

Write On 2016

Orphans

July 3 1913

We are orphans. We are helpless disgusting rotten dirty kids that no-one wants, well that's what our 'carer' tells us. I wouldn't call her a carer anyway, she treats us like no-one is going to come and take us to a real home, but I know that a beautiful lady will one day come and take me and my friends away so we can live a happy life away from our 'carer' Ms Burch.

August 7 1914

Well the beautiful lady came but, she wasn't what I was expecting. I was now one of the seven house-maids of Lady Melanie and Lord Oscar from the TIMBER & JOINERY industry down the road. Lady Melanie was a rude woman who never smiled, laughed or said anything nice. She always wore a green silk dress covered in light brown musty lace that looked like it had been torn from Death's cloak and her long, tangled, yellow hair was pulled into a messy bun on the top of her head.

Lord Oscar was nothing like lady Mel: he was a kind man that snuck food to you if you asked nice enough. He always wore a black suit with a white shirt, a crimson bow tie and perfectly pulled back hair. In other words they were rich but somehow they couldn't afford to get us some better food to eat for dinner. Sometimes if we're good we get a piece of toast and strawberry jam for dinner instead of vegetable broth and stale bread. But it's not all bad things, the other house maids

and servants know a whole lot of fun games to play in our spare time. I think that I will have to get used to life here.

May 12 1918

I think that I can introduce myself now that I don't think that anyone will want to read the diary of a servant girl of one of the most famous and still growing industries in the whole of England. My name is April and I am 14 years old. My mother died when she fell into the canal in the middle of England, she tripped over the hem of her dress that she had made three days before and no-one would help me save her. The last words of Elizabeth Morpeth were directed to me, they were: love you April never forget that and I'm sorry that I have to leave you. Never forget our time together!" I was only 8 and she was gone. My Father died three years earlier when he was pushed over onto the street and he was trampled by a rich man and his horse-ridden cart. So there you have it, the only interesting parts of my sad, terrible life. I am an Orphan but there is nothing wrong with that it might be sad but I'm OK. I ditched the Orphanage and Ms Burch long ago and I am soon to leave the TIMBER & JOINERY Industry for good.

By Sophia T

