

John

It was the day John was sent off to war, the English troops needed him to fight against the Nazis in France. I waved him off from the platform, the train slowly fading into the distance, taking with it my hopes and fears of what was to come. His letters would be the only comfort I had until he came back. If he came back... No. He would return to me.

A tear slipped from my eye, I wiped it away, pushing down my fear.

I busied myself while he was gone, I worked hard on the farm, returning late at night for bed and up early the next day. John was doing the right thing, the noble thing for our country, for our future together. Snow came and the days grew shorter, the small hut I had growing colder and colder, there had been no word for weeks now, I could only take pleasure in the warmth of the small fire, a little enjoyment many did not have. In the darkest times of the country, Christmas seemed pointless, and our prayers in Church went to the brave men and boys, for me it was my John, for Miss Digby it was Sam, her son, so many of us were hurting, waiting in anticipation for any news.

It was late in February news came, a letter in the post, as soon as I came home as I came home by the candlelight I read,

Dear Maisie, I can't believe how long it has been, every day hurts more as our numbers slip and slip, it is terribly cold over here and Christmas was a small pleasure to indulge in, the younger lads were incredibly jolly, and I was so happy to find the enclosed photo of you in the post. I miss you every day and remember, spring is coming.

Yours forever, John.

The paper was wet with tears by the time I had finished, just seeing his writing made it all too real.

Warmth crept back in by April, and the letters became more and more infrequent, but the village was still thriving, I got my pay once a week, the wages were skint, but it was enough. The newspapers reported of recent bombings in London and Belfast by the

Luftwaffe, it seemed an age away from our small town but you could tell the War was really starting to pull us down.

I thought of John every day, knowing of the terrible conditions in the trenches and I often cried myself to sleep thinking of him there. The letters were filled with empty reassurances and scarce news, and I never knew quite where he was.

When it was the time for harvest, a yellow paper slipped through my letter box, I rushed to pick it up, scared of what I might find.

I opened it and, on the page, sat

JOHN GEOFFERY TURNER

KIA

Killed in action the words swam before my eyes,

I cried and cried.

He was gone.

“I love you, John.”