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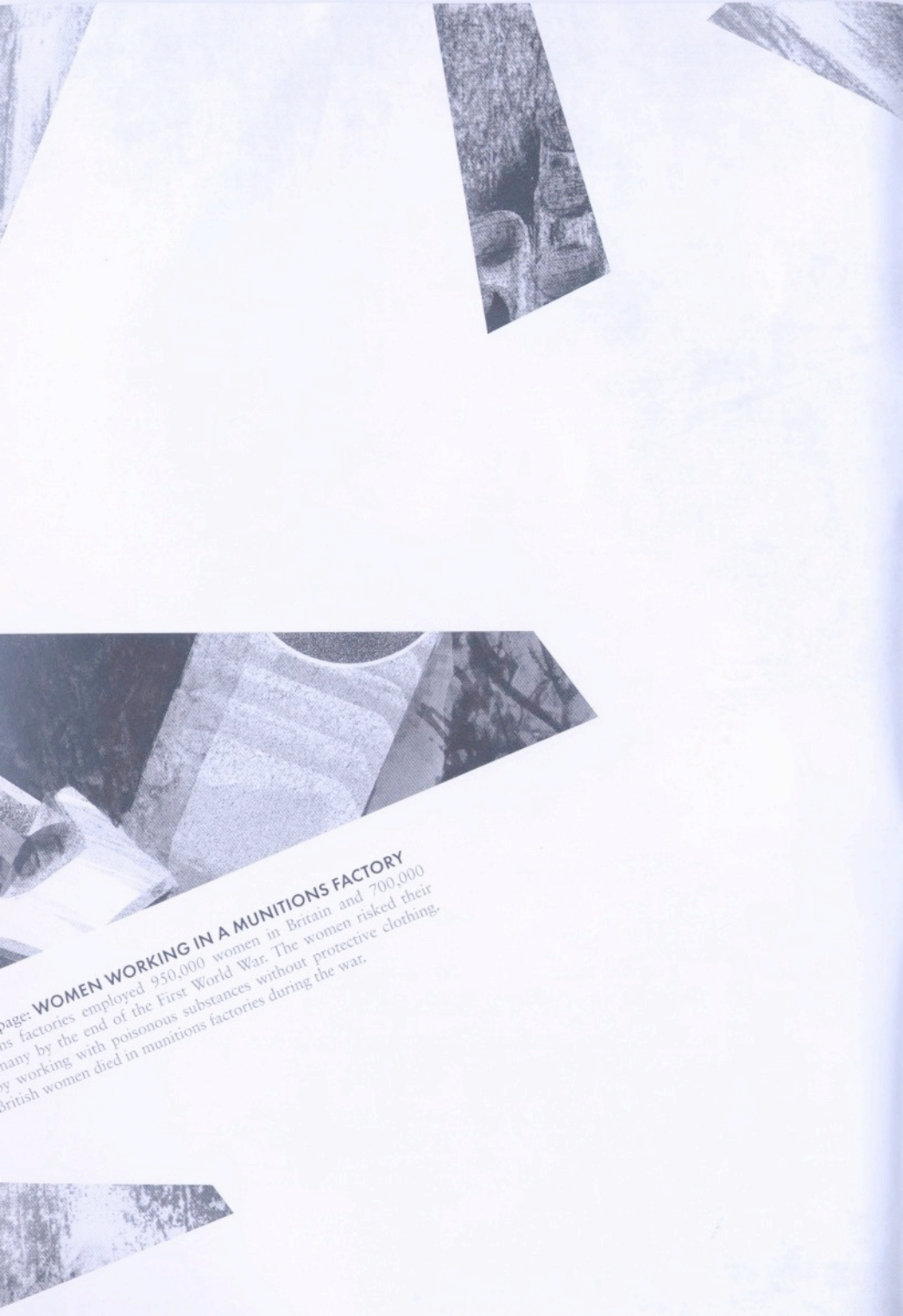
Opening extract from  
**The Great War**  
**An Anthology of Stories Inspired**  
**by Objects from the First World**  
**War**

Published by  
**Walker Books Ltd**

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# A WORLD THAT HAS NO WAR IN IT

DAVID  
ALMOND

It had a war in it, the world when I was young. It was the war between the Killens and the Craigs. They lived among us, in the old terraces around the town square, in the Thirties semis, in the new estates growing across the hillside at the eastern edge of town.

The war was normal, just part of growing up round here. Aye, everybody was fed up with it, but hardly anybody dared to say a word.

“It’s been going on forever, Son,” said me dad. “They battled when I was a bairn and they’ll battle till the day of doom. A bunch of nutters. Keep your head down, same as I did when I was a lad.”

page: **WOMEN WORKING IN A MUNITIONS FACTORY**  
ns factories employed 950,000 women in Britain and 700,000  
many by the end of the First World War. The women risked their  
by working with poisonous substances without protective clothing.  
British women died in munitions factories during the war.

