

# Perspectives

## **Chapter One**

### **The Boy and His Cat**

It was a dark and moonlit night. The moon shone down on the earth. In central France, a boy trudged through a field listening for any sudden noise. A cat followed him obediently. It was 1943. The boy was named Kirsten, and his cat was named Clock. They walked on. Up ahead was a row of houses, pubs and shops. A van led a group of soldiers, Nazi soldiers. Kirsten clenched his fists. He was a Jew, and like all Jews if he was caught he would be sent to a concentration camp. He moved on. He decided that tonight he would not stop going. He actually didn't now where he was going. He just kept on walking,

oblivious of where he was heading. Once the van and the troops had moved on, he too walked on. He climbed over a fence. He was hungry; he hadn't eaten for at least a day. He scoured the ground for scraps, things the townspeople might have dumped in the field. There wasn't anything in sight. Clock followed close behind him. He wasn't that skinny, even though he didn't get that much food. Kirsten found a slice of bread on the ground, covered in flecks of dirt. It would have to do

“Clock, here Clock,” called Kirsten.

The cat trotted over to him. He ripped off a little piece of bread and gave it to Clock. They both devoured it, for it might be the only food they got for a while.

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The morning rose, bring a cool air along with it, and a light frost covered the ground. The sun could be seen just over the horizon.

Kirsten awoke, under a large pile of leaves. Strangely, they had kept him warm. He stood up, shaking the autumn leaves of his body. Clock still lay on the ground, snoring slightly. He left him there and stretched. He hadn't meant to go asleep, but he had been very tired and just couldn't resist. He thought back to the time when things began to change. When he and his friends had to wear the Star of David, and then not being allowed to go to certain shops and restaurants and play areas. And then... he gulped and tried to hold back the tears that welled up in his eyes. He remembered the day that the soldiers had burst through the front door. His parents had rushed him into the cellar, giving him the key and then telling him to lock the door and

hide. He stayed down there for at least an hour. When he came back out, the house was ransacked and his parents were gone. He cried for a long time after that. He never liked thinking about when he was eight. It scared him.

The morning melted into the afternoon, and the day gradually got warmer. Clock had got very annoyed when Kirsten woke him up. It was about five a clock when things went wrong. Kirsten and Clock were walking through a hay field, oblivious that they were trespassing on Nazi land. A farmer watched them from a distance. Looking at their dirty clothes and rags; he guessed that they were Jews. He muttered a curse under his breath and took a shotgun.

Meanwhile, Kirsten and Clock still wandered through the field, unaware of the danger they were in. A few metres ahead,

Kirsten spotted an apple tree. Food was scarce but an apple was a real treat in this harsh times. He ran over to the tree and picked several off. That was when he heard the gun shoot. He swivelled around and saw an old farmer with a shotgun in his hand. He fired another shot, this one whizzing past his head. He turned and ran to the forest which bordered the farms fence. He jumped over and Clock slipped through the gap. They both sped through the forest for about ten minutes until they were sure they had lost the old man. He sat down under the foot of an old oak tree and gasped for breath. Clock prowled around him, growling for a few minutes until he too had to rest. As Kirsten looked back on what had happened he remembered the apples he had taken. He had dropped most of them but four still remained in his pockets. He took one out and

took a bite. The sweet taste filled his mouth as he chewed away. He took another bite. As he chewed, he, with great trouble, managed to tear off a piece and give it to Clock. If he ever found food he usually shared it with him. It was about one o' clock, Kirsten guessed so he stood up, stretched, and set off again.

It was late night and thousands of stars twinkled up in the sky. Kirsten had arrived at an old town and it was a mess. Houses were torn down, Rubble lay everywhere and as far as he could see, there were absolutely no inhabitants. The occasional rustle made him jump and look around in fright only to see nothing. It was as he was scrapping in the rubble, trying to make a little cave where he could sleep was when he truly got a fright.

## **Chapter two**

### **Miss Isabella**

As he scabbled through the rubble, he didn't notice a girl about a year younger than him creep up. Clock growled, but Kirsten just ignored it. He yawned, getting tired. It was then when the girl piped up, "Hello, who are you?"

His heart skipped a beat and he jumped around in fright. The little girl just stood there dumbly.

