

Write your own Historical Fiction 2025

Death is upon us all by Morgan Addman

Located Britain,
June 1940.

I hold onto Beth's little hands tightly just before the sirens go off around me. I look around confused, panic rushes through the blood of the many children and people around me. Many words were spoken near and next to my ears. Faces of children next to me crumple up in despair, mixed with fear. A world war siren, already? War was declared just a bit ago, but I couldn't just believe it, in some sense it felt fake. I know it must be real. I knew sirens didn't declare not only that war had started, but I also knew it was something bad. Has peace not been settled in our world? May peace not settle here? Can it not just finish? Is it just that death is upon us *all*? I feel arms grab my wrists, I don't know who it is, but they tell me to stop resisting and not to move. The movements caused my stomach to swirl around with knots, tying up as I'm dragged to a cramped, smaller classroom that was unknown to me. I look around and in total, I only see 3 familiar faces. May peace never be satisfied in this world that I inhabit? Shouting was thrown around in the classroom, just before my headteacher rushed in telling everyone to hush. The following instructions were whispered into a teacher's ears but luckily, two words slipped out of her mouth, bombs and Anderson's. A million different thoughts rushed through my head. Am I going to be okay? Is everyone else aware? My mind then stopped in its tracks. Beth? Where is Beth? My only little sister, in fact, my only sibling. I turn around frantically looking for a small, pale and slim figure. She isn't here. A big door is shut behind me as we all get shoved into a fairly large, damp underground house? No, Anderson...? At that second, a mask was thrown onto the floor at my feet with a brief tutorial of how to put it on and off. Once again, I look for Beth. Please Beth, stop hiding from me. A teacher then explains what is happening. Bombs? This cannot be happening. Howls of young and old children echo in the room, teachers and parents of children run to

comfort their loved ones, and while they are being cradled, I sit in the dark, damp corner with no comfort, no hand to clench, just a dark space to cradle up to. This can't be the end of us? Just one last time, I scanned the room for my sister, expecting a warm embrace any second, except I receive a cold tear from my eyes, to my cheek, then to the floor. One, two, three too many. Is it over yet? Suddenly a large booming sound would echo behind me, almost deafening, but I must be exaggerating. Tears shed uncontrollably from my eyes, forming a tiny, little puddle in front of me. This can't be it. Death really is upon us *all* now. I refuse to believe it must be though. Where is my family hiding? Where and why do they hide? I'm no monster just like the one in your closet, or like the one that hides under your bed that you were always taught to pray over to make them disappear. This is not a game of hide and go seek, it's not as fun. I must have lost at this point. I can't find my mother, nor my father, nor my sister. This is not a game of tag either, they never told me to come after them, chase them into the meadows, then the roads and back into the meadow back on Johnson streets and then fall down and laugh all together. There's no way I could have won any of these games. Another bomb falls near to us, making kids around us shake and quake closer to their loved one. A million hushes could be heard from all around. Why isn't anyone coming for me? I'm not contagious. I refuse to be alone. Minutes tick by and by and with each bong comes another howl and I feel more alone by the second.

As soon as we were set free, I run into the many meadows and fields by foot to find my family. I call out to the hills upon hills, "Mother? Father?" No call back. "Lucie Wedwooks? Franklin Wedwooks?" No call backs. "Beth?" Again, no call back. I run over meadows, the many daisy's, the insects from sizes from miniature to big and more until I trip. I turn around to see Beth lying there, lifeless and pale. This can't be real. She is so tiny though.. how could anyone do this sort of thing? Her tiny body, pale, light and laying is a circle of disorganised roses stares back at me with her daring glare of hers left open eyes. Her glasses were off. How can she see? She cannot be dead, she can't, she can't, she *CAN'T*! Two hands grab my shoulder tightly, "Mother?!" I shout loudly, just to see the town seller, Benji Normalks. I can't cry again, I can't. My dearest Beth is gone. "Where's my father? Where's my momma?" He stared out and then back at me and took off his hat in condolence. "No, this can't be? *No*, please say this is just a silly, early April fool. I *can't* live like this."

The walk home was in complete silence while silent tears dropped onto my new shoes I got for my birthday. As I walked into my home and saw no coats, no shoes, no hats, I just thought, that this obviously can't be a joke anymore. If it is, stop it .. please. Nothing is going to be the same, nothing can be changed, I can't rewind time. The home phone would ring but I smashed it on the floor in a fit of rage. How could anyone do this? As I walk through the halls, empty, quiet and dusty, I suck up my tears. I can do it alone.

By the time the sun set down, the birds went to bed and the town has settled, I had tucked myself to sleep, turned off all the lights near my bed stand and stared up at the ceiling. My prayer would be recited just over 8 times. I don't know why i kept on thinking that Beth may had just forgot to join in, we always do it together after all. "Goodnight Beth." Id whisper silently and I close my eyes slowly to go into a long sleep till the morning. The last thought out my mind was just a small thought, death is going to be upon us *all*.