

Trance

The wind howls like a ravenous beast in the dead of night, the strong metal clamps restraining my arms and my legs wouldn't budge and I knew I was stuck, stuck here forever with no escape.

This testing room they'd brought me too wasn't new at all. The dark stained blue curtains made for little privacy and comfort. Every year this happens and the only reason it happens is to stop us fighting to stop the war, or so we thought. My eyes start to slip shut as a masked man injects a needle into my arm and my eyes close. The system is the same every year; you get your shot to keep the peace. Many people disagreed with this system but my family was fine with it my dad even remembers when they introduced the system he loved the sense of adventure. But many families have lost someone to it but our family was lucky and no one has disappeared. But that can all change in a flash. But why did it take five days to wake up from this man made sleep; this is my story, my story of loss.

The sun made my vision blurred as I try to lift my heavy head, thump! I fall back down I start to use up some of the little energy I have left, my left cheek is in a miniature puddle of mud. I was sure that I had been in this swamp for a while because the mud had started to dry on my cheek as I get slowly back up on my feet. All I could see was reeds, reeds and reeds. Spread out in front of me was a waste land.

I start to scrape of the dry mud that was on my face. The sun shines bright so I squint as I profile the area. A deafening shot fly's past my ears and that's when I see a horde of men start to charge. That's when I knew that I was in the cross fire of a large scale war, a large scale war to the death.

Men and women dive into trenches. Gun shots ring in my ears as I dive into one of the muddy trenches, I try to asking someone where I was but they just shot their guns or look at me blankly. Wet mud covered the floor and dirty sand bags covered the walls; a general was barking orders and they were doing them to the minutest detail. I stick my foot onto the sand bags as I try to get my grip but some man with a large beard runs past me and knocks me off the wall, I face plant into the mud and my eyes begin to see double. "Hey watch it!" I yelled irritated as hell. How could this happen, our people fighting others, why and how?

I pick myself off the ground and blood flows over my body like a small river, the kind I used to sail my boats in when I was young. The blood that belong to god knows who, seeps off my clothes like a faucet that a young child has not closed properly.

"The battle is over we have lost general!" a man said quickly. The voice sound like it was coming from above the trench. "Don't worry we shall leave soon!" I another heard another man in the distance say. I spin around trying to properly locate the voices but no one was in sight. My throat was dry as a desert as I stood in the mucky trench.

"The plane will be here soon" the same voice muttered.

“Find all the living a pile them up leave the dead” the younger man said

Nothing could hide from me now I knew what they had do I knew that peace could never last, the sleep lose control die or live to be put through this horribly process again even this war was over I knew many more will follow. Lies, I was lied to my family was lied to my wold was lied to and my life was a lie.