

It all changed:

Everything has changed. My beloved home is now a pile of ashen rubble. It has all changed. Everything I owned, everything I loved, all...gone. Every night I try to fall asleep, desperate to forget all of these horrific past few months. When I close my fatigued eyes, I am immediately struck by the heinous memories which I tried so hard to erase. My father, forced to enter the army as a soldier, fighting the monstrous brutes that caused me all this pain. I, my whole family fears for our lives, worrying we shall not live to see another day. There is no 'us' anymore. Life is not worth it with this going on...

At the age of 12, a child should be allowed to roam free, be with his or her friends. But now living in a bunker, I feel utterly powerless. I could have done something! I still remember the day when the telegram was sent... those words caused me the most grief I had ever been through. Like the cold breath of death, the words seemed to cut my very soul...Father, is...dead. This unwelcoming news caused a dam of tears within me to explode-this man, was someone who I had always looked up to; now, no one. My family and dreams have been torn apart, thrown away! All because of him. I don't think life is worth it. After all, what life is on torn by pain, grief and conflict?

Not only has this stone-hearted man sent heavily armed soldiers, but he has also sent his anger. His power. His wrath. My home, now a feeble pile of scorched wood. It's now 6:30 pm, I would have been helping Ma in the kitchen, both of us (my little sister and I) impatiently waiting for Father's voice and the turning of his keys. We should have been hearing his soft soothing voice fill our home. The torture of not knowing threatens to crush me: where does he lie? Will we have a chance to bury him?

I could not do anything! My father dead or not, sacrificed everything! His family, his home. He is not dead. No! I refuse to believe this! All this pain, this fear, all these traumatized families (including mine), all because of one man's horrific image of the future. I feel utterly powerless, my father has fallen into the clutches of death. My family left defenseless. All because of him. It will never go back to how it used to be. No - not after this. It has all changed...

I never dare to go outside. Black ominous war clouds linger overhead, blocking out the sun's blessing of radiance and joy, replacing it with its own version: fear and misery. Despite all the soldiers, all the protection, all the precautions,

London will never be 'London' again. When the planes drop their bombs, not only devastation and destruction is caused, but the panic, consternation, sorrow. We do not deserve this retribution.

One perplexing question remains. Why? Why us? Why the people who have done nothing wrong?