

A Soldier's Dilemma

Deafening gunshots were heard from everywhere. A symphony of demise. The warfield was besmirched by the courageous, patriotic blood and sweat of those who were a sacrifice to their country. There General Martin crouched, his body blemished by severe wounds. The dust had accumulated on his sweaty face, which was filled with nervousness. A village burnt down by the flames of terrorism; there sat a brave soldier who had saved hundreds of innocent lives. But, he then saw his friend, Sergeant Alex, his chest oozing with blood, its crimson hue tainting his uniform. He was at the brink of death. Either he could save him or himself. An unclear, erratic noise was emitted from his walkie talkie: "Retreat immediately, save yourself – ". On the radio was the abrupt sound of a gunshot. They had infiltrated the soldiers camp. Martin and Alex were together, alone, both looking at each other with frightened faces and teary eyes.

Martin was balancing himself on a scale tipping this side and that side. He hung off the edge of a precipice, the rock slowly chiselling away at the burden of his weight and misery, He remembered his hospitalised parents, marred by stroke. He then remembered his childrens helpless, innocent cries, as he was the one who abandoned them, and left them alone to serve his country, He then remembered the sweet caresses of his dear wife who struggled to bring even a grain of rice on the table. He felt like a villain, leaving his family just for his work. He cursed himself, reprimanding himself of his helpless situation.

His friend looked at him with a smile; a smile filled with the nostalgic memories of academic life. They were two dear dear friends from high school. Their bond was akin to a knot, tied together so tightly. They were inseparable. He couldn't leave him to die; he couldn't let his one and only best friend go die. But, if he tried to save him, he

would run the risk of bringing a threat to life and family. Saving Alex was a guaranteed sacrifice. Then again Alex had his own pain he suffered through; his parents. Besmirched by cancer, they were stuck behind the confines of hospital walls. The life of his family and Alex's family were on the line.

Poor Martin sat under the debris of a village house as he was given the impossible decision of whether to save himself and family from destitute, or to save his dear friend, allowing him to go home and pay for his parents' medical treatment, however risking Martin's life. Thus, he juggles the lives of dear ones in his burdened and weary hands.