

# **A War Story**

Derrik B.

# A War Story

Derrik B.

This book is for sale at <http://leanpub.com/awarstory>

This version was published on 2014-07-06



This is a [Leanpub](#) book. Leanpub empowers authors and publishers with the Lean Publishing process. [Lean Publishing](#) is the act of publishing an in-progress ebook using lightweight tools and many iterations to get reader feedback, pivot until you have the right book and build traction once you do.

©2014 Derrik B.

# **Contents**

Chapter Six . . . . .	1
-----------------------	---

# Chapter Six

## Part 6: Decade Later

The final battle It hits unexpectedly. Savagely.

I did not know or expect I was just working in my field  
Digging holes I shovel a scoop of dirt Reminded of the trenches Reminded  
of the life in the trenches Reminded of the blisters and grime How  
close I was to the end of my time How close I was to meeting Father  
Time The Reaper won my respect The Death walked proudly All on  
the battle field respected The Reaper Yielding to his call for some  
was more rewarding than the agony endured He made a deal with  
many brothers Took them to a peaceful place To get away from  
misery.

After the victory We thought we caught the Reaper After the  
victory that we had fought We thought we put The Death under  
a heavy lock Took away the Reaper's scythe For a short while at  
least Now he has been released again.

The Death set our land ablaze Fields turn to rust Man's greed turns  
to lust Recession to Great Depression Prosperity was beaten Put  
under a heavy lock Great Depression swept us up I lived the Great  
War I am one of the Great Warriors Will I fall to this attack An  
attack on my fields My family will not go hungry on my watch  
I evaded The Grim Reaper's gaze many times before I will avoid  
his stalking gaze once more But now The Reaper is hardened Like  
the hardened warrior that I am He has brought my countrymen  
into starvation Introduced a new severity of life to my nation Pain,  
hunger, sorrow Stalk us in our own land The reaper has reached out  
his hand Handing out charity A way out of the misery To the grave  
now is easier Than to bear starvation.

I infuriate over my field work I shovel a once plentiful garden Now

torched, ashes wisp away Ashes cover my land The Reaper wants me to give up No I made this land, my home A refuge All I wanted after sailing back Was to make a new life for my girl and my baby Now I shovel Grave-digging I rather this grave swallow me Than anyone else, Especially not my wife.

I want to rest My hands swell from the splinters From the shovel's wooden shaft This day is worst than hell For it is the day that my girl fell To what no one was sure Why did she become so suddenly ill My neighbors stand around to help With their silent respect I am not the only one who feels this loss Many of my friends and brothers have lost A lot more A whole lot more I still have my little girl And holding on to the hope This battle rages in silence Tears, Silence, Regrets I clasped my blistered hands Looking to the sky Looking to what I have left My daughter, My legacy, My legacy that means more to me A honored hero of war No longer means anything to me anymore.

The grave filled and final goodbyes said They leave me be I know that the Reaper has more to take from me For I know how starved he can be War showed me how great his appetite is He will not stop for no one. Our army thought we defeated The Reaper Took his scythe from his cold, deathly hands Peace shall we always live War to end all wars.

A decade later, he is awakened He brought a new battle, One unfamiliar in the land of liberty He brought this horrible famine Guns and warfare were not enough Now he attacks at the throat and guts Security is gone, and dead The land of liberty is hit with poverty Chained we are to our sickness The Reaper, He is here, In my country. I can sense his presence.