

Delilah L.

Bombs

“Honey, it’s time to get up,” my mom whispered. “Five more minutes,” I whined. “Come on, Delilah. If you don’t get up now, you won’t get any breakfast.” At that point I practically jumped out of bed.

I ran downstairs and zoomed to the table. I took a whiff, “Boy, those extra-blueberry pancakes smell good!” I said in my mind. The pancakes were delicious, scrumptious, and every word that means yummy. After breakfast, I went to my room to work on a book I was writing. It was just for fun.

Then it happened. I was so deep in thought about what should happen next in my book, I didn’t notice the bomb alarm was going off.

A minute later, my mom yelled, “Pack your bags, Honey! We need to go to the bomb shelter. Now!” I turned off my laptop. My closet was open, so I got my never-ending luggage. My mom told me it was for emergencies. And, this is an emergency, right? In it I packed: all of my clothes because I didn’t know how long we’d be there. I also packed my stuffed toys and normal toys because I couldn’t sacrifice that, but I can sacrifice my furniture. Then I packed my backpack. In it I packed: my laptop, 2 books, my electronics, and my chargers.

When we got to the entrance, I was bracing myself for a dark dirty sewer. But, when I got inside, it was beautiful. There was a marble city. There were signs saying whose house it was. When we got inside our house, I ran to my room. It had everything I wanted!

The bomb hit. BOOOOM! Everything shook like crazy! The lights flickered. Everything was silent. Even my cute little bulldog, Cutie, was silent. And she always barks!

A week later, 15 more bombs had dropped. I don't know why the enemy is bombing us.

I still have questions to ask, and I don't know when it will stop.

But, I do know we're still not safe.....