

Captured in War (Chapter 19)

So far my life had been turned to hell on earth, all the things I loved had been ripped apart, the love I left had burned to ashes, life as I knew it faded to darkness.

I finally came back to consciousness, but the atmosphere was completely and shockingly different. I finally gathered some remnants of sense and discovered that my hands were tied by a rope behind my aching back. I took a slow, slumbered look around the room and saw that I was locked in a steel room, the walls had mildew on them, rusty pipes and broken water lines caused the floor to be soaked in water and in front of me was Capt. Taylor. He had his head down and looked as though he had been beaten to hell, with fresh blood stains still visible on his tattered uniform. Seeing someone in that state is not for the faint hearted, but it didn't affect me, I'd seen almost all there was to see in this war. My eyes were heavy, I could barely keep them open and the occasionally flickering of the neon light above me didn't help as I looked around the room. Looking back at Taylor who didn't move or say a word, I shouted his name "Brad, talk to me man!" I waited for a reply but to no avail, instead I received an empty silence. It seemed just then, a door in the background opened and I could hear footsteps walking along what sounding like a concrete floor. The footsteps became louder and louder, more ominous and threatening as each second passed by, suddenly the noise stopped and the eerie presence put chills down my spine. The door beside us began to become active, the handle was slowly jiggling, and I felt my stomach churn in anticipation of what was possibly to come. The door finally opened, dragging as it did and figure walked in, his boots covered in what looked like blood. His ominous shadow spread across the room as he walked in, I could see he had ill intentions he was a North Korean soldier, he had scars across his face and a bloody knife in his right hand and on his side was a

pistol. He walked over towards me and Taylor and said “Americans, thought you could get away?”

He looked me right in the eyes and said “you’re going to die here, and I’m going to enjoy slowly bleeding you out like the pig you are” I could then suddenly hear a chuckle “Ha-Ha-Ha” in a very dark and twisted laugh. The man turned and looked at a smiling Captain Taylor who had an expression of madness stretched across his bruised face. The man walked over to Taylor with his knife and said “you find something funny Yankee boy?” before he slammed his knife onto the table. Taylor looked at the man and said in a heinous tone “go to hell, you don’t intimidate me you piece of worthless garbage” the man turned his head sideways, studying Taylor intensely, then picked up the knife he had slammed onto the table and using both his hands and without any pause, swiftly thrust the blade into Taylor’s left leg, laughing as he did “Ha-Ha, you like that? Do you?! Give me what I want or I’ll slice you into little tiny pieces and feed you to the dogs.” I looked at the man who was torturing Taylor with nothing but hatred. I could see Taylor’s leg bleeding badly, a large blue, purplish colored stain leaked from the stab wound, Taylor only grunted in pain “Arghh!” most likely used to it in his current state. The man looked at Taylor and pulled his pistol out from his side and proceeded to yell loudly in Korean at the Captain. While he was doing that I noticed a glass shard laying flat on the table next to me, not knowing I tried to kick but realized my feet had been tied to the chair. With that set in mind I used my body and forced myself slowly closer to the table. Finally when I was close enough I began to nudge the table with my right knee, slowly the shard of glass bounced and slid towards me, each time I nudged the table the shard edged closer and closer. Finally the shard was right at the edge of the table and by that time the yelling soldier had his fate sealed. While I was nudging the table, he was barking threats and orders at Taylor that went unanswered. Finally the

psychopath had enough and he pulled the hammer of the pistol, a revolver, back and without a single pause fired the shot that would end the life of my brother, the man who helped me halfway through this entire war. The bullet entered through Taylor's forehead. Taylor's then lifeless body gave way and his head collapsed, hanging there like a corpse. I screamed my head off "NOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!" I then slammed the table one last time, and the shard of glass had fallen a little ways behind my chair. I forced myself to fall backwards and reaching for the shard with my hands tied, I cut my fingers and my palm badly, but I was finally able to slice the rope off. By that time the madman had rushed over to me and said in a chilling voice "they don't call me the Butcher for no reason" he then reached to pick me up but as soon as he was in range I shocked the hell out of him. I grabbed his left arm and holding the shard of glass with my right arm and using my upper body strength I forced my way towards him and with my right arm, jammed the shard of glass into his throat and watched as my hand and arm were instantly covered in his blood. I had a hateful look on my face as I said in a death defying tone "the Butcher just got sliced!" I pushed the shard of glass deeper into the Butcher's throat until it was barely visible, before pulling it out and letting his bleeding lifeless body fall to the floor. I looked at him, my heart beating excruciatingly fast and rage swimming through my veins. I looked down and took the guards combat knife which was at his side and quickly sliced the rope retraining my legs to the chair. I was finally free to stand up, as I did that, all the anger and pain I had built up finally released itself and I screamed to the top of my lungs as I was covered in the "Butcher's" own blood. I was angry at the world, the only ally I had left to help me was dead.

