the soldiers
Seth Cable

I put my hand over my right eye, and the tree is on my left. I put my hand over my left eye, and the tree is on my right. As I play this game, my brother collects rocks into a pile beside me. We watch the arrival of the soldiers on the road below. Their eyes are like stars, and ours are like the moon.

Their numbers swell and fill the road. Some begin walking on the embankment where we sit. One of them wears sash, and his helmet is crested with blades. He sees us, and approaches us.

"Stand behind that tree, and look to the town below. When it is over, go to your people in the next valley and tell them what has happened. Tell them we are sorry. Remind them that, in a way, this is all very funny, really."

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