

bullet's my name



bullet is my name and I am of the 7.62 type, and I am in this world for one thing and one thing only, and that is to take life, and please do not take this personally I have to prove my worth, and beside it's my job.

Let me at the outset give you an idea of what it is like for me on a normal day, I find myself in a box on a shelf some place for about six month, then out of the blue there was movement, yes it's my box been taken down off the shelf, my first thought was where the hell is this fool taking me now,

it was not long before I found out, this dumb fool took me out of the box, which I might add was very dark and cold and I could have done with some light, but if that was not bad enough,

this fool took me out the box and pushed me into a cold steel can like device, if you think the box was cold and dark you should see the inside of this tin can,

he put me in anyway and if that was not bad enough there was another twenty two more like me in this tin can, I tell you I could not move to save my life, anyway nothing happened for a day or two,

then suddenly I sense movement, I was bounced around for about six to seven hours, then the temperature changed and it got light,

Then I thought now what?

I should not have asked because this fool took me and the other boys out of the bag he had us in, and with a bang he slammed us all into another slot, there was a few clicking sound and I felt movement again,

then I herd some strange clicking sound and the boy above me shot out of sight like a bat out of hell, then I felt myself shot upwards,

Then I was jammed next to something cold, I paid it no mind because all my life was spent in the dark but nothing happened for a while.

I was just getting use to my new home when the roof of my temporary home shot off and I found myself in this dark tube, then without a word or good by I felt this fire at the back of me, then I was blown out this tube with such a force that my nose started to glow,

anyway I saw day light for the first time in my life, but I was going so fast that I could not enjoy the trip, anyway I opened my eyes and to my sop rise I saw a man standing next to a woman a small child,

I was getting closer and closer, then it downed on me that I was sent to kill this man, I tried very hard to get out the way but the momentum was so fast I could not turn away from my destiny, so I closed my eyes,

then with a thud I hit this man and on my way through his body I could here his hart beating, then I herd him say oho my god I have been hit, my path through his body was not planned so I hit a few important body parts,

However, I was not inside this man long enough to check the damage done by my passing.

I felt sad for the man and I was thinking about him while I was flying along, then I came to a sudden stop, I tried to open my eyes again but I could not because I was wedged into a branch of a falling tree,

you could not tell my front from my back, everything seems to get packed together, the man who fired me, or sent me out did not come to get me, he just left me there, I suppose that was all he needed me for and my job is done, I must say that was a short life. I only hope that I have served him well, the only good thing that came out of this, he will not be able to use me like that again, and all I can say now is thank the holy gunpowder for nothing.

By CLIFFORD G GORDON
ECHO MOLIMBA ZENOHA

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