

Noah Trophia

The Man stood, covered in blood, surrounded by men rushing into battle on both sides, along with corpses as far as the eye could see. Throughout his entire life, The Man had wanted to serve The Nation, however, it wasn't just a want or desire, but it was almost a duty for The Man. When The Man was but a boy, his parents would tell him wondrous stories of war which The Nation would conquer with ease. All battles would be fought by valiant heroes, willing to do whatever it took to save the day from the monsters and demons who dare to try and harm The Nation and its citizens. But now, being here, being in war, The Man was horrified. The men he fought against weren't demons, they weren't monsters, nor were they even sub-human, no, they were human. Just as human as you or I.

As the battle raged on and more and more men fell on both sides, something inside of him clicked. Everyone here was the same. Sure, they may have all had their own reason for being in this war, but at the end of the day, they were all human. Everyone of the corpses that littered the ground had a name, had a story, one that would no longer continue thanks to another human being. As this hit The Man, he looked down at his blood soaked hands, tears rolling down his face. He didn't want this, he didn't want any of this. He didn't want his legacy to be as blood soaked as his hands or the corpses along the ground. Above all of that, he didn't want to be doing this anymore. He didn't hate anyone on the other side, hell, he didn't even know any of them, and The Man figured it was the same vice versa.

None of these people on either side deserved to die, nobody did, especially in this way. He realized he had no enemies in this world. He had no reason to have any enemies or make

any. Everyone in this world has their own story, their own joys and their own struggles, and who was he to look down upon them for that, or even take their life for that. Upon realizing this, The Man walked off the battlefield. Nobody knows what happened to him afterwards. Some say he was slain as he walked away, others say he moved to the woods and peacefully lived out his life in there, sadly, nobody can truly say.