

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

John stood at the edge of the blood stained battlefield, his heart thumping in his chest. This was it. This was the end. His emerald green eyes ran across the battlefield. It was only him and his best friend Tim left against thousands of Nazis. His eyes reached Tim's deep blue eyes. Tim quickly looked away, distracted by his family nearby. John glanced down at his murky brown gun.

With only one bullet left, he faced the agonizing decision of saving his best friend, Tim or ensuring his own survival. The deafening chaos around him echoed the cries of fallen soldiers. Adrenaline surged through him. What did he have to live for?

Tim, unaware of the thoughts whirring in John's mind, was stuck in a world of his own. He watched as his wife ate all of their food and drank all their water, leaving none for their three children. If he survived, he would take the children away from this wretched woman. If he survived. These words tumbled in his brain, what-ifs flooding his mind. Returning back to reality, he searched the war zone for any survivors. Fallen comrades filled the trenches, soldiers who had sacrificed themselves for their country. All but one person stood in front of Tim.

John's breathing quickened. Excuses to live filled his mind. He was young, but Tim was younger. He had a wife, but Tim had children. He knew what he had to do.

Tim closed his eyes. The choice was simple. He had to save John. Tim searched the battlefield, looking for a familiar face. He saw a crumpled body on the ground with brown hair and a familiar face. It was John.

Tim felt like a failure. He had taken too long with his thoughts. Too long with his what-ifs. A punch of reality consumed him. He had chosen himself.

A young girl must choose between following her parent's dream's or pursuing her own-

Sarah was a talented musician. Her piano skills made anyone smile as they listened to the beautiful harmony. She poured her soul into every piece of music she composed; her emotions were a symphony. Everyone loved Sarah's talent, except for her parents. Her talent was nothing but a hobby to them. Every melody was nothing more than a simple tune.

Sarah's parents had already invested the money Sarah needed for a doctor's course at university. Sarah had often pushed away the subject of her future job, but this time, she couldn't delay the question.

Her relatives sat around her, eager to find out the answer to the question they had asked all of Sarah's life. Sarah sat nervously at the front of the table, her eyes avoiding the stare of her family. Her mind was spinning around in her head, her entire future in front of her.

Sarah's parents walked across the room, a fake smile spread across their faces. They expected an answer today and they expected it now.

Sarah felt as if she had to choose her parent's dreams, they already paid for her future. But she could go so far with her piano skills at the University of Arts, a school renowned for their musical talent. What should she choose, her dreams or her parent's?