

Friday 16th September 1940

Dear Diary,

I can't believe this has actually happened. I'm on a train heading south and I have to stay there for a very long time. It's called evacuation - that means sending the children away to the country to avoid all of the bombing.

I can understand why they are doing it but I am still utterly miserable. Mother says that it might only be for a little while but I don't think she was quite telling the truth. The Germans are bombing London and all of the other cities day and night and whatever Prime Minister Churchill says on the wireless, I know that victory parties are a very long way off. Mr Hitler is proving much more trouble than we first thought!

I'm going to somewhere called Penzance in Cornwall and that's all I really know. I tried to be brave when Mother and little Peter took me to the platform and put me on the train. I even kept my composure when Mother told me 'Stay safe. I love you my darling' but now I'm in a train carriage all by myself and I can't hold back the tears anymore.

Some of the boys from my class at school are racing around, laughing raucously and shouting about what an amazing adventure it is. Silly boys. Obviously they don't know that when we get there, we'll be taken to a hall and people only pick the nice looking children. No one will ever pick smelly Jimbo Hargreaves. He looks and smells like he lives with Farmer Gibbins' pigs!

I must get myself together or I'll look an awful state by the time we get there and no family shall want to take me home. That's my biggest worry. What if no one wants me? What if I'm just left there like the stray dog nobody wants? My heart is filled with anxiety and distress and I can't get myself together.

I wish I could see it all as an adventure...

I'll write in you later diary, when hopefully someone might have chosen me!

Lauren

