

# The Torch of Life



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## Preface:

This story is inspired on the actual events of a poor boy named Alain and his quest for the Torch of Life. The author makes clear that life rewards our victories by demonstration of superiority of our thoughts and action. What others effect by talent or by eloquence Alain accomplished by magnetism. This story points out that an individual's character can be of stellar and un-diminishable greatness. We are content the moment we lay eyes on them. We instantly recognize them. People with character conquer because their arrival and actions alter the face of events and affairs. A person of character gives birth to and invites love, reverence, compassion, and right

of mind. Truth is the summit of an individual's being; justice is the application of their affairs. Character is central and impossible of being displaced or overset. Character is an individual's nature in its highest form. Their nature is a revealing advertisement of moral force for all to read. Only the pure and aspiring individual can know character's face, and the only compliment we can pay character is to own it.

James De Havilland

Our story begins as the crisp breeze flows gently and greets the early dawn of the day. Morning invites the rich, bright, and fluffed cumulus clouds over the low hills of the beautiful snow glazed landscape surrounding the small village and farms in the north of France. Examination of other beauties cannot compare to this exquisite scene of nature. The time is January of 1916. France is engulfed in the ravage of war and will meet years of destruction. The village had been bombed. There is no running water and the villagers are without electricity. Each section of the village is dependent on its own constructed water hole. Long man-made cone shaped chutes of wood join the

water hole on four sides. The existence of life is dependent on nature and prayer for rain from the sky's nimbus clouds as the water holes are draining to low levels. The women of the village with buckets strapped to their shoulders venture daily fetching their water quota back to the small two room wooden shacks that align the village. The fetched water must be boiled for fear of disease...

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