

Animals of the First World War

Finishing the letter took me more time than I thought it would. Rodent watched my every movement like a sharp-eyed teacher looking for something amiss. He sits back on his hind legs, stumpy half-tail swishing back and forth. His little dish-like ears twitch at every sound. I look over the finished letter, my cramped writing filling pages. It seems impossible now that I've crammed all my life for the last few months onto those small sheets of paper. Carefully, I fold the paper and slip it into the envelope: all under the watchful gaze of Rodent. His little ratty head bobs as though he understands what I've done and approves. He scampers away into the night. I can see the glint of lamplight off his small eyes as he looks back at me.