

## The Enemy

"Hello. Nice to meet you," he says with the nicest smile but to me it is an evil grin and this man is taunting me with every word that comes out of his mouth. He puts his hand out into the red zone to shake mine, but my hand is screaming, "Attack! He wants to attack! How dare he!"

All the alarms siren in my head; I must prepare for an upfront battle with this monstrous man. His appearance is warm and welcoming, but I, unlike the other girls, see into his evil intentions. What could they be? What is his play? As these questions quake around in my mind, I bring my forces to a halt and shake his hand in the red zone. The warmth of his hand runs up my arm, wraps around my neck and releases a toxic feeling, more toxic than anything on this toxic Earth.

That felt good.

A race in my heart starts; it is on the verge of making a new world record. I cannot let this happen; I cannot surrender to an act of sorcery. Seduction.

Like the beauty of a rose, he attracts the hands of those intrigued by him but, alas, they do not see the thorns under the perfect petals. I am no ordinary girl; I see his plans and I will show the strength of a warrior at war. I will win.

But there is a weakness inside me, a peculiar feeling I cannot explain. I feel it grow as the days go by. Are my feelings towards my enemy softening and not hardening? As I analyse my enemy, I begin to feel at ease, at peace, and a sudden thought explodes in my mind.

I know him.

After all the preparation, analysis and condemnation, this man has undressed my soul. He has turned my strength into a weakness and the weakness finally becomes known to me... It is love!

While on patrol I had stepped on the landmine that he had placed on the ground, but this explosion was different. It was soft, surreal, soothing. It brought more pleasure than pain. So I began to ask myself, had I really lost the battle? It wasn't this man who was the real enemy; it was me. I had denied a victory beyond compare. I had denied love.

I had let my guard down; I had made myself more vulnerable than the hand in the red zone. I had won in my defeat.

Theo Thomas F5