I walk just 10 years old. It was june. "The French invasions. The French were all driven by the Pusaasts. For two months the enemy were camped in a small village which was called "The French."

I walked up to the house, which was owned by the Pusaasts. It was a two-story building, and there was a large fire burning in the hearth. The light flickered on the faces of the soldiers, who were huddled together around the fire, drinking hot tea and telling stories of their adventures.

I stood by the fire, watching the soldiers. They were dirty and ragged, with mud on their faces and clothes. Some of them had lost limbs, and others were missing their fingers. But they were all smiling, despite their suffering. They were happy to be together, sharing their stories and their memories.

I felt a sense of pity for these men, who had been forced to fight in this terrible war. I wondered what had become of my life, and how I could help these soldiers. I decided to stay and watch them, to learn as much as I could from them.

As I watched, I saw one of the soldiers gesture to another, and the other man came over to speak to me. He was tall and strong, with a kind face and a warm smile.

"You want to help us, I can see," he said. "But you can't fight with us, you're too young."

"I don't care," I replied. "I want to help you."

He looked at me for a moment, and then he smiled warmly. "Alright, then. Come with me."