



Y6 Spring 2.2

## Write to entertain: Historical WWII story



### Saving Gunner

From the depths of my peaceful slumber, I was suddenly jerked awake by the familiar eerie droning of the air-raid sirens. Here we go again. It was the summer of 1940 (during the peak of the Battle of Britain) and Londoners had been bombed to within an inch of their sanity. I was only 10 so should've been spending the summer playing outside with my friends, kicking around a football and getting told off by grumpy Mrs Norton next door. Instead, it felt like I'd spent most of my summer trapped in one of the nearby shelters. The novelty of it all soon wore off and I longed for the days when I could play outside with my friends without mother fussing over where I was going and when I'd be back.

My thoughts were interrupted by the barks of Gunner – my doe-eyed cocker spaniel – telling me to get a move on. He nudged my cheek with his nose and I groaned as I sat up. My father had brought Gunner home last summer. He was a tiny, brown, scrap of a dog and we bonded straight away. I'd loved him even more when Father left to fight – Gunner was all I had left of him until he returned. I pulled on my clothes in haste: a pair of grey trousers that were frayed at the hems; a khaki green jumper; a pair of tatty black boots. As I was rushing out of the door, my mother's voice echoed up the stairs, "Hurry up Will, we need to get to the shelter before the bombs start falling!" "Ok Mother, I'm just coming." I bolted down the stairs, she took my hand and we strode through the door and into the chaos of the night.

Even though it was past 10pm, the sky was bright with light. The glare from searchlights streamed across the night sky and flashes from incendiary bombs dazzled the darkness like fireworks. Strange, I thought, how something so horrific could be so beautiful. Mother gripped my hand tightly as we weaved through the streets towards the shelter, Gunner at my heels growling menacingly at the enemy aircraft above. My thoughts drifted to my father and I hoped that wherever he was, he was safe. The bombs shrieked as they whizzed towards the ground like angry wasps; the high-pitched noise screaming in my ears and muffling my senses. Houses around me blazed with fire and I felt the warmth on my cheeks. The light from the fires illuminated piles of debris; creating threatening shadows that seemed to reach out luring you towards the darkness. My heart thumped loudly in my chest as the noise from the aircraft grew closer.

Suddenly, there was an almighty bang as a bomb landed about 100 feet behind us, making the ground shake and shudder. "Will RUN!" My mother's panicked voice echoed in my ears and I looked around frantically for Gunner. He was gone. "Will, what are you waiting for? We need to move, and now!" "But I need to find Gunner," came my desperate reply, "He's run off." "I'm sure he'll find us, now let's go. Before it's too late." I looked deeply into my mother's hazel eyes, which were clouded with concern, and then back towards the rubble and ruin of the streets behind me. "I'm sorry Mother, but Gunner needs me."

I wrenched free from her grip and then ran towards the chaos and confusion calling Gunner's name desperately. Bombs continued to fall and plumes of thick, black smoke choked the air around me making it difficult to breathe. "Gunner! Gunner, where are you?" Tears stung at the corners of my eyes as I began to lose hope of ever seeing him again.

Just then, I heard a faint whimpering sound coming from the alley across the street. My heart leapt for joy when I saw Gunner cowering behind some bins but this quickly turned to panic when I realised that he was trapped. A charred, wooden beam from the building next door had fallen and one of his paws was caught underneath. I pulled at the beam but it was stuck fast. I took in a deep breath and tried again. I could feel the muscles in my arms tighten with the strain and I clenched my jaw in concentration. After what felt like hours, the beam shifted just enough for Gunner to wriggle free. He was holding up an injured paw but was thankfully in one piece. He licked my cheek as I stroked his face and I grinned in relief. "Now let's get you to safety buddy." He barked in reply and I took him by the collar to lead him out of the alley.

Back in the streets, the bombing continued. Fragments of people's lives lay scattered on the floor but this was no time to be sentimental. With Gunner's injured paw it was slow going but we inched towards the shelter amidst the incessant noise. Yards from the door of the shelter, I looked up and saw someone stood outside – it was my mother. When she saw the two of us, she ran over and flung her arms around us. Then her eyes hardened, "I've been so worried about you – don't you ever run off again!" I opened my mouth to reply but then her eyes softened and she hugged me tightly. As she ushered me into the shelter, she whispered gently, like only a mother can, "I'm so glad you're safe."

**Purpose:** To entertain the reader with a story set in World War II

### Key features

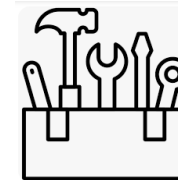


#### Structural:

- P1: character is woken by bombing & writer sets context
- P2: character leaves house and writer introduces pet
- P3: writer describes the chaos of the night
- P4: character loses pet
- P5: character chases pet but cannot find them
- P6: character is reunited with pet
- P7: all characters are reunited. Everyone is safe

#### Language:

- Use dialogue to convey character and to show action
- Use parenthesis to add extra detail
- Use language that fits the context, e.g. mother, bombing
- Use language to show emotion, e.g. her eyes softened



### Writer's toolbox

#### Dialogue:

Use dialogue to show emotion, e.g.  
"But I need to find Gunner," came my desperate reply, "He's run off."  
This shows how concerned Will is.

#### Parenthesis:

Use parenthesis to add extra information:  
*It was the summer of 1940 (during the peak of the Battle of Britain) and Londoners had been bombed to within an inch of their sanity.*

#### Punctuation:

Remember to use speech punctuation  
Remember to use brackets, commas or dashes to mark parenthesis

#### Vocabulary:

Jerked awake	Chaos
Dazzled	Weaved
Debris	Cowering

### Recommended reads