The kids were the worst. Aye, the blokes had fist fights outside the Wheatsheaf down beyond the railway line. There were brawls on Friday nights at the back of the Black Bull. There was always at least one of them in the Queen Elizabeth Hospital and another one or two in Durham Jail. The women shouted and went at each other on the High Street, too. But the kids! They were the worst. Running through the streets in broad daylight, hoying rocks and half-bricks at each other. Wailing and howling like banshees. Ambushing each other in back lanes, setting traps and tripwires in Holly Hill Park. And the battles! Those great gang fights up on the high fields, bairns from five to fifteen screeching and howling at each other. Bin lids for shields and buckets for helmets and war paint on faces. Aye, it looked daft, but there was nothing daft about the wooden spears they carried, nor the half-bricks and the knuckledusters and the blood and the wounds. There was hardly one of them without marks on their faces where a rock had hit. And there was little Matt Craig with the limp, Dolly Killen with the twisted arm where a break had badly healed, Russell Craig with three whole fingers missing. What was it? Why did they keep on? What drew them to it and kept on drawing them to it?

Some said it had started way way back with their ancestors in Ireland. Some said they were all descendants of the ancient Reivers, and all this had been going on since the Border raids. Some said, What's the point of trying to explain it? They're not like other folk. It's their nature, just the way they are. They're the Killens and the Craigs. They go to war because they love to be at war.

Sometimes the police made a show, striding through the estates with their helmets on and their truncheons in their hands and Alsatians growling at their sides. They knocked on doors, wrote down names,

gave out cautions and dire warnings. No use. A Craig wouldn't snitch on a Killen, a Killen wouldn't snitch on a Craig. And who else was going to speak out? There were times when the coppers took a lad or two down a dark back lane and gave them a damn good thumping, but there were no complaints about that. A seeing-to by the law was just part of it all. The warriors bore the scars of that just like they bore their other wounds, with pride.

So war was everywhere, not just in the battles and the scars, but in all that graffiti. Curses painted on garage walls. Six-foot high obscenities. Dates and names of battles and heroes, some from ages back:

*Stoneygate 1954; The Battle of High Lanes '62; REMEMBER THE HAYNING 1927; Nineteen twenty seven! R.I.P. TASH KILLEN TRUEST OF US ALL; IMLA CRAIG WILL RISE AGAIN.*

Weird thing is, some of it was beautiful. There was that strange ancient-looking lovely lettering they sometimes used. There were those paintings of the Craig girls that appeared on the flagstones of the Sullivan Street pavements that time. Aye, they were brutal, but everybody could see how lovely the shapes were, how *artistic* it was. Like cave paintings or something, somebody said, or like those paintings of Saint Catherine and St Lucy in St Patrick's church. And there was that famous mural on the walls of the old railway tunnel underneath the bypass, the one that showed all the Craigs dangling from ropes, their necks snapped. Must have taken days to make. It was in many colours. It was accompanied by poems and prayers for the fallen and hymns in praise for the victors.

**DON'T  
CALL IT  
GLORY**  
MARCUS  
SEDGEWICK

...y's name does not matter.  
...er does that of the angel, sitting in the tree nearby.  
...oy knows only that it is September, that his mother is wait-  
...m at the end of the street, and that he is late for school.  
...gel knows only that something draws him to this place.  
...y's mother calls him again, wearily. He gets as far as  
...ed oak outside number 9, and stops. She sees him  
... the tree, and then he points.

Objects from the First World War, such as a toy soldier, a butter dish and a compass, have inspired each writer to create a unique story.

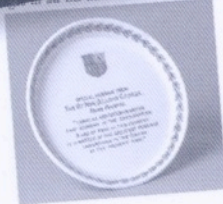


**THE COUNTRY  
called  
HOME**  
JOHN BOYD

The brick crashed through the front window shortly after mid-  
night and Émile woke with a start, his heart pounding, his eyes  
interrupted sleep. The room was dark, and as he  
on the bedside table,  
en floor with

Objects from the First World War | 285

production fell, and naval blockades  
and submarine warfare affected food  
imports. In Russia, Turkey, Austria,  
there was widespread starvation and  
malnutrition, but France, Italy and  
Britain introduced successful rationing  
systems. This British butter dish bears  
a message from the Prime Minister,  
encouraging people to be economical  
with food. The luck reads: "The War  
Time Butter Dish for a family of ten.  
Made by the girls of Staffordshire dur-  
ing the winter of 1917 when the boys  
were in the trenches fighting for liberty  
and civilization."



**Soldier's Writing Case**  
*A World with No War in it*

By 1918, the Army Postal Service em-  
ployed 4,000 soldiers, and even sol-  
diers serving on the front lines re-  
ceived morale-boosting daily deliveries of  
letters from home. Soldiers were en-  
couraged to write home, but their let-  
ters were censored so that they did not  
give away official secrets - and the sol-  
diers themselves often decided to con-  
ceal the realities of life in the trenches  
from their families. This writing case be-  
longed to Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Heneker.



nel Frederick Heneker. He died on the  
first day of the Battle of the Somme on  
1 July 1916, while commanding 21st  
Northumberland Fusiliers.

**Victoria Cross**  
*Captain Rosalie*

The Victoria Cross is the highest award  
for bravery for British and Common-  
wealth servicemen. 1,357 Crosses have  
been awarded, 634 during the First  
World War. This is the Victoria Cross  
awarded to Boy, 1st Class John Travers  
Cornwell for his actions in the Battle  
of Jutland, 31 May 1916. His ship was  
badly damaged by German gunfire,  
and every member of his gun crew  
killed or wounded. Cornwell was hit  
in the chest by a shell fragment but he



stayed at his post, awaiting orders, un-  
til HMS Chester was disengaged from  
the action. He died two days after the  
battle, on 2 June 1916, aged sixteen.