

One Man

By Ben Clark

It was a snowy morning on December 17, 2013 and I was late for school. I was happy to be late for school because I threw my brother out of his room in his PJs and dumped a pile of snow on him. I used the tractor to dump a pile of snow on my brother and after that I ran away from my brother to school. While my brother was changing out of his soggy wet clothes, a few miles down the road I stopped because I felt a cold chill go down my spine. Then I turned around and saw a massive ghost army of about 1,000 ghost soldiers and 200 ghost vehicles and plus another 5 to 20 ghost soldiers on each vehicle. They scared me half to death. I was right in the middle of the army and then I felt a gush of wind which teleported me into the past and that time period was December 17, 1946 (after WWII).

The entire ghost army turned into people of the unit 505. The unit 505 was the largest army unit in the world and they all died without seeing any action (going to battle) and no one knows how they died. The 505 is a secret army created by all of the nations in the world which they have given up some of their best men to create the 505. The men wore brand new dark green and dark gray uniforms. They had green 3 inch thick helmets that weighed a ton. The weapons they carried were bayonets, shot guns and machine guns. The soldiers created their own common language to speak to one and another.

When I was teleported I was turned around and I was marching up a hill with the 505 in uniform. I was confused why I got teleported and why I was marching up with a doomed army. A soldier was blown up by a mine a few miles up. Than all of the soldiers figured out that there where land mines everywhere. We kept going on but with a caution and with the soldier's guns primed to kill. The guns on the vehicle were all ready to shed some blood. A few miles up the hill, a rocket flew into a car, but it missed it and it blew up a tree instead.

"Short range rocket we must be close." a soldier said, in the weird language. But the rocket did not scare me the most, as the fact that I understood him scared me to death. I could understand everything that the soldiers said and I don't know why. While I was thinking that, someone pulled me aside just seconds before a fleet of vehicles went by.

We waited for a while then we walked about two or three minutes on guard until we saw a car on fire coming down than finally blowing up into shreds. In the distance, I heard someone say "That is our cue." But I did not know how because after he said than everyone got up and ran up the road.

When we turned around the corner what I saw was a little house, a cabin to be specific with cars and tanks in shreds. At the front door of the cabin I saw one man standing slaughtering the 505 unit like flies. And some of the 505 men did not even get to fire a shot. Sometimes when I got a good glimpse of the trees they were rigged with guns. The guns in the trees were killing some of the 505. Explosion

from the ground but there were no mines and the ground breathed fire and roasted some of the people like marshmallows in a fire. It was traumatizing every once in a while to see a guy run out on fire and melt than get shot right in his tracks.

Retreat was not an option because over the intercom I heard "SIR SIR WHEN WE TRIED TO GET OVER TO YOU A HUGE PIT OPENED UP AND KILLED 50 MEN AND WE ARE GETTING SLAUGHTERED" interference for a while until the other guy said "private, PRIVATE G#\$ ^@*\$ PRIVATE ANSWER" then silence came over the intercom. After a while about 15 or 20 minutes I was on the ground and I did not know how many people were left I had a dead body on me (but the good thing was that even the head was missing it was not on me just the hips were). Then shortly after I heard footsteps getting louder and louder and louder I try to play dead which did not seem to work because I felt a great weight get off of me. I thought that I was dead so I opened my eyes to see where I was. The first thing that I saw was a hand reaching down to me so I grabbed it and pulled myself up and I was surprised I was not dead. I was the only one standing and the guy that pulled me was the one that we were fighting.

After he pulled me up I asked him "Why did you not kill me, you had a good shot?" After I asked him he was trying to think of a good answer.

All that he could think of was that "Only family could get that close to me with a shot gun and you look too young to be in the service of any Military." While he was saying all of the we were walking to his house. So I went in to it. I looked around and nodding my head and saying "uh hum nice very nice." And he said "You like my decoy?" I said "Well then excellent."

He said "Come on I will show you my house" with a god awful noise and revolting smell that came behind me. I whipped around with my gun pointing at a hallway in a middle of a plane hardwood wall. I put the riffle down and covered my mouth, because the smell was revolting. He said "Now you get to see my house." I nodded my head and I followed him into the cold wet hallway.

About 15 minutes into the hallway

He said "Do you remember what I told you outside the only family could get that close to me with a gun."

I said "Yes."

He said "Well you are my Grandson"

I say "What, no and never and if I was how do you figure."

He said "Your dad is Jeffery James Clark which is my son and for event like this to save lots of people and the only way they can do that is they have to send a family member to kill that person."

I said "How do now my dad's name and is your name William Clark."

William said "Yes it is."

I said "Well that thing teleporting me back to kill you did not work."

After I said that William opened another door, but the smell of the room smelled like gunpowder. Inside the room were guns after guns after guns then ammunition of the guns and after that were gas tanks and mortars (small booms that launch from the ground for a tube) which was a magnificent site to see.

William showed me to a chair a very comfy leather chair. So I sat down and he said "When you get back to your time you must change our history and your future."

I say "Why."

William said "Because your family history was serial killers for hundreds and hundreds of years and great ones also. You will be one just like the ones before you. You must change must change for the sake of the Clarks to change their ways."

I said "How can I'm stuck in December 17, 1946."

William said "You will go back to the time period we came from at the exact time you left no one will miss you. I think it is time to go back, have fun my grandson Benjamin William Clark."

I am changing the history of the Clarks for 30 years by not killing anyone. I visit Grandpa William at the cemetery 12 times a year every year. After my trip into the past, I opened up a restaurant in Carmel with my Mom's cooking. Now I have one in over 1,000 places in the USA. With some of the extra money I have earned I give to orphanages, children hospitals and to cancer research centers to find a cure for cancer. Around Christmas time I give 1 million dollars to The Salvation Army to help the homeless.