



Everything
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Have...

A story about war

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By,
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When I was seven, we came here, to England. We moved in to a beautiful, small city in Manchester. We never had anything to worry about. The people were nice and just lovely. My parents and I had a two-floor house made of wood, made by my dad and a farm like garden where we grew food and had our animals. Our house was surrounded by huge trees and little plants. The pine tree was my favorite. The sun always seemed to be bright in summer. The sound of the green leaves was the music to the songs that birds are singing. In the mornings I went to school on weekdays and went to the church on Sundays. In the evenings I play with my neighbor, a boy of my age, Troy. Later I help my mom to cook. We had homemade bread, cheese, butter, vegetables and a lot more. That's when dad comes home and tell me stories about his adventures when he was young. He had great many stories to tell me. Life was good and happy.

Five years of happy memories passed by and this one day, when I was thirteen, changed everything in my life. It was a day with the sun shining bright. We were in school, sitting on the freshly made oak wood chairs and tables, when Mr. Roberts, our teacher, told us that-

war has started.

I have read about the world war when I was ten and until now, I didn't even want to imagine it. He told us not to worry because our soldiers would save us and the Russians won't come to our town. I was relieved. I went home that day with the curiosity about knowing about *war*. I asked my mom about it and she told me the story behind it. She sat down in the bed and I kept my head on her lap and laid down.

'Sweet heart, the Germans have been planning on war for ages and now they have started it. They need to their tradition and religion all over the world, and they chose violence instead of anything. War kills millions of lives not just humans but animals, trees and everything. Soldiers who go to war leaves their wives, children behind to save a world.'

And I ask her, why war happens. She replies,

'War is the result of jealousy, hate and all the evil thoughts. They who create wars are emotionless and cruel. Their cruel deeds, destroy the humanity. They create violence. Their selfishness to own a country is what makes war'

I could see her eyes getting wet.

I found myself being quiet and fallen into an ocean of thoughts. I wondered, listening to the music of the huge willow trees, why the world becomes so cruel. Why selfishness becomes bigger than love. Why you have to hurt a whole majority to own a country. Why violence comes first and not kindness. While those thoughts echoed in my head, my dad came in.

'Yes honey, and those soldiers who pay off by their lives, they are suffering because of something that they never did. Children who become orphans. Women who become widows. Parents who become orphans. are the ones suffering for their cruelty.'

He said while trying so hard to smile but he failed. They both hugged me tight. I could feel the warmth of my dad and the love of my mom. I felt protected and loved in their hands. That's when it hits me, the *fear*. The fear of losing them, the fear of having to live without them. How hard it will be. And I knew I will have to live with that fear until the war is over.

20000 deaths are reported for the past day

Millions of citizens in north are in danger.

2 missiles are sent in the past day which resulted millions of deaths.

These were all over the news papers for the past week. It was painful to see the loss of our own people. the sun never shines as bright as it did, the willow trees sounded worried, the birds barely sang. The world around me was changing, too fast. It started raining, it didn't take long to make the garden look like a pond. My mom and I got the animals to the stable and fired up the fire. My dad came in, shaking. And I could see his face in pain, something was not okay. I ran towards him and offered him a hot chocolate. Instead of giving me a kiss, he knelt to the ground and- *cried!* I stepped back, confused and my mom asked me to go to my room.

Even if I was in my room, upstairs, I could hear them whispering. I was desperate to know about it so I waited a few minutes and went down to ask them about what is happening. I looked into my mom's eyes and she screamed, screamed like we are all going to die. And its true, the news felt like we are going to be breathing but not alive.

'Georgia 'he says. it was the first time he called me by my name.

'I have told you that I was a boy who was trained by the army right?' I nod.

'The army of England are searching for men who have been trained. This morning- ' I could feel my heart pounding fast. 'This morning they have sent me a letter, demanding- demanding me to be a soldier in the war.'

And I scream, cry and I asked him to stay but he said it was an order not a request. It was like a nightmare coming true. My whole world was falling down. I hugged him, tight and he kissed me on the forehead and said *'I will come again honey, don't worry'*. But will he?

