

## “A STATISTIC”

Essay by James Allen

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People have died and you only see dollar signs. More have died and you only see numbers. Countless have died and you only see statistics. My father is, now, only a statistic. When will you stop? When you give the order of war, you give the order to kill fathers, sons, daughters, grandchildren, and friends.

Death should not be taken lightly. My dad was a soldier. He fought for you in your dim-witted attempt to conquer the helpless. He was killed for you. And how do you repay him? By forgetting that he ever existed.

War is the brutal cost of freedom. But this fight is not for freedom. It is a fight for your own personal agenda. This is a great fallacy brought on by a hunger for power and money. You make money from killing families but you do not feel the effects, yourself. Life goes on for you in the same way it always has been—counting money without any regard for life. It is time to give the order to stop—the order that will save the lives of the other fathers.

I am broken inside and I will bear the scars forever. We have a right to life. It is not a privilege to live. I wish that I could have told that to my dad. But he is gone forever. If you could have seen the dead and mangled corpse of my father would you still see dollar signs? Would you still see a number? Would you have looked at his face covered in dirt and blood and thought “It’s only one that has died.” How many does it take to convince you that there has been enough bloodshed?

I hear my father screaming in my dreams. He is telling me to run. He is telling me to find shelter. Then an explosion rips him apart. I wake up sweating. I am just one of all the other sons that will live with a terrible thing such as this for the rest of their lives. Do you see a number for me? Am I just a statistic, as well?

My hatred comes from the nadir of my soul. I think about what could have been done to keep this from happening and my blood boils. Happiness will never come for me while the killing continues. I think about the other boys my age and I envy them for a thing that I have not. I envy them for a thing that I will never have. A dad.

War is a racket in which the profits are measured in dollars and the losses in lives and it will never be different.

My dad will live on in my dreams and in my heart and my hopes for the future will be buried with him in a grave of forgetfulness. Do you even care who we are? Are we simply numbers? Are we just statistics?