

War Reminiscence by Cyril Sagan

The wind was barely even blowing, it was only slightly moving the leaves of the enormous sycamore tree in the center of the park. The day was very hot even though it was only sunrise. In the middle of the park surrounding the gigantic sycamore were stone benches. On one of the benches sat a man. His looks weren't really memorable. He looked to be about seventy-nine and had brownish-blackish hair. He had black eyes and a smile that was barely existing. It is only when you take a good look at him when you can see the haunted look in his eyes and his prosthetic leg. The man was wearing a navy blue zip-up hoodie and tan colored khakis. He had on a Arizona Cardinals hat that he wore a little tilted. His shoes were the limited edition Bucket Squad 1 shoes. The guy's name was Jack Miller. It is November 1 and Jack is remorseful as he remembers the day he lost all his friends in addition to his leg.

*

Corporal Jack and his squad were nervous. It was in the middle of the Vietnam war and they were going to have to go into the Vietnamese jungle without backup. Jack was hoping that he knew what he was doing. His best friend from boot camp had fallen asleep as it was 4:00 in the morning. Jack elbowed him in the stomach saying "wake up". His friend Jamal woke up with a start and punched Jack in the mouth. Jack's eyes rolled into the back of his head, he barely retained consciousness. As Jamal apologized the sergeant yelled at them to get ready and that they would be leaving soon. Jack scrambled to his feet and pulled off a hasty salute as the sergeant passed him and Jamal. Jack ran to get his gear.

He cradled his M16 as it would be the only thing protecting him from the Vietnamese and their deadly ambushes. Jamal called him to get to the front of the camp as they were going to leave soon. As Jack was putting on his helmet and kevlar he heard the sergeant tell everyone to fall into formation. It was very hot and the sun was barely even surpassing the horizon. As the dawn arrived they started to move through the jungle. The jungle provided no protection against the sweltering heat. Jack was sweating when all of a sudden they heard a scream. Jack checked to see where Jamal was, and as soon as Jack saw him he asked what had happened. Jamal told Jack that someone had stepped on a land mine and had exploded. Jack clutched his M16 knowing that if anything were to happen that it would be the only thing that would help him survive. He checked the magazine and saw that it was full.

They started to march quietly through the jungle again. After they had been walking for about an hour the dog handler held up his hand signaling for them to stop. Jack found Jamal and they stood back to back. Jack scanned the undergrowth. All of a sudden the earth imploded. Jack pulled the trigger and let his bullets fly cutting through the leaves of trees. As soon as the magazine ran out he dropped to the ground and pulled out another to put into his rifle. Jack heard screams coming from his platoon and the woods as he was loading a spare magazine he saw Jamal get shot in the head. Jack knew while Jamal was still falling that his friend was dead. Jack moved towards Jamal to try and comfort his best friend while he was dying. Jack got up with a vengeance in his eyes and started blasting out bullets from his rifle.

When his gun jammed he threw it down and pulled out his bowie knife along with a pack of grenades. As Jack was pulling the pin from a grenade he felt excruciating pain in his left leg when he looked down he saw blood pouring out of a wound in his thigh. Jack was starting to pass out but he knew that if he fell asleep he would never wake up. He saw that his platoon was almost gone ,but he kept fighting even though he knew that he would probably die. After Jack had thrown his last grenade he realized that everyone in his squad had been killed except for him. Jack also realized that the Vietnamese soldiers had left and that the battle was over. He buried all of his friends and leading officer then limped 8 miles back through the jungle to get back to camp. He was given a medal but deep down Jack knew that the people who had died deserved the medal more than he did.

*

As Jack pulled back from his reverie He realized that his grandson Andrew was pulling on his hand. Andrew told him that they were going to go get ice cream as a reward for Andrew winning his tournament. Jack got up off the bench and followed his grandson to his daughter's car. As Jack was getting in he realized that he was lucky to have survived the ambush and even luckier to have had an amazing life after he got injured. Jack knows the pain and heartbreak that comes during war but he also knows that things can be healed with enough time and love.

The End