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Period 1

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The Evening Area: A Young Man's Ambition

It had been almost seven years since his father's death. Steven Wilkins was now 18. Most people had gotten over the war by that point, but not him. His family was different. He was an only child and lived with his mother. She still hadn't gotten over that event that changed both of their lives so long ago. It didn't feel long to Steven though. It felt as if it was just yesterday. D-Day. His father and the rest of his troop died right there on Omaha beach. They were part of the first wave. The worst part about this was that Steven couldn't do anything about it.

Steven began his average day in that small town. Put on his shoes, grabbed his lunch, and walked to his job. Something was off today though. He felt as if he was being watched. He looked around and only saw the cars and one man. One standing man. One standing man who was watching him. He started to walk faster. The man walked behind him at the same speed. He didn't stop. Steven turned around, preparing to confront this strange figure.

“ Hey mister! What are you doing watching me. I suggest you start walking the othe-”

“ I wouldn't speak to me in that manner if I were you Steven. I know who you are. You and your mother. I know about your father. About how you can't ever let go of that point in your life. Your friends have to deal with your constant negativity. But I have a solution to your problem. I can send you back in time to when your father was alive. How you prevent his death is up to you. What do you think Steven?”

“ YES! Yes. Whatever it takes. Can you really do this for me?” And just like that, Steven was gone.

It was now January of 1943, a year and four months before the Invasion of Normandy. Steven looked down the street to see himself playing with his friends in the yard. Oh, what a simpler time it was. He realized he had no time to go through training. How was he going to stop D-Day from happening if he was just a middle class 18 year old from the mid-west? The only way he could do this is by playing dirty. He knew where his mom put the keys for he and his friends used to take them and pretend to drive her car. He waited for his mother and him to go on their afternoon walk before breaking into the house. Steven went in through the back gate which was always left unlocked and took the keys. He also took a large supply of food. And off he went.

It was 8 months later that he was ready. He had stolen the identity of a young but powerful general. His new name was General Henry Bachman Jr. He began his day by getting dressed and having a good breakfast. It was time that he and the rest of the superior officers planned an attack.

“ Good morning gentlemen. Before we start I’d like to note that it has been a pleasure working with you men for the past few years. Especially you General Bachman. You have led this war spectacularly. I know that you were there when those Japs first came in at Pearl Harbor and the men and I respect you for your courage. Now enough with the compliments. Let’s get to work. I’ve been in communication with the rest of our allies. They have been planning an attack on Normandy Beach. What do you guys think of that ide-”

“IT SOUNDS IDIOTIC”, screamed Steven.

“ Excuse me General?”

“ I meant to say that we should plan for another location and time” replied Steven.

“ Alright, that sound wonderful. I’ll inform our allies immediately. What’s your idea General” asked one of the men.

“ How about we send men into Dinkelsbuhl. There is a large fort with a majority of Hitler’s men currently there,” answered Steven. And just like that the plan was made. The attack was going to take place on December 24, 1943.

It was the day of the attack. There hadn’t been much planning put into this attack. Steven, taking lead for it was his idea, had no idea how to lead an attack like this. He never went through training. He played dirty. Too dirty. He stole the identity of a poor boy and had no experience when it came to the real job. He was proud of what he had created. He prevented his father's death but wanted more now. He wanted fame. The recognition of winning the war. Then he heard those words. Those terrible words. Those dreaded words.

“Sir, we have a problem.”

“ What! What problem private,” asked Steven.

“ Sir, we are losing. Bad. 5,000 of our men have been reported dead. The hospitals are in such bad shape that we are having to toss the bodies out the windows.”

“ Did you send in reinforcements?”

“ Yes, all of our reinforcements are dead. A man named Sergeant Wilkins was apparently one of the first soldiers to be gunned down. What are we going to do?”

“ Send all of our troops in. All of them,” yelled Steven.

“ Ok,” replied the private, confused. Steven was terrified. What had he done. He gone too far. His father had died again. And it was his fault. He had to go before it got bad. He hid for two days and came out. He got the first available ferry ticket to the U.S. He walked to a newspaper stand to get something to keep his mind off of the war. And there lay the newspapers that read “Battle of Dinkelsbuhl Lost” or “Britain bombed. Millions dead”. Apparently after the battle Hitler’s troops took over more of Europe and defeated the Soviet Union then bombed Britain. All of the other allies backed out of the war and America was left by itself. He needed to return home. After many days he was back home. He went to the man. The man looked at him with disgust.

“ You have failed your family. You let your greed take over your main objective.”

“ I know. Just send me back. I want to go back to a time where everything is normal. Please,” Steven yelled. And just like that, he was gone.

He was so happy to be back. He just wanted to see his mom again. His friends. He ran to his house, but there was something wrong. It was gone. It was nothing but fields and factories for miles. He ran to the nearby road to ask for help. And there he saw it. He stood back at his creation. He had done this. All of the people walking alongside the road had hair blonde as gold. And their eyes blue like the water at a beach in Hawaii. And right on the corner of their shirts laid that distinct image. The sign that once meant peace, but no longer holds itself the same. A swastika.