A soldier must decide between risking his life to save his best friend or staying put and saving himself-

The blazing sun was in an exalted mood, its heavenly rays showering a palette of orange and gold onto the sphere, transforming the silhouette-like battlefield into an enormous oven. The cerulean sky, pulsating with smoggy, palpable air, converted the wispy birds’ once mellifluous melodies into grotesque symphonies. The clouds, once reverberated with elation and jubilation while they jovially danced across the azure sky’s canvas, were now filled with sorrow and despair. Emerald trees, stood august and robust like silent sentinels, muttering narratives of forsaken wildernesses.

Percy had a steadfast and determined jawline. His will was unyielding, as if he was desperate to fight. Adorned in his torn, nylon combat uniform seemingly heavy and out of place, he felt like burdening the weight of the whole world onto his shoulders. His obscured face was partially covered by a muddy slouch hat, speaking of a mosaic of underlying tragedy and vulnerability. His arms, gently cracked with a tapestry of catastrophic chaos and intoxicating battles, were firmly supported by his petrifying bravery that had encountered unprecedented feats over a thousand lifetimes. His legs pulsed with a mellifluous symphony of spreading serenity throughout peculiar occurrences, murmuring his glorious past victories.

When he delved into the battlefield, his eyes, as obsidian as charcoal rock in a forsaken dungeon, darted apprehensively, casting a shadow of inner frustration and defiance. His best friend, Thomas, who he had known since the boot camp, was seriously injured during a battle with the Nazis. He was tall but hunched, revealing months of self-doubt and uncertainty. His eyes heralded ambiguous riddles that hinted a ghostly past, sparkling anxieties to reveal the mysteries awaiting ahead. His gaze fell to the ground, and his shoulders slumped, as if he was carrying the weight of century old mountains upon him. A sense of sorrow and loss weighed down his entire being, each step he took seemingly heavier than the last.

Percy’s fingers fidgeted the edges of his coat. Only a small fragment of his face was kindled by the tranquil sunlight, keeping the remaining concealed in darkness. This interplay of light and shadow reflected the duality within him, the unknown secrets concealed from his ominous eyes. He just received an order to retreat back to the military base since they were outnumbered by the Nazis. However, this meant he had to leave Thomas stranded in this malevolent graveyard as he wasn’t able to move. He was at the crossroad of saving himself or dying together with his closest mate.

A wave of emotion surged through him, the air thick with tension. He had to make an almost impossible decision. If he couldn’t make it home, poverty would engulf his family like a ferocious beast unleashing its wrath, as he was only income earner. The family would desperately fight for food and other daily necessities, not to mention to afford the mortgage repayments. His two youngsters would be deprived of their dignity, freedom and potential, losing the opportunities to live a life of fulfillment and purpose. To make matters worse, as the only son of his family, he had received numerous letters from the Age Care, emphasising the deteriorating conditions of his two aging parents.

A sole tear flashed in his eye, a fracture in the armour that shielded his inscrutable nature. He was filled with a fierce determination, his heart racing in anticipation. In that moment, his emotions flooded, revealing a depth of sorrow and agony buried deeply in his souls. He suddenly found that Thomas was a traitor, as he had given himself up to the rivalry and was now getting treatments from them…

He clenched his teeth, his face turning scarlet red, as anger surged through his veins. He slammed the military hat to the ground with a sudden, forceful gesture, the sound vibrating through the area like a raging beast, a physical manifestation of his frustration and defiance.