



Write your own Historical Fiction 2025

Wings of hope
by Rineya Surendran

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WINGS OF HOPE

The sky rumbled as bombs fell in the distance, sending tremors through the rooftop loft in London where I sat in my wooden cage. My name is Percy, and I am not just a pigeon—I'm a soldier. A messenger in His Majesty's Royal Air Force Pigeon Service.

The year was 1941. The Blitz was pounding the city every night, and brave humans worked by day and hid by night. But pigeons like me had no time to hide. We were trained to fly through gunfire, smoke, and chaos—with tiny messages strapped to our legs that could change the course of war.

My handler, young Thomas, was only twelve, but he was sharper than a hawk and gentle as spring wind. He called me "Wing Commander Percy," and even saluted when he fed me seeds. I puffed up with pride every time.

One rainy morning, Thomas's father—an intelligence officer—rushed into the loft with a scrap of paper. "It's urgent," he whispered. He rolled the paper into a tiny cylinder and slipped it into the tube tied to my leg. "Percy, this must reach Dover. A spy has been discovered, and the convoy must be warned. You're our only hope."

I blinked once, bobbed my head, and flew.

The wind lashed against me like angry waves. I soared over the Thames, weaving through smoke pillars and anti-aircraft bursts. Below, soldiers ran, children cried, and sirens howled like wolves. But I focused on one thing: the message.

Halfway to Dover, a falcon—trained by the enemy—darted from a rooftop. My heart hammered. I twisted midair and dove into a narrow alley, the falcon shrieking above. Feathers tore from my wing as claws scraped me, but I escaped into a tunnel of trees and didn't stop flying.

At last, the cliffs of Dover rose ahead. I crash-landed into the command tent at the base, my wing aching and legs trembling. A soldier lifted me gently. "He made it!" he cried. "The convoy will be diverted—just in time!"

They treated my wing and gave me sweet corn as a reward. But more than that, they said I had saved fifty men from walking into a trap.

A week later, I was back in London, resting in my loft. Thomas ran up, eyes wide. "Percy!" He held up a tiny medal—a pigeon-sized replica of the Dickin Medal, awarded to animals who served bravely. He pinned it beside my perch.

"Wing Commander Percy," he said, saluting again, "you're a hero."

And though I never spoke a word, my heart soared. Because even in war, a small bird with strong wings and a brave heart can change history.