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Ernest Hemingway lived only 62 years, but his life was full of adventure and struggle, defeats and victories, great love and exhausting work. He was a zealous hunter and fisherman, took part in the most risky adventures and audacious studies. His characters were like him: brave, energetic, ready to fight.

One of these brave heroes was a major. I really think he is brave. But not just because he was a major. I think war turns any person into a brave man, ready to give his life for what he thinks is right, worthy of a feat. Whether he was brave initially or whether the war brought him up a bold war, it is difficult to say. It is also difficult that he could have been brave since childhood, but it did not show up, and the war simply showed his true character traits.

Even brave people cry, but this does not make them weak, they are all the same heroes. The major died of his wife. Therefore, without stopping crying, staring into nowhere, without losing military bearing, with a face wet with tears, biting his lips, he passed all these devices and disappeared behind the door. The doctor said that the wife of a major, who was very young and whom he did not marry until he was finally disbanded, died of pneumonia. She was sick only a few days. No one expected her to die. The major did not come to the hospital for three days. Then he showed up at the end of the day with a black bandage on the tunic sleeve. During his absence, pictures of various wounds were hung on the walls before and after treatment with the help of local apparatuses. Opposite to the place where the major usually sat there were three photographs of the same shrunken as his, and completely restored hands. The photographs did not impress the major, because he was looking past them, out the window. And this is his heroism, in spite of everything he kept straight, like a true warrior