

I SURVIVED

THE BOMBING OF
PEARL HARBOR, 1941

ORY

SHIS

by Lauren
Warashiki



The blond soldier looked worried. But Mack managed a smile.

"Good work, kid," he said. "I won't ask where you learned how to do that. But I'm darned glad you did."

Danny and the soldier helped Mack into the car.

"Go!" the blond soldier said. "The hospital is half a mile down, on the right."

heaved as he saw a jagged wound. And more blood than he had ever seen.

Mack wouldn't last long, bleeding like this.

A blond soldier appeared above the crater. His glasses were cracked and he had a gash on his face.

"Everyone all right here?" he asked.

"He's bleeding bad, sir!" Danny said.

The soldier shouted for help, and within seconds he and another man were helping Danny lift Mack from the crater. Mack winced in pain as they pulled him onto the grass and laid him on his side. The soldier pressed against the wound with his bare hand, trying to slow the bleeding.

"Hang on, sir," the blond soldier said. "Help is on the way."

But Danny didn't see any help.

"Are there ambulances?" Mack asked.

"All the ambulances are out, sir."

Mack nodded grimly. His jaw was clenched and his face was very pale.

"What about that car?" Danny asked, pointing to a red Studebaker parked next to the hangar.

"That belongs to our colonel," the soldier said.

Danny leaped up and rushed to the car.

"Wait!" the soldier shouted.

But Danny ignored him.

The car had been spared any hits. It barely even had a scratch.

Danny lifted the hood and studied the engine. He easily found the two ignition wires Earl had shown him.

"You never know when you need to get somewhere quick," Earl had said with a smile.

As usual, Earl had been right.

Danny carefully touched the wires together. The engine sputtered to life.

Danny flung open the door and jumped inside. He drove the car around holes and chunks of glass and metal, pulling up as close as possible to where Mack lay.

holes in the walls, Danny saw U.S. bomber planes—shattered and burning. In the lawn behind the hangars, bombs had blown craters into the grass. Mack pushed Danny into one and then jumped in after him.

“Get down!” Mack said.

Danny curled up against the dirt wall, and Mack crouched next to him, shielding Danny with his body.

Men shouted all around them.

“He’s hit!”

“Watch out!”

“We need help!”

“They’re coming in low!”

Danny pressed his head against the side of the hole. Mack held him tight.

“It will be over soon!” Mack said.

But the planes kept coming. Danny peered up, knowing he’d never forget the sight of those planes. They were small and gray, like killer birds.

A whistling sound cut through the air, and then—

Kaboom!

Dirt, rocks, and metal rained down on them. Something sharp stabbed Danny in the calf. He reached around and pulled out a small piece of metal, tossing it behind him.

Danny closed his eyes tight, praying for the attack to stop.

Suddenly he thought of Finn. He could almost feel that Finn was with him there, telling him to be brave. The feeling was so powerful—it filled Danny’s entire body.

And finally the thundering stopped.

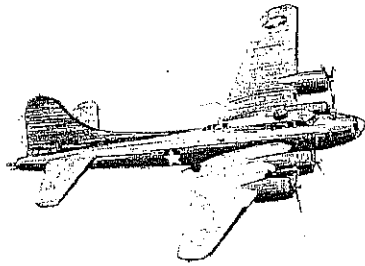
The attack was over. The roar of the planes was replaced by the shouts of men.

Danny turned, and Mack fell back, his eyes dazed.

“I’m hit,” he rasped. “My back. I think it’s bad.”

Danny looked at Mack’s back. His stomach

CHAPTER 11



In an instant, a bomb exploded on the runway. A man disappeared in a blaze of flames and black smoke.

Danny and Mack and both guards hit the ground hard.

Mack came over and shielded Danny's head and shoulders with his body. He waited for a lull in the explosions and then he scrambled to his feet. He grabbed Danny's hand, yanking him up.

"We need to get out of here!" he shouted to the guards. "We need to find cover!"

Turning to Danny, Mack yelled, "Come on!" Mack held Danny's hand tight as they ran. "Keep your head down!"

But where could they go?

Bombs were exploding all around them.

Boom! A truck exploded.

Boom! Three men fell to the ground.

A plane flew in low.

Pom, pom, pom, pom, pom.

A spray of bullets ripped apart a car.

Soldiers were crouched behind bushes and under cars. Some had small handguns and were firing uselessly into the sky. One soldier threw rocks. Danny couldn't believe it; did they really think that would stop the planes?

But he understood too. There was nothing they could do.

Mack dragged Danny behind what was left of a huge airplane hangar. Through the enormous