

Will they Remember me?

Whoosh, pop, bang. Bright light obstructs my vision and when everything clears, I see vibrant red blooming on my chest. My body gives in, collapsing to the ground and I brace myself for the impact but it never comes.

I wake up screaming, drenched in a cold sweat, trembling with unquenchable fear. My bunkmates look at me with empathy, for this is a normal occurrence for us all. Ever since I arrived here it has been a living nightmare. Even sleep provides little refuge from the eternal trauma of the battlefield. A constant reminder of the horrors surrounding us. I wish I could turn back time, before I have seen what I've seen and heard what I've heard. When the world appeared so simple, so innocent to my oblivious eye. But now I know, I have seen first hand the monster inside everyone of us, we do what we have to do to stay alive. Our survival instincts take control and the question is, to what extent will we go? Where do we draw the line? I ask myself this everyday.

Did that soldier deserve to die? He could not have been much older than me. Probably had a family, loved ones and a life, one of which I ended so suddenly. I had no choice, without his death, it would have been my life on the line instead. That is what I tell myself each and every night, attempting to justify what I have done. Many will state what I did was acceptable but deep down, I will never forgive myself. I can still hear the haunted screams of the dead, fighting to be heard over the clamoring of the battlefield. The weight of my actions drags me down and it is only a matter of time before I am unable to bear it. I step outside the bunker and hear the sounds once more. Whoosh, pop, bang and my world goes black. Will they remember me?