

A story of a ww1 woman

Hi, my name is Miriam and I'm 29 years old. I work as a Railway Worker in the war, it's what I do as a living. I have a husband who is fighting on the Western Front, and a son.... Well I had one but he died two months ago in battle - he was only 18 years old. He was so young, almost too young. I received the letter yesterday - when I read the letter, it felt as if a bullet had pierced my heart in two, the pain of knowing my son was dead and not knowing if my husband is alive.

I love my job as a Railway Worker in the signal box and I would be really sad to go back to being housewife or maid. I love the action and its serious business! It `s fun, but what worries me most is when trains come faster than the speed limits, I'm here with nothing but paddle's and leavers, it takes lots of strength to pull them! Sometimes we have to load up the trains and clean them, we even carry heavy coal to the trains and its harder than it looks, and people say men are stronger then the women! Women are just as strong as men are.

I'm a railway worker in Norfolk and have been since 1916 when the government began to encourage women to go out to work because so many men were at war. To begin with I was terrible. I even once sent a train with medicals stuff to the war to Germany!! I was told off my boss but now I'm much better at it. I'm happy here. My friends are with me even if we rarely talk together, but we are still together.

When afternoon's come around I take the tram home with my friends except if they take the night shift. Once at home I have to do all the household work. Knitting socks for the men in the war, including my husband and once my son, cooking food, washing up, mending ripped clothes, dusting the shelves, and making rag rugs.

Every night at 9 o'clock at night I always listen to the radio about news of the war, I still haven't heard anything from my husband, I still write to him even if he never answers, I just have a feeling he is reading them, maybe he's just busy? After all, the war is a very busy place. Anyway I must go now because it is so late I most go to bed I have to get up early for work, I wouldn't want to be late now would I?

Good morning, or it would be if I hadn't just found out my husband is dead. He died a long time ago. Now he`s with my son in heaven, but I hadn't been told, no wonder he hadn't returned my letters. I`m heartbroken - my son is dead and now my beloved husband. My soul and heart have perished with my long lost family. Work was fun - I loved it - but now I feel nothing. I have no feelings for life anymore. I`m left with only a working brain but even that can make me think of happiness. I`m left with only the saddest memories.

There`s only one thing that has kept me going and that`s my brother; he`s a war artist and his art is what kept me going. He comes to visit me sometimes and I give him tips on how to improve his work in the army. His son is in the army too but sadly he`s been sent to hospital. He was shot in the arm and is suffering from trench foot a horrible disease caused by the trench water, where your skin peels off. It`s disgusting. I`m glad I`m not a nurse it`s a dangerous job. there so close to the front line. I have a friend who`s a nurse. Her name is Silvia. My brother is worried about his son. I don't know if I should be sad or happy because he`s safe. But I`m blinded by sadness because of the death of my family and my grief for my brother`s wounded son.

By Madina Werdelin. For the ww1 project for the year 5 project