

# Evils of war essay sample

War



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BUSTER**

I always perceived war to be glorious and honourable. However, as time passed by and change has come about, my thinking has also transformed. No longer is war the glorious thing it once represented to me. Instead, it has become a monstrosity, a miserable excuse for murder, monetary gain, bloodshed and a means of justifying pride in one's country.

Soldiers are just like the pawns of their governments in the war moved on the chessboard battle-fields; they think that it is glorious to die for one's country; they do not know that the very people they fight are merely clones of themselves, boys with mothers to return to, young men with wives and commitments. They shout songs of joy, of pride and of loyalty, not realizing the bitter irony of their words, understanding only when the bullets tear into their living flesh that they have been deceived with honey-laden smooth talk carried out by officers. At home, their anxious mothers, wives and children wait, knitting their worries into warm jerseys for their men, jerseys that will soon be used to cover their rotting corpses. For many of them, they will not see their men again, unless they endeavor to venture into enemy land and dig up the mass graves into which the bodies of fallen soldiers are callously thrown without the glory for which they died.

War is another ingenious creation of mankind, a tool exploited to gain power and financial benefits. There are many reasons for wars, but one must understand that there is always more beneath the surface. If a country says that it is fighting a war because it was insulted by another country, it is for sure a lie. No government would send thousands of their young men out to die over a mere insult. No, unless, of course, there happen to be oil wells in the enemy territory or gold mines. No action is taken unless this useful

information is obtained. Should the enemy possess rather valuable resources, the whole nation suddenly begins a rigmarole of an injured, deeply wounded people who are only seeking to gain back their pride through the defence of their country, through war.

Many have spoken, but few have listened, yet more have turned a deaf ear although the words strike chords in their hearts. It is inevitable that they must learn that lesson, and they must learn it either on the brink of death, in death, or in the safety of their homes. War's litany is simple: Kill. War's lessons are equally understandable: Pain. Anguish. Death.

Which man's heart can desire such evil? None.