

PWY YDW I'N MEDDWL
OEDDWN I?

1914

WHO DO
I THINK I WAS?

1918

Catrin James, Ysgol Gyfun Cwm Rhymini

Trousers

You know, working hard, throwing myself into my job at the factory, it doesn't really take my mind off the war.

Obviously, as soon as he was asked, my father tried to get one of those badges. You know the ones I mean. Those badges with the little numbers that show a man is working in a mine or something. That excuses them from fighting. Well, he couldn't get one and now he's out in France.

I can't help but feel bitter, though, seeing those men walking around, so... alive, so free. It's not fair, most of them work in the same mine as my dad did. So what makes them so special?

Then there's my factory work which is so different to what I am used to. Especially since my hands and face are already starting to turn yellow. They call us canaries. I know they'll turn back to normal when I stop but I can't say it isn't odd.

And the trousers, I can't believe I'm almost a fully mature adult and I've never worn trousers before. No boots though, still go to wear these darned heels.

Well, I'd better get back to the work bench got to do my part to help the war effort. I hope dad is sent back soon, I hope he gets back safe.