

**Q2. Distil the passage a précis and suggest an appropriate title:**

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I remember the winter of 1942 with a clarity that time has failed to erode. The war had crept into every corner of our small village, turning ordinary men into reluctant heroes. I was only seventeen, but the weight of moral decisions pressed on my shoulders like snow on an unsteady branch. My father had gone to the front; my mother worked at the local infirmary. I, too young to fight and too old to stay idle, volunteered to deliver supplies across the frostbitten valley. On one such errand, I encountered a wounded soldier—German by uniform, but human by suffering. He was sprawled beneath a collapsed bridge, blood mixing with ice. For a moment, I stood paralyzed. He was the enemy. Logic urged me to walk away. Yet something deeper—perhaps conscience or the voice of my father—compelled me to act. I dragged him to shelter, tore strips from my scarf, and tended his wounds as best I could. As the hours passed, he spoke little English, and I spoke no German, but our silence grew companionable. When dawn broke, I left him food and a note in trembling handwriting: “I helped not because of who you are, but because of who I must be.” Later, I confessed to the village priest. He listened quietly, then asked, “Do you regret showing mercy?” I shook my head. “Then that was your duty,” he said, “not by law, but by virtue.” Since then, I’ve carried that moment like a hidden emblem. Virtue, I learned, is not loud. It rarely wins medals. It acts when no one watches, and it obeys no flag. Though I feared being accused of treason, I feared more the silence of a heart that chose cruelty over kindness. Years have passed, but I often revisit that bridge in my dreams. The snow still falls. The choice still waits. And I still believe that doing right, though hard and quiet, leaves a louder legacy than hate ever could.

I tell my grandchildren this not to boast, but to remind them: one’s moral duty does not lie in following orders, but in listening to the soul when the world tells you to turn away.



# Title: Humanity ~~also~~ over Revenge:

World war II taught me that humanity and conscienceness matters more than war and revenge in a war. I was 17 years old in 1942, during the war, and helped the war soldiers by delivering them supplies across the valley. There I saw a wounded German soldier, lying under the wreckage of a bridge. I was about to walk away when instinct took over and led me to help him and provide him aid and relief supplies. Later, while confessing my act to the priest, I was thinking that I might be punished for helping an enemy. But the priest made me realize that virtuousness is the best ~~act~~ what man is here for; and values and morality lie above revenge. This carries a lesson that during such incidents a person should listen to his soul and not the orders of the leaders.

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