

## VE Day Recount

The entire town woke up with no idea of what was in store for the day ahead. As I walked down the stairs in my parachute silk night gown, I heard the muffle of the radio once again ready to hear the distressing news. The distinct sound of Big Ben rang out causing me to startle. Dust floated down from the ceiling, as Mother and Grandmother made their way down the creaky, wooden staircase. Mother ventured across to the radio and twisted the switch to change the volume a little louder, so we could hear the daily update. All of a sudden, Mother broke into a river of tears which I couldn't tell were of joy or distraught. Then she wiped her eyes and called out "Pinch me". I was so very confused as of why Mother ordered me to leave a mark on her body, as Mother has always taught me never to pinch or cause bodily harm. I made my way to Mother and gave her a little pinch on her fore – arm and she screamed out "IT WAS NOT A DREAM!"

Floods of citizens crowded around as the roads very quickly became claustrophobic and crowded from my window. Grandmother, Mother and I sprinted out of the house to the crooked gate at the end of our driveway. The smell of victory filled our town along with an aroma of freshly baked goods, for the party celebrating the brutal war which was finally at an abrupt end. Tables were floating across the crowds heads and lay down dawned in an embroidered cotton rich table cloth. Delectable treats, were set amongst the continuous tables with eyes gaping and mouths-watering as of the thought of being allowed to set these goods on your taste buds was exhilarating. Even though all of these pieces of heaven were in front of us, they were still a reminder that we were rationing due to the war. I felt devilish as I day dreamed of stuffing my greedy little mouth with all of the treats.

Mother and I made our way to the bus offering a fresh tray of dripping sandwiches, which were demolished in quick concession. The side walk was covered with brightly coloured banners and people cheering just like a never ending Mexican wave. Through the foggy, stained window I saw men of all ages adorned with cuts and bandages, however holding a heavy heart celebrating our victory. For a moment I wondered if Pa was going to return!

On our return, families sprung with joy as seeing sons, fathers, husbands and brothers once again filled them with great delight. I looked at mother and she smiled to reassure me that Pa was going to be reunited with us once again. Grandmother tenderly tapped my shoulder as she could sense the distraught and sadness feeling in my stomach. Then, I heard a deep familiar voice. I had tonnes of thoughts but I never guessed it would be him out of all people. I was abruptly lifted and twirled around by a man. It took me one second to realise it

was him. I yelled in happiness "PA YOUR HOME" I hugged him and said that I will never let him leave us alone again. He and Grandmother had a chuckle and she said "I'm proud of you Son you were a brave man". Whilst mother was talking to Miss Marie, in the corner of her eye she saw Pa. She ran like she never had before and he swept her in his arms as Mothers eyes started to tear. Our family was reunited once again and nothing could ever separate us. Well at least I thought so...

By Lily Emery-Tyler 6H