

Morality?

It was dark.

No moon.

Zero ambient light.

That tends to be the case

During a night raid.

We hit the right house this time.

Bagged and cuffed the bad guys.

Posted guards on the women and kids.

More watching the doors and alleys.

The rest of us searching for intelligence.

The attached interrogator and interpreter

Were talking to one of the EPWs.

Trying to get intel from him

In the middle of the

Sable living room.

We all slowly stopped to watch.

The blackness was just thin enough

To make out shadows of people.

A couple of guys on the couch were

Eating and watching like it's a Bond film.

The interrogator pulled a confiscated .45

From the holster on his vest.

He put the barrel to this EPW's head.

This kid was maybe 19, no older than I was.

We all froze in place when he cocked the hammer.

"Tell me what I want to know,

Or I'll blow your fucking brains out."

The kid started crying and pissed himself.

He didn't know a damn thing.

He was just a grunt, like me.

"I always wanted to try that,"

Said the interrogator.

He decocked the pistol.

Holstered it.

Walked away to get the next enemy.

We all release the breath

We'd been collectively holding.

Combat was combat, but this was cold.

Would he have done it?

Would we have let him?