

I Am American by Ruemon Bhattacharyya

It was a 4th of July evening. Grandpa Joe and his nine-year-old granddaughter Jacklyn were sitting in the front porch of Grandpa's farmhouse in Lexington, Kentucky. Clear sky, light breeze, and a faint smell of roses made the evening perfect. "Crash, boom, pow! Guns fired during the war", exclaimed Grandpa with a hand gesture. "When I was in World-War-II, I was fighting so that your mommy could live a safe life." "But grandpa, wasn't it dangerous? Why did you do it?" questioned Jacklyn. "It was dangerous, but if I didn't give it my best, so many kids could have been hurt or even killed. Families needed all soldiers to make sure that our freedoms wouldn't get taken away!"

"When I grow up I want to be just like you gramps." asserted Jacklyn.

Grandpa's eyes sparkled in hope and a touch of amusement, "Becoming a veteran like me takes lots of hard work dear. I had to put others' needs before mine, and I had to be ready to sacrifice myself and my family for other families. Are you motivated by the thought that the whole country will depend on you to make their lives even better?"

"I want to do the same Grandpa, I really do. I think this is an example of what my teachers are teaching at school. They always tell us to take responsibilities of our own actions. What can be a better example of responsibility than this? Wow! I am so glad you did it Grandpa. You are the best Grandpa in the whole entire universe." Jacklyn sounded resilient at her tender age.

After Jacklyn shared all of her uplifting thoughts with Grandpa, Joe said, "Thank you!" Tears started to stream down his parched face. Grandpa urged in broken voice, "when you meet any veterans like myself, be sure to thank them. They might have faced even more hardship than I have gone through. I am lucky enough to have not been injured, there are many men and women who have lost limbs and even their lives to serve our beautiful nation."

Jacklyn wiped his tears away and said, "I would surely thank them for serving our country so that I could have such a fortunate life!" They hugged each other and kept gazing at the stars.

Jacklyn kept her promise. She died at a young age of twenty five while serving our country abroad. She is now resting in peace not very far from her Grandpa's house. Grandpa goes to see his favorite granddaughter every Sunday. He is frail and old, but his eyes still sparkle bright when he sits in front of Jacklyn and talks to her. He feels she responds through the sound of breeze and a gentle smell of roses around.

I, Ruemon Bhattacharyya, loved Jacklyn and will always love her. She kept her promise and continued the legacy of helping others. I will keep my promise to make every attempt to make the country better. This resolve makes me a proud American.