Last night every thing changed. My house that I worked so hard to make destroyed and gone. the blitz was the worst day for Coventry bildings were demolished people disappeared and were never seen again my family was missing and never saw again. My life was ruined: everything I had worked hard for was gone. I had no one left to go to. That day couldn’t get worse but it did there was nothing to do the only good thing that happened that day was me being alive. Then the worst came. Rubble came rushing down at the speed of light and then… THUD. The rubble fell right on top of my head and that’s all I could remember

Soon after, I woke up in a hospital and found my mother and father I hugged then and they told me they had good news and bad news the good news was that my children were ok but the bad news was that I was now… a widow I told them they must be joking but they weren’t then my children walked in and we stayed together.