

The following stories were written as part of a competition by schoolchildren from Nanstallon School, who were inspired by their educational visit to Cornwall's Regimental Museum in 2017.

Ebony

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF JOHNNY INGLIS!

One dull cold day, in Lucknow 1875, India. All mum and I heard were guns and only guns. Although, there were guns absolutely everywhere mu just sat and sew. She pretty much only looked after us and sewed to stop her thinking about the horrible war (that daddy was in).

"I just went outside and the Indians hate what the Britain's have done to their guns", daddy said. "What did we do", I asked. "We put pig fat in their guns, which is against their religion," daddy answered. "I hate to fight again, see you in two weeks" daddy said sadly. "Bye" my family chorused.

"It's my birthday", I screamed excitedly. I got out of bed really early, and good job I did, because about an hour later (when I usually woke up) five bullets came through the window and would have shot me!

Fortunately, we won and my Dad was overjoyed, and Mum was glad he didn't die in the war. Luckily, when it all died down, me, my two little brothers, my mum, my dad went back to England!

Somehow all my family survived all through the war!

!The End!

Daisy M1

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF LADY JULIA INGLIS

Lucknow (1857) We are still here; the siege is still going. I am petrified, living on my own with three small children (4, 2 and new-born) is a never again experience. We are tormented day and night by the hovering flies, itchy fleas, scuttling mice and stinking rats. It's hard living right now with the persistent gun shots and the forever lingering though of my husband (Colonel John Inglis) being shot down. It's Johnny's birthday tomorrow, he's turning four and he's so excited. I've just tucked him up in bed.

It's Johnny's birthday today (16th July) he got out of bed early today due to pure excitement! He came running through to where he sits now at the table huddling against me as I write. It's lucky that he did get up early, only two minutes after he came in there was a loud gunshot that shook the house and its foundations. When I was sure there would be no more, I ran upstairs and found Johnny's bedroom window shattered. The shards scattered all over the rough floorboards and a bullet was concealed in the depths of his mattress. If he hadn't got up early, then he would not have seen his 4th birthday. Thank you, God, for standing by.

I write this tonight (still on the traumatic date of the 16th) in a different house. Once Johnny had opened his present, a toy soldier, I went outside to check on Mrs Palmer only to find shot and burned down house. I saw the attackers about five houses away. I could hear them more clearly now. I darted back to the house and got everyone safe down in the cellar. I quickly went back up to check where they were and was terrified to see the burning down the house opposite – Mrs Palmers. Everywhere was chaos. Guns shot; screams echoed. I ran back down the steps dazed by the scene and trying to take it in. Just as I shut the trapdoor to the cellar a deafening bang let out followed by an ear-splitting crack. I could feel the sizzling heat creep through the door and then hear the thuds as our thatched roof fell in and brought down the timber beams with it. "Keep calm

and keep quiet”, I tried to comfort, although I was no calmer than a demented chicken. “What’s happening Mummy,” Johnny asked in a confused trance. “Nothing to worry about” I replied. “We’ll just have to move house that’s all,” I sighed.

Hours later we emerged from the cellar into the daylight. Luckily, new housing was available but was blocks away. So, in all our grief for lost friends, we ran quickly to the new house without looking back. Later, I was watching Johnny in the garden and thought about how lucky we were compared to some other families. After that, I went to put the few belongings we had left in the bedrooms.

Before supper, Johnny got pooped on by a bird so he had to go and wash by the well. After that, he came in and gabbled the morsels of food on his plate. Then, I tucked him up in his bed. I then sat down to write my diary (which I do right now) hopefully this house should be safer and we will have no more frightful attacks.

Lady Julia Inglis Night of 15th July Day of 16th July 1857

George 1

A DAY IN THE LIFE AS A SEPOY SOLDIER

Lucknow, 1857, I woke up in the soggy wet trenches and to the hum of gunshots. The English are charging the bridge again. It’s a rotten time being cooped up and let everyone else to fight. I wanted to be out there defending the bridge with honour (and killing the odd enemy). So I got up and dressed. I had to wear this light white uniform, the following: a shirt, some ‘sandley’ shoes, the same flimsy white trousers and of course my trusty rifle. The reason all this started.

