

Years 5 and 6

VE Day

Competition

Entries

Class 5F – Alyssa

Dear Kitty,

I don't know if I can believe that today has really happened; it seems so surreal. War in Europe is over, YES, really over. No, diary, I'm not making it up. Winston Churchill announced the news today and everybody was so excited and relieved.

My little brother Ernie and I have not been allowed on to the beach in Ramsgate because of the bombs that had been put there in case the Germans invaded, but today they were taken away and we are FREE, FREE, FREE. I grabbed Ernie's hand and we ran as fast as we could to join in the celebrations. A big bonfire was burning, the grown-ups were dancing and singing along to Pack up your Troubles and other songs. My friends and I were running around like crazy, splashing in the water and throwing sand. Ernie started crying as he got sand in his eyes so we made our way back to our Grandma's house. When we arrived, Gran was cooking and she said that there was to be a big party in the street. We stayed up late as we ate fish paste sandwiches, pies, jelly and delicious cakes. I am always so hungry so I hope that now that the war is over we can have cream buns, bananas and sweets and all the other nice things I've missed. I'm not sure what happened to the grown-ups tonight but they could not stop singing, dancing and hugging everybody in sight. Even old Mr Taylor was being nice to all us children!

Well diary, it is very late. Before I go to sleep though, I want to tell you about my prayers and all the things that I am looking forward to the most. As you know Daddy has been fighting with the 168th brigade and I am so proud of him. Now that the war is over, I hope he will get back safely. Daddy has been away for too long and I am always so scared that I might not see him again. I cannot wait for him to toss me in the air and give me a big hug so that I feel safe and loved. Please Lord, bring him home and don't let him be hurt.

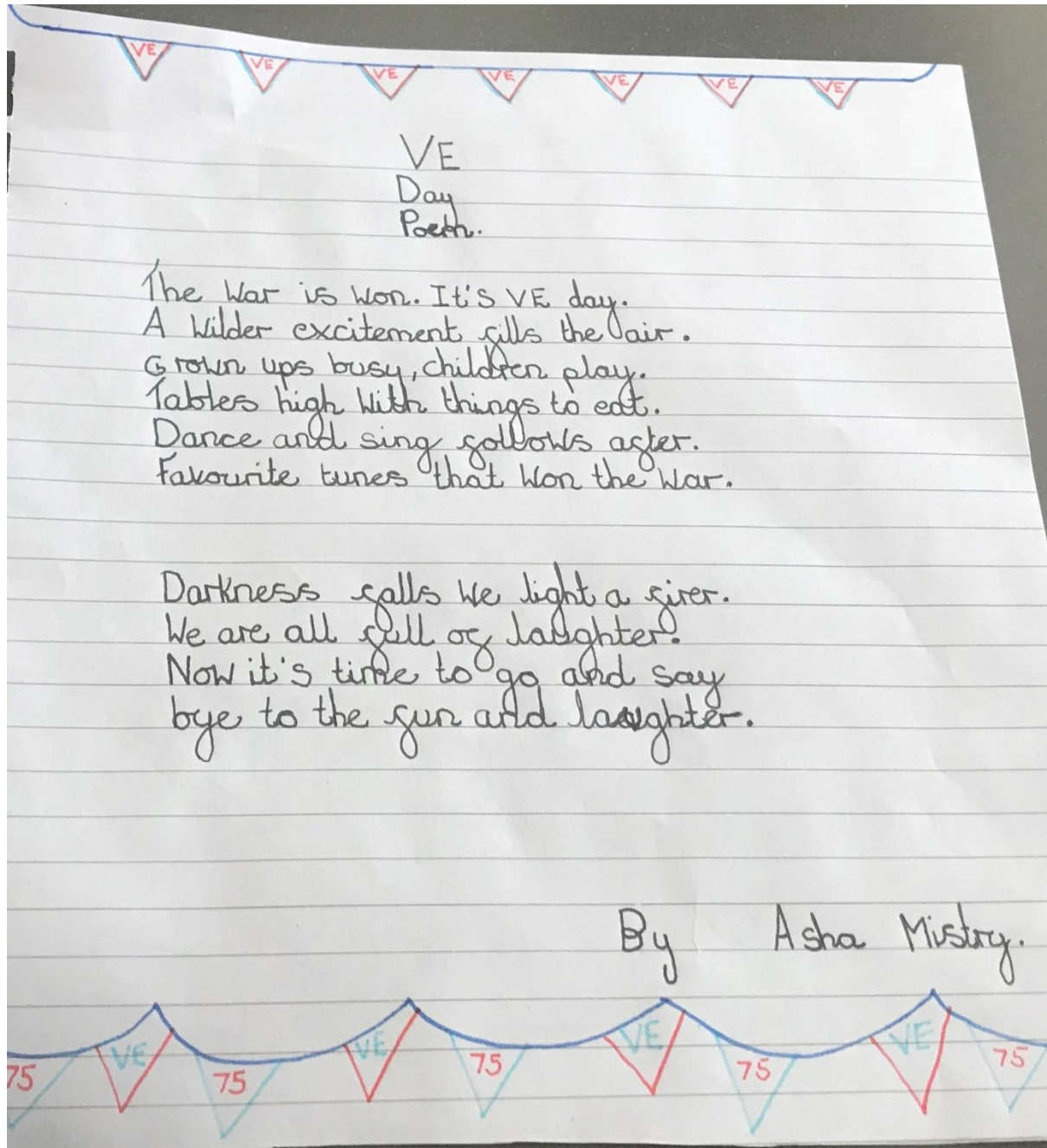
I prayed too for my best friend Susan, whose Daddy was killed and for all the children here and in other countries whose Mummies or Daddies will not get to go home because of this beastly war. I really miss Mummy too, her sparkling eyes, her soothing voice and her smile. I so want her to hug me tight each night before I go to sleep at night. Now that the war has ended she will be able to look after Ernie and I and not have to drive the ambulances any more. Yippee!

