

The machine gunners by Henry

Newcastle was ablaze. A cascade of raging, orange flames enveloped the city, eating away at the black, sooty buildings. The eerie, familiar sound of the echoing, wailing air raid siren was heard all over Newcastle. You could have even tasted the horrible, burning ash that poisoned the air. The midnight sky was turned to day with the blinding light of white searchlights and orange flames. This was the end. Or was it?

Chaz was leaning on one of the high brick walls that surrounded the ancient town hall in the centre of park field square. In front of him was a grey, lonesome vagabond, sitting on a rusty bench. Grey clouds dominated the sky and sent raindrops from the heavens. A Bing Crosby gramophone record was playing in a house across the street, getting slower and slower until it stopped mid tune.

As Chaz walked home down maple lane, he noticed something gleaming in a dark, stinking alley. Shrapnel. He looked around. Empty. He advanced. No one. With that he slipped into the alley.

This was a damp, dark depressing place and Chaz was petrified. He knelt down on some old bricks and started gathering parts. A large, firm hand grasped his shoulder. Dreading who or what was behind him, Chaz attacked the hand. He bit it and clawed at it, only to discover it belonged to Bosner Brown, his biggest rival. Bosner clutched his throbbing hand and screamed in agony. "You little pest!" he shouted with rage, waving his hands in the air. Chaz didn't need to think twice. He grabbed a propeller that he had found, took a run up and leaped over the battered old fence at the end of the alleyway.

"I've lost him" Chaz whispered. He breathed a sigh of relief, only to see upon looking up Bosners whole notorious gang, closing in on him. There was only one way out – up...

Trembling, Chaz frantically looked around him. Luckily, fate had spared him. there was a tall, wooden ladder next to him. He scrambled up the ladder and was almost safe when the gang started rocking it. The ladder gave way. Chaz was left dangling from the roof of a three storey building.

Chaz Hung there for thirty minutes. He struggled and squirmed until finally, with all his might, Chaz pulled his body onto the roof. This was a very dangerous roof. It had caved in in many places and it took Chaz ages to navigate it. Eventually, he found a ladder and slid down it, landing at the edge of a forest.

Chaz decided to play it safe and hide. Creeping into the woods, he spotted a fallen tree, perfect for hiding behind. When he crouched in his hiding place, Chaz saw something out of the corner of the corner of his eye, a spitfire...

The spitfire was a mangled wreck. Only the front of the pane remained intact. There were hundreds of pieces of bent, twisted metal where the back had once been. The front screen of the plane had been disintegrated, leaving the dead pilot visible. Chaz got closer to the pilot. He reeked of decay. The stench was so foul that Chaz vomited all over the ground. That was when he noticed it. The pilot was holding a machine gun, aimed at his head. A bullet had made a large wound on his forehead and blood was splattered on the floor. Suicide. Chaz ran as fast as he could onto the plane, grabbed the machine gun from the pilots cold, stiff hands and bolted towards home...