

PWY YDW I'N MEDDWL
OEDDWN I?

1914

WHO DO
I THINK I WAS?

1918

Soloman Entwistle, Merthyr Tydfil Library Service Community Writing Squad

The Signaller

“Oh God, not again”, are my thoughts. I hate my job. Laying signal cables, sprinting across no man’s land with only my reel of cable, a jack knife and a pair of pliers.

When it’s pitch black, I run laying cables, saving people’s lives but the Huns, oh no, I’m their special target. Snipers and machine guns alike aim for me. They even shell me but I carry on using tunnels and shell holes for cover.

Dan Davies got his head blown off, a shell to the neck. I can hear screams of agony from dying soldiers but I ignore them and run on. I feel horrible but I run on, laying cables and repairing them. I hardly get “rest”, oh I’m too valuable. When I get rest, I hardly enjoy it.

All I hear now is the ear splitting screams of my comrades, I am scarred for life. I will never forget the fallen.