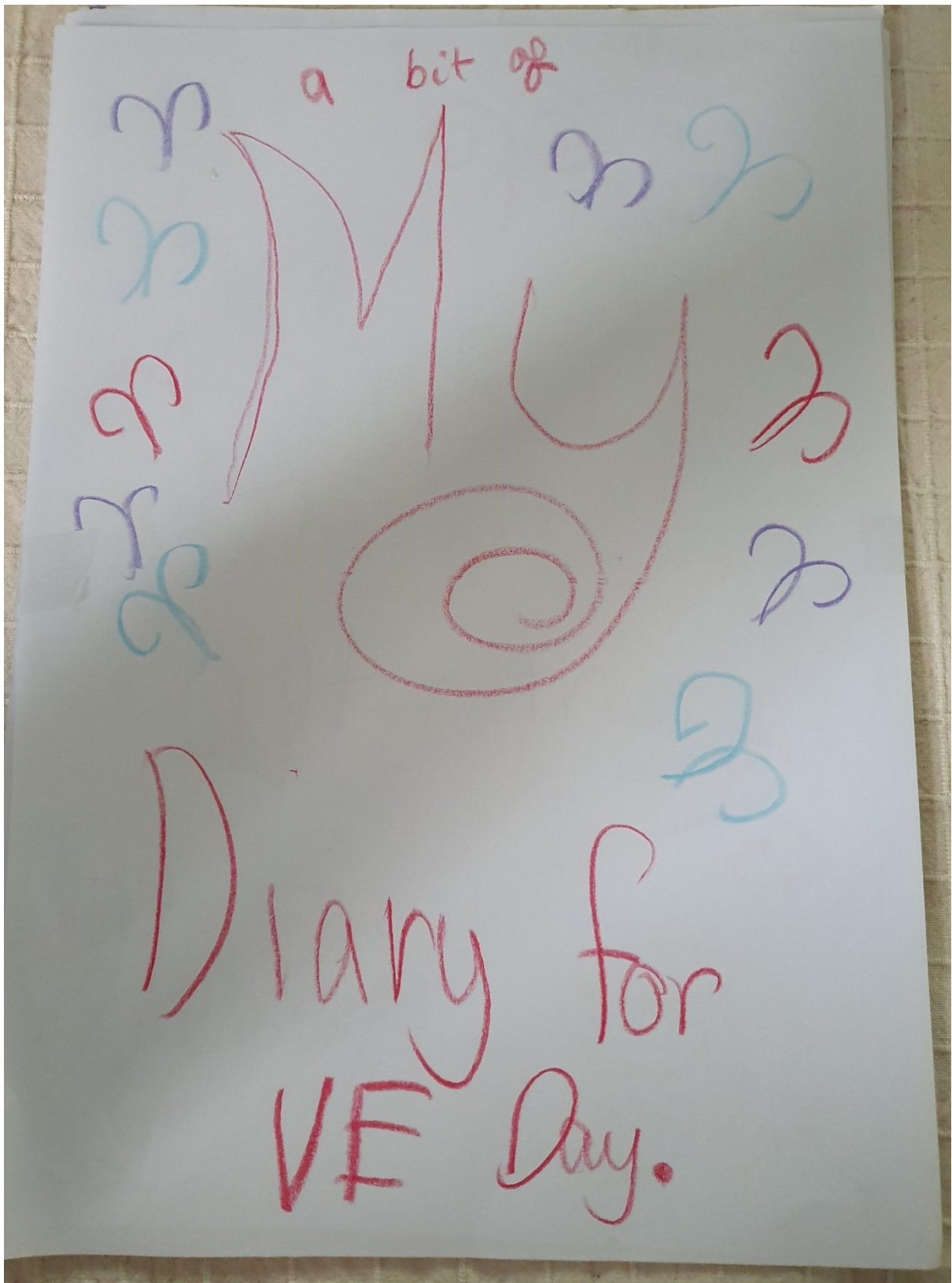


Years 3 and 4 Winner – Liana



This is Mei



Blonde hair.

peach hands.

nice eyes.

happy smile.

Nice sleeves.

nice blouse.

bright long skirt.