My Gran loves us very much and I love her, but I so miss London since Ernie and I had to leave during the Blitz. I miss the red buses, the bedroom Ernie and I shared, Big Ben, the trams and my old teachers. I am so super excited when I think of Mummy, Daddy, Ernie and I being together in our front parlour. We will sing our favourite songs with Auntie Flo from next door playing on the piano and Uncle Ted telling his silly jokes. The best part though, will be all being together again. Diary, WE ARE GOING HOME (but you can come with me). . Home, home, home and war will be no more.

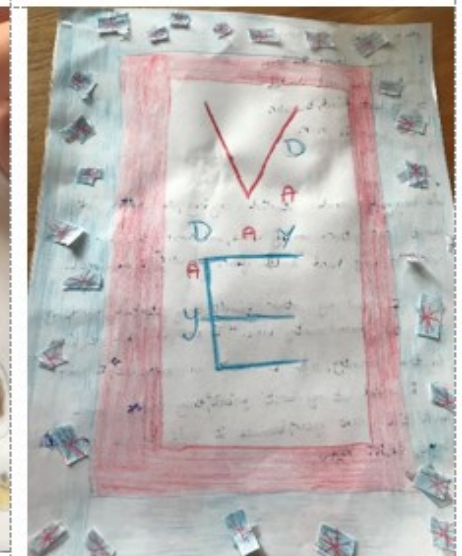
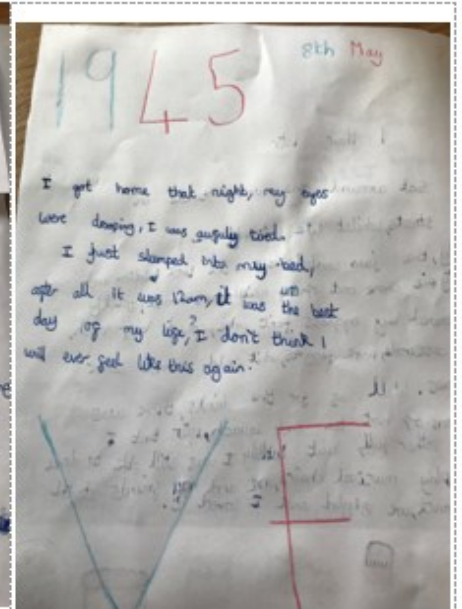
Yours lovingly,

Joanie xx

Class 5F - Asha



Class 5F – Eve



Class 5F – Hany

8th May 1945

I woke up at 6:00AM in the morning, I cannot believe what I heard on the radio this morning it was Winston Churchill saying the war was over, 'YAY the war was over after six painful, bombing years with many lost lives and destroyed homes'. I don't know if that is true or not- NO war! I was exhilarated.

