



My Dad went to war

By Annabelle Topping

Age 8-13 Category (Aged 8)

It all started when we were eating our breakfast of bread and butter, when the wireless suddenly crackled on to another programme. A man with a grunty voice started speaking.

“Alert! Alert!” He said. “There is a war in France, all soldiers meet at the Channel immediately.” He finished.

My Dad stood still with his mouth open. I knew what was going to happen and I wouldn't let it happen! I stood bolt upright and said “No!” I was not going to let my Dad go to war and get killed!

“I'm sorry, I've got to go.” He said.

Before anyone else could complain he left.

The rest of the family that was left spent that day doing the usual jobs on the Farm, just outside of Wimborne town. Many more days passed with the same daily chores having to be done between us, until one Saturday morning when I woke up and saw a letter on the doorstep. It had my name on it!

‘Lilly Hannam, Long Farm, Wimborne, Dorset’

I immediately picked it up and opened it. It was from my Dad! It was explaining how he closely missed a bullet hitting him but it hit his mate! I thought - why did he send it to me? I put it in my cabinet and went to do my jobs. Dad kept sending me letters and I sent letters back. By 1918 it was nearly time for my Dad to come back - then one day my Dad was back! He had good news - they had won the war....”Victory!” We all shouted!