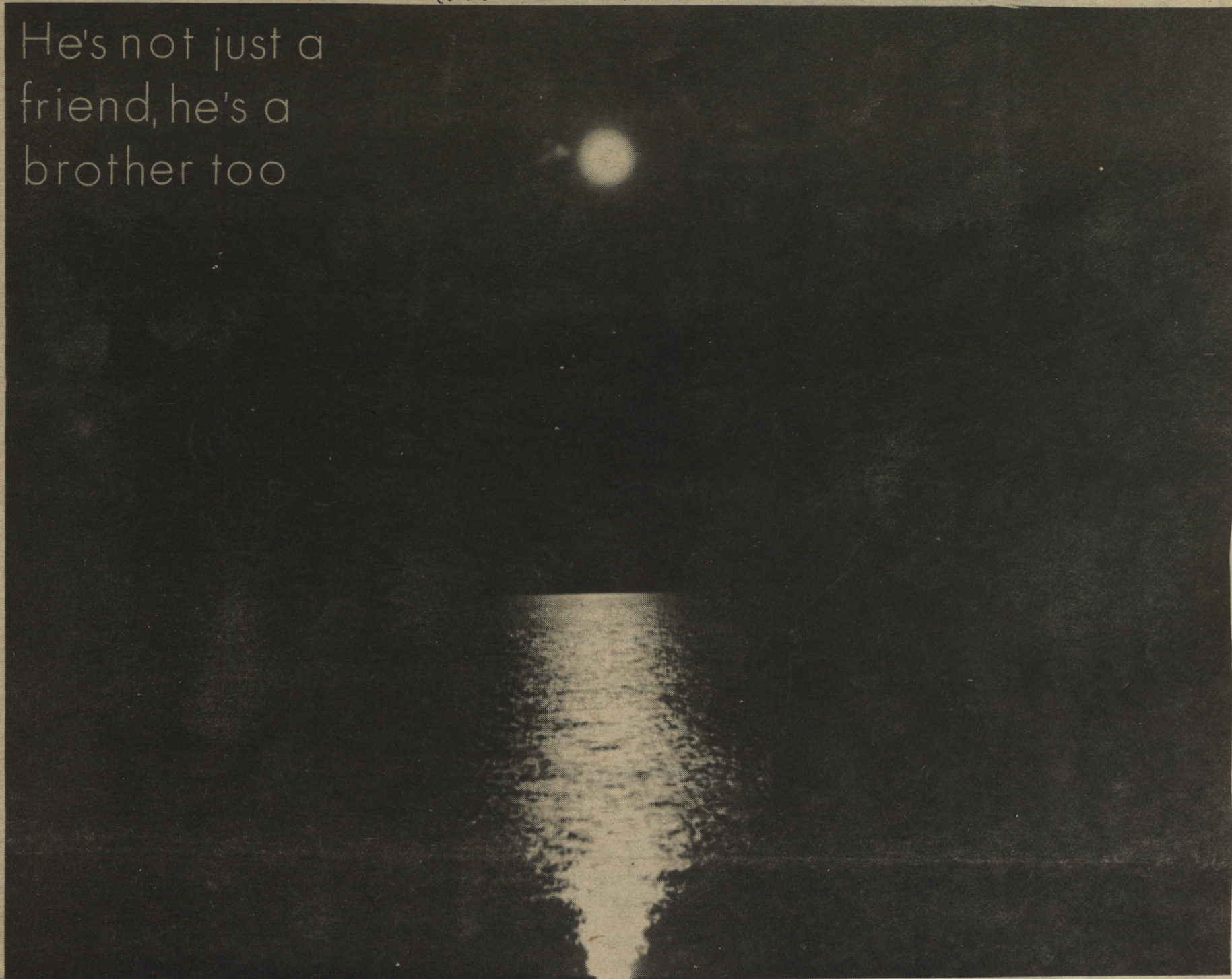


He's not just a
friend, he's a
brother too



A Friend

Author Unknown

Dear Mom and Dad,

The war is over, my task is through. But Mom there is something I must ask of you. I have a friend, oh such a friend . . . he has no home you see . . .

My Son,

Of course we don't mind if someone comes home with you. I'm sure he can stay with us . . . a day or so or two . . .

But Mother,

You don't understand . . . what I'm trying to say . . . I want him to live with us for as long as he may . . . But Mom, I must tell you something . . . Please don't be alarmed . . . My friend was in a battle and just happened to lose an arm.

My Son,

Don't be afraid to bring him home, he can stay forever, at least a week or two or so . . .

But Mom,

He's not just a friend, he's a brother too. That is why I want him to stay and be a son to you. But before you give an answer there is something I must say. My friend just fought a battle in which he lost a leg . . .

My Son,

It hurts me to say, but the answer must be "NO," your father and I have no time for a boy who's crippled so . . .

Some months later a letter came, saying their son had died. When they looked at the cause of death the letter said "suicide."

Sometime later when the casket came, draped with the country's flag, they saw their son lying there without an arm or leg.