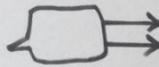
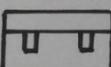
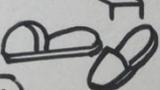


# Nick's History Project

"So, , G?" N asked, desperately trying  info .

"Well now, . . Oh! . .

N sighed as G  → . X . !

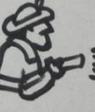
When G , .

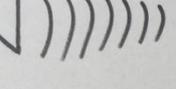
"This ✓, ♥," she said.  → , ,  + .

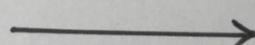
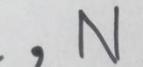
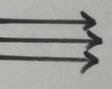
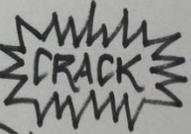
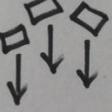
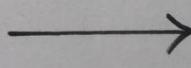
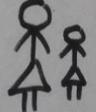
"Wow!" exclaimed N, seizing . "Can  → ?"

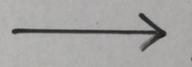
"It's X....." G's ↓ as , . N  . What?

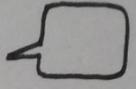
 → , N . He . Turning

1st , N   → . Suddenly,

N   again.  !  .

Before N  ,  .  
 There   . Testing  
, N   + . , .  
 Without hesitating, N .  
 "Don't ,
 "I'll "  
 N  . There  as . He  
 x2 +  .  
 "Thank u!" she exclaimed. "I  4  
 S, . X. ? M."  
 "N. Come on,  ."

At that moment,  .  
 "What r u z?" he yelled. "Why  
 X   ?    + ."  
 N fumbled  +   . . .  
 disappeared.

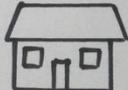
"..... to  , you know," G's .

N  .

"G!" he shouted. "It's u!"

"Well, ?, silly?" she replied .

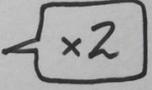
"  1940 ←," G continued.

"  when  LONDON. M.  .

"Yes, but  , "said N, without .

"She  

"✓, but ?" G asked, curiously

"Oh, , " N said quickly, "when  evacuee    during WWII."

G  as if .

"→," N hurriedly continued. "✓. .

## Nick's History Project

"So, what was it like inside an air-raid shelter, Grandma?" Nick asked, desperately trying to drag the conversation back to the information he needed for his history project.

"Well now, quite cosy actually. We had it all fitted out. Oh! I've just remembered. You'll be interested in this."

Nick sighed as Grandma padded out of the room in her enormous, fluffy, blue slippers. This was the trouble with the older generation. Everything took ages!

When Grandma returned, she was smiling.

"This will help you, love," she said. She opened a box and brought out some tatty books, a few puzzles, lots of old clothes and a gas mask.

"Wow!" exclaimed Nick, seizing this last object. "Can I try it on?"

"It's not a good idea..." Grandma's voice faded as a high-pitched whining sound filled the air. Nick smelt burning. What was going on?

Pulling the mask off, Nick gaped in horror and disbelief at the scene. He was standing on the edge of a smouldering crater filled with shattered house bricks and pieces of broken furniture. Turning first to his left, Nick saw a fireman sending a useless spray of water from a single hosepipe at one house as smoke billowed from upstairs windows and flames engulfed the inside. Suddenly, Nick was aware of the whining noise again. It was the air-raid siren! Everyone must be in the shelter.

Before Nick had time to consider the impossibility of his situation, a faint cry from behind made him swing round. There was rubble as far as the eye could see. Testing the ground carefully, Nick followed the noise and came to a partly demolished house. A young girl was lying on what remained of a sitting room floor, her leg trapped by a ceiling rafter. Without hesitating, Nick rushed over.

"Don't worry," he said, confidently. "I'll get you out."

Nick bent down and carefully shifted the wooden beam a little. There was a sickening crack as he dislodged other pieces of masonry in the room. He tried again and this time moved it enough for the girl to wriggle out.

"Thank you ever so much!" she exclaimed. "I went back inside for Susie, my doll. I couldn't leave her. What's your name? I'm Maggie."

"Nick. Come on, let's go and find your mother."

At that moment, a man dashed past.

"What are you two doing?" he yelled. "Why aren't you in the shelter? Put on your masks immediately and come with me."

Nick fumbled with the unfamiliar straps and placed the gas mask over his head. The whining stopped. The smell disappeared.

"...to put them on, you know," Grandma's voice was saying.

Nick snatched the mask off and gasped.

"Grandma!" he shouted. "It's you!"

"Well, who did you think it was, silly?" she replied in surprise.

"You putting that on really took me back," Grandma continued.

"I had a friend when we lived in London. Maggie was her name. She got caught in the Blitz."

"Yes, but she got out," said Nick, without thinking. "She only went back for her doll."

"That's right, but how did you know that?" Grandma asked curiously.

"Oh, you must have mentioned it before," Nick said quickly,

"when you were telling me you weren't an evacuee like lots of children during World War Two."

Grandma frowned as if trying to remember.

"I really must go," Nick hurriedly continued. "You've helped ever so much. I reckon this will be the best history project ever."