

Where did they go? I can't seem to find them. I have been looking up and down this beach for an hour trying to find anyone from my company, but there is no one to be found. Where did they go? Perhaps somewhere along the line, I took a wrong turn. I don't see people who realize that we are at war. I see people who are perfectly content with remaining defenseless. Where are these people going? What exactly are they doing on this beach? I see a half-naked woman strolling up and down this beach and every man within a 20 foot radius trying to gain her gaze. I see them. I see all of these things taking place, but they don't see me. For I am camouflaged. I have been trained to blend in with my surroundings, and from this vantage point, I know exactly how to infiltrate and reconnect with my company, but I wonder where they went?

I will storm these beaches just like my father did in Normandy. I will fight for my country. I will make him proud. I will make them all proud. And maybe, just maybe they will see me and my efforts; maybe I will allow them to see me, even if it is for just a second...maybe I will allow my cloak of invisibility to come down, so that these civilians can come face to face with a real soldier. I need to head out soon. I need to find where they went.

If only we had agreed on a rendezvous point, this would all be so much easier. I will make my way. I will make my way to see where they went or at very least I hope to be seen. The smell of seared flesh continues to deceive me in my efforts as it isn't the stench of war but self-indulgence. I am starting to wonder if this is even the correct beach...no explosions, no gun shots, no sense of urgency. Where should I go? I need them to find me.

Jason Kordich