

19th March 1908

The bright sky above me was a field of yellow mustard. Promenading through the back lanes we advanced. Our plan was to head to for 10 Downing Street, and promote our message. "Votes for Women."

A tense atmosphere surrounded our party as we progressed. While the streets abounded with wealthy men and silent wives, shopping for unessential goods. We chose to set out. With a thumping chest, we began. Tumbling stones smacked into the windows, and glass glistened and floated down like withered dust. A mob of police surrounded us but we would not give in. Written messages flew in with the stones until Sir Campbell-Bannerman was bombarded.

While my fellow companions where continuing with this, others and I travelled to Hyde Park. Stealthily moving swiftly through the famous British landmark, we trudged. Matches at hand, we alit a nearby bush which broke into thousands of sparkling fire gems. It was magnificent. As the flames screeched, they waltzed around bursting with energy and purpose. Shouting, we sprinted through to the gates to repeat the step. Soon all on the nearby bushes were alight and we were gathering attention like theatrical performances. Locking ourselves to the railing, we were in the power. Overwhelming rushes of justice flowed through my body like streams of water. People were listening. I was helping to prevent young girls being restricted to their husbands views in the future. I was making a change to this country. Suddenly I blacked out.

My mouth arid from lack of water. Voice crackling like an untuned radio, I sat in the prison cell, like a doll waiting to be played with by my owner. Alone and unwanted, I waited for the roar of my family who had come to retrieve me from this torturous place, but nobody came. Evil guards surrounded me who would rather watch you perish, than give you a scrap of meat. Swinging keys smug with my despair hung mocking me saying, "We are your only hope to get out."

Eventually when I was released, I had nothing to come back for. My family disowned me, no house, no job, just my acquaintances and cause which made me stronger. Roaming through the filthy streets of London at night, I came to Carrie's abode. Inside the gas lamp gave such a contrast to the weary and fatigued attic, that it was like a bonfire on the wall when it became alight. That eventide, bed bugs and foul vermin swarmed me, and could have been ripping chunks out of me, but I would not notice. It was the best night sleep I had had for a long time. The government may have won this time, but I would never give up the fight.

That night I realised, I wasn't just a work house girl, anymore. I was a suffragette.

Sophie Farr