How simple it really is. Just a spark. A practically effortless application of mundane muscle contractions. The synapses of electricity flowing through nerve cells, traveling down the spinal cord until it reaches its final destination. He realized this, all of this. Our minds cannot save us from ourselves. Our body is a city of organisms, each cell is a living entity, and working together for the longevity of what would be our existence. And how odd, that entity which overcomes all obstacles, from weather, to parasites and bacteria, to diseases, to the world around us. And yet it is still capable of self-destruction. How fragile it all is. This very existence is but a fluke in the greater scale of the universe. Like a wine decanter splintering against the wall, like an egg shattering on the floor; one wrong move and all existence comes screeching to a halt. He can see it, slipping through his fingers, descending with no hope of re grasping it. And as it falls he feels too weak to overcome it, completely enervated. And as it falls he becomes more comfortable with the idea of it. But why not? What is there to lose? Only in certain societies has it been labeled as a horrific act, one without forgiveness, from society to even certain deities. Why is martyrdom permitted and yet suicide negated? It is said that the Aztec people, with the souls of warriors would readily commit suicide, as an act to show their loyalty to their cause. It was never looked down upon. Why do we fear that which we have no understanding of? Humans fear death, such a deep, loathing, primordial, ancestral, primitive, fear. One that shakes our very being. We fear that for which we have no understanding of. Man once believed that the world was flat, and that if one were to sail too far they would certainly fall off the edge, into oblivion. It wasn't until the courageous, then viewed as the rash, dared to travel farther and farther, continually pushing the envelope. Until it was disproved. We just have to take the plunge. So why not take the first step?

 He saw his rifle hanging by his bed side, where it sat every night. He carried it with him everywhere he went, they were inseparable. And within this rifle was a magazine of 30 rounds. Seated and ready. He leaned up, feeling the rustling of his sleeping bag. The cold air a miracle to the hot atmosphere which surrounded his hut. The dark was impenetrable, not a single ounce of light to be found, but he could make out his rack. A structure that he recalled from years prior while he attended Recruit Training, every time he saw it his mind was flooded with an eternity of memories; they seem almost surreal. As if they had only been a dream. He scoots out of his sleeping system, and places his feet on the cold tile floor. The springs of the mattress and the metal-on-metal contact of the rack clanking together. But no one noticed it, this sound was common in a room of twelve men. The floor was dirty, it was always covered in a fine layer of silt, along with his body, no shower or amount of hot water could ever wash the soil from his skin. A filth so fine that it were ingrained into his outer being. There were puddles of it outside, it would fill the sky past the horizon. It made his skin dry and rough. Such callous covered his hands, and his feet cracked and bled without mercy. He reached up for his rifle, slid the sling off of the metal post, feeling the cold iron with the smooth strap. The weight was familiar, an accustomed burden to his every-day life. Grabbing the pistol grip in his right hand, with his pointer finger straight and over the trigger, and placing his left hand on the magazine port he brought it close to his stomach and chest, cradling the rifle. He knew better than to hold his left hand on the magazine well, but he felt so comfortable. The hand-grips would slide around, and at such an odd distance from his body it didn't feel right trying to present it. So he kept it where it felt best, close to the heart. He remembered his training, the very handling engrained into his being, He remembered the rifles. Hundreds of them, everywhere he looked. Being slapped around and beaten, his hands bleeding from striking it with such force. Throwing it down into the mud, into the sand, the dirt, into trenches of water. The frigid air as a monsoon of rain and wind plummet on him, but that cold hardened metal never left his hands. He pushed it away from his body, and pressed a small button on the magazine well, releasing the magazine from where it sat. Feeling the smooth and dusty aluminum container in his hands, he extracted a round. A brass casing, at the bottom was a primer, and at the top green paint adorned a copper coated lead round. He placed it back into the magazine, tapping the back of the magazine on his rifle, to ensure all of the rounds were seated properly. Sliding the magazine back into the port, and then smacking the bottom of the magazine until he heard the familiar click, knowing that it was seated properly and wouldn't fall out. He pulled the charging handle back until it was fully extended and then let it go, the force of the spring slamming the bolt forward, extracting a round and placing it in the chamber. Using his right thumb he forced the safety off, a small lever with ridges, it always felt so natural. He turned the rifle around and placed the compensator in his mouth, a slotted piece of metal that suppressed the flash from the barrel. The taste of iron in his mouth, and the residual dust had a peppery flavor to it. Remembering all the times at the range, slow even breaths, waiting for that natural respiratory pause, and then beginning the slow steady trigger squeeze. He moved his finger over the trigger, placing the meatier portion of his pointer finger over the upper portion of the trigger, readjusting his right hand so that it was high and firm on the pistol grip, than he began the squeeze. Slow and steady, he always thought it should be smooth, but it always creaked, and there were three distinctive clicks before the trigger was finally released. One, almost there. Two, he could imagine it all, it would be hitting the firing pin, striking the primer, igniting the powder forcing the round through the chamber, spiral grooves cut into the bore, causing the round to spin as it made its way out, the force of the explosion of powder causing the bolt to move back, extracting the empty casing, ejecting it, compressing the spring causing a recoil, the spring forcing the bolt back forward, extracting another round, and placing it in the chamber. All in less than a blink of an eye. The round would exit the muzzle, a flash of light and an audible snap, than the round would travel down-range to meet its target. Three, click... I woke up drenched in sweat. My heart racing. Enveloped in darkness, hearing the murmur of the AC unit push cold air into the room. I look to my right and see my rifle hung where I had left it, but I still tasted the metal in my mouth. It was so real. My dreams are always in third person, as though I'm a spectator watching someone else's life, but feeling all the emotions that go with it. I had never dreamt like this before, never had I experienced anything so vivid, never had I had such cognitive functionality while asleep. Every detail was there, I remembered every detail as though I were living it. The next day and every day since I held my rifle with a certain contingence. Knowing without a doubt that the object which I held brought death with it.