

PWY YDW I'N MEDDWL  
OEDDWN I?

1914

WHO DO  
I THINK I WAS?

1918

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**Tomos Harries,** Ysgol Gyfun Cwm Rhymini

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## **Cruel**

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Dear God,

Why the hell am I out here in No Man's Land and not safe in the trenches? All I hear is gunfire and bobs exploding around me, bursting my ear drums. The carnage of the shells creating huge craters in front of my path.

I can see an army of men lost in the war as they fall one by one into the mud.

This war is like nothing I've ever experienced before, ever in my entire life. Endless days of digging deep trenches and for what? Just to be blown up in a moment.

It's almost as if you're digging your own grave. Death is near I'm sure but if it happens to me at least I'll be able to see my friends again...

God, life is cruel.