I looked back at the corpse of Captain Taylor and walked over to him, and then kneeling next to his torso I said in a dramatic tone "fly high brother, you've served your country and you fought the good fight, you will be avenged." I looked over at his neck and snatched his dog-tag

“Captain Brad Taylor” underneath that it read “US Army: 1st SFOD-D” as soon as I snatched his dog-tag I turned to the door, but before I could even begin to make my suicidal escape I first needed something more than a combat knife so I went over to the dead guard and grabbed his pistol that he had dropped. Having taken his revolver, I walked over to the large steel door, which was all covered in rust. Once then, I reached down with my bloody hand and twisted the door knob which I had trouble doing due to the slick blood that coated by hand in a substance that I can only describe as that of red tar. Once I could hear the click of the lock, I opened the door and saw a long dark corridor, there were a couple of lights that would flicker on and off and the whole environment definitely had the chilling factors of a prison chamber. As I made my way through the long, dark and ominous hallway, I couldn’t help but notice prison cells next to where I was walking, some of which contained blood splatter on the walls. As I continued towards the end of the very dark and narrow hallway I could see a door, the door itself was solid steel with a lever, I was getting anxious to get the hell out of this place, feeling as though I was confined and trapped, which I was in all fairness. I had finally made my way to the exit door, once there I pushed the door, as I pushed the door I suddenly came to realize, “whatever happened to Season and Savannah?” As I pushed the lever to the door and proceeded to walk outside I noticed a very narrow staircase coming up. I continued on my way, curiously walking towards the staircase looking like a bloody walking corpse. As I made my way slowly up the stairs I could see a door with a light shining through it, I grabbed the railing of the staircase that led up the stairs and pushed myself up towards the top of the stairs. My body was incredibly tired and I had to expect the unexpected. With the pistol in my right hand I carefully, after reaching the final top stair on the staircase, looked at a wooden door with a light from the outside seeping through the cracks and slips in the door. I opened the door and peered outside, the hallway was

clear and there were two long narrow paths, the left and the right. I walked out onto the concrete white floor where I could hear people chatting in the distance, having to choose the pathway I wanted to go, I stuck with my gut instincts and went right. To somewhat blend in I placed the gun in the back of my pants tucked away by my uniform, and the combat knife belonging to Captain Taylor, I slid into my sleeve. I quickly began to follow the right pathway until I almost ran into two guards standing next to one another talking face to face, I didn't stand a chance going at them headstrong and they were armed with AK-47 assault rifles. I stood there hiding behind a wall peering from time to time to see what they were doing, another guard, this one particularly wearing what looked to be an officers jacket came over towards them and said something in Korean, I don't know what he said exactly but whatever it was they turned and followed him, leaving a space for me to get by. I noticed a large staircase to my right as I turned and looked up the staircase I noticed writing on the walls and suddenly a vision blurred in my head

I was in the same building but it was a much darker atmosphere, the stairs had cracks all through them and on the walls there were numbers, "19-42-20-36-22-9-42-12-21-12" my mind seemed to be playing tricks on me but then I saw something on the wall written in what looked to be blood Tunguska, which to me was a bit strange because Tunguska was a city in Russia. Then as I moved further up the stairs, the ceiling became a map, my conscience had created a virtual map of Asia on top of the ceiling and in bright red it read "Operation Hell-Fire, Thermo-Nuclear warhead", it had a star around North Korea and the words "*No one is innocent, everyone is guilty*" Written in blood, the numbers stayed there and another number popped up "7, 23, 95" my mind was surely playing tricks on me, as the images finally went away, I suddenly came to realize the event which happened in Tunguska. Supposedly in the very early 20th century a large

meteorite smashed into northern Russia in the city of Tunguska, destroying the city and creating over 30 mega-tons of damage, 1,000 times more powerful than the Hiroshima bomb. What that image was telling me I have no idea. As for the other images, the numbers, the first set read, “19-42-20-36-22-9-42-12-21-12” I believe I could summarize what the numbers were, they were dates. 1942, 2036, (9) and December 21st 2012. The date 1942 was obviously when D-Day occurred, when America joined the war against Hitler’s Nazi oppression. The other date 2036, I had heard about this date, an asteroid, 450 meters in diameter, its name was “Apophis” and in 2029 it would speed past the earth with a 1 in 250,000 chance it would impact, in 2036 it would make its way back towards earth with a slightly larger chance of impact. An asteroid that size would obliterate all life on earth, the earth’s crust would have been broken and thrown across the planet. The last date December 21st 2012 (12, 21, 12) was the Mayan calendars supposed end of the world. It was strange I’d been seeing these numbers. The final set strangely enough was the date I was born, July 23rd 1995. I wouldn’t come to know what these signs meant at least for a while as my mind had been pondering these visions in my mind for the past five months now. It was time the truth should and would finally be revealed to me. As I continued to climb up the staircase unaware of the enemy presence upstairs, I noticed pictures of ‘the great leader North Korea, the tyrannical mad ruler Kim Jong-un the pictures made me disgusted, how one man would rather build up his military then support and feed his own people. I wanted to meet the man just to punch him in his face. The pictures became ever more disturbed as I continued to walk up, my mind morphed into one of the pictures and showed a picture of me and behind me was a large demonic like shadow with strings attached to me. Underneath the picture it read “let your hatred rule your life” the picture was a shock to me as it basically told me that I am, what I fight for, the wakening of my soul, the darkness I felt earlier had engulfed my very heart and I

