

Miss greenford



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Miss Greenford sat behind her 95 years old typewriter she inherited from the father to type down a letter to her only son who serves with the US army. She said, "Dear John, I miss you so much, my second baby. Daddy hasn't being feeling well for the past three months and he is worried he wouldn't make it before you return from the war. His wish is to see you before going home. Please do come quickly when you get this letter. Grandma sends her greetings, and Doggy your cat too.

While she sat typing, John, in the silence of an explosion from the enemy's camp, swallowed a bullet. "Retreat everyone", the General shouted.

Lieutenant Jamal from Afghanistan carried his friend on his shoulder and ran into the tent where the nurses tended the wounds of the injured soldiers.

"Johnny, Johnny please speak to me. Open your eyes" he solemnly requested but John quietly was giving up the ghost. The only word that came out of his mouth was 'mama'.

Lieut. Jamal cried! He has lost the only friend in the army that cared for him. He remembered how he used to play basketball with John alone as all the guys refused his company and called him names. One day at assembly, it was announced a war has broken up between the US and Russia and all males were entreated to enlist in the army asap. Jamal was frightened to death because he never liked the sound of a gun. Growing up in a ghetto where the father was a warlord, he was called Ja, the whimp. He always hides under the bed during a fight of guns on the streets but John encouraged him that they can do it.

He will be there for him anytime and protect him against the bullies. John was the brother Jamal never had. And now he doesn't know how he can manage without him. Back home, Miss Greenford bought a stamp at the post office, sealed her letter and posted it to his loving son. She can't wait to see him after eight solid months of separation. This war has had a toll on everyone. Miss Greenford herself has been feeling a severe ache in her left breast lately.

Scared of the worst, she has refused to visit the hospital for a checkup. "I need to be strong to take care of my two boys, John and his father", she always whispers to herself. Three weeks later, on the day Miss Greenford had planned on passing by the post office to check if her son has replied, there was a loud knock on the door which startled even the flower pot on the window pane and it came crashing on the floor. 'Who is there?' she shouted from the kitchen.

'Friends of John, the voices echoed. Miss Greenford dashed out of the kitchen like a flash of lightening only to get to the door to see men dressed in uniform carrying a coffin. Immediately, she collapsed. She woke up to the news of her husband passing out of cardio attack when he wheeled his chair to the door because he also heard the shout of "friends of John" from his room.' 'Both my boys had left me, she cried. What does it profit me to be alive and not happy? The two things that gave me joy have been snatched from me, mama'. Old mama Gracie was there to console her daughter.

She told her not stop crying. She should spit every phlegm of bitterness out, then she can have her peace. "I have been here before and I know how it

feels but don't worry it will make you stronger. It always does" Your daddy died in the war too. The only man I have ever known tasted death while in an amour defending his country. But he died a happy man. He died knowing that at least he paid his dues to his country.

So sad he was before he died when I was pregnant with you for two weeks that the doctorsaid it is a girl. We had both been praying for a boy, but he prayed more fervently because he wanted his son to be a soldier, a protector of the state anddreamsof America. Though disappointed, he loved you so very much, my baby. Be glad you gave daddy a soldier, now his soul will rest in peace.