

LO: To write a short account about 'signing-up'

It was all the folk in my village had talked about for days. Joining up. Men, who were not much older than boys, queued up for the chance to serve our great country. I was just 17 and by law not yet old enough to be a recruit but all my friends were desperate to go, so I followed them. I'd never left the comfort of my sleepy village and this was my opportunity to see the world, smell the sweet fresh air of France and have a jolly time with my pals.

The line got shorter and shorter and so I reached the front. I filled out my forms, lying about my age and puffing my chest out to make me look bigger than I actually was. I stood on my tiptoes to reach the required height and they passed me without a thought. That was it. In a matter of minutes I had signed my life away to my country and although I was not yet 18, I felt like a man. I was proud to fight for my country and excited about the glory of my life as a soldier...