"Hello," said Kirsten, "Who are you?" His heart calmed a little.

"I'm Miss Isabella. And you are?" She spoke with great pride in her voice.

"I'm Kirsten, and this is my cat Clock," he pointed down at Clock who was still growling.

She bent down and tickled Kirsten's cat in the stomach, who jumped away, still growling.

She was taken aback. As if forgetting, she continued, "Anyway, why are you in my town?" she asked sternly.

"Your town?" Kirsten asked, still confused.

"Yes, it's my town and people have to give me a gift or money or something if they want to get in."

Kirsten wanted to say many rude things to this girl and tell her that this wasn't her town, and she couldn't tell him what to do, but he restrained himself. Instead, he said,

"Will an apple do?"

She looked like she had become queen.

"Gimme, gimme, gimme," she said.

He gave her the apple. She thanked him, with great difficulty and skipped on into the darkness. What a strange girl, thought

Kirsten. Clock had stopped growling and was making himself comfortable in the little cave. Kirsten to squeezed in and closed his eyes, tired.

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He was woken to the sound of army tank's engines, the rumble of trucks and the stamp of feet. He peeked outside. A Nazi reinforcement group headed towards the trenches, but all Kirsten saw were scum. Then something strange happened. The little girl he had encountered ran out in front of the group of soldiers. They stopped and stared. Some of the men smirked and laughed. Kirsten guessed she was giving them the speech he had got last night. The General laughed and shouted an order to someone in a quick voice. A young soldier

jogged quickly over to a truck and got out a rope. Two other soldiers grabbed her. The man tied her up with the rope and put her in the back of the truck he had got the rope from. Then the General gave another order, slower, enabling Kirsten to hear him.

He said, "Someone get a map. We'll take this little rascal to the nearest concentration camp. We can't have filth running around our land."

Isabella was screaming and sobbing at the same time. Kirsten felt his stomach leave him. They all started up again, engines rumbling.

The soldier who had tied her up got a cloth and stuffed it in her mouth, to shut her up. He was pale, and obviously didn't like what the general was making him do. They left the town. Kirsten wanted to run after them, but he couldn't even move. Clock sensed

something was wrong, so he left him alone, probably going hunting.

Eventually Kirsten got up, even paler than the soldier. He took a bite out of one of the apples. Clock trotted up to him, a dead mouse in his mouth. Up ahead was a crossroads. He was pretty sure the army had gone left so he took the right turn. A barren field lay to his left. It brought back memories of where he used to live. A farm with pigs and cows and all the other animals. He smiled to himself when he remembered his sheepdog, Jessie.

As the afternoon rose, for some reason he felt like he was being stalked. He occasionally heard the rustle of leaves. There was no wind so it had to be someone, or something.

\* \* \*

He got even more suspicious when he saw something flicker in the corner of his eye. He shouted out,

“I know you’re here, so show yourself.”

He looked around frantically. Clock growled, his back arched and his hair and tail raised.

Out of the bushes came a mouse. He heaved a sigh of relief and continued walking.

Suddenly he was grabbed from behind in the waist. A German soldier had been following him for quite a while. Kirsten elbowed him in the stomach. The soldier doubled over, but that was only a pinch to the buffed up man.

He got back up, and spat on the ground, now angry. Kirsten panicked. He picked up a large enough rock and threw it at the man.

It was enough of a distraction. Kirsten hurled himself forward and whacked him down. All the rest was a blur. The Nazi had pulled

Kirsten down with him. He tried to get back up but the soldier got the better of him. He whacked him in the side of the head. Everything went dark.

## **Chapter 3**

### **Thornton of the Marines**

Kirsten woke on the ground beaten and tied up. He was in an abandoned house, with no glass in the windows and the door was missing. He heard a German outside, who suddenly noticed he was awake. He barked something to a fellow soldier. All of a sudden both fell to the ground. A boom sounded and a truck exploded. Men emerged from the forestry. The Germans were confused and unprepared for a full on attack, and may fumbled for a gun to shoot with. Soldiers fell to ground. A few feigned death, hoping to escape later. The attackers ploughed through the Germans, picking them off, one by one

