World War Three

Word count 992

 It was March 24, 2029. Everyone had been frazzled for the past few months due to the chaos in the European countries. They had been trying to hide and fight against the cruel and vicious Russians. It was all over the news, like the grease on bacon. Everyone feared it was just the preview of the worst and most terrifying war ever. You could see people growing wrinkle lines trying to smile. They were trying to tell themselves and their children that it would be okay and go away soon, but I was smarter than that. I knew I had to be strong, but I would have to prepare myself for anything and everything to come. Which means even I might have to join in on the fight. I knew that no matter what, I had to be strong for my family, friends, and even for myself. Even with all this running through my head like a torpedo, I try to pay attention to cutting firewood with my father. We cut in the sunny mountains and hear the dogs walking around restlessly. I start to speak, but I hear my mother call as she bursts open the old wooden door. “Aaron, get in here quick!”

Even though I can’t see her very well, I can still hear the panic in her shaky voice. We grab the few pieces cut and toss them in the back of the pickup. As we put the little amount outside on the wood pile, we come inside fearing the worst. I see the news playing. Earlier, we had seen many things saying there had been attempts by Russians invading and bombing. I guess they had finally decided they wanted to try and be cruel to us too. I see the images appearing on the screen. I can see people running and buildings being demolished. The silence and the looks on my family's faces turn in my head. My stomach drops as if I’ve been thrown right off a twenty story building. My father wraps my mother in a hug, and I can already hear the sobbing. I toss and turn that night like I’m trying to sleep through a fire alarm. I try to read and sleep, but I finally give up. I stare at the starry sky outside my window. I think about how I must break this news to my family and how this will even happen. The next day I was stuffing my biggest bag as full as it would go. My door creaks open, and my mother comes in and starts to ask why I’m packing but cuts herself off and stares so deeply I can’t get the picture out of my head. After long hours of weeping and trying to convince me to stay, I hug and kiss them all and start for the door. I try not to break down thinking about what I’m leaving behind and going to meet. I look at the house and my family one last time. I wave a goodbye kiss and send my prayers to the Lord. After the long hours of driving and flying, I finally reach the base, and my commander takes me in. I get settled in and almost cry myself to sleep. We immediately begin work training, flying, shooting, and much more the next day. I wished that could have been the case for longer, but in a short three weeks, there was bombing and help needed in many other places. Americans had to move fast. They jumped in planes, boarded ships, grabbed their guns, and got in tanks. Whatever it was that needed to be done, we did it. I ran as fast as I could, grabbed my gun, and headed for the tanks. My commanding officer said that I could do every task. I could, but he said they had very few strong shooters and people that could cover miles of ground and that I would fit in that area well. I nodded. We got on the large metal bomber and headed to the ships to be transported over to the large Russian land area.

After the rough peaks, there was an entrance to one of their large camps they used to make ammo and weapons. They had another one next to that camp, except it was a concentration camp. As I think of what the conditions must be like there, my nose flares from the imaginative smells. The slow waters rock smoothly back and forth, even at top speed. As we go over all of these plans, we are assigned to work through from the ammo camp to the concentration camp going back and forth. We reach the mountains, unload everything, and head through the rocks and trees. We reach the edge of the mountainside and head to the camps. Looking like moving trees in all our camo, we run and yell full speed ahead. I start for the side of the building, thinking maybe I can mess with the wiring and stuff. I hear a scream for help, but not from an adult, yet from a tiny child stuck under a piece of wood that somehow fell over, getting his foot stuck. I was almost to the door, but I knew that the wiring would have to wait only a few seconds. I rush to the malnourished child noticing the injured foot. I get him to piggyback and head back to the tank to take him back with us. He would just have to wait for medical attention. I make sure his ears are covered and head back out. About to go to the wiring, I hear nothing but fuzz. The nuke went off. I’m blown over.

When I regain consciousness, I’m in the back of the ship. My commander tells me that with the messed up wiring and nuke, we destroyed their entire power source. Then, finally, we had peace.