[Thursday 07th May~~th~~ Diary Entry]

08th May 1945.

Dear Louie,

I am very sorry that I am looking and writing into your pages once again, for the trillions of hand aching times, but I am afraid this just cannot wait! So, here we are, me, my family, in the kitchen, on a day that not one of us can possibly forget. We are all here, Louie, back from war! Well, Dad is anyhow. I am so glad and pleased that relatives and friends have come back alive, and that everyone is safe! I can hardly believe my ears when Mum came rushing in, tears in here eyes, and came in and - well... she didn't exactly SAY that Dad was only needing to get back safely to the house without being bombed, or killed, but screamed it out! Not only that, but she ALSO said everyone was OK and that Britain had won the war! Dad sent a letter here, I will read it out once I've gone and fetched it... back in a minute. Here we are! This is it!" Hello everyone, I am going to be home as soon as I possibly can, and PLEASE keep your heads on at this news, Britain... WOW the war! I am safe, the only obstacle I really need, well we all need, is to get past the Jerry without being bombed or killed! I am just here by the long train of people about to board this Jerry, I am alright now, but that could all change in seconds! We are in a bit of a dip here, and Germans, Russians, anyone could come without being seen! Once everyone's home, warzone is over! Back as soon as I can, Dad!"

So, that was the letter from dad, I have spent enough time rambling on about that now, lets talk about... well, there's so much to talk about, I couldn't possibly know where to begin! I should begin at the party and what it was named of the final victory... But enough of that! I will start when we are all baking! So, back to the kitchen, I am sitting here with everyone! Dad, uncle Tom, Mum, Slatie (My cat) Floppie, (My very Moody brother) Sammy, Tokby, Dick, Louise, Flan, Floss, Carrie, Ben, Auntie Venice, Nan Sandra, Gran Flo, Granny, Martina, I have probably bored you already! Every family, every friend, every cousin, every relative I know has come over to our very small Bungalow! You see, we are still on rations at that point, so I, my family, (everyone, I should say) brought there rations of to us! This way I can make chocolate brownies, (maybe without the chocolate though) Jam, fairy cakes, bread, butter, but of cheese, milk, squash, vegetables, pea soup, carrots, I think I actually used up all of our rations, though it was a week

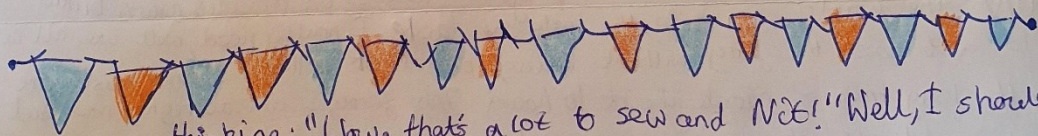
special occasion... I could rabbit on and on about this and that, what I am ~~going~~ to buy, what I am going to carry along to the party, but enough of that! I am going to go to the down right beginning, as soon as I left that door! You may think, Louie, that: "What door are you talking about?" "Back or front?" Well, the truth or no truth? Fine, the truth it is then! So, here we are, by the FRONT door, where Me and Mum and Dad and Floppie. I am standing here, as we only have a front door. NO back door!

So, lets start at the time when I push open the door; "Mum, Dad, can I ask you something?" Mum smiles and says, in a warm tone, "Anything, dear!" and Dad, who has always been a boyish person, sure.

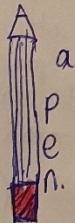
Then I say: "What is this celebration party called?" I almost toppled over as I said this, as I was carrying so much! "Well..." Mum began, but Dad cut her off short, "Well, you see, Maw (another Aunt) another one of your trillions of aunts, has asked the same thing! It is called: (111)

VE Day !!! Hurrah ..

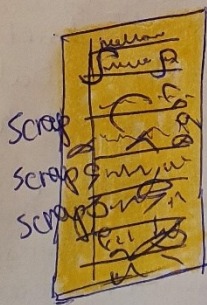
This is a great celebration, Louie, that I would like to share with you. This is the hunting I made at the party to mark my place!



If you're thinking: "Now, that's a lot to sew and knit!" "Well, I should probably say about the fact that I decided, now war is over, that I am going to try some thing else! I used ...



