

Child Of War

By XxCutieMelxX

Submitted: March 19, 2007

Updated: March 19, 2007

Its a story About a Boy in Afghanistan, who is Sent into The Afghan Army, thing is he is only 13 years old..

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/XxCutieMelxX/44312/Child-Of-War>

Chapter 1 - Hassan

2

1 - Hassan

“Boy, speak your name!” an older man with a harsh voice said to a young boy. The boy said nothing. “I said speak your name!” the man ordered to the young boy with a louder and meaner tone of voice. Again, the boy stayed silent. “I SAID TELL ME YOU’RE NAME!” The man yelled as he hit the boy across the face. The Boy fell to the sandy floor at an instant. “What is your name?” the man asked again with a more calm voice this time but still gave the young boy a mean stare. The boy was on his knees, covering his nose so the blood would not drip on his white Shalwar-Kameez. He looked up at the man for the first time, the man looked to be about 33, but he had a very tired old looking face, he had darker skin like most people in his country, he was wearing a dirty-brown Shalwar-Kameez, he saw a blood stain on the mans attire, on the right sleeve, you could tell that he tried to get the stain out.

The boy looked around his surroundings; he could see broken barb wire fences, trash cans with graffiti written on them and lots of sand a mud.

He felt tiny stones digging into his knees but he did not care. He barely remembered how Afghanistan used to be, he was only 10 when the Taliban invaded in 1996, Children playing outside in the front yards of there beautiful houses, women walking freely without a burqua, or man by there side, going to school to see all his friends and take his Afghan history test, Now it is 1998 and it has been two years of wars, landmines, bombs blowing up there house and killing millions of helpless innocent people, Women bound to the four ugly gray concrete walls and him, the young boy, working as a tea boy in the Kabul market place, making much less what he needs because he and his father are the ones that feed his family.

The boy snapped back to reality just in time, when he looked up at the older man, his arm was raised about to hit him again. Quickly the boy stood up.

“Kaseem, my name is Kaseem” The boy finally uttered. “Good Boy, you finally decided to listen to me, for I am the Taliban, I own you, your family and all of Kabul!” The Taliban man said almost boasting about making Kabul the way it is today, a rut. “Where is my father?” The boy asked. The Taliban gave Kaseem a funny look. “Take Me to my father” The boy ordered assertively. “You don’t tell me what to do, little boy, I am your leader, I am the one keeping you alive right now!” the Taliban man was just about to hit the boy again when a voice from the distance called. “Do not hit my son!” a man who appeared to be Kaseem’s father yelled. Kaseem’s father was in the shadow of an Afghan building, you could not see his face, and you could only see the rip on the left knee of his Shalwar-Kameez. “Come out of the darkness!” The Taliban ordered. Kaseem’s father took a step out; you could see blood dripping from his mouth. Kaseem was about to run for his father when the Taliban grabbed the back of his Shalwar-Kameez and ripped it. Three other Taliban men grabbed Kaseem’s father,. They grabbed him by the arms , neck and waist. They took him into a camouflaged, beat-up old truck.

“FATHER!”