

## My life as a woman in WW1 by Hollie-Jade Bourne

My name is Mary Sanders; I am twenty-nine years old. I am a widowed woman. My husband, Peter, who is thirty-two years old, was shot down in that terrible war. (At least it will be over by Christmas).

I had four children but now I only have three. My seventeen-year-old boy George died in training so now I only have two girls and one boy left. My boy is thirteen and his name is Lance and my eldest girl is Lucy and she is twelve. Then there is my youngest child left her name is Ellie and she is seven years old.



I get up a lot earlier than I used to, this is because I am now a non-voluntary doctor. I used to just socialise with friends but now I operate on wounded soldiers. I trained at Cambridge studies when I was 17 and finished my training when I was 24. The tram station, that I usually used, got bombed by Germans eight days ago, so now I have to walk to the nurse motor pick up station on Elm Street. On the way, I stop at the local store where my old aunt Mabel works. I spend two shillings on bread and cheese to last me throughout the long twelve hour shift at the hospital. Once I reach Elm Street, I get taken to the hospital by a motor driver. Once, I had a driver who I had not seen before. Her name was Eveline, and on the way we talked about our wages, I get paid five shillings a week and she gets paid three a week. Once I get to the hospital, I wash my hand and put on gloves ready to serve. Ever since the war has started we have had soldier piling into the waiting room. I usually have to do surgeries on soldiers who have been shot. I like helping people survive but I hate to see that so many casualties are coming in. It's also hard to keep a strong stomach. I work from five am till five pm. There is a dangerous side to my job as I can get ill very easily.



After a long shift at work, I come home and change. After that, I help the maid with the rest of dinner. It's weird that I am wealthier than her but she knows more than me. I go round my neighbours to care for her sick child, I like looking after him because he reminds me of George. Once I get back we all bathe. I go first, then Lance, then Lucy, then Ellie and last of all the maid Kerry. After we have all bathed I put the children to bed. I get my uniform ready while the maid gets some shut eye and I head to sleep myself.