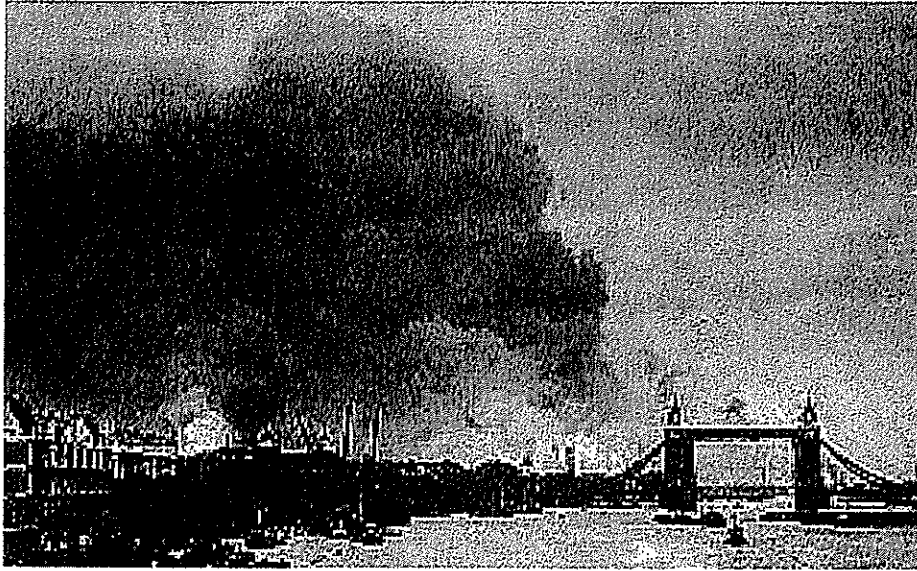


A Bomb in War

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A family treasure is an object that gets passed down through many generations and is a great way to bring the family together. Some kids might think that a family treasure is their grandmother's doll, or their grandfather's model airplane. Mine is a bit different. My family treasure is a story. Just like a family treasure gets passed around, so do stories. They get shared and bring the whole family together to listen. A family story is part of who I am and helps me find my place in my extended family. As we cherish this story, we can't forget that it is all true and that it happened to real people...people related to ME! It makes me proud to be a part of my family. Even though this story isn't very long, it goes back a long way in history. Enjoy.

On a cold night in Surrey, England in 1944, my great-grandmother, my grandmother and my great-grandfather were inside their house during World War Two. It had been just like any usual day, in war-time England and my great-grandfather was home on leave from the British army.

The family was enjoying their short reunion and doing the normal daily things until night came. That was when all the bombings happened. My grandmother was just a little girl and didn't know what the war was all about. The Germans starting bombing again! They heard bombs going off everywhere around them and they didn't have time to get to the air

raid shelter that was on the end of the street. They were scared.

My grandmother, even though she was just a little girl when this happened, was nervous. From a child's eyes, she didn't know how to react to this sort of situation. They were trapped in their house when all of a sudden they heard an eerie whistle. It was a bomb that had been dropped and was heading right for their house and was going to be what they called a "direct hit". It was going to fall directly on their house! In a panic my great-grandfather took his wife and his baby girl and they crawled under a great massive dining table. My great-grandfather kissed them all good bye and then held them close under the table. He and my great-grandmother thought that they were about to die. As they were huddled under the table waiting for the end, the wind shifted and carried the bomb into the sea. It exploded in the sea instead of on their house. This had all happened in under a minute but they thought they were all going to die by the bomb. They thought that this would be the last moment that they would ever spend together. They were crying and praying under the table. It was a miracle that they survived. They heard the bomb whistling going right over their heads and a miracle from above saved their lives.

This story was passed down from my great-grandmother to my grandmother because she was much too young to remember all of these details. My

great-grandmother did tell this story to my mom when she was a little girl and that is how we know about it. My great-grandmother told my mom a lot of stories about the war and we are glad that she remembers them. I find this story was amazing in so many ways because that was a one in a million miracle that saved their lives. Without that gust of wind in England in 1944, I wouldn't be here today.

Veronica Jaramillo