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\* \* \*

Soon all the soldiers were dead, or had fled. Kirsten tried screaming to get the men's attention, but to no avail. He was gagged, and was drugged too so most of his muscles were limp. They fired a few shots into the air. They gathered some supplies from the store room, and then had a peek in a few of the houses. When they came to his house, the soldier leading held his gun straight. Then he noticed the Star of David he was wearing. He lowered his gun and untied him. Kirsten got up slowly; the drug was wearing off. The soldier conferred with his fellow men for a few minutes. Then he said something in a language Kirsten didn't understand. The soldier realised this, then he moved his arm, pointing to the woods. Kirsten understood. He guessed Clock was dead, so he moved on. He was happy to be free. The soldiers moved. Jason Thornton, the soldier who had

pointed his gun at Kirsten hesitated, feeling sorry for him but he remembered why he was here and turned to catch up before he was left behind.

## **Chapter 4**

### **Trenches**

Thornton was in a plane with five other soldiers. He was landing at the 477 American Air-Base hidden in the German Alps. His superior, Colonel O'Neil were joining up with the army, planning a raid on a German/Italian artillery supply base.

Thornton was unloading supplies for the base. He dropped a big heavy box onto the ground. He heard a noise from the box that sounded like someone saying ouch. He kicked it to make sure. He opened the box. The boy who had been captured by the Germans!

“What the...?” O 'Neil came over seeing the shock on his face. He looked in the box.

“Son of a...”

Soon a whole bunch of soldiers were looking over heads trying to get a glimpse of what was going on. O'Neil pulled Kirsten out of the box by the scruff of his neck.

“What in the name of Adolph Hitler are you doing in the supply box?”

Kirsten didn't understand a word he had just said.

“Great now we have a kid on our hands! Thornton took him to the infirmary.”

As he was bringing him over a noise whistled through the air. It hit Kirsten in the ankle. He fell to the ground screaming. “AMBUSH!!!” shouted a soldier.

Thornton dragged Kirsten behind a car he heard explosions and covered his face as the windscreen shattered the window. He returned fire wildly shooting at the enemy soldiers in the distance. Kirsten was losing a lot of blood and had already lost a lot of

blood. Thornton took out his first aid kit and bandaged up Kirsten's wound. He took a peek over the car to see what was happening. A shower of bullets flew past his head.

"Not the best idea I've had," he muttered to himself.

The car beside blew up. He thought it would best if he moved. He lifted up Kirsten.

"For a homeless boy, he's heavy!"

He ran, well jogged, to the nearest cover. Bullets spayed from all directions at him. Kirsten was beginning to stir. When Thornton reached the nearest cover he laid Kirsten down. He lobbed a grenade over his head. A missile whizzed over his head.

Eventually, the Germans retreated. Many men were on the ground groaning in pain. A lot were dead. Thornton was lucky to be alive. He walked over to the airstrip where all the troops uninjured re-gathering. All

were very grim. But none were prepared for what was to come.

About a day after the ambush, all the injured soldiers had been flown off, and the rest were being sent to the front-line trenches. They all had heard about the trenches, about the gas especially. A plane flew them back to England. Then they were shipped off to France. Kirsten had been put into an orphanage in England, because the final decision off what to do with him was still undecided.

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Thornton was depressed, as anyone would be in a dark and filthy trench. For the first two days, hardly any shots had been fired. But then, on the third day, panic struck. Thornton woke to the sound of screaming and

shouting. He took a look outside. Gas was coming down the trench his way. He ran back in to his bunker grabbed his gas mask, whipped it on. He ran outside. The gas was getting closer. Most people were gone, and a few stragglers were getting engulfed in the mist, choking to death. He ran on, away from the mist. No one was to be seen. He had been running for five minutes flat. He stopped for a rest. Still the trench was empty. He ran on.

