

The Lone Land Girl

'Today is the day' thought Lorraine as she stared at the cream roof of her bedroom. She excitedly jumped out of bed and ran to her calendar. **Move to the farm** was written in bold letters under the date, Monday 8th January 1940. The 25 year old Lorraine couldn't believe that a city girl like her could be asked to be a Land Girl. She couldn't wait to start her new adventure as she had lived in the city all her life. Lorraine looked out the window of her Christchurch home. She wondered how fun it was going to be... to be a Land Girl.

A large, white pickup truck arrived at Lorraine's house to pick her up and her belongings. An old, grumpy looking man got out of the truck and approached her. "You must be Lorraine" a deep, croaky voice asked "I'm John, your new boss." "Hello John. I will just get my stuff." replied Lorraine. She ran inside to get her belongings and returned with her hands full of bags. "Let me help you with that." John added. They filled the back of the pick-up truck with bags and furniture and started the 1 hour journey back to the farm near Methven.

Lorraine arrived at the farm unpacked her things and was about to sit down to admire the view from the small deck of her tiny, white farm cottage, when a familiar but grumpy voice interrupted "Excuse me. Why are you sitting down?" It was John.

"I was just admiring the beautiful scenery you have got here" Lorraine replied. She loved the brown and green colours of the mountains right in front of her.

"You don't have time to be lazy, there is a war going on! Now I need you to help with something. Come on I will show you the way to the yards."

Lorraine quickly slipped on her overalls and walked beside John. They walked through an opening in the hedge beside her house. The yards were right there. There were two other ladies about her age, holding knives with large, razor sharp blades. There was a small pen with about 10 sheep in it and they were all baaing their heads off. Lorraine was just starting to figure out what she was about to do. 'What a horrible way to spend their last minutes' Lorraine thought.

"Lorraine, this is Elizabeth and Lynette." John introduced the unfamiliar faces to her.

"Hello!" Lynette said in her sweet, gentle voice. 'She sounds like she wouldn't hurt a fly, let alone sheep!' thought Lorraine.

John handed her a knife, exactly the same as the ones she saw Lynette and Elizabeth holding earlier. Lorraine felt her heart thumping in her chest. She tackled a sheep to the ground. 'Lets get this over with' thought Lorraine. She took a big swing and paused. The pain was just starting. Blood started to pour out of her left arm. The next thing she knew, she was sitting on a hospital bed at a medical centre. She looked up and saw a nice looking woman, about in her 50s, bandaging her arm.

"You will be alright. The doctor stitched up the cut and you can go back to work in 2 days." she said sympathetically.

Two days later, Lorraine woke up bright and early to go and plough a paddock. She jumped onto the 3-wheeled tractor and set off. She got to the paddock and started ploughing

it. She enjoyed the sight of the plough churning up the soil. It was all going fine until she ran over a massive boulder. THUMP! Lorraine turned around and saw a piece of pipe from underneath the tractor on the ground behind her. She started to panic. 'Oh no, what am I going to tell John?' she thought. Lorraine could imagine the angry expression on John's face, like a bright red balloon about to pop. After a while of thinking about what to do, Lorraine had gathered some confidence to go and tell John what had happened. Sweaty palmed, she knocked on the front door of his white, wooden house. She heard thumps of feet coming towards the door. She gulped.

"What do you want?" John mumbled.

"Well, I might have.. well.. sort of broken your tractor." She murmured.

"What?!?!" John exclaimed. "What part of the tractor?"

"Underneath. A piece of pipe came off." said Lorraine.

"It's going to be nearly impossible to find a new part for it now, with all the rationing and stuff!" John shouted, pacing back and forth on his veranda. Lorraine knew there was nothing she could do because she has had absolutely no experience in engineering.

The next day, Lorraine woke up just as the sun was illuminating the sky. She sat at her kitchen table and looked out at the farm. 'Maybe farming just isn't for me' she wondered. She sadly walked over to John's house and knocked on the door.

"Oh what now!!" John scolded.

"Don't worry I haven't broken anything this time." She replied. "I have just come to tell you that..well... I don't really want to work on the farm anymore."

"Well if that's what you want." John replied with a smirk. "Oh, by the way, I have seen an advertisement in the newspaper about a factory that needs people to help, but only if you are interested."

"That sounds good! May I come and have a look? I think I was made for factory work and not for farming." Lorraine replied excitedly. She went inside his warm home and saw a big newspaper lying flat on his oak table. Two big, bold words stood out to her. **HELP NEEDED** it read. She cranked the phones dial and eventually got the number she wanted. After a short discussion she was off the phone.

"I have a job!" Lorraine blurted out.

"That's great! I hope you enjoy it." John said almost excited to see her gone. "Start collecting your belongings and I will take you home tomorrow."



Land Girls in their work overalls.

The next day came and Lorraine got into John's truck. The motor started with a boom and as soon as she knew it they were off. She admired the scenery out the window. 'I have just ended one adventure and the next is just beginning' she thought.

By: Lily Chapman 8RA