

PWY YDW I'N MEDDWL  
OEDDWN I?

1914

WHO DO  
I THINK I WAS?

1918

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## **No Man's Land**

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Cold is the night, the air still. So crisp if I was to breathe, a puff of smoke would escape my somewhat dry lips.

Why did we have to start this war? For land? For Wealth?

Because it seems that all we are achieving is death.

All I can see is darkness and the outlines of the trenches, the dim candlelight next to me.

I am climbing up the trench while the others lie asleep. I'm on my way to No man's land to clear some air for a chance to think.

I am here, no man's land - it's not ours nor the Britishers, it's quite literally belonging to no man.

I see a figure in the distance, well more of a silhouette. I stand up in a defensive stance in case of being attacked.

"State your business" I speak calmly yet firmly.

"Peace to think no harm intended" the voice speaks huskily, a British accent etched into his voice.

We talk for quite a bit, making amends knowing it won't change our higher authority's minds.

Then we skulked off to our separate trenches.

I had just made the acquaintance of the enemy. I lie still in my dugout longing for my wife's touch, her comforting words.

How am I going to survive without Liesel?

The guilt overpowers any other emotions. I have betrayed my friends, my fellow soldiers. Hopefully Liesel will think about me, Johan Georg.

I hope so.