We had just got back from training a month ago and I was sitting with my Family eating me some food then all of a sudden two of my generals had walk in and he had say to me was that we have and emergency that we have been attack by the confederates and we have to prepare for battle because we was going to do a counter attack. While I had two generals the general’s name was General Williams T Sherman and the other was General Henry Slocum. Then he had said to me say good bye to your family and go. Then when I gave my mom a hug and she said to me

“Be safe “she said to me

Then I replied to her “I will try my best but I can’t promise”

My dad finally said to me” try hard son”

Then I was like “I want disappoint you dad”

Then the Generals said to me was “to come son we have lots of training to do at camp”

So while we were driving away I look back at my parents and saw them waving and wave back and begin to cry as we drove away. While I was crying the general said to me

“Stop crying boy we don’t want no crybaby on this force”

I replied “YES SIR”.

February 11, 1861

Training was thoral and intense. At times I felt as though I could not go on. But with determination I stayed focused. I witnessed many of my mates give up and be sent home. I thought after the general made the comment about tears that I would never see another soldier cry but to my surprise I was wrong. We trained in fields that were active; we trained in rain, sleet and snow. I thought this was unreal. From the experience and witnessing the soldier’s failure my determination expanded. I kept thinking about my parents and seeing them in my mind I knew I had to do the best I was capable of doing. I also knew this experience was my ticket to return home safely to my family. Everything had to be done with perfection we were not given any room for mistakes. I felt like I was a prisoner being told what to do when to do it and how to do it in a demeaning demand. We were talked to like we meant nothing to the world but yet we were put out to protect it. Training was so effective at times it felt as though we were actually at war. My biggest fear was me having a female mate. All I kept thinking was not only having to protect myself I also feared that I would have to protect her more so than having to protect a male soldier. Having said that she turned out to be one of the best soldiers in my Platoon. I was more than proud to have her on my team. Weeks turned into months then the word came that it was time for the real McCoy. Judgment day had finally arrived it was time for battle

February 21 1861

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