

Maddie Myhre  
Mr. Kurant 6<sup>th</sup> hour

*Dear Fallen Hero,*

*From all around I can see graves, identical except for the names and different trinkets gathered at it. You rest in a coffin wrapped in an American flag forever as well as your name. The tomb stones all look alike but every single one is unique, just like yours. Every single life is unique, and not one is ever wasted. If I listen hard enough I can hear the sigh of the thousands of men who made their mark on the history of man and woman, but you aren't sighing. You are laughing, and remembering the love for your family and home linking the reason why you lie here. I try to ignore the fresh sniffing around me and the haunted people wandering these hallowed grounds, and it works because I'm smiling too. You are one of the many fallen hero's who form my life, but one of the bravest to admit you were always right to be lying here. This is why I honor you and trace your name with my fingertips, because out of all these amazing soldiers who's sighs swept the grassy land here, you were the one that kept silent. You are Erik Herzberg Jr. and under my fingertips I know that your tranquility means you are just like one of the fifty stars on our nation's flag. Every star is important and has meaning, and they all stick together to form us. Thank you for sticking onto that flag when times seemed hardest, even when the stripes beside you had no meaning anymore. Thank you Erik, for being one of my fallen heroes.*

*Sincerely,*

*Maddie Myhre*