

## Corn Dollies

Elizabeth looked out the clear windows at the children playing tag under the summer sun, oblivious that in a couple of hours their fathers and brothers would leave for war. Jack wrapped his arms around the dirty blondes' waist. "Darling, can you look after something until I come home?" "Of course love," Elizabeth quietly answered. The dirty blonde turned her gaze away from the window around to Jack. Carefully he opened her hand and placed a corn dolly crown. "We'll meet again" Jack whispered into her ear. "We'll meet again" Elizabeth whispered back, a soft smile covering her face.

The familiar warm smell of apple pie filled the living room. Elizabeth had used the last of her weekly rations to make it. The dirty blonde's hazel eyes stared out the window in despair. The light blue wall paper now seemed grey and dull. The once happy home seemed quiet and sad. She knew that others had it a hundred times harder; having to feed themselves and their children, not making enough money, but loneliness seemed to drown her. No more children played tag outside the window. They all stayed home and helped their mothers.

"We send our condolences," the man on the radio spoke sadly. "Half the 107 regiment got killed behind enemy lines. The war seems to...."

Elizabeth's thoughts seemed to fade out the man on the radio. Her mind raced. That was Jack's regiment. Was he okay? I received a letter this morning he has to be okay.

Elizabeth had not received a letter in weeks. The hazel eyed girl kept on telling herself he was probably just busy and you will see him soon. Deep down she was happy she hadn't received the dreaded letter of condolence.

3 months later, children ran down the street smiling and yelling. "They're coming home!" Oblivious that in a couple hours their fathers and brother might not come home. The war was over and she would finally see Jack. Elizabeth ran to her vanity and picked up the corn dolly crown Jack had given her all those months ago. The dirty blonde stood by the window finally satisfied.

Soldiers walked down the street in a huge huddle. Families stood on the street looking for their friends and family members. Elizabeth still waited and watched from the window. The sun shining across her face. A smile spread across her face when she saw families being reunited.

The lady's eyebrows furrowed as she heard a knock on the door. The hazel eyed girl opened the door with a smile. A soldier stood at the door with a letter. "My condolences," the soldier said sympathetically. "Jack was a good man." Just as the soldier was about to leave, he handed her a letter.

She closed the door and opened the letter with an emotionless face. Warm and salty tears finally ran down her face as she read the one thing no one wanted to receive. A letter of condolence. Elizabeth fell to the wooden floor in sobs. In her hand she clutched the corn dolly crown. The last thing her true love gave to her. "I promise we'll meet again." Elizabeth sobbed out.

She was incomplete without him;

*Freya – Geoffrey Fields Junior School*



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