

Sergeant Dmitri Ivanov stood forlorn in his battered tent he called home, salty rivers streaming down his creased spider web of skin, eye bags puffy and swollen from the lack of sleep and struggles the war presented. His family were hidden in despair, smothered with anxiety and caught in the tide of homelessness, washed into the vast ocean of uncertainty with everyone else. The ocean was a sinkhole, grasping innocent souls with an inescapable scythe. He was forced into the military's harsh environments and its rigorous practices, but also met an inseparable teammate and friend, Sergeant Rimsky Korsakov. They became best mates, relying on each other in the toughest of times and constantly together, and whilst the war had separated the world, it had brought the two closer. And now he was being tortured and his heartstrings were played with like a harp, his fragile heart torn as he was told that Rimsky was shot at the front and he was a vulnerable subject to the enemy. Dmitri was in a state of dilemma; if he saved his friend, he would risk himself being shot, however if he didn't go save him, there was no doubt that he would be shot multiple times until his inevitable death. Silence echoed the batty tent, the only sounds heard were the occasional visit of the autumn breeze and Dmitri's constant muttering, until he grabbed his army jacket and hat. His sweat-infused clothes reeked of a muddy sweat smell as he grabbed his firearm and he hid within the bushy lands of Mainland Russia, holding up his binoculars up to his nose, scanning his surroundings for Rimsky. Rimsky was a fair, noticeable man, his brunette hair always parted towards one side, and his almond eyes looking as if it could penetrate through anything it lays on, but at this moment, his eyes were anything but penetrating. He lay on the bare, naked earth, his eyes sealed, his limp, blood-covered body hanging loose on the intricate strings of life. His breathing grew shallow with every gunshot heard, until a pair of asymmetrical footsteps were heard running towards him. Dmitri winced in pain as bullets entered his skin and shrapnel flew everywhere, however, he could not turn back, seeing his friend in grave danger was a traumatic sight no one would ever want to see. He rushed to his friend's side, rubbing his back and shaking him violently as more bullets passed by Dmitri. After a few seconds, Rimsky automatically flinched, opening one eye to reveal Dmitri, covered in wounds, shrapnel and blood. Dmitri's face was that of worry and panic, quickly smothering Rimsky with blankets and bringing him into the hospital tent, nurses tending Rimsky's sharp wounds and cuts, as his vision became poor. The last thing he heard were gunshots, shouts and cries as their sound waves obliterated the January winter air. As Sergeant Rimsky Korsakov later found out, his best friend had risked and given away his life so he could survive instead.