Eventually, he stumbled upon some dead bodies. He peered ahead. The gas was coming both ways. He ran back were a second turn was. The gas from both sides was creeping in on him. He ran down there, it was his last hope. He sprinted as fast as he could. The gas seemed to be closing in on him. There was a ramp ahead of him, which lead up out of the trench. It was his last hope. He took off any unnecessary packs and ran

up. About five seconds after exiting the trench shots sprayed from all directions at him. He saw more dead bodies on the ground. It was obvious more people had tried this... and failed. Ahead was a large boulder which would shield him from the enemy bullets. Behind it the ground was also lower, providing a little shelter. He dived behind the boulder, panting. He took out his canteen and drank heavily. He put the lid back on and whipped his mouth. When he had regained his strength, he heaved himself up, and sprinted out from behind his former shelter. More enemy bullets showered down on him, missing by a few inches. One bullet hit him in the arm, but he ignored it and ran on. He looked ahead; hoping something anything would provide shelter. There was nothing. Accepting the fate that awaited him. He slowed down and stopped. The Germans in

the trenches firing at him, hesitated, not sure what to do. Then they killed him. The bullets seemed to come in slow motion at him. He fell to the ground dots in his eyes. He started seeing everything red, too. Then everything was silent. Blood filled his mouth and he, was dead.

## **Chapter 5**

### **Memorial**

Everyone stood there silent, heads bowed. It was Thornton's funeral. Not everyone got a funeral, but all of his fellow soldiers agreed he was the best damn private they ever knew. Few had seen his death, but those who had, were changed. The war still raged on, and when the marines in his squad saw his act of courage, they then promised themselves they would fight for him and for their country.

The coffin came up the aisle. They hadn't been able to retrieve his body, but it was a sign of respect to him. Some of his fellow soldiers said a few words. Then they were allowed to pay their respects. His best friend Jimmy was last to come up. He thought it was a bit strange talking to an empty coffin.

“Hey buddy, it’s me Jimmy. I don’t know what I’m gonna do without you. But I’ll do my best Jason, to stop this god damned war, I swear I will, I swear.” Jimmy was nearly in tears. “Me and... and the guys will miss havin’ a... a joker around to... to cheer us up when where down. Goodbye Jason, goodbye.” Jimmy’s eyes were watering and he was fighting back tears. He closed the door, where the coffin was, all in the dark.

\* \* \*

Jimmy only had a day before he was sent back, so he took a stroll around London. He smelled the old London smell which he missed so much. He was in a park in South London when he remembered Thornton’s other friend Brian from Ireland, who had been in hospital. He decided he’d write a

letter to Brian. He was almost sure Brian didn't know so he thought he should at least write to him and tell him the news. He got out a pen and then he looked around for some paper. A park wasn't the best place to find paper, so he went to a local shop to get some. He couldn't really think of what to say to Brian, so he brainstormed for a while. Eventually the idea popped into his head. He began to write. It was a full page long. And he told Brian how Jason had died. He read over the letter again and again, trying to make it just perfect. Soon it was finished. He read over it again just to make sure nothing was out of place.

*Dear Brian,*

*I'm very sorry to inform you about this, but your friend, Jason Thornton, of Squadron 32C died. I don't really know you that well, but I know you two were very good friends. I really would have liked you to attend the funeral, as would Thornton, but it was very short notice, only his family and squadron attended. We found letters of what he'd like to do with his belongings. You were given his favourite childhood toy and 20 pounds. Seen as how you are in the middle of a war, we have given the toy and the 20 pounds to your wife. He wanted also said in his will*

*that you were one of his best friends. I have enquired to see about you returning home for a day.*

*Unfortunately the man who organises this says it is important to only have soldiers return home if it is absolutely vital. In your case it isn't just that so I am afraid you will not be returning home. I think*

~~*There isn't much else to say.*~~ *I hope you are well and you will be returning home soon.*

*P.S. I have heard news that Germany is beginning to cave under all the pressure. Maybe everyone will be able to return home!*

*Yours truly, Jimmy F. Partridge  
Squadron 32C, the marines.*

Jimmy stamped the letter and wrote the address and then gave it to a passing post man. He had to get up early tomorrow so he decided he'd call it a day and head home. He looked around sadly, not wanting to leave his hometown, but he had to, no matter how much he wanted to stay. He heaved himself off the bench he was sitting on and strolled off, enjoying every moment of London he got. What he didn't realize was that he wouldn't even make back to the trenches. He wouldn't even get close. As he walked for some reason he felt if he died today he be a peace with himself. He certainly chose the perfect day!

## **Chapter 6**

### **Emergency Crash**

Jimmy was in a large plane hooked up ready to jump. He had been re-assigned and was on his way to assist some soldiers having trouble in some trenches. There were about fourteen or fifteen kilometres from the drop which was two kilometres behind the trenches.

