

DIARY OF CHARITY BICK

Dear Diary,

I am absolutely knackered. Last night was a night of hell! Early in the evening, last night, the light on our tuning signal on our radio narrowed. I knew that German aircraft was expected; Dad said it because of the strength of the BBC transmitter had been reduced.

The sirens started sounding and that was it. We soon heard the German engines and this time the bombs started to fall followed by the high explosions. Bombs dropped in Albert Street, Sam's Lane, Horton Street, and quite a few other sites during the night.

Me and Dad set to work. He was an ARP warden and I had lied about my age to help. We set off from home in Maud Road and soon arrived at the shop. A bomb was on the roof and needed to be out. I felt terrified but had to help Dad.

We used a stirrup pump and bucket of water to put it out, but the pump was out of order. I used my hands to splash the water and eventually put out the fire. When I tried to get off the roof the charred rafters gave way and I fell through to the room below cutting my hands and arm and bruising my legs. After that I had to borrow a bike and take a message to the control room because all the wardens were on duty.

It was the most frightening time ever. Shrapnel was going everywhere from guns and the bombs was falling all over the place. As I got to Peacocks I fell off my bike as a bomb landed. My coat was covered in muck. I carried on and again got knocked to the ground when a bomb hit the gas show room. I think I came off 4 or 5 times altogether. But I never gave up and delivered the messages. Today everyone is starting the tidying up.

Charity

One of the winning entries to the West Bromwich at War Young People's Writing Competition, 'Diary of Charity Bick' by Isabella Broome, aged 7, from All Saints Primary School.