

## *Memoir From Afghanistan*

*At last it was dawn at the front line and  
the sky over Konduz was eerie-silent  
after the fury of sustained air raids  
the night before.*

*Though against the unwritten rules of  
our bloody mercenary contracts, Sergeant Slaughter  
and I had been planning to run away  
before the next battle, for we were fed up with  
the war and morale was at rock-bottom low.*

*But the earth quaked before we could  
get far with our secret plans and many of us  
fighters went flat with the rubbles.*

*A number of us groaned and yelled, but many more  
of us had what looked like dead, silent smiles  
smeared on their dirty faces – they were just  
alive enough to have the strength of  
dying with a grisly smile!*

*We crawled out of the ruined bunker and  
broke through the month-long siege.  
Then we ran through a dark, subterranean highway  
(which is often) travelled by many but remembered by few.*

*We saw many loyal fighters loitering  
along the way; and they wore fine  
turbans and had long beards and they also  
had gaping bullet holes through their  
torrentially bleeding torsos.*

*At first they were indifferent to our  
deathly passage, but when we stared at them for  
too long some of them suddenly sprang up and  
stood in our infernal way.*

*They lifted up their charred hands as if  
to show us their fatal wounds; but then  
pointed to several frantic scenes behind them  
wherein we saw apocalyptic moves being made  
in advance for some titanic battles yet to be fought.*

*Then said one of them:*

***"In war, whichever side that may call itself victor,  
there are no victors; but all are losers."***

***"Welcome to the world of losers..."***

*Then they all laughed a dead, stale laugh;  
and by the sound of their ghoulish laughs,  
we knew we were right in the deepest pit of Hell!*

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