Plain

certifiableGrimalkin

The scene was slowly unwinding before her. The sweet, humid air hit her nostrils. The warm, blinding rays of sun barely managed to get through her closed eyelids. She felt the pricks of the grass blades on her hands, and the cold prods of water droplets attaching to her skin. It had been raining, but wasn't anymore, and the thought of standing up, not to get her clothes wet but passed through her mind. Not even the distant sporadic humming of the cars on the road could make her lose her train of thought now.

And so it would have been, had not the other come. The earth was soft, but dry enough not to make any sounds, and so she realized only by the voiding of sunlight, that something has arrived. She slowly opened her eyes, fluttering the lids, blinded. At first, she saw a contour of a person, but slowly, as her eyes adjusted to this hostile environment, she recognized the other.

"It has been quite a while, hasn't it?", she tried, looking for a way to hide herself in the flatland.

Silence was all that answered her, but a silence so heavy in meaning, she couldn't have bore it otherwise. The other's eyes looked at her, deep with experience, but glassed over, by what she had done. Both of them could not be. There was no escape from the past now. Just her, and those tired, sad eyes, remembering a better past, and imagining what could have been

But the past was the past, and there was a pressing matter at hand. She looked at the other again, then sprang up, running away. While in a daze, from all the tension building up inside of her, as if through a body of water, she heard a clicking sound. She managed to make a few more paces, when a small explosion occurred, both in sound, and in pain in her left leg. She fell, her elbows sinking slightly into the ground. No steps were to be heard.

She turned around on the plain, and the other was already by her side.

"So this is how it end-" Another explosion of pain. She coughed up some blood. 'Pop goes the lung', she thought, in the ever-blackening view of the world. She was starting to wheeze. She saw the eyes. Those cold, glassy eyes, having been filled with everything, but so empty, with stolen glisters. She felt a feeble, sulfury smell, and then a cold touch at her forehead

'It is done...'