Grigorii Raevskii, Unit 10, Writing.

I picked up a piece of wood lying near my hiding place, my mind ticking through possibilities. It was heavy, its rough surface scraping against my palm. My grip tightened around it. My former friend, now a predator. His broad back was exposed. A perfect target. Could I do it? Could I fight back?

Why had Heid betrayed me? Was it a mistake? Or was it intentional? Questions swarmed in my head, each more unsettling than the last. I had to confront him, demand answers. Yet, the fear of what those answers might be sent shivers down my spine. I watched as he lowered his binoculars, his gaze scanning the river one last time. He seemed so composed, so ruthless. Was this the same man I'd trusted with my life?

Staying low, I started edging towards him, each step taking me closer to the precipice of truth. My heart pounded in my chest, fear and anticipation were intertwining. Silently, I prayed that he wouldn't turn around, wouldn't see me approaching. I felt the blood seeping through my shirt, reminding me of my vulnerability, but I had been trained to endure pain. We had all been drilled in endurance and resilience. My training, years ago, had prepared me for this moment. Heid had once been a part of that 'we'. But now, our roles had been inverted. His gun lay discarded by the tree, within my reach. And then, he started turning...