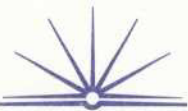


b) "Now it's their turn to choose".

Jack ~~was~~ looked out into room. No familiar faces met his gaze. "Where are we going?" he asked the government official standing next to him in a ~~just broken~~ voice that had just broken.

The government official, a serious-looking woman dressed in a crisp, neat grey uniform, replied, "soon you will board the next train to France, and from there you will be taken in a ferry to England to meet your new foster parents."

Jack sighed. He could hardly believe it. He was free, free from the concentration camp, free from those horrible Nazi soldiers, free to go home... but he wasn't going home. His parents had been killed in the war. Still, he could hardly remember them, even though he was eight when he last saw them. All memories of his past life dimmed; all he could think about was the camp, and all the other POWs, some children like himself, most adults who



had been forced to do dreadful things which they wouldn't tell the children. Still, there were rumours, one always heard rumours....

Jack shook his head. He shouldn't dwell on things like that. He was free, he was lucky enough to have foster parents, new parents who would be kind to him, provide him with a wonderful new home....

Thoughts started forming in Jack's mind, like grey clouds on the horizon. They turned into bombers, dropping bombs of insecurity on his little fortress of comfort and hope. What if the parents didn't like him? What about school? The Nazis ~~is~~ hadn't given them classes; he hadn't been to a school since he was seven. What about his future, then? What was he to do? What could he do? And so on, and on.

Jack cowered and shrank back against all these thoughts. Now that he was free to choose, now that it was at last his turn to



choose, he had no idea what he was going to do. He'd spent years hoping for freedom, and now that he finally had it, it scared him. After years of just trying to stay alive, and having everything decided for him, Jack didn't think he could cope with anything else.

The woman in the uniform interrupted his thoughts. "It's time to board the train," she ~~said~~ told the room, "Everyone, please follow me."

Jack didn't know what to do. He couldn't stay behind, but suddenly he couldn't go, either. Torn by the indecision of his inability to choose, he looked up at the official. He ~~was~~ ~~realised~~ saw that she was looking back at him. He was about to ask her, but then her face softened to a look of maternal sympathy, and she said kindly, "don't worry, Jack, I know you may be feeling a little nervous right now, but don't worry, we'll look after everything."



She motioned to him to step up onto the train. After a moment's pause, Jack jumped up into the train and into the outstretched arms of the English government, the words "we'll look after everything" still echoing in his brain.