

Aftermath - Remote connections

September 2, 1945.

In the wake of the last world war, people are cherishing its end, amidst the remnants of an inhuman fragment of history. The surviving world, now deprived of millions and millions of lives, stands still, reflecting on the past years of artificial earthquakes. No more missiles shroud the sky.

Despite the concrete conclusion, the outcome of such an event was bound never to be promising. Not only government collapses and broken-down societies in the following decades, but as simple as an ordinary day “in the future” -- in our current time -- is compromisable.

How, you could wonder.

Allow me to share a personal encounter that occurred on February 5th of this year, between Hiltrup and Angelmodde, two small districts of Münster in northwestern Germany.

As usual, I was waiting for a bus right after school. It took somehow longer than expected to get there. Though, it didn't really affect me. We easily treated the first stretch of road, when eventually the bus arrived. However, at some point, a rough unexpected traffic jam was obstructing the streets. Everyone seemed to be strangely unconcerned. After a long time of stand-by, someone finally started to be inquisitive: what was the actual matter? A general confusion was gathering among the passengers until the reason behind it all began to be clear.

An unexploded American bomb was found in the nearby earlier, during the morning, precisely in Gremmendorf. It occurred to be a 'memento' from the last world war, weighing 250 kilograms. The explosive, as previously mentioned, was still loaded, thus it was up to that point effective. To dispose of it, the first step was to evacuate the zones at risk of unpleasant situations in case of bad fate. Approximately 900 were the individuals present inside the confines of this area, within a surface of 250 meters.

The disposal required all those citizens to quickly leave their houses and move to a special rescue center set up by the city. It was also necessary to block some roads to prevent possible damages. This, therefore, resulted in dense traffic.

By the early afternoon, the operation was successfully concluded.

Not the first, probably nor the last time similar circumstances had arisen around us. It's known how much of a large importance and impact Germany had on the Second World War, but repercussions in the present time might not be so looked at or hoped for. Even in such small, unknown districts, there's correlative memory, showing beyond doubt how real it was. Almost as if the atrocities need to be remembered, to ensure certainly they really happened. As if to prove, that what was told us wasn't in any way fiction, coming out of some cruel mind, but instead reality, history that is now part of this world, that has actually defined the state of the society and made it somehow more connected in a sense.

In the role of somebody who doesn't have any roots attached to this place, since I've been living here only for a little more than a year and a girl whose parents are from a country that wasn't directly involved in the war, I've experienced the aforementioned scenario, proving veracity of my words. In some way, it awakened a veiled fear in me and most likely in the rest of the crowd too. In this one case, everything went smoothly, not causing any huge issues for anyone, but what if something didn't go as planned? The detonation of a bomb could only result in a catastrophe.

My story may not be particularly significant, yet it could be considered a small, notable piece of personal experience that helps to comprehend the aftermath of a major, dreadful event. Upon taking a deep look at it, it becomes undeniably clear what a world war actually means: victims. In the end, no one's truly a winner, there is simply a bunch of victims, during the conflict and even in the future, when everything seems to be over.