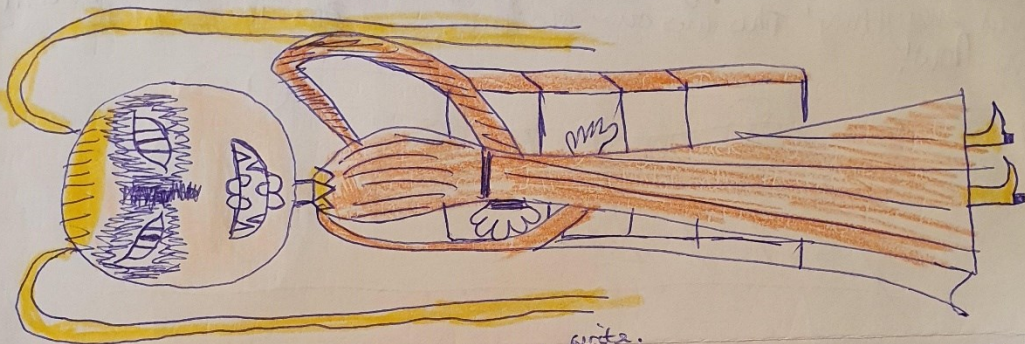
a and ...



P even though I used a
 a bit of scrap paper, I couldn't
 P help that... Louie, is it just
 e me or is this the best day of your/
 R! my life? I mean, This is what

I ate at the party when I got there, so. back to the story, lets go!
 So, I ran along the lane, giggling at my grand's jokes: (No surprise there, as he has pretty silly ones!) There were ones like:

(VE day! Victory for England!) "I am used to looking at a crowd like this, I have a party at my house ^(nearly) every day..." I just added "NEARLY" as when I questioned him on how long ago he had one, he said "a good few years ago actually..." He does make me laugh sometimes Louie! You MUST understand that! But, when I finally sat down at the table, I felt that almost all the joy had escaped from inside me! There, ^{opposite me, before the war} my hard old enemy, "Small," "Jodie Small." The roughest, most stupid person in the whole world, universe, if you ask me! Here is a picture of her:



Pretty stupid looking, right? I would scribble ^{scribble} all over her face and flick her of my shoe if I could, always making snappy comments about fellow students and friends, and here she is, in all her glory, ^{scribble} But today, she merely just smiled at me. Here she is:



looks different, right? More hair, shorter hair, skirt and blouse, no lipstick, Round innocent eyes, no high heels, no fancy dress! And when she spoke, she sounded like a total different person! She smiled, waved, took one of my Jam pots, and walked off... She wasn't the same... Anyway, lets see... I went back home exhausted, and EVERYONE was waving goodbye, and soon I found out why I was feeling so happy today... I suddenly remembered it was my birthday tomorrow! I sneaked into the kitchen, hid beneath the table. Not very later did I hear the voices of Mum and Dad, saying: "13 at last! Teenager!" It was Dad speaking, but I could hear 2 other voices too... One was Mum, Louie, I could tell! The other... I couldn't help it! I pulled up the table cloth a bit, and then realised who it was. It was the local butcher in the town, and I guessed he was making a charity cake.... All Right. All Right! My cake!

Sure enough, as I ~~kept~~ ^{crept} out of the table, I saw him! The local Butcher... I know! He deals with meat, but who cares, we couldn't find a cake maker! (who would?) So after that, I found I could smell this lovely smell... ^{the smell of} pure chocolate! ~~the merade~~ thing is, though, how did it get here? Who ordered it? Were did it come from? Who had the money? Well, anyway, I am sure it will taste good! After about 24 hole hours, in the morning, I ran down the stairs to see The flowers, and a nice blooming cake! After I opened all my presents, Mum smiled and Dad said: "Welcome moving into the city! Pack your things, new school, some friends!" Half-an-hour later, when all was good, we moved out to this amazing country house, in the city though! It was amazing! It was the biggest house I had seen in ages, and 2 front doors, a back door, a balcony and everything! This was our old house, and ~~this~~ this is not how we live now!



Yours, from Liana 