

The Clashing of Swords

Now all you could hear throughout Toadlin City was the screams of daughters missing their brothers, the screams of wives missing their husbands. Toadlin used to be a grand sight but the war left it a dull, creepy place. The world had been demolished.

My name is John Holloth and I am here to tell you my story. For turn back now if you're scared of war, for you won't like my story.

It was almost the Summer Solstice, my people had celebrations around the Solstice. Except we wouldn't this time. My people's faces were pale with terror, we tried to warn the King of what was coming, these days King Juilliard was there, but wasn't. It was as if he was far, far in a distant universe just out of reach of man.

So I put it upon myself to get every able bodied man over thirteen to get trained for war. I knew most would protest in disagreement but if this didn't happen, everyone in Toadlin would die a very horrible death.

After two solid weeks of training the soldiers decided we would ride light and fast in order to avoid getting caught.

Before we were about to leave, a messenger ran to us, he was in terrible condition.

He said the enemy called themselves the "Black Blades," that they had swords of a black blade and red hilt, and he said something I wasn't expecting. The Black Blades were coming to slay all of Toadlin, and were coming from the west. Our weakest area was in the western zone.

We rallied the horses and sent the civilians east, in the opposing direction of the Black Blades, hoping they wouldn't get caught. We sent out our last pigeon messengers, for they would warn the other kingdoms of the up coming war.

The soldiers and I were beat on what to do, like leaves blowing the wind, we decided to go with whatever came at us. We were going to stay in Toadlin, for when the Black Blades came, we felt we would be ready. But would we be ready?

After a couple hours we were starting to lose faith on if we'd be ready. We agreed that even if only one of us remained it would be a miracle. We just hoped other kingdoms got our messages in time, otherwise...

We awoke the next morning and trained, we hadn't known how long it would be till that training would come in handy. We trained and trained and trained, having little to eat was the hardest, we had given most of Toadlin's food to the civilians as provisions, heck we didn't even know if the civilians even made it to safety.

The soldiers and I were thinking the Black Blades were never coming, for it had been three days since the messenger came up to us.

Later that day, we heard the ear piercing shriek of war, the Black Blades were close. Too close. We readied the catapults and stood together.

The Black Blades drew nearer. The fear inside me coiled up wrapping around me, I couldn't escape this battle though. I needed to win. Swords drawn we charged. We charged so the people of Toadlin could have a tomorrow even though we probably wouldn't. Even though we didn't know half of the people in Toadlin. Even though we didn't want to.

All I could hear in the great Toadlin planes, the glorious city I grew up in was the clashing of swords. The screaming of wounded men. The sound of war.

When the smog cleared there were ten of us left, the Black Blades had double our amount. I knew we probably wouldn't make it out alive, but I charged. In my fury I destroyed many Black Blades. We had even amounts. Even chances of life or death.

The Toadlin soldiers were victorious over killing their enemy but, they weren't victorious of living. I was the only one left from the war.

Here I am 5 years later, the civilians are back. But I wanted something more. I wanted to erase the memories of clashing swords.