

St Ambrose Barlow, Wigan

I walked into this old, crooked building, it was very different to the camp I had come from. There was a lot of little rooms built into the walls, I got given one of the little rooms. I walked into the dark room and there was a white bed with white sheets on top. I felt relief that I could actually sleep on a comfy bed, unlike the dirty floors that I had to sleep on in my old camp. The floor was quite squeaky, besides it was way better than I imagined anyway.

There was a little, wooden cabinet, but it wasn't that useful to me because all my stuff was left at home. A few hours later, me and all the other kids got taken to the hall. I could hear the plates and cutlery crashing about whilst I was walking down the quiet and narrow hallway. The smell of the food was gorgeous could almost make my mouth water.

When we arrived, I could see fresh, buttered bread on the long, brown tables, I was amazed that I was getting treated like this, for the first time in 6 years. When we all sat down the kids and I stuffed the bread as quick as we could into are pockets, to save when we got back to are rooms. I couldn't bear it so I took a little bite and the taste was so good It was the best bread I had ever had.

One of the helpers caught us, and she took us to the kitchen and she had shown us stacks and stacks of bread. She said "There's plenty of bread left and there is more coming tomorrow".

I was so delighted, I finally felt like a human being again were. We on our way back to the hallway and one of the helpers kindly said we could go outside.

I gazed in amazement as I stood on the green grass; the lake, the hills- it was all beautiful, I felt great joy in my heart. It was paradise. I could see the birds gliding across the shimmering lake it was amazing. **Kane M.**

Everyone started to wake up. They were all astonished; they had a room that was all to themselves, no longer in concentration camps [which they had now got used to by now]. They were still afraid though. They timidly walked out of their rooms and saw that there were open windows everywhere; in concentration camps they were kept in basements so there were no windows.

They went and peered out of a nearby window, and they saw a ginormous lake and the beauties of nature; they had not seen much nature in years.

They were expecting less than a quarter of a bowl of cold, revolting soup but on the table was fresh bread; they were shocked to see this. They stole some of the bread because they weren't sure when they would be able to get more.

One of them didn't know what was happening so they took some fresh bread and attempted to escape since there no guards around. They scrambled out of their window but one of the kindhearted people assured them that they were safe here and that they didn't have to steal food because there would be food out all day.

Maria S.

I woke up in plain white sheets and I was on a bed. It was heaven. We were each given a cabinet but of course they were empty we only had the pair we were wearing. It felt so soft and calming. I was finally free; I also saw my brother it was a miracle.

We went out there was a huge lake and the eye catching painted pastel houses. I was in disbelief and that was when I felt like a human being. I could see and hear the great river out front. It was the biggest river in England (and probably the prettiest). It was time for lunch I was scared I was hungry I had many mixed emotions. All we got fed was bread so we stuffed our pockets and our faces but then the cooks showed us that they had years' worth of bread. I could smell the fresh sent of yeast. You could never feel as happy as me. **Roza K.**

I woke up to stable walls around me. Protecting me. The night before I was brought to Windemere by the army. The planes were quieter than I had expected. When I was younger they roared through the sky. We arrived late at night and were told we had a bed; we were too tired to realise what they explained and just dropped onto bed. The rest of the night was a blur. Like I said we all woke to a roof over our heads and, a bed to sleep on and sheets to cover us from the sharp bite of Winter.

The smell of yeast travelled it's way up my nostrils as the doors opened. We were taken to the dining hall where long tables were displayed with plates and plates of buttered bread lay out on them. But, the amazement did not last. In panic that this was all we would have offered to us, we snatched the bread of the delicate china plates and stuffed as much a we could into our pockets. The chaos was stopped when we where taken to the kitchen where we were shown the stacks and stacks of glorious food. Foods that we had never heard of. All of us gasped at the amount of it. We eventually sat down and ate. The bread was light and fluffy (the bread we got in the camp was black and hard as rock), the butter was soft and delicious. Then we had soup to go with our bread it tasted so good. The soup was so thick and creamy.

I heard the silence. It was peaceful out here. No war. I walked outside and thought I was in paradise! The last truck of children arrived. Some came in planes others came in the army's trucks. The children arrived and we all were taken down to the lake. We were told that we were in Windemere and that we were standing beside Lake Windemere. We learnt all about the lake and it's beauty. I couldn't that a place like this existed! A sense of joy flooded through me. I could feel the cold frost in the air, it engulfed all of Windemere. The sight of fishing boats on the lake gave me a sense of normality.

We realised that our life was changed, no more hiding in terror. We had an education. We felt like human beings. All our fears were behind us. The bombs. The slavery. The death. All that was gone. We lived in happiness not fear.

Anna RW.

I woke up to see this beautiful white linen sheet when I arrived last night, I felt nervous and scared. There was a tall, white cabinet I was confused I had no belongings. Even though I was terrified I felt lucky and joyful I was surprised that this place existed. I had a room all by myself there was a big difference to the

concentration camp where I had to share everything. I was a bit curious to where I was I open the delicately made curtains the view was wonderful the sun shone over the green, tall hills I ran to the door and ran down stairs. I quickly opened the door to go outside and was it lovely it felt like paradise the beautiful countryside and hills looked so wonderful there was no barb wire we were free the colours were amazing the people were kind and thoughtful we were surprised the Lake was even better the aqua blue water slowly rippled while children threw pebbles into the lake.

