

Brave Hearts in the Forest

By Vincent Kapoor

It was June 27th, 1916, and a massive war had spread across Europe, leaving only destruction in its path. Bomb raids terrorized the land, making the forest the only safe place for Charles and his friends. Charles, a twelve-year-old who liked to build things, lived with his dad, who was fighting in the war, and his younger brother James, who was a clever eight-year-old. Together with their friends, Arthur, the smart one who can always find an answer, and George, the skilled fighter, they found safety in their secret shed deep within the forest. It was a sanctuary built by their mother, who sadly died while aiding wounded soldiers in a bomb raid.

Everyday Charles, James, George, and Arthur met deep in the forest in their secret shed. They starved and barely ate since the German blockade. Sometimes Charles wonders if the news was wrong about saying this would be “The war to end all wars.” “What, the newspaper says that the British Empire had suffered 420,000 casualties already!” Charles looked up from the newspaper. “That’s just wrong! 420,000 casualties I think that is just crazy!” announced James. “Well, the more people starve the more will die they will get and more people will die. So, if the war doesn’t end soon Britain will crumble.” “All I want is food and the war to end. If this is how bad it’s gotten so far, imagine what it would be like next year, our shed in the forest will probably be destroyed.” “Well, whatever. I’ll be in the shed. Oh, and George told me to tell you that he and Arthur are in an old abandoned military station looking for supplies and weapons to protect the shed so no one can destroy it.” “OK, I’ll go with you, I’ve found a plane with a functioning gun on it. I’ll take it for a test.” James and Charles sprinted through the forest, but when they looked up at the horizon, they saw a huge German bomber in the sky. “Is it going to blow up the forest?” asked James, worried. “No, it’s too far out; the explosion won’t reach the forest.” Replied Charles. “If it isn’t here to destroy the forest then what is it here for?” Suddenly Baron John Fisher’s feet zipped over his head. “That bomber is going to destroy the fleet!” exclaimed James. “And with Dad’s plane in it too. I have got to destroy that bomber. I’ll go above the bomber and shoot it down smithereens. I’ve got to help them. Maybe if I fly my plane above the bomber, I can destroy it before it blows the fleet up.” “No, it’s too dangerous” “Don’t worry ’ll be fine” “ok stay safe I can’t lose you and dad” “I’ll be fine” and with that Charles hopped onto his plane and “how will you know how to fly a plane” “Don’t worry dad showed me” smirked, “See you later James” then blasted off. Charles’s plane sprinted through the sky like a torpedo. But not fast enough as soon as he got in a rage with the bomber, The bomber dropped the torpedoes, sending the fleet tumbling to the ground. “NO!” Charles screamed, balling his fists. He opened fire, shooting the bomber. Five minutes later Charles landed and hopped out crying. “I’m sorry I was too late, there was nothing I

could do by the time I was in range. It had already dropped the torpedo,” cried Charles. Charles felt like a dagger pierced through his heart. “It’s fine I know you tried, let’s go see if there are any survivors.” “Well, I hope Dad survives you and he is the last family member I have after mom passed away. Well, let’s check out the crash, maybe the others will be there” So they hopped in their jeep and sped off toward the crash. As soon as they got there there were no planes or survivors, only tracks. “Looks like the planes were dragged off by something, well let’s just wait for the others, I hear them in the distance.” One minute later George and Arthur came sprinting out of the trees into the clearing. “Guys did you see that crash, I think your dad was in it. Are there any survivors,” questioned George concerned. “Maybe? I don’t know if it looks like something dragged the remains.” Charles “Maybe if we follow the tracks, it will lead us to remains” suggested Arthur so they got in their jeep and road off following the tracks soon they came to a sudden halt five German soldiers with blood-seeking guns high on dark rotten trees. “What was that? Did any of you hear anything” said a soldier “I didn’t hear anything,” replied a short stubby soldier. “Guess I’m hearing things” “We have got to find a way around them, maybe we can go around them,” said Arthur “Good strategy,” said Charles. So, they snuck around the rotten trees and hid in dead bushes, Soon they reached a large opening in a mountain, they took a step into the dark gloomy cave, and suddenly they heard footsteps stomping nearer and nearer. “Quick hide in the vent” whispered George So they scoured up into the vent “Shh” whispered Charles as a line of soldier passed below. “We have the prisoners in the prison,” said the lead soldier to the chief. “Good, has any enemies tried to rescue their friends yet,” asked the chief “No, but assure you that it will work,” said the leader. Quickly the group scoured away in the vents. Soon they came to the prisons. There were two unarmed German soldiers. “OK so here’s the plan, we blow a smoke bomb and then pick the locks of the prison then blow the wall and run out. Got it.” said Charles They dropped and threw the first bomb though it was not a smoke bomb, it was a poison. “Sorry,” said George “Get the gas masks on, now” yelled Charles “Did you bring more than one and hurry before the gas gets to us” “Yes of course I brought more than one” So they got the gas masks on and blew the wall guns were firing. They dashed toward the brightness of daylight. As soon as they made it through no more guns were firing, all the soldiers had died to the gas. Baron John Fisher turned to them and said, “Thank you, you will have my undying respect.” then their dad spoke up “Thank you, kids, I don’t know how you did it but you are some brave kids. And they walk home happily. THE END!!!