

Mustang's Farewell

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Mustang reflects upon Maes Hughes death

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Roy Mustang stared off into nothing as the tears steadily streaked down his face. It had only been a few hours before that he had attended the funeral of his comrade, his best friend. None of it seemed real. Yet the images kept replaying in his mind as if it was a broken movie reel.

He could remember the words of the pastor. Who spoke of the life that Hughes had lead. How he was so full of life and loved his family dearly. Not once did the man mention that he had been brutally murdered. Not once did he mention the fact that his assailant had not been found. No those things were not mentioned. At first Mustang was a little furious that they did not inquire these important facts. Hughes did not just decide to die. NO! He was murdered! Mustang could not understand these people. His mind contemplated with him on whether or not to speak up in the matter. Even if it was against regulations. The breath that would have started the first word was taken away as a little girl begged and pleaded for the men to stop burying her daddy.

It was hard not being able to order those men to stop what they were doing. To grant this little girl's request. It tore not only at Mustang's heart, but, he knew, to every single person who was attended there today. A child so young should not have been introduced to the cruel fate of life.

For a brief moment, Mustang was angry. Not at the men burying Hughes. Not at the pastor for not mentioning the facts of his death. Not even at the person responsible for killing Hughes. No. For a brief moment, Mustang was angry at Hughes. Angry at the fact that he had kept Mustang in the dark. That he did not trust his friend with certain information. Mustang knew that Hughes had tried to contact him moments before his death. A part of Mustang blamed himself for being so gun-ho. If he had not gone to Central maybe he could have saved Hughes. Then he realized that perhaps Hughes had a good reason to keep him in the dark. Perhaps he thought he was protecting a friend. Whatever the reason it did not change the fact that before him was the freshly dug grave and a tombstone that read "Mae Hughes. A Soldier, a devoted husband, and a loving father. Although he was taken from this world, his light will never die." Mustang looked up towards the heavens and silently vowed to himself that he would find the people responsible for this and punish them.

And in the distance, the thunder rolled.

THE END