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One day, my great granny who's name was Margaret, was pushing my great aunt, Hilda in a buggy. She saw a British soldier on the side of the road with his gun. Of course she was petrified and hurried along the road. She had just walked past him, when he started to shout and run after her. She ran as fast as her legs could carry her and the soldier probably wouldn't have caught up to her if she hadn't been pushing a buggy. He eventually ran in front of her and stopped her.

"I am a father myself," he said. "And I know that one sock is no good on its own."

He was holding up a little pink sock that had fallen off my great aunt Hilda's foot!



Great granny Madge



Great Aunt
Hilda