I knew that they were people I could trust I felt happy I knew somewhere in the world was not affected by the war I already know it's better than concentration camp. I went to the kitchen I was expecting to have cold soup but I had nice warm porridge and some bread I realised I was being treated with dignity for the first time. I felt like a human being I thought there would be no one near enough for all the children but a lady showed me how much food there was and that there would be another delivery tomorrow.

I quickly finished and went to play with my friends It was one of the best times of my life throwing stones in the lake and running races with my friends actually sleeping with sheets and a pillow. **Eva L.**

Meay awoken. He was drowned in sheets on a comfy white bed. He couldn't believe it. Was he in paradise? It was like heaven. Meay looked around the quite dusty room. He could hear the birds chirping outside. Quite a wonderful sound. It made him feel home. Meay had the feeling to get out of bed.

Meay tiredly slipped out of bed. He took a look at the view the difference between the camp he came from was so different it was unexplainable. The view was amazing the wilderness Windermere lake reflected of the sun. The mountains covered in glossy, green trees. birds flying, gliding around. He could see the wonderful things and animals. Meay could smell a lovely sensation (yeast).

Meay felt hungry. He slid downstairs and there was a full loaf of bread on the wood table. Everyone snatched the bread and shoved it in their pockets. Like a cannibalistic party. He stood back watching in confusion. He could taste the greed in some children snatching the bread and shoving people. Meay decided to take a piece of bread; trying to get a piece was like black Friday. Finally after shoving and pushing he got a piece of bread. His mouth watered. His tastes buds exploded. Then he shoved it down his mouth and swallowed. **Harry B.**

As the train arrived in Windermere, it was night time. I stepped off the train with my four-year-old brother and eight other children I didn't know. We were met by a young lady with dirty blonde hair, who looked a bit like my mother. I suddenly missed my mother a lot more than I did before. She took all of us to a small, blue bus which was at the front of the train station. The journey seemed to go on forever down the long, country roads, with hills and trees covering each side.

The bus stopped outside an old, grey stone building with a lot of windows. The blonde-haired lady calmly told us all to get off the bus and to follow her into the house. When we went inside, me and my brother were separated from the

other children. We were taken to a cosy, warm room which had two small beds. There was a large wardrobe, why? I was confused, I had no belongings, except the things I was wearing. Why would they give me a wardrobe? I was pleased though because I was not used to having my own space. I had a clean bed all to myself, I couldn't believe it, I felt happy, joyful and relieved.

I woke up at dawn the next day and looked out of the window at a lake glistening, as the sun shone on it in the distance. I couldn't help but enjoy the vast surroundings of Windermere. Seconds later, a lady called our names. I recognised her voice; she was the lady from last night when I first arrived in Windermere.

I followed her voice into the kitchen, where I thought the sound was coming from. She was cutting bread at the table, she offered us both a slice. She treated us nicely. I took a bite of the food she provided me with, it was so soft and tasty, not like the bread they gave us in the camp, I couldn't describe it. For the first time ever, I felt like a human being, free from the fear. **Erin C.**

Minia got out of her comfortable marshmallow white bed and she took her bed sheets in so they would look neat and tidy and she gasped she couldn't believe what she saw there was a lot of hills, mountains bigger than I have ever seen and even one very big ocean blue lake and she thought it was a very beautiful view to look at.

At the camp there was a lot of human beings so we could actually have someone around us so we wouldn't be all alone and be bored all the time.

There was a lot of army Lorries coming to the camp to give us food resources like bread and some drinks so we wouldn't get that hungry and be sick!

And books kept us entertained so we wouldn't get bored they were very good books and we had tiny little class rooms we would go in so we still could get education. **Robbie P.**

Minia woke up in clean bedding and warmth. She was nervous until she looked out the window and saw a glamorous, majestic lake green hills; disbelief surrounded her. Minia was anxious, hungry thoughts raced around her head the helpers took us into the kitchen. I could smell the beautiful scent of warm bread and butter. There were stacks of bread for ages she was overwhelmed with happiness and joy. Minia felt like she was a human being- the helpers were civilised people. This was so amazing, there was enough food for days.

My mind cast me back to my old home before the Nazis wrecked and destroyed our homes before we were enslaved and seen our parents beaten to death before our eyes. When I slept on the street cold, damp tired and scared I slowly went to sleep. I had dreams about my parents getting beaten to death and I couldn't do anything about it.

I can smell the scent of blood and the reek of dead body's twitching my nose. It was a perfect picture of hell but probably worse. I glanced at the aqua, blue river the setting was amazing. **Lucas.**

I woke up in a bed with sheets the feel of the white bed sheets made me feel alive. And the sight of the room made me feel safe. And that made me feel like a human being.

I walked out the door it was paradise! All I saw was hills lakes and mountain. The shimmering lake reflecting the sun almost blinding me and at sunset the mountains LOOKED AMAZING!!!

I went to the kitchen worried there wouldn't be enough bread like there where when I was in the camp. When we got to the table everyone started grabbing food forcefully putting it in their pockets but then the nice adults showed us how much food there was. **Keane B.**