The English had arrived 3 months ago, we tried our best to stop them but they soon took over India. Taking all our tea, cotton, spices and silk, that was stepping over but they took it further and – tremble – gave us bullets greased with pig fat. This was outrageous.

We mutinied again and again; the English considered this a problem. So, they decided to lay siege on us, the town of Lucknow.,

Back to the present day.

I was dressed and ready for battle. Out on the battlefield it was very misty and damp. But you could spot the English in their bright red uniform a long way. (one of our few advantages). I unfortunately saw my friends getting mowed down by the enemy’s sentry gun; I yelled in frustration! “General Jim, bet back inside now!” Yelled the colonel but I carried on. Loading my gun, I aimed and shot the man gunning he sentry gun from the banks of the river. “Arragghh” Yelled. There rivals still picked off my men so I formed a plan. I raced back inside to our supplier’s cellar “That’s better,” stated Colonel. I chucked (which wasn’t a hard chuck) all the explosives I could find into my sack with a detonator.

I ran (leaving my gun behind) and dived, preparing for the worst. I made it to the other side precautiously and snuck behind the enemy lines and rolled all my explosives behind them and fished out my detonator. I was just about to press when I was spotted and shot with malice in my eyes I pulled the trigger with a dying motion and brought 150 British soldiers with me.

I died a heroic death clearing the bridge of foes now it would be clear to get people out and supplies in. I got medals of bravery and honour. They were put on my grave and for freeing some space in the big English Army. I died a hero.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF JOHNNY INGLIS

One wet dull morning I wake up to the rain pounding; the wind howled. I try to get back to sleep but I can't, not with the weather. It's 1857, we had to move. I think mummy said that we now live in Lucknow, India. Mummy told me that we have to move because Our Queen want lots of their things, such as: tea, silk, cotton, and their land. The gun shots sound again (which scared me) I'm always afraid one will hit the house.

Later, I was out playing on the swing. When I heard them. The gun shots, they were so close to the house. I stayed out a while longer but then I heard cries of wounded and dying men. After a while, of just sitting there and listening to those men that I could not help, I stood up, looked around and ran inside to Mummy. Mummy asked, "Why are you inside?" I replied, "I heard gun shots and the cries of wounded and dying men, it was scary". Mummy responded while wrapping her arms around me, "Stay inside, I don't think it's safe enough for you to go outside anymore".

Before I went to bed that night, I looked out of the window and saw the British army (our army) marching through the street, they were wearing red felt coats, they were carrying their Enfield rifle, before daddy left he let me wear his coat, it's really heavy he told me that when it gets wet it is really, really heavy. I wake up really early this morning because it's my 4th birthday. After I wake up, I run out of my room yelling, "Mummy, mummy it's the 16th July my birthday!" Just as I reached her room a gun shot fired, I hear glass shatter, mummy comes up behind me, slowly we walk into my room. There's glass all over the floor, the bullet that could have taken my life was smack bang in the middle of my mattress. Mummy wouldn't let me sleep in my room anymore, she said it was too dangerous, at least it was warmer.

When we woke up this morning, we were rushed down into a little box room with lots of other people, while we waited for the all clear a young widow's baby was crying, but we weren't allowed to talk until we got the all clear. Mummy and all the other women were sewing a blanket, made out of daddy and lots of other men's clothes. The box room was big, but not that big, we had lamps but there is now windows, least it's safe. Mummy taught me how to sew I like it, it distracts me.

A few days later, we saw where they were weak to, so under cover of darkness we snuck out, we met our messenger on the way, we entrusted a message to him to tell daddy where we were going and to join us. We walked under the cover of darkness and hid and slept during the day. After weeks of living like this we finally found a village where we could lie low. We were safe for now.

At the start of 1858 there was a knock at the door, Mummy opened it, there stood a man that I recognised as, "Daddy, daddy your home!" I yelled as I ran into his arms as did mummy.

A FEW YEARS LATER

I now have three more siblings, I finally have a little sister, Olivia I look after all of my brothers and sister. All is well.