

Treaty

by

Vixxy Fox

Companionista Carlito Goodfellow's triste about everyone living in peace was a total load of crap. Everyone is equal he said... everyone should receive the same pay he said... everyone, he shouted from his bully pulpit is a Companionista; which everyone, including our 'fearless leader', shortened to 'Compa'.

I am a Basta, the lowest of the low on the military food chain. My number is 111. We are conscripts, the chafe of the wheat meant to be mowed down and tossed away by the enemy's fire if only to gain time for the 'Compadores' who are the 'real' soldiers. If you survive six months at the front, then you are allowed to become a Compadore; and thus begins your climb to the top of the dung hill. Fearless Leader began this way... or so we have been told. His picture adorns every blank wall of every village we have liberated. In fact, the first trucks to arrive after a victory contain only posters and glue; not the so necessary food and water for those who still live.

"Compa Bastas assemble!" shouted Compadore 254. He was a barrel chested bastard who was heard often to brag about how many of the enemy's women he'd ravished and then strangled. The females among us steered well clear of him just as a precaution. Many of us kept a small knife well tucked away should we need it during the occurrence of a rape. Make your attacker pay for what he did and then... well... make sure you can't be placed in front of a firing squad.

We Bastas had been fifty strong when the fight for the village began. Now, those of us who were left, were being counted by 254 using his fingers. Getting to one more than he had digits, he pointed at me and grabbed his crotch yelling 'Eleven!' Apparently he found this to be funny since my name printed in large numbers on my back was 111.

"111, you come with me," he yelled. "The rest of you are dismissed until I say otherwise. Take a break. This village was a mistake anyhow."

"What do you mean 'a mistake'?" I asked, the uneasy feeling in my gut getting worse.

"We had a treaty. Cease fire began at dawn this morning." He laughed then... until I raised my rifle and shot him. The bullet made a small hole in his chest armor, and the impact staggered him back, but he was still good. He looked down at the hole and began to understand, I'd really shot him. Looking was his fatal mistake. Our rifles might be light duty, but they are very accurate, and I was only twenty paces away from him. Aiming at the gap between his goggles and helmet, I squeezed the trigger a final time.

He went down hard, doing a face plant in the dirt.

For a moment there was absolute quiet; the type of quiet only a battlefield could give you when the shooting stops.

“Why did you do that?” asked 154.

I looked up at her. “Really? You need to ask that?”

“Yeah, we do,” said 134. I looked over at her and her rifle was leveled at my head.

“I’m not wearing body armor so you can hit me anywhere,” I told her. “This was a wastage game.”

“What are you talking about?” 115 asked. She was probably closest to me as a friend because we’d been together now for a few weeks.

“How many did we begin with this morning?” I asked.

“50,” they all responded.

“How many are now left?”

“11.”

“Where did the big doofus stay the entire fight?”

“He never came out from the first building where he said he would cover us from the top floor window,” 355 told me.

“How many of you actually saw an enemy combatant?”

There was again a quiet moment and I then informed them it was because there were none. In reflection, every bit of fire we’d taken came from behind.

“And now he says we had a treaty starting this morning,” I told them. The realization began to sink into each of their heads. They weren’t the sharpest pencils in the box, but they did understand. “We’re all excess now. I wonder how many more units are being summarily ended?”

“My sister’s unit is ten miles from here,” 354 told me, “They were supposed to take out the village there just like we were doing here.”

Walking to 254’s body, I reached down and took his MK VI slug gun. It fired a round capable of going through the Compadore’s body armor, and then again, it also fired a larger explosive round quite capable of taking out a truck. “Check your gear,” I told them, “And then get ready for a run.”

When we arrived, their invasion had just begun. As with us, they were sent forward and spread out as their Compadore entered the outer most building. Within moments, the Bastas were taking fire, and falling one at a time from the rear most soldier forward. There was no way they could have known.

Using only hand signals, I led my ten Bastas to the house where I entered and went right to the stairs. The Compadore figured this was a wastage target range, so he was going to be just sitting there taking his time and enjoying himself. I didn't really need more than one round to put him down, but I shot him five times. After that I stood in the window and blew his recall whistle until all the Bastas left alive returned. After this I explained what we knew to be true. One of the Bastas said he had a brother in another unit ten miles or so down the road. I did a quick head count and did not grab my crotch. There were now 55 of us.

"I never liked being called Compa," I told them. "I never liked the idea of everyone being equal because it was a lie. I also never met a Compadore that I liked. They are cruel, bloodthirsty, sadistic, bastards, and I say we show them what a real soldier is." This was met with muttered unsureness. "Think about this," I explained, "We were all dead in any case. I say piss on them, and piss on their treaty if there even was one. I say kill every last one of the bastards right up to Fearless Leader."

There was no applause or cheering. At this point the Bastas before me were simply numb. Tossing the dead Compadore's MK VI to 115, I addressed the group a final time. "You're all free to go home if you wish. I certainly won't blame you if that's what you do. I wish I had a home to go to... but I don't. You're the closest thing I have to family, and there's a lot more of us out there who are going to be killed, or enslaved, or worse."

There was a moment where the only noise heard were the birds singing in the trees. I smiled at that... nature was coming back.

"In a few hours, I will be at another village, and hopefully I won't be too late. Anyone who wants to join me is welcome.

They all came... and the momentum built after that to a fever pitch. It turned out that the Compadore were not a very good soldiers.

In a month's time we were actually marching on the capital. Fearless Leader was not exactly so fearless.

Companionista Carlito Goodfellow's triste about everyone living in peace as equals was a total load of crap. Everyone is not equal. There are the brave, and there are the cowards.

The cowards hide behind words... and slogans... and posters. They ride the backs of an army forced into servitude.

The brave fight freely for the peace they so desire, and so I shall fight until the day I die.