

The Moment Tragedy Took

By Daniel S.

“I felt my heart pounding as I rushed into battle. Bullets flew. Many people died. That’s when the moment hit me.” BOOM! “I took a grenade to my upper body. I was lucky to survive, but not in one piece.”

Ten years later. “I just don’t think you should go out in public anymore”, Martha said, with a sad tone of voice. “Please Martha, who cares what other people say about me?”, said Brian. “I DO!!!”, said Martha. Brian turns to a window and stares. “I’m just concerned about you, Brian. I mean things haven’t been the same after the whole incident.” Brian pauses for a moment and turns to his wife, “Martha, just because I lost my legs doesn’t mean I lost hope.” Martha looks with a sigh and says, “I guess if you love someone, you’ll let them go.” Brian grabs his jacket and strolls out the door in his wheelchair.

Brian gets to work and takes the elevator. He greets everyone and says “Hi!” to his buddy, Charles. “How has things been going?”, asks Charles. “Never better!”, responds Brian. “So, how’s the family?”, asks Charles. “They’re doing fine, but my wife is telling me I shouldn’t go out in public anymore. She says she cares about what others have to say about me.”, says Brian. Charles says, “Why does she care so much about what people think?” Brian blankly says, “I’m not sure. She says that things haven’t been the same since the accident...and it hasn’t.” Then Charles says, “Alright, man. I’ll see you at lunch.” Charles takes out \$1,000 out of his wallet and says, “Here’s something for your troubles.” Brian is stunned and doesn’t know what to say, except, “How can I repay you?” “Buy your lady a new car.”, says Charles.

As Brian, goes into his office, he reflects for a few moments of what he was like before he lost his legs. “I was a funny guy, happy, smart, and brave. I was able to do more things for myself. Now I feel so dependent on people, especially my wife. Dancing and hiking were a pastime that Martha and I shared. Now we don’t do much of that anymore.”

After work, Brian rushes home, until he runs into some teenagers. “Hey, check out this cripple!”, one of the teenagers said. “Where’d you get those noodle legs?”, said another. Brian says, “Look, I don’t want any trouble.” A third teenager says, “Oh, we’ll give you trouble!”, as he takes out a knife. Suddenly, a cop comes out the corner and arrests the three boys. Brian thanks the officer. The officer offers him a ride home, until Brian says, “Wait here.” He goes inside the dealership and buys a new pink corvette with the money Charles gave him and the money he had been saving for a while. “Could you call a tow?”, Brian says to the officer.

Brian’s wife peeks through the window, as she hears a car pulling up. “Brian! Explain yourself!”, says Martha furiously. “Now honey, I know what it looks like, but this officer actually offered me a ride home. The pink corvette is for you.”, says Brian. His wife is in shock, for she had been speechless. After a couple minutes, she gives a bear hug to Brian, and thanks

him.” But then, Brian tells his wife about the teenagers. Brian’s wife grew in shock, and told him to never walk home by himself, but somehow a spark lit up in Brian’s head. Brian replies, “You know what, I agree.” Martha gets confused. Brian instantly goes in his house and starts writing to the government about new rules that should be placed. Brian starts to write: “I demand a law that everyone should respect handicaps, and all veterans.” The government denies the law that Brian proposed, so he writes up another email, and another, and another, until finally, they accepted his proposal.

After three months, he makes a stand and tells them why they should respect handicaps and veterans. He said, “Everyone, brothers and sisters, those who have fought in the war. I give you this speech and I know most of you are deaf to my words, but I don’t care because us veterans have fought in the war to protect you, and most of you take it for granted, but I’m telling you. You can take my legs, but you can never take my spirit.”

The end.