Two Warriors  
337 words

They had already been lying there for several hours, the fighting slowly receding to the west. Eventually the knight spoke. "I suppose we might as well get to know each other. I am Sir Percival, son of Lord Arthur and heir to the lands of Dijon, knight in the service of our lord Jesus Christ."

*"Are you speaking to me? I don't understand your language, I'm sorry."*

Sir Percival paused. "Ah, you don't speak French, do you? Well, that's alright. I don't speak your language either."

*"I wish you understood me. Anything is better than dying alone. Even dying with only a heretical invader for company."*

Percival sighed. "Still, I wish I could give confession to you. A man should not die with sins on his conscience, whether he be Christian or no."

*"My friend, we are a sorry pair indeed. Two lonesome warriors with no one to speak to."*

Percival reached up to his neck, finding a crucifix fastened to a necklace. "Well, take this regardless. Perhaps it will help." With some difficulty, he tore it off and pushed it in the direction of the other warrior.

*"What is this? This is your holy symbol, is it not? You cannot give me - oh, I see. You hope to save me from your Hell. Well, if you give me yours, then I should give you mine."*

Percy felt a gentle weight land in his palm. He brought his hand back to his face and saw a curious symbol inscribed on a little copper disc, fastened to a necklace as his crucifix had been. “Ah, you have given me your own symbol. Thank you, my friend. Well,” he coughed up a little blood as he tied the new necklace around his neck, “perhaps we shall meet in heaven now, although whether it be your heaven or mine I cannot say.”

*"Let us meet in heaven, my friend. Yours or mine."*

The two warriors fell silent then, taking comfort in the knowledge that they would not die alone.