Have Mercy

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A man reflects while trapped inside a cave, pinned by a fallen boulder. As he awaits his friends return, he begins to understand that he may die.

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Moments slip by. Time is like sand seeping through the cracks of floorboards. The silence weighs heavily on me, even more so than the boulder that pins me. Drops of water sing to me in echoing choruses out of the darkness of the cave. The source of life was so out of reach yet it taunted me with its closeness. They promised to return with help and that is where I put my faith. The initial feeling was the worst pain Iâ d ever felt. The sharp edges of the boulder dug into my skin like the teeth of a hungry dog. The sound of the bone snapping still echoes in my mind. Hot blood ran down the north wall of the cave, the wall I found myself pinned to. It had all happened so fast. My only option was to trust in my friends. They promised to make it back to home base and send for aid, but I doubted they would make it. The journey would take them in through the night and they had already run out of food. The thought occurred to me that my body might become a part of this cave. Forever pinned at my mercy, my blood marking my grave and the boulder outlasting me, even remaining in death to taunt me. I close my eyes, willing to accept my fate. Hope still flickered at the back of my mind like the flame of a candle. I trust them, all of them. They will come back for me.

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