

Enemies

- If I could reach you, I would slit your throat! – The warrior wanted to catch up on the hands of his enemy, lying side by side, but his strength had left him, so he grinded teeth violently and laid down again on his side.

- How many times have we met in combat? - The warrior in light armour who was laying close to him, turned his head towards his opponent - how many times our armies converged in fierce battles? Will this war ever be completed? What do you think about that?

- To the last drop ... Do you hear me? I will hate you until my last breath! I will survive! I have been stained many times before on the battlefield. So many times. But I will survive! And only for one thing, only to get back under the banner of my army and fight until the end for the glory of my King and my God! If not me, then my brothers in arms will one day finish you and erase even the memory of your army!

Light warrior looked at the sky and smiled slightly.

- Why do you hate me so much, my friend?

- Friend? - Black warrior's eyes widened - you have just called me your friend? Are you out of your mind? We are at war for thousands of years! We...

- Yes. I know the story. No need to remind me of it. You know ... – light warrior looked back at his opponent - I used to be like you. All my life I had been living with hatred towards you. I have served my king, carried out all the orders and always thought of only one thing: the fact that someday we will win this war. But I did not want the peace with you. Rather I wished your destruction. And I was doing all I could to make it happen. In this, you and I are alike, aren't us?

- You ... You ... How dare you compare yourself to me? - Hissed the dark warrior - if I could ...

- Yes, I know - interrupted light warrior- if you could, you would slit my throat. I've already heard it. Would you like to hear my story?

Dark pursed his lips, but stayed silent.

- Well. The meaning of my life was to destroy you. I did not think about anything else. Hatred ruled me – bright warrior stayed silent for a moment - our King always told us that dying on the battlefield is a great honour for all of us. And after death, we will rise again, we will rebirth and become pale knights, continuing the war to the bitter end.

- Our King says the same thing.

- I think it is a habit of the Kings. Who would have protected them if they hadn't been saying that?

- Dark Warrior frowned but said nothing.

- Today, I was between the first ones to be wounded. I was carried from the field and left here. I wanted to get up a little bit and see what happens out there on the field. But I was so hurt that I could not do it. Then I laid on my back and looked up. And I saw them there.

- Who? did you see?

- I saw our Gods.

- Our Gods? - Dark face already blackened by boiling rage - there is no "us". Only my God! Everyone knows it!

- You are wrong, my friend. There is also my God with yours. And you can see them by yourself. One need only to raise your head, and to look up.

- What a stupid attempt to deceive me - laughed the dark - you know perfectly well that we are forbidden to look up. Or maybe you want to distract me in order to finish me? No, I do not buy.

- I do not need to cheat you. I feel that I have not much time left to me. And you do not look better. Just trust me and look there.

Dark warrior hesitated a while, and then, just in case, crawled away, and laid down on his back ...

- Here's your check, and there's your mate - the man smiled and looked at his opponent.

He nodded sadly and put a black queen on the board.

- Maybe another party?

- No, I don't have time - the man looked at his watch - do not worry, next time you will be lucky.

- Well ... Thank you for this game - defeated rival smiled and held out his hand to the winner.

Two pawns lying side by side on the table. Black and White. Warriors of the two most violent and irreconcilable armies in the world.

- They ... They smile to each other, - whispered Black Warrior in despair - they are not enemies ...?

- No, my friend, they are - friends. And they play us in their games. Our hatred for each other is just one of the rules of the game. For thousands of years our armies have cut each other in fierce battles only because of one thing: they were bored.

Black Warrior wanted to say something, but suddenly went into a prolonged cough.

- We are ... Why ... - I ... I think ... I'm dying.

White warrior reached for the hand of his enemy, and, clenched it in his hand and looked into his eyes.

- We cannot change the rules invented by our gods. It is not in our power. But maybe one day the time will come to realize that all of us are just a toy in their hands.

- No enemies ... - croaked the black warrior and quiet.

- It is a pity that we wouldn't remember about that in our next life ... See you, my friend. Until next battle - White Warrior whispered and closed his eyes.