I put on my best clothes and went out. Streets were beautifully decorated with Union Jack flag.

Everyone laid out tables in 'v' shape pattern. Yummy food was served .We started a huge street party. Everyone was dancing and eating all sorts of stuff. We were finally very relaxed. Someone even shouted out 'no more Adolf Hitler for us!!!'We all cheered 'HOORAY WE ARE NOW SAFE FROM HIM!' I kept asking myself: Is this real? No more hiding in the countryside now! I won't have nightmares that the Nazi's are going to kill us! I can't believe it. Now my dad will be with us forever. He can take me to school. That was the deadliest war ever, but luckily we survived! We don't have to wear gas masks anymore to protect us from Nazi's toxic gas.

I can now plan for my future as a normal child! Between myself, I have decided to study hard and become a politician. I will aim at keeping peace all over the world. But now I am happy that I can enjoy my childhood and play games again with my friends.
I went to bed , late that night, and had the happiest dreams.

I am so proud of my country.

Class 6W – Matthew

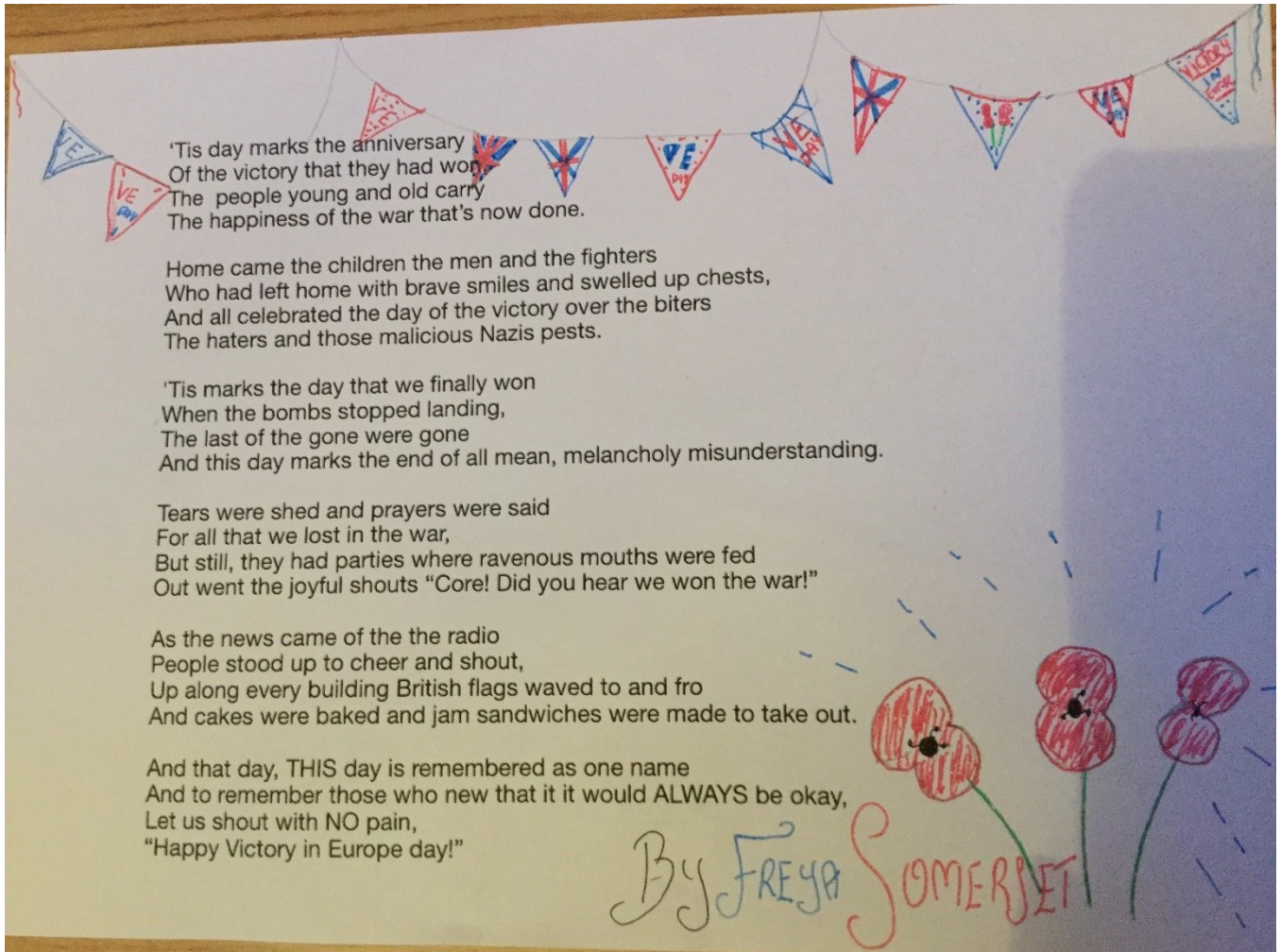
Dear Diary

I have had a very bad day because even though England won the war my Mum and Dad are dead. My Mum got killed in the bombing and my Dad hasn't been seen since he was captured by the Germans. Those stupid, rotten Germans probably killed him for fun after they surrendered just to have some fun. My foster family are alright but they're not the same as Mum and Dad. They have taken me into their home and have allowed me to go back and visit my friends every Sunday so that I have some games in my life. Today the street party was AMAZING! I almost forgot about my Mum and Dad for a while at least! My friends were a lot luckier than me except one of them who lost his Mum and dad like me. We confide our fears with each other and are like brothers to each other now.

I feel so happy for the others and in who didn't lose their family and also a bit jealous because they get to keep their families and I don't. They are kind to me in return as well so I do not consider to do anything that might conflict our amazing bond to be broken.

Sometimes I am really happy because I have eaten the food that we get and after I've had my shower. Sometimes I am away from the world thinking about my family and how I will get through life after the world war 2! I had a jam sandwich after the war and went to all the memorial services. I always felt awash with proudness when I either read.

