Saving Private Ryan

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Many pedestrians had, to some extent, given me the go-by. They had ignored the one trapped there, unwillingly incarcerated, right in front their eyes. But not anymore: I was finally being rescued. I had longed for the moment I was freed at last. My saviour pointed at me exultantly and called for his superior from across the noisy field. They both came to my encounter. I was the last one standing. One by one, every other prisoner had abandoned our cell. No sign of life was left. I was alone in my four-walled lockup.

I was in no shape to meet my rescuers, but they seemed all too marveled to have found me. Their faces were alit with glee at such find. For they had been looking for me, or at least someone of my kinship. The shortest of my liberators lifted me with no apparent effort and held me strongly, as if wanting to relieve my pain by applying pressure to my whole self.

After negotiating with my captor, my heroes and I began our journey towards new lands. I could not help but feel as if they were buying my freedom, I felt that I was somehow being purchased as a chattel. As we fled the horrific scene which had been my home for longer than it should have, I heard them discussing what future had in store for me. Perked up ears and all, I sat silently in the back seat.

"Now, who is to take care of the new comrade?" asked the higher ranked soldier with a stern face. Great, I was once again being captured. At least these raptors appeared to be friendlier than the previous ones.

"I'd be honour, sir", the younger trooper answered firmly. My head was maddeningly itching so I scratched it, some of the dirt attached to my curls fell on him. "I'll even clean him".

"Having a dog is no easy task, son".

"I know, dad, but I already love him so much, I know I can take care of him".

"What will you name him?"

"I kinda like Ryan".

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