

Saturday 10<sup>th</sup> September 1940

Dear Diary,

It seems like so long ago that Prime Minister Chamberlain made his speech over the wireless to declare that we were at war; however it only seems real now that bombs are falling like rain every hour of the day.

Yesterday, I was just half way to school when the piercing sirens slammed against my ears and I was forced into a decision about whether to run back home or carry on to school. Just a few moments thinking about that damp, dark Anderson shelter at the bottom of the garden had me running as fast as my legs would carry me onwards to school. I don't mean to sound truly horrid, but with father away at war and mother looking after little Peter, there really is no one to talk to me and comfort me when the sky fills with fire! The shelter at school is so packed with children, but at least I can have whispered conversations with my friends.

The sound of the dreaded bombs dropping doesn't fill me with quite so much fear anymore. It used to have me cowering in a corner but I have grown used to it now, as it has become part of everyday life. Almost like the measly rationed food and this cumbersome gas mask which I must carry everywhere. The only exception is when the bombs drop close by. Then you can hear the deafening explosions and see the sky turn red and that is simply miserable.

I must go now diary. The Williams family has had to move in with us, since their house was flattened by a bomb just a few days ago. It is simply rotten that they have nowhere to live, but I'm not sure that it makes it acceptable for the boys to run around screaming like maniacs - I can't even think straight! I wish we were at school so Mrs Hardacre would belt them with the cane...

...Ok, maybe that was too mean. But they keep thrusting bubble gum in my face that they got from the yanks when they convoyed past school yesterday and I'm starting to feel a little bitter. I'm sharing my home and they can't even share their sweets...

Anyway diary, I must go.

Lauren

