

“The Warrior Hidden Behind the Snow”

It was a chilly day. The sound of tanks and infantry soldiers filled the air. The sky roared with the noise of helicopters, planes, and fighter jets, and then it happened.

I was looking at one of the helicopters more than any other. The reason I had my eyes on it was because of its pilot. His name was Timothy Flemming. He was a fine pilot, a good father but most of all an exceptional friend. He has been with me since I was a child, and we were incredibly good pals. But as I got my mind off him, I saw a tank heading towards our unit. I signaled towards the soldier carrying a bazooka. He shot. ‘*Boom*’ it went by, and tank exploded, but something else exploded, it was Timothy’s helicopter. Before I could react, a grenade came straight at me. I felt a sharp pain and then collapsed.

I woke up still in shock. I had a million questions in my head. *What happened, is the war over, who's winning, how long was I out for* but most importantly *is Timothy alive*. There was a nurse shuffling some papers. The nurse was short and skinny with a slim face and freckles. She had brown hair that was curled up. Her nurse dress tightly fitting on her body. Her eyes were a butterfly blue, she looked at me and gasped. I started asking her everything. I found out that the war’s not over and there’s no clear answer for who's winning. I in a comma for 4 months. Well about Timothy she had no idea. I felt like a toddler about to throw a tantrum, *wasn't this the only clinic taking care of soldiers?*

I exclaimed in outfitted rage, “Don't only you guys treat the soldiers!” She looked shocked and disappointed. She was looking at her shoes with her eyes showing an empty void. Then she looked up and said, “I'm sorry Alex but I don't have the information right now, but I can go check on the computer.” I was relieved I could know for surely Tim was alive. Then I saw the nurse coming towards me, looking down...

She came towards me she was quiet with a look on her face that said she was having a deep thought, then she continued Timothy did not survive, no this can't be happening I said to myself *Timothy is not dead he's at his home eating dinner with his kids, no he's not dead*. I stood up and tried to walk away but the nurse stopped me. I tried to resist but I became...weaker.

I came to the camp late at night still having questions that have no answers. Everything was quiet. I went inside reminiscing. I went to sleep with the questions still rolling through my head. I woke up early as I didn't want to get ready attention. I reached the general's office and knocked on his door.

When he opened it, he had a startled look on his face he exclaimed, “Oh my gosh, Alex you're up, I heard what happened it was horrifying, first Timothy and now you, I was scared I didn't want to lose my best officer and a good friend it's a good thing you're back.” I felt like a fighter jets engine. *Why did he have to bring up Timothy?* I looked at him in a frightening way. “Oops hit a nerve there.” he said in a regretful tone

I kept staring at him then spoke, “I came for some work general.” Yes, right away, he told me. I said about how I want a leave. He then stated, “Yes, I will see if it will be able to

happen, I will reach you today.” “Thank you” I said, I was about to leave but then stopped, *should I ask him about Timthoy?*

I looked back and asked him “could they have saved Tim?” I asked, the general looked at me with concern and somewhat regretful face.

He whimpered, “Timthoy was in critical condition; it was a true nightmare, blood everywhere. Oh lord I don’t like talking about it.” I became stiff, my blood ran cold. Timthoy's face showed up in my mind. His silky, long, black hair resting on his skinny face with eyes that can mean both a cold chilly day in the mountains and a fiery never-ending flame, his smile that can take anyone’s mind off stress.

I tried to fall asleep, but questions kept popping up in my mind, new questions

Why couldn't they save Tim why, I should have keep looking and save Tim, It's my fault Tim is dead. The general knocked on the door. “Uh you're allowed to go” he whispered. I was relieved I could finally go home. Scenarios kept popping up in my head, what if I ran away, if I signaled to Timthoy, what if I would have killed the infantry first. Finally, the plane came and I was crowded between two boys who were asleep.

I sat in my seat and fell asleep. When I landed, I met Beth my wife, and my daughter Ellie. When I looked at her, I smiled, the first time I smiled in a long time. I ran towards her and hugged her, tears both in our eyes. After waking up, I talked to Beth about what happened, and she told me that how Tims wife was struggling too. So, we decided to go to Tims house for some days and talk to Mrs. Flemming, after that I just stayed in my room. I kept to myself and didn’t talk as much. I knew I was breaking apart. A week after I landed, I got a message to come back to camp.

I said my goodbyes and left. This time I zoomed through security and went as fast as possible to the plane. While looking out of the window I realized that Tim was dead.

It doesn't mean you're broken, I thought to myself. When I landed and arrived at camp I went to the memorial tent and saw Timothys name.

Timothy Flemming, the nameplate read, *extraordinary pilot and even more an extraordinary friend.*

I knew why to fight this war: Not only for freedom but also for Timothy, who sacrificed his life, so liberty lives on.

Make Tim proud, make him proud, I said to myself.