

In Love & War

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When I looked up into the sky again dark clouds were about to appear. I did neither know which date we had, nor which time it was. The wheather made me shiver slightly as it got even more cold than before. Maybe the clouds were bringing rain, maybe they were even bringing thunder and lightning. I did not care. All I cared about the whole day and night was him. We were separated from each other during the first attack of the enemy. All people around us screamed or cried, running away out of the village. The attack was not even affecting us, but I also knew that we had to escape. It was quiet obvious. But anyway the two of us did not move. We just stood there, only a small distance between us, and looked at each other.

Then, suddenly, my arm was grabbed by someone and before I realized it I was in the crowd. I shouted, reached out for him, but the person who was pulling me did not release me and I could see that he also was forced to join a group of people who were pushing him forward and tried to make him understand this most dangerous situation. I understood it, of course, but I did not want to leave his side. To my distress the person that was holding me by my arm was stronger than me. I could not free myself, but I even could not see him anymore. He was out of my sight, disappeared, vanished between all the men, women, children and mules.

Just the remembrance made me want to scream. I sighed, telling myself that it could not be undone and went on through all the dust, dirt and darkness.

The next day it began to rain in the morning. We left a big track in the mud and it was hard to take all the carts over the hill we had to cross this day. But at last we arrived at our destination. A small town, about thirty kilometres away from the frontier. I did not know why the enemy had intruded so far into our country and I feared they would also attack our neighbors. At least I could rest a while in a pub in the city and ordered a drink to banish all this thoughts from my troubled mind. It was already late in the evening. The people around me were talking, resting or also drinking. I overheard the news that some other refugees made there way over land and into this town. I tried to slow down my excitement. He surely was not one of the arrivers.

After some more drinks I was done. My head fell on the desk and I closed my eyes ready to drift into the welcome subconsciousity. I heard the door open and some loud happy welcomes and greetings, but I not even blinked at the late visitors. I just was too tired to do anything else, but lying there. Near to the edge to sleep I heard a voice right next to me.

"Thought I'd find you here."

It could not be. It could absolutely not possibly be. My eyes opened and I blinked at the figure in front of me.

"Wha-" I was awake in time and got up with my body. "How? When?" I looked at him, very puzzled by the situation. I saw the grin on his lips I heard out of his voice and he put his hand on my shoulder.

"Curious as always.", he said with the same expression stuck on his face. "You know that nobody can keep me away from you for more than a second."

I thought I was going to cry at this moment, but then I also smirked at him.

"What took you so long?", I responded.

He smiled without saying anything now. So I just threw my arms around his neck, holding him near by.

"I thought I lost you in these damn struggles of war." It was only a whisper, but he recognized it and comforted me as well as he could.

"Don't worry. I'm not going to allow anyone to separate us again. Therefore I love you too much, you know."

I chuckled slightly. "Smart as usual.", I said. And for the perfect reunion I definitely had to kiss him.