

# Call of Duty - One Shot Collection

## things no one likes to talk about

Von abgemeldet

### Kapitel 19: Redemption

It was a cold October night. The battle was short, but deadly for more than 75 % of the whole company. Just a few survived and those who did, wished to die. Die, next to their brothers and sons.

Like this boy. His name was Vladimir. He was promoted and finally allowed to join Spetsnaz. His father was proud as hell and nearly one week, after he had joined the special forces, there had been an attack.

The political party he and some of his closest friends and family members had joined, always was in a bad light. Vladimir sometimes thought about the things he had learned, back in school. About WW2, Nazis and Hitler. This guy was a genius. His methods questionable, but he knew what he wanted, no matter the costs.

Vladimir was convinced by the things the Ultrationalists said, did and promised. He wanted a life like it was before, back, when he was a kid. His family always was military and no one ever complained, since his father, Alexei Makarov, was a high ranking member of the party and a close friend to Imran Zakhaev who was supposed to be the next one, after Alexei, to teach young Vladimir, how to rule, how to take what he wanted.

But before the soldier was able to trust the man behind all this, Vladimir had to live his worst nightmare through.

The thing was clear, either the Americans, or the Russian forces. Vladimir decided quick and even if it wasn't his decision, he fought like a mad man. He didn't care for gunshots and if he was out of ammo, he used his rifle to break his enemies' faces. There had been a lot of entries in his file about his brutality, his will to succeed and he always lead his teams to victory, even if he lost half his men. He never cared for guidelines and it was a miracle, he made it that far. People said, it was all thanks to his father. Alexei was a born soldier himself and he always had promised his son to create a better future.

But he couldn't make this promise come reality. The whole battle was over in less than 6 hours. There had been too many forces and the Ultrationalists were a young party with less members than wished for. Vladimir never even got, where they got all the military from. But in the end it didn't matter, cause it wasn't enough.

Vladimir just punched down an American soldier, wiped away the rain from his face and got up again, when a parrel hit his face and his upper lip burst open. With a silent noise of pain, he was forced to the ground, into the mud and breathed hard a few times to fight the pain running through his head. As he turned around, he watched

right into the rifle's barrel and looked up to its user, waiting for the shot. His green and blue eyes fixed the soldier above him and the man shortly froze. "You're creepy as fuck, son of a Russian bitch!", he screamed and tightened the finger around the trigger. But before the shot was made, a knife cut his throat, blood burst out of it and the man was going down. Behind him, Vladimir's best friend. It was Yuri, a handsome Russian with deadly hands. He offered Vladimir one, to pull him back to his feet and once he was up again, Vladimir hit his shoulder. "спаси́бо (thanks)", he said and turned around to watch the situation, when suddenly time stopped for him. His eyes widened and he wasn't able to control his feet anymore. He didn't realize, he was running, when he already arrived another American bastard and broke his nose so damn hard it was to hear. When the man got down, Vladimir pulled up his rifle and fired a whole mag into him.

He was nearly out of breath when he turned around to see his father, laying in the dirt, shaking lips, half closed eyes, blood spitting. Vladimir knelt down and gently raised his father's head.

He didn't know what to say. He didn't know what to do. "оте́ц. (Father)" He realized his voice shaking and watched his father's hand moving into his jacket, pulling out his tags and offering them to his son. " возме́здие. (Redemption)", he whispered. "Заставить их заплатить.(Make them pay)"

Vladimir didn't have any answer on that. His shaking, cold hand reached for his father's face and pulled it a little closer. "Мне нужна помощь. Я не могу сделать это в одиночку. (I need help. I can not do it alone.)", he whispered, with a weak voice.

"Вы не должны, сынок. Они найдут вас. (You don't have to, son. They will find you.)"

I only was a matter of seconds, until Alexei closed his eyes. Vladimir laid him down again and looked at the tags in his hand, full of blood. He didn't realize Alexei was the last victim of this battle. And he didn't realize, the battle was already over.

He was just sitting there, trembling, rain soaked and watching his hands. He felt lonely for the first time. For a moment he forgot his mother, Yuri and some friends he had in the Russian army. He just saw himself as the boy he once was and his father sitting in their house's living room and listening to the stories his father had to tell. For the moment he didn't remember they had fought together. He forgot they were both politicians for the same thing, both soldiers for the same thing. He just saw him as a child and his 'partner' as his father. All of this was gone and he would make them pay for it.

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It was an hour before the funeral. Vladimir was standing in front a mirror and watching himself in his new uniform. He was wearing it for the first time and he liked the look of it, though nobody would see it, since he would wear a black, long coat on top of it all.

He looked himself over for a moment and his eyes fixed themselves. He remember the last words of the U.S. soldier, before he was shot and he realized the man was right. At least from this day on. People would call him crazy, but he would call himself convinced by a fact.

He felt the anger rise again and took a deep breath not to smash the mirror. His head turned left to the wardrobe, where his mother was standing. She was wearing a black dress, looking more angry than sad. She reached for him, touching his cheek and watching the battle in his eyes, before she turned towards the robe and pulled out a white scarf, which she put around his neck, falling its end with her small hands. Two letters were stitched in it. "A. M."

"Это еще был подарок от своей матери. Теперь она твоя. Помните, кто вы и что вы стоите на. (This once was a present from his mother. Now it's yours. Remember who you are and what you are standing for.)", she said and he bowed his head a little, so she could kiss his forehead.

Most people had already left, when Vladimir was still watching the coffin, like it would change anything, when a hand suddenly rested on his shoulder. He turned around to see his father's closest ally, Imran Zakhaev, standing behind him. "Я сожалею о вашей потере. (I'm sorry for your loss)", he said and the young man just nodded. "И я помогу вам, чтобы сделать их платить. (And I will help you to make them pay.)"

Vladimir didn't know what to say, but thank you. He would accept his offer and do whatever it could take to honor his father's last request.

"мире было поле боя  
везде вы идете  
кровь братьев и сыновей  
кричит против вас  
возможно, вы пока не можете услышать его  
потому что этот мир не является вашим собственным  
но вы будете  
вы будете"

("the world has been a battlefield  
everywhere you go  
the blood of brothers and sons  
screams out against you  
perhaps you can not yet hear it  
because this world is not your own  
but you will  
you will")