

## Goodnight Mister Tom

### A prequel by Kai Darcheville-Gonzales

"Willie!" shouted Mrs Beech. William ran to his mother trembling as soon as he got there.

"Y...Yes," William said faintly. He slowly looked up at his mother and then she said,

"You`d better behave," but William`s mind was somewhere else. He was thinking about what the people he was going to stay with were like. William saw a corner of what his mother just put in his bag; it was a peach piece of paper saying, "Dear who it might concern, please make sure my son William doesn`t get into trouble. If he does..." As a chill went up his spine, that was the end of what he could see. If he stood up, he knew his mother would catch him other wise. He thought they were going to be just like his mum: whipping him and abusing him and even where there were already bruises. The house was probably the same tattered and plain. William`s mum had just put in a worn- out, black belt. William looked like he had just seen a Nazi soldier. William looked very pale as just remembered his worse bruise.

"M... Ma," William whispered.

"What Willie?" Mrs Beech chuckled because she knew the thought. William`s fear was obvious. Then he accidentally said what he thought.

"Don`t y...you think you need t... to..."

"Wa`ever you said we`ll do it la`er," she answered. Then the air raid siren sounded. William knew what to do; he grabbed his favourite stuffed animal, which was a bear that had ripped of fur and dirty glass eyes, and started running to the shelter.

His mother demanded, "Drop that old bear!" However, he didn't drop it. It was like he dug his claws into it. He thought I can't just leave it I've had it since I was four years old.

"I... Can't" he had soon arrived at his Anderson shelter. He was ashamed that he was going to be beaten for it; he hadn't listened but his body just wouldn't let go. The greasy rusted shelter made him feel unwelcomed.

"Willie," said Mrs Beech trying to control her bubbling, raging fury. Now he was in for it. his mother flexed her finger in a way to make him go to her. Face down he slowly walked towards her awaiting a beating. Mrs Beech took off her belt and whipped him with it. William cried in an unstoppable flow. His bruise felt like it was going to burst then to make the situation worse the air raid siren obnoxiously oscillated making him feel trapped and it was driving him mad for this was the third time the siren went off today.

"S...Sorry Ma," William replied while trying to hold back the army of tears. The awkward silence came walking to their shelter like a snail.

"Now Willie I need to sew you up," Mrs Beech asked. "And I ought ter teach yer sum more manners young man! And apparently rules," She grinned she sat down on.

"Ok M...Ma," William grunted in pain. The bruise had started changing colours from amethyst- purple to fire-yellow. Mrs beech without hesitation quickly threaded the silver thin needle, pulled William to her and sewed William's underwear, which hadn't even been washed in two long weeks. Willian kept trying to dodge the sharp needle.

It had just turned today and Mrs Beech decided to evacuate William.

"William!" she politely said. "You need to be kind and..." she went on and on but William didn't care he didn't want to leave even

though no one liked him. They started walking out the door hood on.

Around five O`clock the train had come. The billeting officer called everyone`s names

“Daniel!”

“Yes.” The names went on and on William felt like he could doze off. The air had turned crisp. For a split second William felt like nothing could go wrong.

“William...William!” she repeated

“Y...Yes!” embarrassed his face went red everyone laughed. He felt like he should have been disposed of years ago. His life would have been better any ways. Suddenly William heard a strange noise clunking approached was it a train or something else? His mother had turned around knowing he had already messed up. The billeting officer demanded that everyone must get on the train at once. His face showed his confusion.

“Are you ok?” asked the billeting officer

“Y-Yeah” he said abruptly. William tried not to show his fear. However, the billeting officer knew he was scared.

“Never been on a train before?”

He whipped his face. He had never been on a train before his mother told him that it was a once in a life time experience and here he was about to get on a train and he probably was going to get one home too. William hesitated but he knew if he didn`t leave he would find himself dead. He felt sick.