

Little Weirwold
A Goodnight Mr Tom Prequel by Vicente Pugas Galleguillos

Briskly, William hopped off his seat and got off the train ready to let his two baby-blue eyes catch sight of the rich, freshly-cut verdant grass and let his pair of fragile legs roam around the extraordinary village of Little Weirwold. William was so exhausted after the train journey but now after discovering the countryside he was as energetic as a leopard; it was like he could run a marathon.

As the 8 year-old boy from London continued to trot his way through Little Weirwold, William-who was ecstatic- caught sight of a well- mannered man wearing a rich blue suit; a plain white polo shirt and a pair of posh black shoes.

"Greetings young kiddo" exclaimed a man

"Oh, hello sir" replied William

"Have yer ever been er'e before?" he asked

"No sir, I am an evacuee from the big city of London," answered William

"I guess ya better get goin' then" he replied

"Nice to meet you, sir" William answered

As William carried on scampering down the dirty, dusty, damp streets of Little Weirwold, the loud church bells rang as loud as bombs dropping from a V-2 and out of nowhere a wave of painful memories engulfed him, forcing him to remember when his mother used to pelt him maliciously with a leather belt that his father, who went to war and never came back, had left behind.

It was time for William to go to his host family, William as nervous as a mouse, approached the house. William, who was now frightened for his life, had sweat coming down his face from every direction. Knock, Knock! Suddenly, a man came out." What der you want?" and it was then that William truly began to wonder if he'd fit in in Little Weirwold.