

The Descriptosaurus Writing Competition - Mia

I have to save him...

I wandered closer, trudging through the obscene mud. "Nearly there" I muttered to Horse, my lifelong companion. He limped on, lame.

I treated Horse more like family than any animal; he was the only memory I had of the time we had back at home. I raised him from a premature foal, looking after him day through night. However, his dark bay coat was now painted by the earth of the battlefield, and his eyes were scarred with the vision of war.

The bitter, cold air clung onto my body like an infant to his mother. Only the smell of old beggars for miles upon miles. Nothing to focus my worn out eyes upon, except dead men buried by the blood of their own body. We lunged over the dreaded barbed wire. I could hear the mumbling of the German soldiers, across from the mounds of sludge.

My eyes, squinted, is that... If only... No it couldn't be, I thought to myself... I trotted over with Horse. I could feel my heart racing within me. There lay what looked like a man, a British soldier... my best friend!

Tom's eyes were exhausted, his face colourless, his legs as flimsy as the worthless gas masks. He was practically dead. But still, I would never forgive myself if I didn't help. Now, my only task was to somehow manage to drag him onto Horse's back and take him to the medics in the trenches.

I tied Horse up on the tangled barbed wire. I pulled Tom's weak arm onto my shoulder and positioned his hand around my skinny waist. I stood him up. Then I put his chest on the saddle and gave him a peg up. His frail body collapsed onto Horse's neck immediately. I untied Horse and got myself on. It was now a matter of getting him to the medics, before it was too late.

It was quite a long trek back to the trenches. I checked on Tom regularly. His eyes were now closed, and he was as pale as death. The trees surrounding me were wilted. The sky was dull. Was I too late...?