I went to bed and my dad came in and told me a story. When it was over, he tucked me in his arms and kissed me on forehead. Will I ever feel the warmth in him. Will he ever be able to kiss me. Will I ever hear his stories again. *Will I ever see him again.* Those were all I could think of the whole night. I didn't want to wake up next morning or maybe never.

The next morning, was the saddest morning I have ever had. I woke up to see that the surroundings were as sad as I am. The sun light was avoided by the fog. The pine tree and the willow tree has lost most of its leaves. It was the early September; my dad was about to leave. We didn't have much time to say good bye, we hugged him and my mom cried, hugging my dad. I couldn't handle watching my dad's eyes getting wet with tears. My dad left and my mom prayed until he went out of our sight, hoping those prayers will work.



The mornings were extremely sad with the fear of my dad being gone. I wake up in the morning, get dressed and go down stairs to help my mom with breakfast. I was never smiling. We ate and we both had to work hard on the farm to get us our needs. My dad would send us a little amount of money each week which was barely enough for us to spend on our food so, my mom and I bring the vegetables we picked the eggs from our chickens to Mrs. Luisa's shop. We get our needs for the day. When I get back home, I feed our animals. I do the work left to do and I go to the library and get a book. I come back I start reading my book before dawn under the willow tree, with a few leaves left. This was my routine every day. We didn't have school since Mr. Roberts left for the war.

It didn't take much time for the German soldiers to take all our animals away. I was exhausted. It was early December, when the tragic news was at our door. The white snow was falling. It was a soldier from the Manchester army. My heart was pounding like a hummingbird's wings. He took his hat off. I heard my mom's loud but quick sigh.

"Ma'am"

He speaks.

"My deepest sympathy"

I was speechless my mom was crying and screaming. I did nothing but staring at nowhere. I couldn't believe what was happening. The person I have ever loved the most have gone near God because he was trying to save our people. I couldn't believe what was happening to the world! This world was turning into a cruel hell. I went to my room and cried for hours. My heart was aching. My eyes were hurting.

I went down to see my mom. Her eyes were swollen. She asked me to sit near her. I went and she hugged me tight. I could feel her tears.

"My darling"

She spoke.

"Your dad has left me. I don't want to lose you as well. I have gotten a letter from your aunt from Avebury. She said it was a great safe place to stay. I'm going to send you there."

I looked at her and asked her if she is coming.

“No, Georgia. I’m sorry but I can’t come with you. I will settle the things in Manchester but I promise you that I will be there for Christmas.”

I couldn’t keep trust on her promise because dad never kept it, but I nod and said I will go there. It was two weeks before Christmas and I was ready to get on the train to Avebury. It was in the morning so woke up early, got ready and went to the station. My mom kissed me and handed me a book. And said,

“My darling Georgia, I’m giving you this book for you to let the world know about the war in your life. My sweet heart, write, and write and let the world know.”

The hugged her and we both were about to cry an ocean but the train came. I hugged her for the last time and waved her a goodbye. And just like that I left my mom. Maybe for two weeks, maybe forever.

I got on the train, and I fell into a deep conversation with myself. About this war. How it has made me loose everything. How my loved ones left me. My heart was wounded now.



I arrived at Avebury late. And my aunt picked me up and we went to her house. A few weeks later, on December 23rd it ends. Everything ends! We got the news that Manchester was railed and killed around 2000 people, and my mom's picture was on the list of the dead.

I ran and ran until I was lost in the middle of the snowy trees. I screamed and screamed. I was exhausted by these cruel deeds. I was done. All the memories came to my mind, how I used to cuddle with them. How I felt around them. I missed my dad's stories. I missed my mom's food. I missed everything I used to have. But it's all gone now. All because of this cruelty. I hated them. The men who is evil.

I had nothing now but the name ORPHAN.

After the war was over in 1945. I decided to work for the betterment of the world, as a lawyer. I stood up for those who are in need, those who needs justice. Those people who are suffering for the evil deeds of the cruel men, needed justice. I worked for them.

This is just my story, but there are many more stories unheard. Let them be heard.

Stop war, create peace!