well at least that's what I thought. A sigh of relief was let free. Suddenly everything froze, silence was ruling the world, and even her heart had stopped beating.

Ne-Nor-Ne-Nor....! Had I or hadn't I saved the little girl's life?

By Emily in Year 5