

I love seasons

This speech is an adaptation from the Manga Comic “Hellsing”, (The major’s speech: “I love war”)

My friends, it has often been said that I like seasons.

My friends, I like seasons ...

No, friends, I love seasons!

I love snowfall.

I love storms.

I love blizzards.

I love ice, flurries, I love avalanches and droplets.

Winter across prairies, in streets, in trenches, in grasslands, in frozen tundra’s, through deserts, on the sea, in the air, I love every form of weather that can occur upon this earth.

I love freezing the enemy to death with snow cannon salvos that thunder across the lines of battle.

The sight of skiers being buried under snow is an irresistible pleasure. And there is nothing more arousing than the sounds made by people at the beach dropping like

flies screaming in agony as they are pierced by cold frozen icicles.

When a band of pitiful sun enjoyers makes their final stand with nothing but a towel, only to have their city smashed with snow block by block by winter clouds, I am in ecstasy.

I love it when my snowmen are ravaged by a heat ray. It is so sad to see towns and villages that were supposed to be frozen at all cost, being melted to freedom, their possessions and livestock being accessible and fed.

I love to be squashed under the heel of the spring and summer heat breezes. The humiliation as my snowman crawl around like vermin, ducking the hot sun flying overhead.

Gentlemen... All I ask for is seasonal change, change so grand as to make earth itself tremble. Gentlemen, I ask you as fellow brothers of snow what is it that you really want? Do you wish for further seasons as I do? Do you wish for a merciless, bloody change? A seasonality whose fury is built with snow and lightning and fire. Do you ask for seasonality to sweep in like a tempest, leaving not even ravens to scavenge from this Earth?

We are but a single snowstorm... The remnants of a defeated winter less than a hundred km/h strong. However, I believe that each one of you old gusts is equal to a thousand of their sickly soft heat waves! We represent a force that could easily snow in a field of a million and one square miles!

Joshua, 10a