

The knife of blood

Fred waited on the train impatiently sitting by his best friend and partner for his school trip (Oliver). Fred was fidgeting when the train jerked forwards and backwards making Oliver crash into Fred. An angry, high pitch whistle was blown. Fred and Oliver walked down to the beach with the rest of their class. Happily they all put their feet on the warm nice sand. Sternly their teacher told them to build a sandcastle without messing around. Happily Fred and Oliver went together and scooped piles of sand with their heavy spades. When they found a shiny, hard and what seemed to be metal object. Oliver stared at the mysterious object thinking this was a very unusual find...

Eagerly Fred jumped into the hole and picked up the object which he realised was a knife but stared at a cut it had made on his hand. A sudden large gust of wind caused Fred to fall over and cut Oliver. They both felt an intense part of pain surge through and an urge to open their eyes then a continuous dripping sound. They both of the pain they both fell into the mud and it splattered everywhere. Fred got up and looked around seeing fire and planes glide around the sky, fire was licking the thin air and the tide seemed to be sucking him in. Suddenly a voice echoed across the sea. It seemed to pull him in when Oliver woke up and the voices echoed and entered his ear too.

Intrigued Fred walked into the freezing cold water unaware the cut was trickling warm blood and he was tightly clutching the knife in his hand. Confused Oliver swam out to sea after Fred with him with the same words repeating in his head. "Is he a mad man and where is he heading?" Quickly Oliver overtook Fred and reached the ship. Weakly Oliver climbed onto the ship and looked around stumbling because of the waves. When suddenly a tall man in what seemed to be a Nazi uniform pointed his gun at Oliver's head and signalled to go into a cabin. Alarmed Fred panicked and salt water poured into his mouth, he coughed then ducked under the water. A Nazi looked over the boat for any more signs of life, but luckily for Fred saw nothing but the deep water. Tears were piling up in Fred's eyes and he was now struggling to keep afloat. Fred wondered what he had he done?

Fred climbed decided that he had to do something drastic and climbed aboard the large boat still hearing the screams. He then heard one of the Germans speaking; Fred couldn't understand much German but it was one of the few words he knew "Help." called a German man from the shore. Meanwhile the Germans on the boats dived of energetically like they were swans. Hidden from the Germans Fred climbed aboard and heard a voice again. "I could've escaped if I hadn't of dropped my knife at the shore," gloated a man; Fred then thought for a while could the knife that changed history have

been his and was berried over time in the future, could that have been the same knife? Cautiously Fred crept to the cabin and put his finger to his lips signalling to be quite. Slowly he cut the ropes that bound Oliver to a chair; happily Oliver then jumped up and thanked Fred for releasing him. Fred made his way to the other man and asked who he was, "I'm Thomas Wildinare." told the man to Fred and Oliver. Then Fred realised that the man was somehow his great grandpa; then without realising it Fred cut then mans thumb and had just enough time to apologize for accidently cutting him and to free him when suddenly Oliver and Fred felt a surge of pain and instantly dizzy, when they looked down they noticed they were fading away...

After what felt like hours Oliver and Fred both awoke at the shore in a pit of mud it was up to their necks. They both started struggling when they felt a chair at the bottom of the pit they pushed of with all their might and freed themselves from the mud. Happily they looked around at the present day and thought, school can be confusing.