

My trip to Gressenhall and Dreamy Hollow by Olivia P

On Tuesday, we arrived at Gressenhall. First of all, we went into a massive white tent (marquee,) that had loads of tables and chairs on each side. We all sat down and we met Jim and Rachel. They said that Jim was going to take our class to a school and show us what it was like one hundred years ago. Meanwhile, the other class would go with Rachel and she would give them a tour in the Workhouse. Outside the school, we had to line up outside but girls on one side and boys on the other. The girls had to walk in first, a few moments later, the boys would follow on. When we were in the class we had to keep our backs straight while our hands were flat on the desk.

We had to call our teacher Sir all the time. Sir would walk around and tell the children to turn their hands around, and he would check your hands if they were clean. If they weren't, you would get wacked by the cane. All of our handwriting had to be the same so we could read each other's handwriting. If you answered a question right everyone would reward you by clapping. If you were being naughty, you would have to wear a dunce hat. The dunce hat is a cone shaped hat that you put on your head and you would have to stand in the corner and everyone would chant dunce.

Later on, Rachel took us to the outside of the Workhouse. She explained that to get in, you would need to have some paper saying you can come in. They would check your hair for nits, and if you did have any they would shave all your hair off. If you got in you would get bathed and they would give you a uniform. If you had any money, weapons or playing cards you would not be allowed to come in. You would have to sell your weapons for money. You would have money to spend if you had any so you would last a little bit longer on your own. You weren't allowed to gamble either.

In the workhouse, there was a replica of the inside of a house, it had one wall in it in the middle but in one side it had just a simple bed, and in the other side it had a table and some cutlery. There was a bathtub for the boys and girls. The girl's one was bigger than the boys and it was made out of steel. And the boys were made out of metal.

Rachel said that a girl called Harriot and her little sister came into the workhouse when they were only little. Harriot was quite naughty while she was there. When she was a teenager, she really hated everyone in the workhouse. She was so moody and grumpy and fussy. One day Harriot got some straw out of her bed and started cutting it up, she managed to start a fire but they managed to put it out before it burnt down the workhouse. She was sent to prison and they said that she was crazy so they took her to an asylum. They decided she wasn't crazy she just felt unloved. They sent her back to the workhouse, prison and back to the asylum. She was going back to three places over and over again. Thirty years later Harriot was back in Dearham, married and had three children.

We went outside the laundry room and there was a statue of a lady who had a piece of bread in her hand. The story was that she had two sons over the other side of the wall. One of them was crying because he was really hungry. The girl saved her bread for him from breakfast. She threw the bread over the wall to her son. She was caught by the owners of

the workhouse and was sent to the dungeon. (The dungeon was a really dark cell called the dungeon.) she had to stay in there for eight hours to think about what she did.

On the other side of the wall there was the boy playground. On one half the men stayed on the other half, the boys stayed on the other side. The boys had a swing because they needed exercise. The girls didn't have a playground because apparently the boys needed exercise and the girls didn't.

After that, we went into the laundry room and there were three old washing machines. There was a sound that was a real recorded version of the sound it was like. There were some smelly things that smelt of vomit, sweat and urine. They smelt so bad and that's what it would have smelt like one hundred years ago. We all went back to the marquee and ate our lunch. Once we all finished our lunch, we sat in a circle and discussed all the facts that we had learnt. After that, we got on the coach to go to Dreamy Hollow.

At Dreamy Hollow, a man called Dave said that Heigham class would go with him and Turner class (our class) would go with Sergeant Taylor. We went with Sergeant Taylor into some training trenches. He said that if the signs had way or street on them, they would be for the people in the trench. You had to duck down in the trenches because there were snipers around and you wouldn't want to be shot in the head. In the day, you would have to rest and sleep because the night was when everybody would be coming. The trenches weren't straight because if there was a bomb it would have blown up everyone and everything. There was a sign that said lavatory way, it was the toilets. There was a bench for you sit on and a bucket to do your number ones and twos in. We had a fake gas attack and Miss Lewis (our teacher) handed us some handkerchiefs to cover our faces. If you didn't have a gas mask. You would need to wee in a handkerchief and put it over your face. The gas hit us, it was like green clouds come at us. It smelled horrible, worse than stinky socks, dogs droppings and vomit. I could tell why we had to have real handkerchiefs.

When the gas had gone away, we went over to three metal statues. We met Dave and the other class there. Dave played some music and Sergeant Taylor said a poem that was made in WW1. Georgia, who was from the other class, put a cross next to one of the soldiers. We had a minute silence to remember those who died in WW1. After that, we went to a man that told us how they used to carry the injured to the hospitals. Me and three others got to carry a stretcher that had a fake injured body in it. It was pretty easy because we only carried it for about 5 minutes but in WW1 they would have had to carry them for a few miles. The trenches were really thin, we had to go in a single file line. The sides of the trench were high up but it was made with mud. Although it was small, I still enjoyed going through it. I loved going to Dreamy hollow and Gressenhall, it was really fun.

