**Tales of War (Part 2)**

“MEDIC! WE NEED A MEDIC!”, a cry shouted across the small corridor. “We need a medic!” . The voice came from a soldier who was trying to press back the blood flowing out from his comrade’s gut, covering his own hand in fresh, red blood. The groans of the wounded soldier started to grow fainter every passing second. A medic came rushing into the bullet ridden bunker, and looked at the sight in front of the bunker’s floor. A soldier groaning in pain at the side, the floor soaked in his blood. A machine gun laying at the side , with used up shells of bullets on the strewn everywhere around the floor. The other soldier who was screaming for a medic before was trying his best to lose his sanity and break from the situation that is enveloping around him as he held his comrade’s stomach together as much as he can.

Endless sounds of bullets could be heard peppering the bunker and the surrounding walls. Explosions were happening close by as the enemy came in closer and closer, the ground rumbling from the impact, the flag of the enemy could be seen from the distance, the purple triangle waving in the air, as if it was the messenger of death to any that opposed it.

The medic snapped from his thoughts and sudden shock, and leapt to the side of the wounded soldier, the other soldier who was helping to hold the wounded soldier together, quickly moved away, picked up the fallen machine gun and began to fire through the tiny gap of the bunker. The loud shots from the machine gun echoing loudly in the enclosed bunker , pounding into the medic’s head like a headache. He quickly canceled all the noise around him and remembered his training. He applied a trauma kit onto the soldier’s body and tried to use bandages to stop the flowing out, causing the wounded soldier to groan in pain again. He applied painkillers to his patient as he applied plasma to him, and tried to sew up the wound and doing his very best not to gag at the sight of the massive hole in the soldier’s stomach.

The soldier’s groans were going fainter and fainter still, and the medic knew there was nothing he could do to save him. As the soldier’s bright eyes began to fade away, he no longer was in pain, it was as he had just drifted into a deep sleep, no longer waking up for anymore trouble in the world ,forever at peace and forever free from this hellish world. The medic sighed and closed the dead soldier’s eyes.

Suddenly all sounds that were blocked out came back.A loud voice screamed

“RPG!”

The last thing the medic heard and saw was a loud whistle in the air and a big bright flash in front of him.

*Wake up*

The medic opened his eyes and he looked around him. The bunker was gone. He was among a pile of rubble. He tried getting up , before realizing that his leg was pinned in a piece of rubble. He could hear the noises of the enemy getting closer. He knew there was no place to run. He took out his revolver, from his bloodied, dusty uniform. He had lost his helmet in the explosion. He waited for the enemy to come closer , a few more steps closer. He aimed down the sights and screamed the call that many men had given their life to preserve, both the men from the bunker knew the call. They all stood by it.

*“FOR THE COLONIALS!”*

The medic began to fire , steadily , each shot finding a target. Bullets started to fly at him, he began to scream back at the enemy’s lines and continued to fire till he ran out of bullets. He threw his gun, an attempt to hit someone. He was still giving his battle cry until a well placed bullet took him out.

A few feet from the the dead medic, an insignia of a golden star laid waste in the ground, as the Great Warden army began to emerge and cross into the town. Destroying anything that stood in its path.