

A scene from "They Came - Beyond Deja Vu" -
The American:

"Thank you so very much, uh... Sergeant... Garcia!" She looked down at the cloth name strip on his green shirt pocket while shaking his hand vigorously. Her jagged yellow teeth seemed to dance as she smiled broadly at him. "This is truly wonderful of you! You are so generous to us!"

"We happy to help, Frau Sandmann," Miguel said proudly with a bit of a shy smile, and glanced up at the canvas-covered cargo area.

"Wolfgang, sit, watch," said Miguel as he guided him gently to a good spot on the grassy hill. His attention made Wolfgang feel very special right now and for the moment he grinned from ear to ear!

Miguel opened the rear gate of the truck and four more American soldiers jumped down to the ground! Many of the other kids now also sat restlessly near Wolfi in order to get a good view.

"What are you dumping here?!" asked Frank arrogantly. He poked Benjamin and whispered, "These guys are assholes! Their bombs killed my mama, my aunt, and my two cousins in Frankfurt, and they shot my papa in Africa!" Spit flew from his lips as he fumed. "Shitty *Amis!*"

The American soldiers unloaded the truck and worked for quite a while assembling numerous red metal poles using lots of silver nuts and bolts. Slowly and steadily it all grew into an impressively big 6-seat swing set, a very tall shiny slide, and a large jungle gym!

While he was working Miguel often glanced over at Wolfgang, smiled brightly and waved. Wolfi waved back

timidly, but now he couldn't bring himself to smile because in his imagination he heard huge bombs exploding in Mannheim, and Miguel was one of them!! The shitty *Amis*!

The moment the soldiers finally picked up their tools and tossed them into the truck, dozens of kids raced down and climbed all over the gleaming new contraptions, screaming, giggling, and shoving each other playfully!

Wolfgang was still sitting quietly on the grass observing all the commotion. Miguel sat down and put one arm around him, pulling him close for a brief moment.

"You watching, you very patient," he said to Wolfi. "You like this new things?"

Wolfi looked at him and tilted his head a bit as it occurred to him that Miguel talked funny and he had a heavy accent.

"Yes," replied Wolfgang, now staring down at one of the chamomile plants that were spread all over the hill. The sweet scent of chamomile lifted his spirits, and he also liked how good it felt to have Miguel's arm embrace him. This soldier didn't seem like a shitty *Ami*. For a moment Wolfi leaned his head lightly against Miguel's shoulder.

Wait!! Americans are killers! Wolfi pulled away!

"Do you fly bombers?" he asked tentatively after a few moments. He smelled the stench of rotting dead bodies.

"No, never want that! That awful! I drive truck. Just normal man," Miguel responded reassuringly and stroked him on the back.

Wolfgang looked up at Miguel's face. He had smooth tan skin, warm brown eyes, thick black hair, and a kind loving smile.

"Look! I show you! Normal man!" Miguel said as he pulled his wallet out from his back pocket. He opened it to a picture of a very pretty lady with dark hair and big brown eyes, who had a bright vivacious smile.

"This - this is Carla, my wife. She probably love you much!"

Wolfi put his finger lightly on the picture and realized she looked a lot like Mama. Carla felt tingly to him. He wondered what her hugs feel like. *Miguel must love getting tingly hugs from her*, he thought.

Miguel stood up and pulled a black camera out of his pocket, pointed it at Wolfi and snapped a couple pictures.

"She probably love you much," Miguel repeated, patting Wolfi on the head.