My name is **Thomas Grigg**, and I am a musketeer in **Colonel Skippon's regiment**, fighting for **Parliament**. I'm not much older than sixteen, but war makes you grow up fast.

We marched through the night, cold and tired, our boots caked in mud. The morning of **14 June 1645** was grey, but we knew something big was coming. We stood in the fields near a village called **Naseby**, waiting for the king's army. I gripped my musket tight, heart thumping like a drum.

Colonel Skippon rode past us, calling out, "Be of good courage, my hearts! Fight on bravely!" He had been wounded before the battle even began, but he refused to leave us. That gave us strength.

When we saw the **Royalist soldiers** appear on the hill opposite, I swallowed hard. They had cavalry and cannon, and I could see the glitter of armour and flags snapping in the wind. But we had something they didn't: we believed in our cause — that **Parliament**, not just the king, should have a say in how England is ruled.

Then the order came: "Make ready! Present! Fire!"

We fired our first volley — smoke filled the air, thick and choking. The noise was deafening, muskets cracking and cannons booming. I reloaded as fast as I could, fingers trembling. We could barely see through the clouds of gunpowder.

Suddenly, cavalry thundered past us — the **New Model Army's horsemen**, led by Oliver Cromwell himself. They charged into the Royalist flank with such force it made the ground shake beneath my feet.

But still the king's men came on. I saw them coming toward us, swords drawn, faces fierce. I thought it might be the end. But Colonel Skippon shouted for us to stand firm. Shoulder to shoulder, we fired again and again.

The Royalists began to falter. Some ran. Others dropped their weapons. I couldn't believe it — they were fleeing! We had beaten them.

After the battle, the field was quiet except for the groans of the wounded. I helped carry a man from our regiment who had been hit in the leg. Colonel Skippon, wounded himself, still moved among us, praising our courage.

That night, I sat by the campfire, too tired to speak. We had won a great victory. The king's army was broken. The war wasn't over yet, but Naseby had changed everything.

I still carry my musket and wear my red coat. I am proud to be part of Skippon's army — proud to fight for a better England.