

Siegfried Müller - Script 4

What is war after all?

I've spent my life in the throes of conflict, first on the Polish-German border, then in the heart of the jungle, under the blazing African sun.

I've seen the world change. Nations that once hailed Nazism, fascism, and white supremacy now fight under the banner of democracy. It's the same war after all, isn't it? A never-ending struggle for resources, supremacy, ideology, religion, and ethnicity.

We are all the same, us humans, perpetually fighting. We convince ourselves that we're on the right side of history, that our cause is just. But on the battlefield, history becomes void, meaningless.

Soldiers fight, die for nothing. Civilians, innocent, killed for nothing.

For what really?

The fleeting shadows of power, of greed, of a twisted sense of identity that fades into dust at the end.

In my younger days, I believed in the glory of the fight, the honor of the soldier.

But what glory is there in destruction?

What truth in a life spent dealing death?

Soldiers, we are but figures, roles played on the world stage, with no true heroism, no lasting truth.

Our sacrifices? Ridiculous.

Our principles intertwined with opportunism.

Our violence, always in service to power... to the insatiable hunger of those who want more.

And yet, what we truly need is peace, not more wars. We need to challenge those who push us into conflict, those who see war as the only answer.

We need to end wars. Not with more violence, but with the courage to stand down, to say 'no more.'

To fight, truly fight, for peace. Because in the end, what else matters but how we've helped each other, how we've made the world a little better, a little more just?

Let history say this of me: that when the time came, Siegfried Müller, once called Kongo-Müller, once a mercenary, chose to advocate for peace, to lay down his arms. I only regret that this decision has come too late to have any effect on history.

Let it be said that I realized the folly of war, the emptiness of its promises.

That, perhaps, is the only redemption I can seek.