

The story about the ww1 women

Hi, my name is Silviya and I am 30. I work as a nurse in a big hospital. I have brother and a husband. Well-I had a husband. He was a lovely husband my, he died two years ago, and I still love and miss him. my brother is 26 years old. He got sent to the war. To fight for the country and the Peace of the world. I also have a son and a daughter. My son died of cancer, and my daughter is now 11 years old. She is in school. I live with my parents who are in there 50s, so I need to look after the kids and my parents. Sometimes it is really hard for me because when I get back from work, I need to cook, clean, and feed my parents because they are so old.

Like I said, I work as a nurse in a big hospital. There we are helping the people and the soldiers who are shot, sick or have got a disease. My mom has heart problems so I have to help her as well. She is not the only one who I have to look after I also have to look after the soldiers. I have to change their bed sheets, clean their feet if they have trench foot and wipe their blood, change their bandages, wash their dirty clothes and do very hard operations like, taking bullets of their body's. Then feeding them because they can't do it by them selves. They are too hurt. Nursing is sometimes hard, well not all the time just sometimes.

Finally, I'm home, listening to the radio at 9 o clock for the news of the war and for the people who died, hoping that my brother is not one of them.

Good morning, or should I say good night. It is 10:30 and I'm still shocked by the sentence that I just read. I found out that my brother died of disease in the war. He was too young to die, but now he is in a better place. Heaven, the place where everyone is saved.