

Josiah Quinlan 2019

From a different point of view

When I was walking down the side walk. I hear a voice that sounded familiar.

“Jenny, Jenny, Jenny!”

When I turn around, I see Josiah all excited with a big smile on his face.

“What, what Josiah why are you so excited?” I said with a bit of joy in my voice.

“I can finally join the military and go explore part of the world for free without paying any money.”

“But Josiah, if you join the military, you might not come back.” I said with a worry in my voice, worry that I’m going to lose him like I did with my own brother.

“Well the military do need some men, and besides I will probably get deployed to Africa. I waited to join the military since Pearl Harbor.”

Josiah is so patriotic, and he reminds me of my brother sometimes and Pearl Harbor was 3 years ago.

“I get that you are patriotic, and you can never know where you are getting deployed what if it is Europe right where the Nazis are!” I yelled “And we can always get the money to go to Europe later like after the war.”

“Jenny, I am sorry to say this, but I got my draft paper last week and I have to go to some Marines training tomorrow. I’m sorry that I didn’t tell you sooner.” Josiah said with a sound of disappointment in his voice. Those words stab into me like knives and my heart stops beating, and tears were about to fall down my face.

“What, why didn’t you tell me, I’m your girlfriend, you are supposed to tell me this kind of stuff!” I said with anger mixed with fear. “What am I going to do now?”

“Well, will you be there at my graduation ceremony?” he said with his head sort of down and a little smile.

“Uh”, I said disappointed, “yes I guess I will see you at your graduation ceremony, bye.”

I turned around, holding back my tears then I heard “where are you going?”

“I am going home; I have a lot on my mind right now, good luck at boot camp.” I said while a single tear was falling down my face. I am just scared to death for Josiah once he gets on those front lines. He is the last thing I love in this cruel world, I don’t him to end up, like my brother- another body . . . that is wasted for some political cause I . . . don’t know what to do if Josiah dies.

Three weeks later I was driving home from a friend's house. I saw a familiar face walking on the side of the road, not even walking on the side walk. It was Josiah! Holding his military uniform. So, I pulled over right next to him, I jumped out of the car and said, "Josiah, what are you doing here?"

"I was coming here to see you." he said with a smile while I ran up to give him a hug. I miss the warmth of his body. We were talking and walking for hours about what was happening to us in the past weeks Josiah been gone. To be honest I sort of feel bad for Josiah having to go to Boot camp.

Then he said, "My graduation ceremony is tomorrow at the Idaho center at 12:00 o'clock and I need a ride."

"Okay I will go and why do you need a ride?"

"Long story I will tell you later."

The very next day, I was surprised to see all the men standing on the stage. Like how many more men do we need, but when I saw Josiah up there, I nearly tear up. Not tears of sadness but tears of joy, that Josiah dreams are coming true on exploring new places that is not in this country. Once the ceremony was done, Josiah and I were heading out the door until a man in uniform grabs Josiah by the arm and said, "You need to get on a plane immediately you have 2 hours to dock."

Josiah face looked puzzled and try to ask why. But the man in uniform wouldn't tell him the answer. After that conversation, Josiah and I drove to the airport, the drive was very awkward. We didn't even say anything in the car the whole way there. Once at the airport I gave Josiah a picture of me.

"I will be waiting here for you. Promise me you will come back." I said

"I promise, I will come back." he said with a smile and his blue eyes fixed on me.

"You are the last person that I love in this world, please stay alive"

"I will, don't worry about me, I will come back as a war hero."

I hope so, I can't go to another funeral. Then I heard over the intercom "Flight 38 to New York now boarding."

As I watch Josiah loaded on the plane. He turns back and waves goodbye. I already miss him and every single night I pray that he will make it home safely.

Months go by and working in the factory is hard. I go home after hours of hard work and see a man in a military uniform standing in my front door. When I walked up to him, he said "I'm sorry but Josiah died on the beach in Norway, France." I broke down crying, my heart was hurting, and my body felt like it got shot over a hundred times with a gun. Then a month came by of just pain and misery, and today was the day that Josiah finally gets buried, but the saddest thing is that only a couple of soldiers and I were only there. Josiah body was basically gone I couldn't tell if it's is him or not.

After a year I met this boy name John he is tall with far hair. If we are going to honest here, he is way better looking than Josiah, but do still miss him. I he hasn't of died than I wouldn't have met John and John job is a way safer than Josiah. He is a MP in the military at a base. 3 years after Josiah died, I got married and have two kids. I finally end up getting enough money to go to France to visit the beach

Commented [JJ1]: This sentence should be broken into two sentences. The ideas are so specific. The full stop that the period creates helps to emphasize the point.

Commented [JJ2]: your whole story has been told in present tense. Don't change to past tense now. This is the turning point -- keep your voice active.

go through the rest of the paragraph and make the changes to present tense.

Commented [JJ3]: Funerals are usually within a week (3 days) of death.

Commented [JJ4]: Break this scene into longer moments. That means add some description and break up some sentences.

I tried to grab his hand, mine went through his. I couldn't grasp his hand.." then talk about the reaction to realizing that Jenny is seeing a ghost not a real man.
Then

Commented [JJ5]: It's been XXX years since I got the news that Josiah died. I am now married with two kids.

that Josiah died on. I built a small cross and put it in the sand. I put a flower and I put his name on the cross. I stand over the cross and then I heard "I'm sorry, I failed you."

I quickly turned around. Josiah was standing there in a uniform covered in blood on one side, face all dirty.

"Josiah, I thought you were dead. I saw your body; how could you be alive?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't keep the promise and I left you on this world, and I . . . I . . ."

"Don't worry about it," I finally said, "you are here with me."

When I tried to grab his hand, mine completely went through and tears started to run down my face. I'm just heartbroken all over again. All the memories are coming back. Then he disappeared, and I started to cry, and cry. I fall on my knees and just cry.