

THE BLITZ OF CLAPHAM

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It's the dead of night on Clapham Common and suddenly the siren screams into life. Fear leaps in my heart, but at the same time excitement rushes through my body. I have a job to do for my country.

"Everyone out to man the searchlights and guns!" shouts the Warden.

"Yes, Sir," came the reply from the gunners.

We scurried out of the bunkers like little ants. Night after night, the Luftwaffe bombers bombard Clapham Junction station and tracks. Night after night the bombs make hundreds of people homeless. A heavy thud hits the earth to make it shudder and tremble.

"The lights are on, Sir," says my friend Billy.

"Good," replies the Warden, "Get firing!"

The anti-aircraft guns are the last line of defence before the bombers hit the stations. They have been shot at a number of times since crossing the coast.

We pick out the bombers soon enough with the searchlights and start to fire like mad. The searchlights also help to pick out the planes for the RAF to shoot down the planes. After a lot of light, bullets, noise and fire balls crashing to earth we have had a successful night. There had been no deaths or casualties. 22 planes shot down in total.