

# OPERATION DRAGOON

ALLIED INVASION OF SOUTHERN FRANCE ON AUGUST 15,

1944



The streets are alive, alive with the pulse of victory! Music, laughter, and cheers echo through the air, a celebration that fills every corner of this town. The people, they don't just look at us, they see us as their heroes. Their eyes are filled with joy. I can see it, feel it, it's a sight that burns into my soul, a moment of triumph that makes every sacrifice, every battle, worth it.

We march forward, our steps firm, heads held high. Our pride is unbreakable. The scent of victory is in the air, but so is the warmth of freshly baked bread drifting from a nearby bakery : a sweet, comforting reminder of peace, far from the acrid stench of gunpowder that once clung to us.

For a moment, I forget everything : the bloodshed, the pain, the endless struggles. The war, the fire that rages beyond this town, seems so far away. In this moment, I am not just a soldier : I am a winner. This is our victory, our future. The battle may have been long, but now, there is only hope. There is only the promise of a new future. And I can finally breathe.

Kilian M.