became what I sought to destroy. The hatred had betrayed me. I was just a puppet to my own cause.

As I climbed further and further into what seemed like death's arms I came to realize I may have lost Season, the only girl I truly loved, the pain hit me but I pushed it aside and started to run up the stairs. I turned to my left where a guard had spotted me and said in a seemingly surprised Korean tone and what I'd guessed was something along the lines of, "you're not supposed to be here!" he then saw my banner of the American flag on my arm and said "American scum! Die!" I quickly threw the knife right at his forehead before he could react to my presence. The knife made deep impact right in-between his eyes. Another guard ran over and said "Hey! Stop or I'll shoot!" as soon as he did I lifted my right arm and fired two shots into him, he fell to the ground almost immediately. Proceeding ever onwards, I turned the corner and saw two other guards running towards where the noise had come from. When one of them got close enough I stuck my left arm out and clothe pinned him, the other one, I turned to and fired my pistol and shot one in the head, the one I had clothed pined was still shocked about the sudden surprise attack I had delivered but before he could get back up, I lifted my right foot and stomped on his head. A gruesome way to die, but we do what must be done in war. My boots were now covered in blood, and so was my entire body. I literally looked like a madman, crazed and without any remorse or feelings. I was a man on a mission. My family died because of people like the ones I kill and I sure as hell was going to make them pay. I noticed as I crossed the right hallway a series of windows, from which I could see in the distance a missile being loaded, I didn't know what it was but I noticed smoke coming out the bottom of the behemoth. It was clear the missile was being readied for launch. North Korea looked to be preparing to launch a long range ballistic missile, but the question was, at whom?

As I kept walking straight across the hallway, I finally noticed another hallway and a large glass window in front of me, I hid behind a corner and peered at the hallway where I could see two armed guards holding AK-47's, just standing there on regular patrol. I had a crazy idea which most people would propagate as suicide but I really didn't give a damn anymore, I would gladly die if this nightmare were to be over. I placed my pistol behind my back where they couldn't see it and my combat knife, which I placed in my right hand and slid it up to where my hand met with my arm.. I took a deep breath and turned the corner, I walked towards the guards not knowing what to expect. Almost immediately they walked towards me and said something in Korean which I guessed was "Who goes there?" I turned my shoulders so they wouldn't see the USA flag on my arm. As soon as one of the guards got close enough I raised my head, and gave them a very dark and ominous smile, I replied to them "I'm your worst nightmare" and slid the knife quickly back out and caught it with my right hand before immediately swiping the knife to my left and slit the guard's throat, with my left hand I quickly reached back and pulled out my pistol and opened fire, one shot and the other guard fell dead to the floor. With a bloody knife in my right hand and a pistol in my left, I looked to my right and saw a large door covered in what looked like gold. I was filled with rage and the desire to keep going. I looked at the door and said to myself "I wonder if they mind me just barging in?" I lifted my right foot and using all the muscle in my leg, kicked the door open, as soon as I did I saw three people in the room, the first one, a guard, turned toward me and I immediately threw the dagger at his chest, he was standing right beside a large glass window and when the dagger slammed into his chest he backed up and fell through the window and to his death. As for the other two people, one wore a turban over his head and the other looked like none other than the "Great leader" himself. I pointed the pistol towards them as Kim Jong-un was reaching for his weapon and I had said "don't even think

about it, do it and you die” the other man looked to be a picture I had seen earlier, the man who’s entire regime was the reason for the war, none other than Al-Sharini. I looked over and said to them both “On your knees now!” They immediately did just that, Sharini said to me “what you want, money? I can give you anything you want, money, women, just name it!” I looked at him and filled with rage, pistol whipped the back of his head and said “How about my damn family back, how about my whole life back, how about your life?! That’s what I really want you piece of terrorist scum!” I said to him “put your damn hands behind your back before I break them off” He did and I reached behind my back and grabbed a pair of zip-cuffs I had taken from one of the soldiers I’d killed and tied his hands closed. As soon as I did that feeling of being filled with more rage then I could handle arose again and I kicked Sharini square in the jaw and shot him in his leg so he couldn’t escape. I walked over towards Kim and said “Kimmy hands behind your back, you pompous roll of lard, before I throw your tyrannical person out that there window” He turned his head and said something in Korean and I chuckled as I tied his hands together and said “you’re lucky I don’t understand what the hell you’re saying otherwise you might become a bird” I smacked him in the back with the pistol and ordered him to get up.

