

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 conscientiousness 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 ~~is~~ 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 before 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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