

The Machine Gun's Fate

By Jennifer Peasall

“Goodbye! Goodbye, my babies. I love you so much. Plus, you’re going for a good reason,” I told my children as I hugged them for the last time. Why? Why couldn’t I be a hat? Anything except a machine gun. I wish I wasn’t able to give birth to these, all these bullets.

Here I was being held in a man’s sweaty and bloody hand, in the middle of the Iraqi War, knowing and fearing that soon, very soon, that the children I am holding, I will soon condemn to death. I didn’t know what to feel. Should I feel sad? Should I feel angry that those... those... soldiers are taking my babies away? No, I will stay strong and be proud.

I remember every second I spent with my children. I remember when the bullets were born, when they came home from the factory, everything. I always kept giving birth to the bullets, but still I can’t help crying. I remember all of my children, but especially these three. I remember Jackie, my oldest daughter from when I was first made. She was intelligent, helpful, and had a great heart, ready to comfort anyone. I also remember my son, my 54th child. Bob was always fun to be with and was really brave. Unfortunately, he died while being blasted through someone’s eye. I cried for five whole weeks. Lastly, I remember my favorite, Shirley. She’s my youngest child so far, and I hope my last. She is my 3,907th child. She is very shy, although she is smart, helpful, kind, and very cute. The main reason she is my favorite is because she is blind. One reason I have so many bullets is because every day I spit out my poor babies and then they murder someone and, of course, they die. That’s war for you.

The soldier tightened his grip on me and aimed me at a young bearded man. To

tell you the truth, I felt sorry for him. I thought of my helpless babies and I thought of the helpless young man. Soon, all of their lives would be over. The soldier directed me at the bearded man. Then, slowly, very slowly, he pulled the trigger.

Br-r-r-r! One, two, three, four! One by one, I started spitting out all 300 of my newly born bullets. One by one my children died. One by one, the “enemy” soldiers died. “Oh my God! What am I doing?” I prayed. I tried to pull away but I couldn’t. I tried to stop spitting out my children, but I couldn’t do that, either. In fact, the more I tried, the more tired and the weaker I became. It was no use; eight, seven, six bullets left. Five, four, three, two – and lastly, Shirley. They were gone. Every bullet was gone. I saw all the dead men lying in puddles of their own blood. All of a sudden, I knew that I was the murderer. But before I could think about it, I heard another gunshot, this time not from the soldier who had made me kill all these bullets and people – he was still reloading. After a split second, I had a falling sensation; I was among the dead bodies and blood. Right next to me lay my former master. I finally got chance to get a good look at him. He was a blond-haired, brown-eyed man, probably in his early twenty’s. Also, I saw a small bullet that went through his back that was now a small but rather disgusting hole where tons of blood was rapidly pouring out. But what touched me the most was a picture sticking out of his military jacket of a pretty young woman holding two twin babies, only a few months old.

War is hell and nothing else. I would give anything to bring peace to this world.