

PWY YDW I'N MEDDWL  
OEDDWN I?

1914

WHO DO  
I THINK I WAS?

1918

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**Emily Bradbury-Evans**, Ysgol Gyfun Cwm Rhymini

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## Another Death

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It's such a horrible life. I'm so worried about Timothy. He's run away. He's only 16. My poor boy. After his father died in action out in France, he's been so depressed, almost as much as me.

Tim has been wanting to join the fighting for weeks, months even. So I suppose he's joined up.

His father is the best example of how a little mistake can get you killed. All he did was steal a loaf of bread to feed our two beautiful children. He went on trial and had a choice - prison or join the army. Of course he chose the latter.

I got the letter a few weeks back, giving me the facts about what happened.

Hold on, I see the postman coming. What's he doing here? I brown envelope. Oh My God!

Don't despair. Maybe it's a letter from Timothy letting me know he's safe. I bet his sister will be so pleased! Anything, anything but another death.