

**WHO KNOWS WHEN THE NAMELESS DIE?**  
**Annie Randall and Sarah Ocallaghan 10W**

*“Good morning and welcome to the 7’o clock news. Stories today: Recession thought to be over within a year, three die in Baghdad...”* The cup dropped and china smashed everywhere. A tear welled up and slowly trickled down to her gaping mouth. *“... names include Dylan Jones, Joseph Smith and Timothy Brooks.”* A sigh of relief was let out by the 26 year old Linda Marsh. She had not received any notice of her husband's duty in Baghdad since he left their family home a year to the day.

For days, weeks and months this had been how Linda had spent her mornings, lunchtimes and evenings. She constantly craved the knowledge of his wellbeing. It destroyed her like a monstrous infection eating her from the inside. This constant paranoia that sat on her shoulders made her lose all sense of time and judgement. She was no longer the woman he knew, but an empty being with an empty soul and an empty heart at the thought of her fears becoming reality.

Her indifferent actions carried on in her indifferent days for another month before the cataclysmic moment arrived.

*“Good morning and welcome to the 7’o clock news. Stories today: five more bombings in Baghdad and three more deaths, we are sad to name that...”* The kind and informative voice gradually became a deafening murmur to Linda's ears. It had been one year, 2 months and 16 days since he left. It hit her like a bullet: piercing her skin and ripping through the flesh until it reached its destination. The heart stopped and gave way for a moment of realisation. Linda tried to focus on the photograph that positioned itself two feet in front of her.

She pictured herself with him one last time, knowing there was no hope for it to happen again. His figure was becoming a hazy silhouette. “No! Come back! Please, please do not leave me...” Her once gleaming face was now a pale, emaciated shadow of her former self. The body hit the stone cold floor as if her soul was leaving her. The fear became reality.