



Along the war-torn streets of London, lethal explosions lit up the pitch-dark night. Many more bombs were bound to drop as the buzzing of the German planes above droned on. Suddenly, there was a loud unmistakable 'CRASH' - this time it was closer. Sounds of pain echoed around as the devastation unfolded. When the all clear sounded, sighs of relief could be heard for miles; but everyone knew tonight's chaos wasn't over. The road was not a normal sight as houses were completely engulfed in flames. The smoke and blazes were endless. After the first one, many more firetrucks pulled up as the dust settled. Men and women dashed from the burning buildings as brave heroic men fought the fire; it was uncontrollable. The water shot out of the hose splashing off the burning buildings as it flooded the surrounding area. Chatter filled the air as thick plumes of smoke rose from the menacing, uncontrollable fire. Search lights illuminated the murky dim night; the only light was the deadly sea of amber that swarmed the gloomy streets of London. The flames ignited anything that came in its path and caused shrieks of agony, pain and loss.

The wailing of sirens filled the streets as the intense, flickering flames grew greater and more overwhelming by the minute.

The shrill, deafening screams from the top of buildings, echoed around the empty streets. As hope began to fade, all citizens could do was watch their towns and communities fall apart. A slight shake made many buildings collapse into piles of rubble and dirt as the hissing sound of hoses echoed through the town. Relatives of those trapped prayed-waiting patiently. Only after many more hours, shrills and shrieks came to an end. Hope was lost. Forever.