

Standing on One Leg

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The air begins to solidify as I take my delicate steps towards the graveyard of many who have now shook the hand of god and transferred to blinding light. Sons, brothers, fathers, grandfathers, they've all been here, seen the disconsolation of war, but not yet has a daughter of worshipped warrior and beautiful maiden taken the death determined steps into inconsolable battlefield. I will be that valorous daughter.

Here I go. I tuck my soft auburn hair down into the back of my camo patched, dignified uniform. My steps become more ponderous as my required gear bag digs cavernously into my back, scaring my delicate body. Suddenly I realize that my steps aren't becoming more graceless due to my gear bag.

My eyes slowly begin to lose their youthfulness as I gaze down to the redness of a river crawling down to my unstable feet hardly grasping onto the ground. The distressing scene before my eyes begins to amend to a pale shade of white.

As my vision willingly shows I glance from side to side in hope of seeing my mother standing before my homely bed telling me that this is just a dream. Instead I hear murmurs, queer voices appear one after the other. I look down only to see that war has already claimed my body. My hand follows the bandages wound tight around my thigh only to realize that past my knee is now nonexistent.

I see my freedom disappearing and confiscating my life with it. I had come to care for those who were in less fortune than me but, yet now I realize I have become one of those unfortunate souls. My one worry is whether I will now have to abandon the destiny in which I had come to fulfill or even simply, abandon the brothers I have made through these confusing times.

To picture life sitting impatiently in front of our dark grey, poor quality radio, leering at my broken body listening to unsettling information about the brothers who had encouraged me and the sergeants who had taught me not only physical strength but respect and honor. Just to listen to the horrifying experience and not be able to help them would traumatize me.

As they load me onto what looked like a gigantic hospital ship I wonder what life will be like standing on one leg.