Black Hand. The one who does not wish to be remembered.

By : Gabriel Woodworth

The ones who do not wish to be known to history are always the ones who have most earned the light.

Published on
Booksie

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No man who has not experienced it for himself will ever understand. Be it for profit,God,country, or obligation. No man is ready for war; no man. My name is not important I am just the one who was able to walk away; someone who is still there. We had no business being there, we were only boys trying to be men. And men we became,but not by choice. I still remember my first one. I was in the trees,watching,waiting. I had a clear view of it all; all the glory and horror.

They marched towards us. Solders taking flank both on the right and left. Their flag barriers in the middle as if their symbol would protect them. Their leader watched from horseback placing himself in front of their flag. So much fire and smoke filled the air that day; you could choke on it. The men on the opposite side of the field take retreat. I say the words we as though I have the right to include myself with the men who had lost their lives that day. In truth I belong to no order, nor am I claiming to . I say we because just like many of the others that day I experienced it; I experienced war.

The volleys of metal ripped through the men and trees. Now not even a mother could make out her child's face from that of any other stranger. When one is faced with such horror,such blood, and such death. You only have the choice to accept it. People have no values anymore, the dead are only objects to take cover behind or take ammunition from, God has abandoned all and the devil only counts among the welcomed. And the blood is enough to make the grass seem afloat.

I wonder as I watch these men fight and die. The eldest being only of the age 17. who is it whom decides when boys must become men? Or who decides which freedom is theirs to give or take? I am not a religious man. I know this is no work of God or the devil ; this is all by man. One has managed to cross the field unharmed. He does not see me;he only looks forward. His rifle is broken,but he keeps his bayonet in hand. I know what I must do. And as if I was simply shooting a small bird; I took out my pistol, cocked the hammer and pulled. Due to sound of the battle field the shot was not heard. As for the man he went down as soon as he went to take his next step. He was my first and by no means my last. But, the first is always the one who leaves the greatest impact. I know I can not give away my position; I know I can not lose my composer; I know this is no longer a place to call ones self a man. We are only beast in cloth, claws replaced with bullets, and fangs traded for rifles; we are in war.

This was not my war, but my hands are already dyed in the red color of mens hopes. By taking on the currency of the soul I make sure non are forgotten. I remember my mother calling to me from the forest. I never thinking anything would ever change our peaceful days. I remember the fire which took away my home; I remember the eyes of the men who slayed my village. They reflected no symbol of inner being; they were as empty and cold as fresh snow. I took my mothers blood that day along with the black sut,which were the remains of my home. I ground them in hand and placed the mark of my people upon my face. To remember my mother,my village, and most important of all my pure as the fires which engulfed my people; hatred. I placed upon my cheek Noir Hala but, your people would call it :The Black Hand.

Myself and those alike do not wish to be known to history. But, so others do not make the same mistakes I will tell you the story of one who was a son,brother,lover,leader, and to those who are no longer

able to speak; retribution. My name is Elsu and this is a story of one who does not wish to be remembered. This is the story of the man who watched this land fall to the hands of those who do not wish to be known. The true villains behind this bloodshed; no I do not mean the templars their time has long since passed. I am talking of the men who have come to take their place; Masons.

For my descendants I apologize. I know my choices now and past will force you to make decisions that will be hard and you are not yet ready for. I implore you to make them still. Especially if you are one of the few who bare our mark. After the massacre of my people I took to the mountains. My body no longer in pain though, my body torn in both flesh and spirit. I remember the only thing that kept my feet moving in that ice wind which cut like blades. My hatred;my personal seed of inferno,which I still keep burning and growing from within. But,even hatred has its limits in the physical world. Absent of food,drinkable water,clothing, and the warmth of home. My body had finally reached its limits. I found myself collapsing in the snow; at that time I had considered welcoming death. But, I felt it even as I was loosing all light; my infernal seed; born and promised in blood and fire:vengeance.

Like many before me this hunger would later become my greatest of strengths and my worst of enemies. Still like I said hatred is sometimes not enough. I lost; I took to the world of dreams. Dreams ha I wish ever since the massacre of my people I have not dreamed. No, I have not allowed myself to dream. For even in my sleep I can not face my family, even more so my victims.

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