

PWY YDW I'N MEDDWL
OEDDWN I?

1914

WHO DO
I THINK I WAS?

1918

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Refugee

Half a mile across the English Channel and the sound of shells exploding is still completely overwhelming.

But at least now it's behind me.

I try to ignore it but the sound takes me by surprise every time. And I slide further into the back of my chair.

There are some people in front of me fetching something. They're speaking a completely different language, what is it I wonder?

For the first time I realise I have no idea where I am going or what's ahead of me.

I think back just an hour or so, I remember running to the boats watching the town I've grown up in crumble down behind me.

Now I'm a refugee with no home and no family.