

Welcome home Floreson

Genre: Fiction/ Drama-War, Patriotism

Preface. (Poem)

Is the grass greener on the other side?
Is a soldier's life worth freedom of our lives?
Do they get their just do for their service?
Is their country patient enough when they come back edgy
and nervous?
How do we answer them when they ask, "What did we fight
for?"
When they return to open a betraying door?

Bombs bursting in air...

It was a hundred and seventeen degrees in the middle of a desert far away from home. Floreson was in the middle of camp with the rest of his platoon. He sat on the side of his bunk looking at a picture of his wife, waiting to leave out on a convoy to pick up supplies from a plane drop from Uncle Sam.

He had arrived in the heat of all the action in his area roughly a month earlier but with the help of another platoon the enemy was either wiped out or pushed back to a comfortable distance to where he could actually get some shuteye at night. Although it was hard to consider what he did sleep. He mostly lay there with his eyes closed and relaxed his breathing to the point his body was somewhat rested by the time he had to get up in the morning.

The things that went on in his head he didn't talk about with anybody. Not even with Sarah his wife when he made his weekly call home basically to let her know that he was still alive.

The conversation took his mind off of his situation if only for a few moments. He dreamt of making it home to her in one piece. He hoped that he would make it back in one piece.

A commanding officer entered Floreson's tent. He stood at the entrance and announced that the trucks for the convoy had arrived and that they would be leaving in ten minutes. Long enough to top off the fuel and check the mechanics before taking off again.

Floreson sat up on the side of his bunk and collected his gear. The first thing to go on was his vest, and for added protection his flack jacket went on next followed by his backpack. Checking his magazines to make sure that they were all loaded to capacity he put them into an inner pocket and then checked his rifle. His sidearm came last as he placed it into his holster. He walked out of the tent and made his way to the first convoy truck and took a seat in the back as there were more officers coming. When the trucks where loaded with the assigned troops it left the location of the base camp.

Several minutes into the trip calls from the front of the truck that they where taking on fire from enemy troops. Floreson looked out of the back and saw an explosion in mid air along with streams of gunfire that missed its target. Floreson braced for the worst and then everything went black.

He woke up stateside in a VA hospital. Groggy he soon found out that he had trouble speaking as a nurse that was helping someone else rushed to his side and told him to stay calm. He looked down to see his body was in a cast but relieved to see both of his feet and hands. The doctor came swiftly to his side.

After getting a light to both eyes the doctor told him that he was in coma for three months. He managed to put together a few words to asked needed questions but the doctor insisted that he rest. The nurse shot him up with something and he soon fell asleep before he knew what had hit him.

The days came when Floreson had to take part in his therapy. Being out for so long left him with the need to relearn how to walk and how to talk. He had attempted to contact Sarah while he was in the hospital but she never answered and after some time he discovered that the phone was disconnected.

When he left the hospital for the first time he was greeted with a crowd of cheering people thanking him for his service and protection. His parents gave him a ride to his apartment that he and Sarah shared. It was a long highway trip Floreson didn't speak much he just looked out of the window as his dad drove.

When they arrived back in his hometown, it was night. His mother insisted that he stay with them before going home in the morning. Floreson agreed and they set out the next morning after breakfast.

When Floreson and his parents pulled up out front of his apartment building he could see that Sarah was still home by the pick-up truck sitting in the parking lot stall assigned to their apartment. His mother asked if he wanted her and his dad to go up with him. Floreson didn't mind as he and his

mother waited while his dad locked the car doors before walking into the building.

They all walked down the hall to the elevator and got in. Floreson pressed the button for his floor and the doors closed. The elevator carried them to the floor of the apartment. Floreson and his parents stepped out into the hall. It was early in the day still and there wasn't much movement in the hall. He decided to use the key he still had to his apartment and was relieved that it still worked. It gave him the feeling of finally making it home.

He opened the door slowly peeking his head in. With no signs of movement he opened the door wider allowing his parents to enter the apartment behind him. He walked to the bedroom down the hall and knocked before entering. He took a step back as to what he saw.

Sarah whom was sleeping opened her eyes to see her husband standing in the doorway of their bedroom looked shocked and surprised to see him. Floreson didn't even have the time to make it over to the bed to give her a kiss on the forehead to wake her up. He walked slowly across the bedroom floor with the biggest smile on his face but stopped when the blankets moved on the bed next to her.

Sarah's mouth dropped as a head stuck out from under the blanket and then an arm. Floreson looked as a face half asleep peered at him that he recognized as his co-worker at the town's convenience store. Floreson backed out of the bedroom and walked to the front of the apartment and asked his parents to take him to their house. His mother looked confused and his father puzzled until Sarah came out of the

back of the apartment wearing nothing but a shirt that barely covered her, followed by a man.

Floreson's mother's mouth dropped and his father said a few cuss words when he saw the man that had actually eaten food at his house before.

Sarah, "Tim wait!"

Floreson, "Pack my things, you can drop them off or I can pick them up later."

Sarah, "Look! It just happened, give me a chance to explain!"

Floreson, "Mom, dad... Can we go please? I wasn't prepared for this, I need to leave now please."

Floreson's dad led the way out of the front door of the apartment. They walked down the hall to the elevator and they rode it down to the first floor. By the time they were walking down the hall Floreson began to have an anxiety attack, his mother recognized it right away by the way he started holding his head to one side. Before they walked out of the front door of the apartment building Floreson's mother held his arm.

Floreson's mother, "I think we need to go get that prescription filled what do you say hun?"

Floreson, "Good idea mom, lets hurry can we?"

Floreson's mother, "Yes baby we're going straight to the pharmacy."

Floreson's father opened the front door to the apartment building. They all got inside of the car and they drove to the pharmacy by Floreson's parents home. Floreson took his prescription to the pharmacy desk to be filled while his mother purchased some aspirin and gave him two to take with some water. They waited for the prescription to be filled and left roughly a half an hour later.

Floreson's father unlocked the front door to their home and they all went in. Floreson and his dad took a seat on the couch in the living room while his mother went into the kitchen to begin cooking lunch. Floreson went into the kitchen to grab a glass of water to take his medication with and returned to the living room after kissing his mom on the cheek.

The phone rang and Floreson's father answered. He held it to his head for a moment before telling his son that it was for him. Floreson took the phone and held it to his head.

Sarah spoke through the phone, "Tim I'm sorry... I want to come see you."

Floreson hung up the phone and sat back down on the couch. His mother soon came out of the kitchen to let him and his dad know that lunch was ready. Floreson felt better after he had eaten. He and his dad left his mother in the kitchen as they returned to the living room. His father turned on the television when the doorbell rung.

Floreson got up to answer the door. He looked at Sarah standing there. She didn't have any of his property with her and he couldn't help but to notice that she was still wearing her wedding ring. Floreson shook his head in disappointment. He didn't say anything and was about to close the door when Sarah spoke.

Sarah, "Tim! Please take me back."

Floreson, "You're not my wife anymore." He closed the door.

Sarah stood on the other side just looking at the closed door. Tears began to roll down her eyes thinking of the rejection she had just faced. She took a deep breath and knocked on the door again.

Epilogue. (Poem)

Betrayal sometimes can be the greatest sin.

When you didn't have to do anything special for you someone could believe in.

When you where their will to live.

Knowing you were everything, you chose to throw it to the side was your prerogative.

What was it that they fought for?

Is it guaranteed that the love they left will be there assured?

If they knew before they left.

Would they have the will to survive and be lucky to escape death?

