

**WE**

I was born in Ohio on 25th July, 1936 and my name is Nico, but this story is not about me.

When I was 4 years old I had to see my father leave in a big green truck full of men, I didn't understand what was happening, but I felt a lot of anger at him. I felt he was abandoning me... but I was just a kid and I did not really realize what was going on.

Years went by and my anger has only increased, I missed going to the beach with him just to watch the dolphins and eat an ice cream. I used to wear everyday a t-shirt that he gave me.

When I was 9, I saw my mother crying after a green car has gone from my house. She didn't tell me what had happened, just hugged me and said everything would be okay.

In my birthday of 18 years, my mom gave to me a weird gift, a box with the name of my dad and; she said to me:

-This is the gift your father wanted to give you after he come back from the war.

-What? War?

-He loved you a lot my son.

-This is a lie, my Father has abandoned me. I locked myself inside the bedroom and started thinking about the box, about the content of it.

- I need to sell this box. I hate my Father, but I don't know he and this box...

-I'll open this box, but I don't know if I should.

Hours later thinking about the box, I decided to open it.

When I opened, I saw a lot of things...one letter, a jacket and a Vinyl disc. I played the Vinyl disc on the record player, wore the jacket and started to read the letter

I fell asleep.

In my dream, I felt my arm bleed, but I did not know why it was happening.

- A soldier was hit! I need help!

A man ran towards me, carried my body on his back and took me to a Trench; and asked me:

-Soldier, are you okay? I think you should see a doctor.

-What? What's your name and where are we?

- I asked scared.

- We were in the battlefield and I'm the sgt. Augusto.

-Okay, I'm in another crazy dream - I whispered to myself.

Sgt. Augusto helped me to make a bandage in my arm.

-Thank you, you saved my life.

-Okay, go back to battlefield, we must help the other soldiers - He said.

-Sgt. Augusto I have only one question...

-Ask fast, we need help they!

-What war are we fighting?

Sgt. Augusto smiled and gave me a heavy gun.

-The second world war... and we have to win to get back home

-We already won, I promise to you.

We went back to the battlefield talking about a lot of things, but we have finally found enemies, one of them shot Sgt. Augusto. He fell to the ground and asked me to carry out his last wish.

-Please... we need to win this war.

I woke up terrified and I realized I haven't read the letter of my father.

"Son, I know you hate me... but I love you and when this war finishes I'll go back home to see you, we'll go to the beach to the dolphins and eat a lot of ice creams. I promise to you!

See you, soon.

Sgt. Augusto"