



# Walgrave Primary School

This term, to coincide with the 100-year Anniversary of The Great War, children in Silver Birch are studying all aspects of World War 1. As part of this, they have looked at the significance of Pals Battalions and how it might have felt signing up with friends.

One of the tasks they were asked to complete was to write from the perspective of a young man about to sign up to 'carry out his duty for King and Country!'

Here are a few examples of the children's work.

*Rigidly, I stood staring into the man's eyes waiting to sign up. All my friends were standing next to me, convincing me it was going to be great. I wasn't so sure but at the same time I really wanted to do it. I feel so cowardly and I worry about the consequences. What was going to happen to my family? What was going to happen to me? My whole body was shaking as I reached forward to grab the pen. This was the biggest and hardest decision of my life. As I gathered my thoughts, I realised that it was a 'once in a lifetime' opportunity and I wasn't going to waste it.*

Thea Simons

*Impatiently waiting my turn, I was buzzing with excitement. Looking down the line, I recognised the faces of many of my pals. As I stepped closer to the officer, a sense of fear struck me. Shall I do this? I felt pressurised as all my friends were there signing up. If I step out and quit, how can I explain it to them? All these emotions were flying around in my head. I was about to turn back when a commanding voice shouted, "Next!" I realised he meant me.*

Erin Day

*As I wait impatiently, I nervously stand in a long winding line. I get ready to sign myself up for the biggest risk of my life. Biting my nails, I peer down the row of young men standing in front of me, until I realise that they are the familiar faces of my pals. I hope I am making the right decision. As my turn approaches, bile rapidly rises up my throat. I think I am going to be sick!*

Bella Hooper

*Shaking nervously, I stood in the excited line with my pals. We were signing up for the war. They were ecstatic; however, I was not so sure. Butterflies flooded my stomach. My long legs numbed becoming weaker and weaker. As all of this was happening, a dreadful thought appeared in my head. Who will take over my job? Will my parents be ok? The line was shortening. Sweat cascaded down my rough cheeks. Friends celebrated around me.  
What shall I do?*

Brannon Bird

*I am signing up for the war. My pals tell me it is going to be fun but I still feel slightly nervous. I keep telling myself over and over again that it's going to be ok but I don't trust myself. My heart is pounding! I don't know anything; how to hold a gun or how to march. I am shaking as I reach out to touch the pen. This was the hardest decision of my life. Why am I doing this? Should I be doing this?*

Isla Shortland