“Wish I was home with ‘oul Poppy,” said the man ahead of Jimmy to himself. Something clicked in his head.

“Brian is that you?” he asked.

“If you mean the good ‘oul Brian Cowen your right. But don’t get confused my da and his da and his da’s da were called Brian too. I hope when my lad Brian is born, if he turns

out to be a lad, he will call his son Brian. And my baby Brian turns out to be a girl well god help us all we'll have two flippin' Poppy's in the house. Sorry I drifted off in a bit of a tangent there. And where might I know you from?"

"I'm Jimmy, I was Thornton's friend. I wrote you the letter."

"Ah yes" said Brian, "We met in the pub when I went to England to join up, and from then on it was true love... I mean friendship. T'was a sad day when I received the letter."

"It was rather sad," said Jimmy. Suddenly the plane rocked to one side. A lot of people fell out of their seats. A red light flickered on, and an alarm sounded. Sergeant Gavins opened the door.

"Every one get out of this plane now or your all dead meat."

A bang sounded. The right engine was trailing smoke. A few shots flew through the weak metal. A few men fell to the ground. "I'll bet you a fiver that they've got triple-25's down there," said Brian to Jimmy. There were only two people ahead of Brian. When the two ahead had jumped Brian unhooked himself and said to Jimmy.

"For a London lad, you're alright." He jumped. Now only Jimmy, Sergeant Gavins, The pilot and five soldiers were left. Jimmy unhooked himself but it was too late. The plane blew up. Down on the ground Brian was hiding behind a rock, gun fire spraying everywhere. "Well no fiver then," he muttered to himself. He took out a grenade took out the pin and lobbed it over his head. "That'll do it!" He said. He heard a clinking noise. A grenade rolled to his side. "Oh, for the love of..." BOOOOM!!!! And that was

the end of Brian. The Germans had the clear advantage. None of the men who went to fight there were ever seen again. Except one. He had managed to make his way to the trenches. It had taken him a long time. When he reached the trenches, he was wet tired and shaken. A couple of men took him to a room where he could rest, and then they left his clothes out to dry. He lay there with his eyes wide open staring at the ceiling until he fell asleep. His name was Gavin T. Oh no sorry that was the wrong name. His name was David Curtis. Oh no sorry again, his name was *Adam B.*

## **Chapter 7**

### **1945**

It was 1944 and the war was coming to an end, but no one knew that it was nearly over. Adam the survivor from the 'Emergency Jump' was better now. He couldn't really return home at the moment so he had been assigned to a squadron who were preparing to assault an airfield in Japan. The airfield hosted an ingenious way of refueling planes. Whatever way they did it the planes were up and down in just over a minute. This was a major disadvantage to the Allies. The squadron was made of twenty-eight men, four tanks, two armoured cars and two extra anti tank vehicles. They were going with two other squadrons made up of the same manpower.

Seven-four men marched through the swamp; guns posed ready to shoot at any sign o movement. Adam was a sub-machine gunner, Thompson in hand. It was a slow process getting through the swamp; the tanks were always getting stuck and some of the soldiers kept getting their feet snagged in hidden roots and branches underneath the muddy water. It was a frightening experience; all of the soldiers had adrenaline running through them. Eventually they could hear the sound of the Japanese voices, and the occasional rumble of a plane. The tanks rumbled up to full throttle and they charged down towards the airfield. The Japanese were caught by surprise, and they fumbled with their weapons. Adam's job was to storm the hanger plant a charge and blow hell out of the planes their. Twelve other men accompanied him. He whacked Japanese

across the face with his gun who was running  
by.

“Scum!” he muttered.

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Thirteen men went in to the hangar. Two men came out. They were Adam B and some Irish man who called himself Gavin T. None of the tanks made it out or any of the vehicles in fact. Thirty-four men died leaving just over half alive. Adam was one of the lucky men to escape the war. “This may just have those Japs far enough. We can go back to camp now knowing we made a difference.”

None of these perspectives of people in the war were true and it's just a coincidence if they are. This story is copy-right. So keep your hands off Muchamore.

**The End**  
**Until after**  
**World War II**