We were told that we were going away for a short place – short holiday, really, with the school and it wouldn’t be for long because the war would be over and so it would just a short period of time that we would have to go away and it wouldn’t be long before we were back. In a way, I suppose, it was fun at eleven to think that, you know, you got your little suitcase and your gasmask and all your friends and you got on a train and you – it was all quite exciting, really. Until we got to the railway station, we got the bus took us from the school to the railway station and the station was absolutely full of soldiers. They’ve been brought back on the little shi – boats and ships, you know, and they were Belgian and English soldiers that had been maimed and disfigured and injured and been brought back from France. So that was quite traumatic seeing all that.