My life in WWI

June 24th 1914

Today was my 16th birthday and we celebrated over at my grandfather’s house. He was happy we came over because we don’t usually visit. Grandfather’s house is half a mile away from our house, and it takes a lot of effort to walk that far, especially for my little sister, she is the lazy one in the family. I lived in Britain in a town called Mosley. It was quite peaceful there, the trees were evergreens and there was a park that I use to walk to everyday when I was 10, but sadly was torn down to make a battle field. My grandfather used to work there, until he retired soon after grandmother died. After we left grandfather’s house we passed the battle field. As we got home, I sat in the house and started listening to the radio. When I turned it on there was news about a man called Franz Ferdinand who had been assassinated and how there was this whole random meeting about it. I was afraid of some kind of civil war starting.

June 27th 1914

Today is just what I feared, and no it wasn’t a civil war, it was world war, and even worse, I am being shipped out to America, tomorrow. I was not afraid of anything anymore except the fact of facing World War. Who knows how many years this will go on, I may die out there. The only thing is that we may not be starting to fight yet, but training is starting.