She ran along rutted tracks, across fields, over ditches and frozen puddles. She climbed under fences and barriers in places she wasn't meant to go.

Rose Blanche took a short-cut through the forest where bare branches scratched her face. The road was below her, the lorry was a long way ahead. She was so tired, she felt like giving up. Then she stumbled into a clearing and could hardly believe what she saw.

Dozens of silent, motionless children stared at her from behind a barbed wire fence. They hardly seemed to breathe. Their eyes were large and full of sorrow. They stood like ghosts, watching as she came close. One of them called for food and others took up the cry.

Food, food please be our friend. Please give us something to eat, little girl.

But she had nothing to give them, nothing at all. The cries died down, the silence returned. The winter sun was setting, the chilly wind made the barbed wire moan. Rose Blanche turned for home. Their sad and hungry eyes followed her into the forest.

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