Character NPC: Luka

A female doctor who is an acquaintance of the protagonist. She is a front line doctor who was conscripted early on in the war. She is not exactly pleased to be there, but now that she’s here she would like to live up to her on both her moral and ethical obligations. She wants out of the war and hates seeing people hurt. She has a husband back home who she misses dearly however the absence and loneliness of being on the frontline might get to her.

Scene

Back again. You stare at the greenish canvas that makes up the roof of the tent laying there on a cot. Your neck cranes to try and get a better glimpse of your surroundings. However, the moment you attempt to lift your head you feel pain stab your chest. You wince and lay back down resigned to spending the next few days or weeks in bed. You know for a fact from the similar smell of alcohol and blood that you were in a front line mobile hospital.

As the hours past you here whisper of nurses and various other staff as they discuss the predicament in which all of you lay in. There are sounds from another tent in which you can barely make out occasional clanking of metal and single word shouts such as “scaple” “forceps” and “suction”. You drift in out out of consciousness, partially due to the boredom and partially due to whatever drugs were flowing around your bloodstream wreaking havoc on your sense and dulling your mind.

You feel a tap on your shoulders. Prying your eyes open with all your might you see a familiar face. She had brown hair that was currently tied up into a bun and a face mask which covered how mouth and nose. A familiar set or dark black eyes which peered into your soul in a way that you could never forget. This was Dr. Luka.

“How are you feeling? Any pain or discomfort?” She spoke muffled by the mask

You looked at her as if to say “I’ve been shot what do you think?”. But surprisingly as that thought entered your mind you realize you weren’t feeling pain. In fact you didn’t feel anything.

Seeing your confused expression Luka gave of a slight giggle and you could see from the crowd feet in her eyes she was smiling.

“Okay I’ll come check on you tomorrow. I’ve been doing standing surgery for 25 hours straight and I desperately need rest.” Despite the words that left her mouth her voice sounded chipper as usual.

After an attempt at a nod you closed your eyes and drifted of to sleep.

Over the next few days Luka visited you every morning and would stay and chat. Slowly as your body healed you were able to go from nodding and shaking your head to words and sentences. She talked about her civilian life and joked about how she could make a killing doing plastic surgery or dentistry. She talked about her husband and how much she missed him. As she talked you laid there listing as she regaled you with tale after tale. Despite having other patients and colleagues Luka would spend most of her time with you and when you asked why she always replied “You seem the most in need of company” with a faint smile.

Eventually the good times passed. You made a full recovery and were to be sent back to the front. She grab the clipboard hanging by the bed and checked a few boxes. While she was busy handling the paperwork you stood up and packed your rucksack. As you were about to leave she called to you.

“You better not come back here. I don’t want to see your sorry butt around here any more.” As she said those words you could see a tinge of sadness in her eyes and water beginning to for the smallest of pools at the side of her eyes.

1. Hug her and tell her “don’t worry I’ll take care of myself
2. Jokingly say to her “I’ll try not to get shot”
3. Kiss her and tell her “I’ll come back in one piece I promise”
4. Smile and walk away without responding