

Pain is all there ever was

There was only pain. All other inputs had been knocked out, the signal of them so small that they were drowned out by the pain. But he had to keep going. He needed to move again. Someone close by was screaming, a horribly cry of pain, and he needed to protect them. It was his job after all.

He tried to grip his sword again but his hand wouldn't close around its hilt. The pain soared once more but this time he realized that the voice that had screamed itself hoarse was his own, not someone in need of his help. Actually, he probably was the one who needed help. That thought scared him more than anything. With tremendous effort he opened his eyes.

Everything around him was red and black. Blood. Fire. Ashes. Burnt flesh. He sat against a tree, with no clue how he got there. Someone must've put him there while he was unconscious but he wasn't sure anymore. His eyes flicked around at the panic for what felt like forever, not taking in all the fallen heroes around him. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he realized, that he must be in chock. That this was not how this was supposed to end. This was not how he was supposed to die. But all he could do was stare.

A new wave of deafening pain soars up his right arm. It break's his moment of stillness and as the awful sight around him turns to darkness, all the sounds turns to white noise and all the air once more leaves his lungs in a gut wrenching scream he knows that something is seriously wrong. When the pain resides and he can breathe again, he looks down. His right arm is just scraps of flesh, oozing blood and pain. It doesn't move when he tries to get it to. It's just more pain. His trusted blade lies broken in a broken hand by his side.

A sound from a throat that is not his own makes him look back up. Someone, a friend he thinks, stands before him, horror in their eyes and in the way their mouth moves. It takes him awhile but he eventually realizes that the sound from their mouth must be his name. He tries to answer but when he does, the only sound that comes out from his mouth is a croak. He swallows and tries again. His throat is filled with ashes and damaged vocal chords.

"I think there is something terrible wrong with my arm" He fumbles on the words, they trip over each other out of his mouth and as he hears himself say them, he realizes that the pain has been pushed out of his body, only panic remaining.

"How am I to help everyone with just one arm?" he croaks and tears he did not know he had starts to fall down his face. He repeats the sentence until it is only small sounds, no more than whispers. His friend wipes his tears hastily and says something more but his brain has turned foggy and it takes a while for him to realize what they had said. *Move*. It is an order, so he does.

Once they are back at camp the real medicine man helps out. His arm is unsalvageable and it has already started to get inflamed, so they amputate it while he is in a fever dream. He lays in that tent for days afterwards, possible weeks, before he starts to get better. All he dreams about is sad brown eyes and a kind smile. It is those dreams that keeps him alive, that makes him survive. He can't leave her alone.

She cries for him when he gets home. He has no tears left to shed for what was lost but she had to spare. He is honestly just happy to see her again. It was all he ever wanted while in camp. As she jumps into his arms to hug him, they find that their little show of affection is now unbalanced. He no longer have two arms to catch her with, and as it turns out, the motion of her body, turns them, before leaving them on the floor. She laughs and cries at the same time but he only holds her harder, never wanting to let her go again. That is a very hard thing to do with only one arm though.