

September 2009

## Armored Core

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### Recommended Citation

Pacheco, Nelson (2009) "Armored Core," *The APUS Eagle*: Vol. 2: Iss. 1, Article 9.  
Available at: <http://digitalcommons.apus.edu/theapuseagle/vol2/iss1/9>

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Armored Core  
By Nelson Pacheco

"I've seen men tremble at the mere sight of my house." I never knew such an evil until the day I was purged. I've often asked myself why I'm viewed in such a negative light. Why was I created at all? I've seen horrible things, people fight over me, even some that don't even know how to manage me right. Still I stand a lonely one. My brothers have since left me to face the rest of my years, days, even minutes sometimes; do I not deserve a better life? Why couldn't I be a bird, or a song?

"I love songs!"

I remember a time when the hammers would ring. The melody was soothing. It reminded me of a simpler place. It reminded me of a time when the only worry I had was that I loved too much. How would my master create me? As much as my birth excited me, I knew what kind of life, I would live. Certainly not by choice, but what am I to do? I am but a figment of the strife that lives in man. I am a victim of the fires, the cries, and the fears. I so want to be a song. Everyone loves a song.

I see the eyes of strangers I've never met. I see fear, and despair, and all that travels in my mind is that I wish I could console them. I unfortunately cannot do what my heart so wants to do. I yearn for a peace I'll never see. I struggle with my own existence. I know a day without tyranny, or persecution. Why, Lord, have you trapped the heart of an Angel in a vessel of such insanity?

My master has completed me. I see a sparkle in his eye that could undoubtedly rival any other time in which a creator saw extreme beauty in his creation. My crib anticipates my arrival. There is so much I want to see. There is so little time in the day to do it all. I am so happy to be alive. I know that my life on this earth is a meaningful one. Certainly, God has a plan for me. All that's left to do is close my eyes, and await my destiny.

Across the horizon I could see names on the wall. Blurry at first, but I was ultimately able to make out the names. My Dad always listened to angry music. I never knew why. I wished he'd play something nice. Something soothing. I love a relaxing song.

I always sensed an urge to scream at him, "Cut that out, I want to listen to something great."

However, I knew that more than likely my voice would fall on deaf ears. My creator came busting through the door. It was definitely hard to make out what he was saying, but I knew it wasn't friendly. I tried to focus with fervent zeal, instead I heard a voice cry, "My son, close your eyes and try to feel."

I thought to myself, God spoke to me. I am sure of it. I felt so alive. I felt so loved. That brief moment of wonderfulness was definitely short lived. My Dad came storming in, and very angrily ranted, and raved about awful things.

His look was very menacing. I just stood there motionless, hoping I didn't anger father. My dad picked up my brothers and me, where we proceeded to a place I have never seen before. My brothers and I were scared. We didn't know what was going to happen. We just knew that there was something

sinister in our father's eyes. I tried to scream out I love you, but he couldn't hear me. I think he didn't want to hear me. I was screaming awfully loud for him not to.

The next thing I knew, my Dad lobbed my one brother towards a kid. My brother did something I never saw before, he exploded. The kid's face was awful. I couldn't believe my eyes. I started to cry. Why was I put into this world? Why am I surrounded by this darkness that resides in my father? Before I could say anything, or even think anything else, I left my house and was faced with a feeling I never felt before. I was flying. My joy was short lived, as I got closer to a person I recognized from a photo once. I did the same thing my brother did no more than 10 seconds ago. Ultimately, I guess no matter how good I try to be, I'm just a bullet, "Oh, how I wish I was a song."

