

Unphased On The Outside

By Tyler W. Stinson

Depression not close to be the term to describe an old soul trapped in a young soldiers body. Better explained as torturous and demented as well as ill divine hours and days, as it were to be. The civilized world can not comprehend nor understand the war torn and disease infested lands that are plagued and burdened by the ever lasting and never dieing battles.

The once peaceful, beautiful, and breath taking fields of a young soldiers home, is now but ashes... the once fertile soil now stained and drenched with the blood of the deceased.

After a horde of blood thirsty barbarians ransacked and in cruel fashion murdered this young mans home, William who had just turned nine years old, was made into a soldier and put into the ranks of such an army. An aged and rusted Ak-47 forced into Williams hands, as well as devilish thoughts, which soon became his belief's and passions. For war awaited and approached young William with hast and lack of hesitation.

Young Williams first blood seen, his first sight and feel of battle birthed the young mans hidden hatred and violent nature. It is not long before William is proclaimed as a hero of this war fought, his absence of a concessions allows his vicious assaults to be carried out with no second thought. Proclaimed as a hero of a God awful and disease ridden war that has come to consume Williams days, as well as Williams beloved comrades.

Williams fallen fellow soldiers, viewed by William as to be his brothers, his family, their faces his mind can not escape, faces of those this young man has come to miss dearly.

Years to follow young Williams first smell of the odor that lingers over every battle field where chaos and carnage are bred, he looks upon his own face through a mirror in his chambers. William stares into his face, only to see a fierce and emotionless veteran, whose eyes have seen such horrors that most could never comprehend nor fathom. The only sorrow known to William is the sorrow felt from the memories of his now dead brothers, his best friends. Other than Williams sorrow felt for his comrades, his mind is ignorant to any sadness felt from his murderess hands.

Williams once known but now forgotten guilt and sorrow felt from violence, clashed in heavy conflict with his orders and loyalty many years ago, the outcome of such a fray to be that William is a villain.

Before Williams hands first took another soldiers life, he feared and hid from the soldiers of the

heavens, the angels of death, the shadows cast and only seen in the most disturbing and cold battle fields. Now William many years later, stands as a proud soldier of death, whose shadow is only looked upon by the slain.

Young Williams long and tiresome days have been occupied so much by battle, that he has never had the pleasure of feeling the warmth of a women. Williams young yet gruesome life served blindly have numbed and suppressed his fears, tears, and concerns... his blood stained hands that have come to carry out unfair and unjustified crimes, he blames for such inhumane emotions, yet still wouldn't change any event in his past.

William stands as a cold man indeed, ignorant to civil laws and Gods commandments scared in stone. Young William knows not the true consequences' of his sins or defiance. William only knows his orders to murder those who have come to oppose his now seemingly lost and forgotten cause, a cause shared by Williams commanders and fellow soldiers.

Williams ideas and belief's are as the same as his beloved comrades and brothers, all who've been taught the same. To such merciless soldiers, innocence is non existent. The ideology that there is no such person or being no matter the age, that is innocent, a one sided view indeed.

Such an ideology that William and his family take to heart. To William and his fellow comrades, everyone born to this world is that of sin, mankind's offspring is sin. Williams blackened and shadowed thoughts and belief's vanish in his nights, his nightmares he can never recall nor remember.

William has fought in countless battles in his young life, his might has murdered hundreds, yet he only remembers and respects one foe whose life he ended. The only soldier, whose eyes were unafraid and not shaken by Williams violent hands and might.

The brave soldiers name, Jimmy B. McCoy, whose dog tags are Williams necklace. Williams necklace, worn to show his respect to the only man who stood against him un phased by certain death, yet to still be slain by Williams ruthless and violent hands. William while awake, has no knowledge of his guilt and sadness felt from murdering Jimmy B. McCoy.

Young Williams concessions attempts to speak to him in his nightmares dreamt every night. From Williams chambers every night, his vicious and loudly heard screams and cries eco through out the dark and silent night. Williams nightmare reenacts the battle that he took Jimmy's life in such vivid detail this nightmare is dreamt.

The look of Jimmy's eyes, the pastor of Jimmy, and all the disturbing factors that surrounded Jimmy and William are Williams nightmares. Un phased and unaware William awakes every morning, his

comrades and beloved brothers know of Williams buried concessions, sorrow, and guilt felt, through such painful cries heard from his chambers.

William, like his brothers of war, have never once enjoyed or took any sort of pleasure from the carnage birthed from the death of their enemies. William is a soldier, he ends the lives of men, children, and women for a living, justified or not it is to be his profession.

Such a life lived has aged Williams face and bones horribly. Williams thoughts and mind are as if to be fifty years old, yet he has not lived more than twenty years in this cold and unforgivable world.

Sadly to say, Williams past, present, and future are carved in stone, he acquires no other skills or talents that do not pertain to war or any aspects that apply to the eerie word of war. Soldiers of Williams kind, commonly compared to wild beast, ruthlessly violent at heart and if to ever fall breathless will have never felt sorrow or self pity for one's self.

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