

3rd - Phil

The sun went down beyond the horizon and painted the landscape in blood red. Blood! As if he hadn't seen enough of that the last months.

His glance wandered around on the battlefield. Finally it was over. After three month, silence came back into the vale for the first time. But it wasn't a peaceful silence. It was frightening.

He shuddered and was about to go back the way he came from, but he had to walk to the other side of the valley. The smell of death normally would have been hardly endurable, but he got used to it over time. This, however, didn't apply for the sight presented to him. Dead soldiers of both sides were lying next to each other, looking at him with empty, vacant eyes, still clutching their weapons in death. He began to shiver even more.

Involuntarily his hand rose towards a pocket of his vest and opened it. His fingers fumbled around until he found...

... the pack of cigarettes his friend gave him. He took out one of the cigarettes and lit it. He usually does not smoke, in fact he hates smoking more than anything else in this world. After he exhaled a big amount of smoke, which then hid the dead bodies next to him, he started to think back.

His friend has always been faster than him, no matter how hard he trained his body and mind, he still could not beat him. But then irony of life and death had struck again. In the end his slowness had saved him, if he just would have been one or two steps faster he would have died with his friend. He would not have to bear this pain of being all alone, losing everyone he cared about.

His hand was grabbing his dagger which was right at his belt. He would end it now, no more pain. The dagger tip pointed now to his throat. He closed his eyes and was ready to do his last action, when something came up in his mind. The last words of his friend were repeating themselves in his head. "Live on, you don't need to seek revenge or death, I lived my life as I wanted it to, I have no regrets and so you shouldn't have either." He opened his eyes and put the dagger back at his place. The need to fulfil the last wish of his friend was stronger than the need to run away from the pain. He straightened up his shoulders and was ready to face everything which was in his way. Behind him there was a tree cracking down.

Something was coming. He turned around just to look into the faces of a hungry wolf pack. He knew what they were up to. Hungry as they are this battlefield has to be like a dream for them. "This people have suffered enough", he thought to himself, drew his dagger and was running right into their direction.