**Source A - A PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF EVACUATION by Alan Day, 1939**

I woke up that morning feeling fearful of the events to come. I was young to be evacuated. Up to then I had not be anywhere without my parents except for one or two Sunday school outings. My clothes had been packed in my regulation rucksack; it was the deluxe version, crudely made of sacking but water- proofed and green coloured supplied by the school at the cost of 9d, the ordinary ones were brown, sack colour, not water-proofed and cost 6d. I don’t remember the journey to school but my mother came with me. I don’t even remember my farewell to my dad and sister but they went off to work as usual. Not many east end dads could afford to lose a day’s work in those days.

At school those of us who were going away assembled in the hall, the other children stayed in the classroom. Each of us in the hall had our rucksack, our gas-mask in a cardboard box and hung round our necks by a piece of string. Our hands clasped a paper bag containing the prescribed iron rations, a bar of chocolate, some raisins and an orange. The lonely fear was soon replaced by a group excitement, just like going on a school outing, but none of us had ever experienced that. None knew what to expect. Where we were going or how long we would be away. I supposed that none of us realised what was really happening.

We were grouped into classes and at the appointed hour we marched out of the school, single file and across the road, it was a main road and the traffic had been stopped by a policeman while a crocodile of several hundred kids crossed over, there must have been a big hold up for the traffic. There were lots of mums outside the school gates and along the 200 yards of road to the station - my mum was there but I didn’t notice her. I do not remember any kids crying.

**Source B - Hamed Shurbaji's account of leaving Syria, 2016**

*Hamed Shurbaji, 24, was one of the "lucky" ones. He survived three attempts to make it to Europe across the Mediterranean Sea.*

*Hamed majored in French literature at Damascus University when the revolution in Syria erupted. He, as with many others, found it hard to stay home while the regime was attacking innocent people protesting in the streets. He learned he was wanted by the regime because of his involvement in the peaceful protests during the first year of the movement in 2011.*

My third and final attempt was the most bizarre and horrible of them all. On a two-level boat, the smugglers this time managed to cram in more than 730 people. We did not expect to see this many people all at once on the same boat. They segregated us this time. They put all the African people in the lower level where the engine was located, and on the upper level they put all the Palestinians, Syrians, and Lebanese.

This trip was disastrous. After few hours of sailing in sea, the boat started to sink and water started to leak inside the boat. We started to bail the water out using buckets for at least 24 hours non-stop. A few hours later, we noticed a helicopter in the horizon. It circled around us in the air for few minutes then left.

Right after that, we saw a ship with a Danish flag approaching us fast. While we tried to get close to it, the big ship hit the nose of our boat and made it sink even faster. People started to jump off the boat, and for 30 minutes of chaos, there wasn't any kind of rescue happening... After I jumped off the boat, I started to swim toward the ship. When I finally reached it, I looked back and saw this horrifying scene of all these people fighting for their lives.

A rescue team had been deployed. It took at least five hours to rescue people, and then only with the aid of the Maltese coast guard. Nevertheless, for some it was too late. Nine people drowned and 30 others who were in the lower level of the boat suffocated to death from the smoke from the engine and died. I was one of the lucky ones.