

Freya's World War II diary entry

Dear Diary

It was a normal night to start off with, my sisters and I in bed by 7:45. I am a lazy sleeper (well that's what my mother calls me) so, my eldest sister Mabel, woke me up when the air raid alarm sounded. I kept my sheets wrapped around me tight while I gathered up some of my favourite things: my flower hair clip that Grannie Tilly got me from India, a photo of my whole family before the war started, my teddy bear that I sleep with every night, I wanted to gather up some more things but Mabel told me to hurry up- three items would be fine. Coming out of the house, I saw a polluted sky over the town centre. We all hurriedly put our gas masks over our faces and darted to the Anderson Shelter at the back of the garden. We were being evacuated from our own home!

In the shelter, it was damp and arctic cold; Mother brought in a candle stick- it did not let off a lot of light, but it was better than pitch black! On the hard, frosty floor were some blankets that we sat on; we brought our own sheets that we sat on, but they were no help- the floor is so hard. My teeth were chattering, and goose bumps were appearing up all my limbs; it was bitterly chilly. We closed the doors tight and we huddled together while relentless bombing and deafening explosions occurred.

To pass the time, Mabel started a sing-song but it didn't last long as we got too cold to move our mouths. Dotty (my younger sister) had brought a piece of scrap paper and a pen; she and I played noughts and crosses, then our fingers with the cold so we played eye spy.

A few moments later the end of the air raid signal sounded so we knew it was safe to come out! Picking up all of our blankets, we clambered out one by one – Mabel, me, Dotty and our mother. Out into the cold, we slowly trudged back to the

house. We were so relieved when we got back in as it was lovely and warm due to the fire still burning. I am hoping this war will end soon – I am sick and tired of every night having to go into the shelter. We may as well live in the shelter – we are in it a lot of the time!

Good day for now,
Elsie