Bonita received a pile of army handbills mingled with the contracts of military. Sure, this prescribed me to join the army.  
  
The night I gone, I threw the keys to my brother Lamartine in case he needed. Lamartine says he would keep it in my drawer unless he needed it. “I would keep it in a good shape”, said Lamartine, and he rose the beer, which represent that he would surely honor the promise. What mature brother I had.  
  
On the flight to Vietnam, I thought about whether my teammates’ family were similar to us, which I were not the only child in the family; I thought about the jokes on the road to Alaska; I thought about the reveling in exuberant feeling of using all the quick money to buy the Red Convertible.   
  
The general request us, to squat, use camouflage clothing preventing to get ambushed, sneak up and beat the enemies. When we dash through a swamp, which all the muds soaked us in the ground, those Vietnam ambushed from the front forest shotted most of our troops, blood splashing over the swamp. Even worse, the muddy thing filled up my boots, and it was really hard to alleviate my legs. That unnatural force was dragging me to the abyss. The bugs from the swamp coupled with the shooting sounds of the enemy made me do not know what to do: escaped or shotted with my army friends. All the sudden, I saw lots of my best friend just bent their backbones, hold their gun but lost their breath and soul. Those blood splattered around the corpse incited lots of bullet ants and raw bugs.  
  
When I went back to the America. I am afraid of being sent back to those places that agonize me mentally and physically. Whenever I saw the TV with color, I would think of my teammates in the army, which suffers a lot in that swamp; I would think of the projectile of blood splattering through the air in the mud; I would think of those unnatural force of pulling me down. The color TV made me unease, with lots of depression suppressed under my jaw. The broken car reminds me of the promises that my brother gave, which felt loss in the inside. What my brother does was a dishonor of a promises.  
  
Those fettered soul of my teammates were tracing near; those despair and unspeakable scene consumed me all day; my hope of change would be finally doomed. Did we have high water near our community?