



# Wimborne in World War One

By Oliver Demanuele

(Age 14-18 Category, Aged 14)

On the 4<sup>th</sup> August 1914, I was walking down the lane on my way to work at my Granddad's farm, when I saw a swarm of men crowding the local Post Office. At first sight, I was curious until I saw a poster saying, "Sign up for the Army, it will be the best time of your life!" seeing how great it sounded I ran back home to my wife to tell her all about it.

I arrived home eager to tell my beautiful wife Mary all about my experience that day. At first she was concerned about me risking my life, but eventually, after we had chatted about it, she came to the conclusion that I should join because after all "I'll be home for Christmas".

Later that afternoon I met up with my friends thrilled to tell them my good news. That night I asked them to join the Army with me and they all eagerly agreed to join, so I said; "What are we waiting for, lets get down to the Post Office!" We all ran as quickly as possible trying to get to the Post Office before they shut.

Out in the distance we saw the owner pulling down the shutters of the Post Office! We all shouted, "Wait, we want to join the Army!" The man looked behind him, realising that there was a group of five men charging straight toward him. So he rapidly pulled up the shutters to let us in. He grabbed out the forms and said that we look like the right size for the Army. Shortly after the silence the owner speaks up saying "You're going to war!"

I work up bright and early in the morning, eager to get ready in my stunning uniform. Whilst in the middle of getting ready I hear a knock on the door followed by a loud voice saying "Scott, are you ready?" I would know that voice any day; it was Oliver! I shout back "I'll be right down, just need to put my gear on!" As I'm stumbling down the stairs trying to get my gear ready, I open the door to see a joyful face. Oliver said; "We need to go, the truck is ready to take us." As I'm about to leave my wife runs to the stairs saying "Wait you forgot to say goodbye to me!"

Next thing I knew I was walking down the streets with all the women and children cheering us on and celebrating. I had never felt something so good in my whole entire life; it felt like we had already won the war! In the distance, I could see the truck with all of the rest of the soldiers. When we got to the truck, one of the men said; "Hi, I'm Edward, do you need a hand?" so he helped me get onto the truck and shortly after we heard the truck start up. We were off; we were going to war. All the soldiers were singing, having fun. But that all changed when we got there..