

PWY YDW I'N MEDDWL
OEDDWN I?
1914 WHO DO
I THINK I WAS? 1918

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Child's View

Life is getting stressful. My dad's off in the trenches. I'm starting to forget what he looks like because I haven't seen him in ages.

Apart from missing my dad, school is hard. Just work, work, work and then soon I will be off to the army. Only a matter of time.

Mum's freaking out, with dad and my brother Edward gone off to the army. All the house work is left to her. So that means I'll be doing it soon.

On the bright side, at least there's less mouths to feed. Mum's been offered a job at the munitions factory so at least we're contributing to fighting the war.

Like I said, "life's hard"