My Last Battle, My Last Breath

By : Kalika997

The last breath is always the most painful.

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I watch the smoke swirling upwards into a dark sky. The sun has set, and it is time. I draw my sword, already knowing what is about to happen. A silent prayer, a deep breath, a flash of many swords and the leader yells. We roar and dash forward, swords drawn, the archers are firing already.

My sword is so heavy in my hand as I clutch at it, my breathing laboured, my feet carrying me towards my demise. I see their weapons glinting in the moonlight and spot my first opponent, a huge menacing man, the muscles in his throat tight as he yells. He is twice my height and easily three times as strong. I falter for a moment, but I know it's death either way, and sprint forward. I slash at his throat and miss it by millimetres, jumping as he swipes at my legs. I stab my sword through his chest and yank it out again as he falls to his knees, not bothering to see if he is dead I move on, confidence rising with every step.

Death is all around me as I run, slipping on a blood-slicked ground, smelling the rank scent of burning flesh, copper scented blood and smoke. I see so many of my comrades fall, yet so many enemies too. I hear the screaming and the roaring, the pounding of my own heart, the sickening thuds of falling men.

Something sharp and cold sticks into my back. Shocked, I turn to see one of my own comrades; he stabbed me in the back. Literally.

"Why?" I choke as he grins at me, blood spraying from my lips as I gasp for air. He just chuckles and runs at another of my comrades. Using the last of my waning strength, I grab the knife and rip it out of my back, ad let it fly at him. It finds its new home between his shoulder blades and he falls, dead.

I shudder as Death's cold hand grips my heart and squeezes it tightly. I am lying in a pool of my own blood, gasping for air, each breath more painful than the last. My vision is blurring, the sound of clashing swords and screams fading. I roll onto my back, trying so hard to breathe, but drowning as my lungs fill with blood.

As I take my last breath, the pain is so bad I try to scream, but there is no air to scream with, and so I die.

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