



Wimborne in World War One

By Victoria King

(Age 14-18 Category, Aged 15)

I have had enough of this war. A war we were promised was going to be over by Christmas 1914. Two years. Two years since I turned sixteen the day the war was declared on Germany. 11pm on the 3rd August 1914. What a birthday present that was. The worst gift the world could possibly have hurled at me.

The town of Wimborne had become somewhat equipped to deal with the war. Well as one can be during times of war. We were luckier than most. No bombs dropped on us as of yet. Living in the countryside it was considered safer here.

“Anne have you finished packing yet?” my mother called to me from downstairs.

“Yes!”

I was leaving Wimborne today. I was going to join our boys out on the front. I decided to go and train to be a nurse. Today, I finally turned eighteen - old enough to do my bit to contribute to the war effort. I wanted to make a difference, even if it wasn't a big one. If I could save the life of even one soldier, it would be worth it. To send another soldier back to their family happy and as healthy as one can be after coming back from the war front would be a fantastic thing.

I ran down the stairs grabbing my coat on the way, telling my mother that I would be going out for a bit before I left - I wanted to see the town on e last time. After all I didn't know what I would be coming back to, what would be waiting for me when I returned home. Walking past the Minster, I was filled with unimaginable sadness that I would be leaving this beautiful place. The Minster standing tall and strong, an emblem of hope for Wimborne. It was the thing holding this town together.

When news reached a mother here that her son had been killed in action, the Minster was the first place she went, the whole town rallying around to be there in her time of need. Our community.

It's the foundation of our village and the thing that could identify our village as... different.

As I continue my walk, I see a large tree and fond memories immediately flood back to me. I used to take daily walks with my mother, father and brother with our dog and we always used to go past this large tree. It was where I first learnt to climb a tree. My brother taught me and my mum and dad were encouraging me all the way. When I finally reached the top, I remembered the euphoric feeling that overtook me.

Everything was so much easier back then. When I had no worries and I could just enjoy life, playing and laughing. Nowadays though, everyone walks around as if they have the weight of the world on their shoulders.

I dragged my feet on the way home, trying to make my remaining time in the village last a bit longer. I decided not to say goodbye to anyone, because I planned to be back. It was more of a see you later!

When I got home, I slipped in through the back door and grabbed my bags, putting them in the back of the car. We didn't use it much but I was going on quite a lengthy drive. Finally it was time to say goodbye to my mother. I was the last one to leave our home. I can't imagine how odd it will be for my mother to live all alone in this quiet house. The only one left after I have gone and my father and brother are already fighting on the front line. I know the residents of Wimborne will look after her though.

I hugged her tightly and told her I loved her, trying not to look too closely and notice the tears welling in her eyes. I got in the car and waved to her, getting my last look at my mother and Wimborne before I left. And then I was gone and so were they...