Dear Diary,

I can’t believe this has actually happened. I’m on a train heading south and I have to stay there for a very long time. It’s called evacuation- that means sending the children away to the country to avoid all of the bombing.

I can understand why they are doing it but I am still feeling miserable. Mother says that it might only be for a little while but I don’t think she was quite telling the truth. The Germans are bombing London and all of the other cities day and night and whatever Prime Minister Churchill says on the wireless, I know that victory parties are a very long way off.

I’m going to somewhere called Penzance in Cornwall and that’s all I really know. I tried to be brave when Mother and little Peter took me to the platform and waved goodbye but now I’m in a train carriage all by myself and I can’t hold back the tears anymore.

Some of the boys and girls from my class at school are racing around, laughing raucously and shouting about what an amazing adventure it is. I wish I felt the same. I must get myself together or I’ll look an awful state by the time we get there and no family shall want to take me home. That’s my biggest worry. What if no one wants me?

I wish I could see it all as an adventure.

Lauren