THE LAST SOLDIER

Chapter 2:

I couldn’t concentrate, just the guns were enough to put me off. In the corner of my eye I saw an Italian plane, left in the dust, Curiously, I looked inside, hoping not to get killed. My gums were bleeding so I could hardly speak, but I looked inside, hesitating.

I was in luck, I got away this time, and even better the plane was fully-fuelled. The plane’s wheel was jammed though and unfortunately I was too wounded to do anything. “Hello?..” a discreet voice whimpered from the filthy trench.

“w-who’s there, I-I have a gun and I-Im not afraid t-to shoot!” I trembled.

The soldier put his hands up and limped to me.

“You’re English, y-you are?” I asked.

“No, im French but my grandparents were English.”

“I thought I was the last soldier in Paris?” I confidently said. “Anyway do you have a rifle?

“Yes, why?”

“Follow me, I can get us out of this mess.”

We hobbled to the plane and he smashed his rifle against the wheel, unjamming it. Although my hands and feet were pulsating I put my foot on the pedal, and lifted off.