I had to find a way to gain back communications with command, my radio and means of communicating were taken away. I looked around and having found nothing of use I was getting angry, I turned to Kim and said “where can I find a damn radio” He didn’t respond but he knew what I said and so did Sharini. I knew he was ignoring me so I looked at him and said “alright, you want to play that game, I’ll make you talk” I opened one of his drawers and pulled out a pair of scissors. I smiled at Kim and then slammed the scissors in his left leg. He yelled out in agony and began snarling at me like a caged dog as blood dripped from the stab wound. I walked behind Kim and grabbed his shirt, I then with all my strength, smashed his face into the glass window and threw him back towards his desk. Kim finally opened his mouth and said in the most bizarre accent “Closet, in the closet!” I looked to my left and saw a large closet. I walked over towards it and quickly with my pistol at the ready, opened the door and scanned it with my weapon aimed. Nothing, however there was a large device, what looked like an old radio transmitter probably from the 1980’s, I’d be hard pressed in trying to contact the U.S.S Nebraska or even the Japanese, the radio had so many dials and switches on top of the fact that it was static

almost half the time. Finally after what felt like hours trying to find a connection I made contact with what seemed like a single squad “if anyone can hear me, this is Brian Watts, I’m a member of the army’s special operations division, the Delta task force unit, my comrade is dead and I’m stranded in Pyongyang with no way out, I need an emergency extract. Also to anyone who hears this, North Korea is planning a to launch a long range Nuclear Missile, I can see it outside the Palace, I have both Al-Sharini and Kim Jong-un, secured and ready for transport. Please hurry it won’t be long before the guards find out what has happened” Just then, “Boom!” I can hear the outside doors being blown open as soldiers storm the palace looking for me “Damn it!” I said to myself in a fit of rage before running outside with just my pistol to defend myself. Outside the room I saw three soldiers running up the stairs, I immediately turned and opened fire, the shots impacted one of the soldiers while the other two took cover and returned fire. I turned and took cover behind the door and returned fire, when they began to reload I managed to shoot one bullet straight into one of the soldier’s heads, the other soldier nearly clipped my hand as the bullets flew past me. I ran back inside the room and barred the doors shut by placing chairs in front of the double sided doors and ran back to where I had thrown Kim and pushed the desk up against the doors. I then quickly ran back and grabbed Kim and pushed my pistol into his side and waited for the ten or so soldiers attempting to barge through the doors to come storming in, after ten minutes of non-stop attempts at smashing through the door, they managed to blow the door off its hinges. They flung the desk out of the way and more than ten soldiers came in with their rifles pointed at me. I looked at them with my pistol in their “Great Leader’s” side and they just aimed their rifles not uttering a single word, I didn’t know what to do. I could retaliate and die here or jump out of the window with Kim as my partner. Just then I heard “Swoosh!” A fighter jet flies by and I could hear a helicopter off in the distance and finally as the noise picked up tremendously I suddenly heard guns blast through the glass and into the soldiers aiming their rifles who all promptly fell to the floor in pieces. Afterwards a swarm of what looked to be SAS operatives swooped in through the blown out window and into the room that had come to my rescue and not a moment too soon. The first soldier in popped a flash-bang and tossed it at the remaining Korean soldiers outside the doorway “Flash-bang out!” he said in a calm collective tone, the other soldiers who rushed in from the breach opened fire slaughtering the last of the North Korean soldiers who had held me by gunpoint. I looked over at what I suspected was the leader of this unit and said “you are the SAS I presume?” he looked at me and said “SASR, Australian special forces mate” he looked at my arm and saw the Delta Force logo and said “you’re a member of Delta, right man?” the soldier turned at Al-Sharini and Kim and looked to his squad mates “Get those war criminals out of here!” two soldiers walked over and picked Sharini and Kim up and escorted them outside. I could hear the sound of loud explosions coming from outside, I turned around towards the window and saw U.S Military apache choppers and tanks, we had finally brought the war to the enemy. The man who I had talked to earlier said “Lad, I’m Phoenix, squad leader of Jango Team, SASR” I looked over to him and said “I’m Watts, US Delta”. He gestured for me to follow him which I did, as we moved I asked “what is your mission?” As I walked through the blown out doorway of the room I could see SASR