

World War II

It was the second day of American troops storming the beaches of Normandy, France, and there he was, lying undercover in the middle of bombs and gunfire. Men were dropping dead all around him, sacrificing their lives for our country. My grandfather, William Benson, was a very brave man. He and another U.S. soldier were taking cover, waiting for an opportunity to shoot. Suddenly, a few opposing soldiers started firing, and the U.S. soldier lying immediately next to my grandfather was shot and killed instantly. Fortunately, the only harm to my grandfather was that his big toe on his ^{left} left foot was shot off. He then had to walk four miles to the nearest clinic and spend the next six weeks in a hospital. If Papa had been a few inches to the right or left, he might never have returned home, received his Purple Heart medal, or started his loving family.

World War II started when Germany, ^{led} led by Adolf Hitler, invaded Poland on September 1, 1939. Within ^{spell out} 6 years of what would become the most destructive war in history, over 50 nations had joined the war. Every major world power was fighting for world domination, but it ended up leaving mass destruction in Europe and Asia and taking the lives of over 38 million people. Germany tried to conquer Europe, but the Allied Forces defeated Hitler's forces. On May 7, 1945, Germany surrendered, ending the war in Europe. Although the war in Europe had ceased, the war in the Pacific did not end until August 14, 1945, after the U.S. dropped two atomic bombs on Japan, forcing them to surrender. World War II was the deadliest, most destructive war in history, and it changed the world forever.

My grandfather, Papa, was a miraculously brave man. He was drafted into the war just as he graduated from college and was starting his life. He served until he got his toe ^{was} shot off. World War II affected my family in many ways. One way it affected my family is that if Papa had been just a few inches to the left or right, he would not have survived the war, and the rest of my family, including me, would not be here today. My grandfather was a very well-mannered, disciplined man, and I think part of why he was like this was from his harsh experiences in the war. My family is very well-mannered, ^{very true!} which came from my grandfather. World War II affected my family in many ways.

I really look up to my grandfather. Without his brave acts of going to war and surviving, I would not be here today. Papa's experiences in the war shaped him as a person, and my family would not be the same without his influence. My grandfather started many traditions, made many memories, and touched all of our hearts with his kind, loving acts. Sadly, Papa died in 2008 at the age of 87, but he left behind many cherished memories and changed our family forever. My grandfather serving in World War II greatly affected my family and the way we live today.