

PWY YDW I'N MEDDWL  
OEDDWN I?

1914

WHO DO  
I THINK I WAS?

1918

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## Lie

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I feel so scared.

I've lied about my age to be here today. I completely ignored my mother's instructions.

She told me not to, yet I did.

If anything happens to me, it will be all be my fault, all my mother would be able to say is "I told you so".

It's tearing me apart.

Instead of seeing my mother all I can do now is write to her.

It makes me miss her more each time she writes to me; the way she says how much she's worried about me.

I don't know what to do

I suppose there's nothing I can do.

As I sit in the dirty trenches it is time to fight. As soon as I hear the unbearable sound of gunshots, I jump out of the trenches and start to battle.

Next thing I know, I'm with the nurse in a lot of pain although as the nurse is bandaging my leg, I can't feel anything.

It's as if my leg is dead.

I find myself back on the train home.

I am so happy to know I can see my mother again. I am going to surprise her; she may not be happy a bullet went through my leg but she will be happy to see me alive.

My leg has finally healed.

For weeks now I've had the best time with my mother. It is so much better back at home and I will definitely miss it.

Its broken me now to know I have to go back to the front.

I really don't want to. I'm even more scared now than I was on my first journey on the train for training.

I want to stay with my mother and look after her but again, there's nothing I can do.

Perhaps I should never have lied about my age and listened to my mother in the first place.