

Monologue:

War was a beast in which people starting to eat each other, from flesh to the bone. Humans eat humans, raw and alive. The right power for the stronger to execute is the torturing and thrilling part. They said the holy war was not over yet, and I was never a hero.

They are liars.

Memories were not my agony. Realizing I could no longer be wet and soaked up and drowned in it was the painful part. Illusions was gradually becoming my life, like a spotless Boston ivy. I saw bodies and limbs and bodies around me, inside my mansion, and I saw my home as that doomed bomb shelter.

My memory for them is a twisted joke, thus the reality life for me right now, was a complete vacuumed lie.

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There must be some mistake. I had lost my two arms for the war, and I could still recall how I have lost my arms for saving someone from the bombing. I gave everything, even my sanity. But I did not give my dignity admitting I was a monster they have convicted.

Blood should never be on my hand.

As I had said, I was an hero.

Interview:

I have lived here with my old dream since the war ended.

A dream of an iron cage; a black iron cage at the middle of nowhere; a black metal iron cage with no metallic reflection at the middle of nowhere; a black metal iron cage with no metallic reflection at the middle of nowhere floating on a boundless plain grey moor. And a cloud of vultures is hovering up in the sky, screaming, shouting, crying.

All was soaked in deem grey.

And inside that metal box, a man with no arms was masturbating with his phantom limbs. The moment he came, he cried with no tears.

They smell death, the vultures. And I cannot recognize the dead is under the moor, or on the moor, or within that cage: a sealed box made of iron. And I do not know why metal can float on the moor without sinking.

I wished I was expelled from that bomb shelter, and exiled from life before flashbacks were only flashbacks. I wanted the pouring hails of bullets. I wanted to go to sleep without knowing if I could wake up the next morning. I wanted my life to be the Russian turntable and I am the dice. I longed for it.

I had to admit I always had the dreams of me being a deserter, a coward, a rat fleeing in complete

horror, from an abri to another. They had said I should defend myself from the holy death. I should beg for forgiveness from a country I fought my whole life and body for.

Yet, that is not the truth. I was an hero, a total war hero.

Moon was never paler as I could clearly recall, and for today it was whiter and colder than transparency that I could even see its veins.

Storm days were even harder than sunny days. Thunder always came with a hallucinated, diluted cry, I did not know it was from the ones almost killed me or the ones I have killed.

It almost surprised me that the house was this small and so similar to the iron cage in my dreams. My new home had no windows, but a squared hole in metal stripes of darkness, a metal door I never use to leave, a single bunk hard as rock, and a metal toilet at the corner, no mirror. Food came in from the door as morning milkman came.

I thought I might have a short chat with him the next time if I could dream the masturbating man. He seemed lonely and I was boring.

I did not know when the war ended, and it could not end without me.

I thought the man was me, as I could feel my phantom limbs, and the thrill, and the agony. I could feel it as I feel my missing arms.

I was proud, indeed proud that I lost a part of me in the war. I have left my souvenir.

After the decision of having conversation with the man in the dream was made, he was refused to visit my dreams. So I decided to have some more things to do in the new house, on my own.

So I convinced myself that first I did not love my country but only the war, and second hero were born to be wronged and died a tragic and melancholy death.

Third, I met the man last night, the man masterbated and came inside my dreams. He was trapped and rotting in that metal cage, and he was in great pain twisting his body and trying so hard to cum, like a conquer worm.

I was standing five inches away from the creaking bed.

He took long breathes, and cried his silent tearless cries after the climax, then he turned his sweaty limbless body and crawled towards me as if he could see me, and he said in a tone so slowly and emotionless that I almost saw how the dictions were formed inside his throat and above his tongue.

“The reality was leaking in your fantasy.” Said he, “and tomorrow will be the judgment day, beware of the truth.”

Then he took a pause.

Then he said he was me. He was a hero just like me.

I knew it is so tempting to admit the truth they had claimed, or the man told me to accept.

But no, I was a hero that had put my everything into the war, and heroes did not accept the truth; truth accepted them.

I was never afraid of the bombing, but on the contrary I was so very thrilled that there was a chance if I lost my defend to the holy decision, or I might been executed a death penalty by a country I had fought my everything for.

I knew what happened during the war. I knew I am the hero. Fighting the war was everything I had got at this point. They could not take it from me and replace it with the universal reality.

I was the hero. I was the thrill.