Class 6Y – Freya



Class 6Y – Tom

It is the 8th May and I just woke up from the ear-piercing sound coming from downstairs. It was my mum screaming, excitingly. I was wondering what could that be so I had a look in the living room and was asked “Is everything okay or is someone dying?” I was tired of the war because I missed my dad so much and didn’t know if he was alive. I found out what the screaming was. It was my mum crying over the awful war ending, FINALY. I felt like I could run in and out of my house one hundred times I was so happy. My mum and I heard the church bells ringing so we went straight to the church to find out we were paying our thanks to those who lost their lives in the torturous war. Remembering those who fought, just like my dad. We heard Winston Churchill, in a strong and booming voice, say that the war was over and whoever survived in the war was coming back today, to their homes and their families. I prayed that my dad was coming, so that we could make up for him being away. Football and chips first.

Later on, in the day we heard a knock at the door. We thought it was our weekly rations, as it had been for a while. But when I went to open it was my dad! I started crying and called my mum, shouted even, to come have a look and she started crying as well. I gave him the biggest hug of my life, I didn’t want to let go in case he went again. We heard that a party was about to happen and we couldn’t resist. We went out and had cake, saw my friends, played football and drank a lot of squash because the only thing we got from our rations was milk. It was midnight by the time we had our food but the party didn’t stop there it kept going and going but by the time it finished it only felt like an hour had gone by. One girl ate all the jam sandwiches. I went to bed that day and felt like somebody had just taken the world of my shoulders.

People who haven’t been cheerful in ages were up dancing like they have been taking dance lessons forever. Wives were crying and hugging their husbands. Everyone looked like they had a hanger in their mouths, they were smiling so much. I started cheering “VE DAY YAY”.

PS I think that I’m going to use this in my future life to tell my grandkids.