***Touchdown Pen-name writing comp***

**If Only...**

They keep telling me not to beat myself up over it, well the ones that are left. But how can I?

How can I ever forgive myself after what I’ve done? I told them that I was dangerous, that I was like a bomb, sitting, waiting until someone steps in the wrong place and sets me off. The people that are left tell me that it wasn’t my fault. But all I can think about is the smell, the smell of people dying.

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