

The New Weapon

He reached out to touch it, then hesitated and drew his hand back. But he wanted to touch it; badly. Tentatively he reached for it again but not all the way.

"What is it?"

"A new kind of weapon." She gently stroked the handle, the nozzle the little trigger, then shuddering she held it away from her.

"You take it," she whispered.

"How will it be used?" he asked gently taking it, holding it in his hands, touching it, tenderly stroking it. He couldn't take his eyes off it; it was unreal and it was in his hands.

In reply she just shook her head and looked away.

"But it's so small, how can it be a weapon?" he insisted.

And yet looking at her he realised she had seen it; she knew.

"It is."

The old timer paced back and forth, back and forth. Finally, he stood behind the table and motioned for silence.

"We have reason, we have sanity, we have logic." He looked around and noticed that nobody was paying attention to him. He banged his fist down on the table. Why was he not getting through to them?

"Our generation has always been able to reason with them, to hold debates, to talk about it. Why not now?"

"It's too late now," she answered looking at him puzzled. Had he really not heard? Had he really not seen? How was that even possible?

"But we're the masters of words, we always win, our words are more powerful than anything else. We'll gather everyone, we'll talk, we'll argue, we'll disagree but in the end we'll sort it out. We always do."

He looked around at the faces frowning at him. They seemed to be listening to him; but they were not hearing him, his words. His words were being lost ... turning into background noise.

And then he understood.

Words weren't going to work anymore.

The young ones had a weapon and that weapon drowned out all the words.

It wasn't a fair fight.