

The New War

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An Irish soldier aiding Russia in an other war caused by hate against the United States which involves Northern Ireland along with Scout Land in the war.

Published on
Booksie

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The Ambush

The jeep was cold and humid my gun slammed against the side of my shoulder. The other soldiers in my squad seemed calm and fine with destroying a concentration camp with hundreds of people in it. I on the other hand wasn't ok with it, the people in them weren't apart of the war they were only victims of it. I was shaking a little but not from the cold American air but from the thought of killing more people, I need to calm my nerves so I pulled out a cigarette from my jacket pocket. I flipped open my lighter and attempted to light it but with no luck.

"Damn lighter won't work anymore, piece of shit." I mumbled to myself, it had been only 2 years since I had joined the army. My code name was GraveDigger because I had such great aim and strength, that I got from my father. My father was always training me to be the best of the best soldier like him but the truth was, he went into the army and was made into a soldier at the age of 13. Of course he quite and got married like any man would to carry on his legacy. Suddenly a bullet zipped into the jeep killing my squad new recruit soldier Private Freguson. Heavy fire broke out in the middle of an American town that was bombed yesterday which wasn't our path to the camp. My gun swung around to the front of my body with a bang as it went off from the hit to my body. The gun shock like a monster and nearly defined me from the shots blasting in my ear.

"Lutenit arm that turret now, go!" I shouted so many orders I lost track of what was happening and what I was saying all together. I heard the click of my empty clip I dove down for cover and hurried with reloading, I pecked over the side of the jeep's broken window right as a bullet zoomed by the side of my head killing another soldier in my squad. Blood and bodies fell and splattered all around me making almost a movie scene from a war story. I reached for a smoke grenade but found none so I resorted to a frag grenade instead.

"Grenade!" I yelled over the gun fire, everyone dropped to floor of the jeep. The grenade exploded and flipped the jeep over on its side knocking the Lutenit out of the jeep and nearly falling on him. I was in a daze unsure of who was alive and who was dead from the blast or the flipping of the jeep. I stood up unstead with the aftermath of the blast and me getting shaken up from the jeep's unfortunate death, almost like it was a living thing. I coughed and stumbled a little around the wreck, I found a broken window I could crawl out of. When I got out of the wreckage three guns aimed right at my head.

"Stupid fuckin' jeep, hate this shit always happenin' to me." I got to my feet with my hands in a "I surrender" position. In fact I was surrendering since I couldn't do anything else not with guns at my head ready to blow my brains out on the concrete. I was escorted to a large truck with other soldiers from Russia and Scout Land packed in tight with no room to stretch. I rolled my eyes as I was poked into the last open spot on the truck which wasn't that much at all. The first soldier and second one stood at either end of the back of the truck and third went up to the front where it sounded like he climbed in. As the truck started off the two soldiers followed it in the exact spot they had been even before it started moving at the same pace as the truck. I sat there on the edge of the steel bench with dust and blood smeared on my face, my eyes trailed off the man who was in front of me to the soldiers behind the truck. One stared me down until looking back in front, the other stared at me for a split second before looking away in fear. This I could use to my advantage but it would be more difficult than finding just scared soldiers who didn't really know who or what you are. I let my eyes close before feeling a jolt as the truck screeched to a stop, I felt a hand yank on my jacket and as a reflex I grabbed it before it pulled away. I slowly opened my eyes to come face to face with the driver of the truck, he was tall and had eyes like a demon.

"You guys are real dumbasses you know that, capturing me wasn't the best decision you could have made but since I'm here why not just kill ya' all at once. Or you can suffer when the reinforcements come and capture you but the best part of this is that they just might kill on sight without thinking of making any captures. I'll just love watching you crawl across this ground begging for your life you worthless crap." at the last word I purposely spit on the driver which in turn made him angry. He raised a fist to punch me, all I did was just stare at him with the same look I gave new recruits when they mess up or just plain old don't care about what they are doing. He lowered his fist as we kept on staring at each other without a word to say because there wasn't anything to say at all. The other soldiers and prisoners just stared and darted from me to the driver back and

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forth until I climbed out of the truck over towering the driver. He stepped back a foot or two and had to look at me, I was taller than most people which was a trait from my father again. Now it was a matter of if they killed me or not it was all up to God and fate for me now.

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