

Michael Morpurgo

The Amazing Story of Adolphus Tips

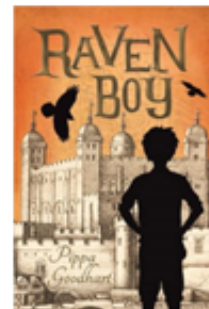


Page 168 Tuesday June 6th 1944

We heard it on the radio. They've gone. The invasion began this morning. Adie's gone. Dad too probably. D-Day they're calling it. I don't know why. We all knew something was going on before we heard it on the radio. Before dawn there was a distant thundering and roaring out at sea. Out of my window I could see flashes all along the horizon, and I knew it wasn't just another thunderstorm. There must have been thousands of guns firing at the same time. And when Barry and me ran over the fields after breakfast and looked out to sea, we saw all the ships had gone. So it was no surprise when on the radio this evening it said that we had landed all along the French coast: Americans, British, Canadians, French, all sorts. Uncle George says we'll show the Germans now.....

Pippa Goodhart

RAVEN BOY



RAVEN BOY – Chapter One

There were sounds from up above – moans and another thump – Nick and Seth glanced upward. Seth's laughter stopped.

'You don't think it might be the plague do you Nick? There's more dying of it everyday they say. We've nailed up a family in Fenchurch Street now and I saw a man yesterday fall where he stood and none to help him. You don't think.....

'What's this talk of the plague, Seth Binder? In my house? Never! And don't you go spreading that gossip!.....

.....I fear that the you-know-what has come amongst us, Nicholas. The plague into my own house! Said Mistress Jenkins. 'I want your mother out of my house, and nobody to know of it, or they'll come and nail us all in to die of it. You must take your mother away from here, Nicholas! I beg you!

...'I want to go home! Said Mercy. Home; where Mother lay dying. Where the searcher would come in his long black gown and bird-head mask to swoop up the stairs and loom over Mother and summon the death cart and the men with long hooked poles....

michael morpurgo

War Horse



War Horse – Joey

'In the old school they use now for the Village Hall, below the clock that has stood always at one minute past ten, hangs a small dusty painting of a horse. He stands, splendid red bay with a remarkable white cross emblazoned on his forehead and with four perfectly matched white socks. He looks wistfully out of the picture, his ears pricked forward, his head turned as if he has just noticed us standing there.

To many who glance up at it casually, as they might do when the hall is opened up for Parish meetings, for harvest suppers or evening socials, it is merely a tarnished old oil painting of some unknown horse by a competent but anonymous artist. To them the picture is so familiar that it commands little attention. But those who look more closely will see, written in fading black copperplate writing across the bottom of the bronze frame:

Joey

Painted by Captain James Nicholls, autumn 1914.

Some in the village, only a very few now and fewer as each year goes by, remember Joey as he was. His story is written so that neither he nor those who knew him, not the war they lived and died in, will be forgotten.'

Alison Uttley

A Traveller in Time

As I sat there one evening listening to the swallows...I was conscious of much movement and excitement in the great farm kitchen. People walked in and out of the firelight, strangers whom I didn't know, women wearing full skirts, and wide aprons and little ruffy collars. Some had bare legs and short, ragged trousers and their hair was wild and tousled. They carried shiny plates, and wooden bowls and leather jugs; they stooped over the fire and one lighted a slip of wood and carried the flame to candles fastened on the wall.

