

## The broken wrist (Part 2)

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He leaned his forehead on the barrel of a gun without looking away from the soldier's eyes, maybe he wanted to pull the trigger, you may want to end the misery that meant his life.

But nothing happened ...

She was half naked, covered only parts chaste a dirty rag tied wrong. He lowered the gun and the barrel of the gun struck the ground with heavy thud. She held out her hand and took the soldier, something changed forever in man at first contact. No words, just looks, those looks that twinned in tragedy. Her incredibly thin fingers made contact with the rustic hand, calloused, huge and strong. With just four feet pushed the burly warrior forward as he thought, true to their nature, could be leading him into a trap. However, something within himself reassured him, filled him with peace, confidence. That was inadvertently left behind helmet and rifle and started walking guided the girl to where she wanted to take a prey to a mysterious spell.

They stopped at a house miraculously standing, with only some traces of shrapnel and rifle bullets. A stout oak door kept inside. The girl looked at him from below, he understood. Of a strong kick down the door and they entered, the girl first, careless, defiant, he, with the stealth of a soldier who lived inside.

She moved with absolute certainty, even in the semi-darkness prevailed, as if he knew every inch of every room in the house, he moved with the slowness resulting from confusion and ignorance. He saw her squatting in a corner and heard her sigh, came to see what was what attracted his attention.

It was a corpse.

I had several weeks and was a woman. The eyes of the girl drew tears fell calm furrows in the dirt from his face. There were no sounds or faces of grief, just tears falling from eyes serene under an expressionless face. The dead woman was a hole in the forehead, perfectly in the middle. An execution. A coward and probably unnecessary execution. He stood beside her, more in a few seconds stood up and again took the hand. She led him in the dark until a stay where there was a faint light, the lack of furniture was complete and the floor was of rough wood and untreated. He stood in the corner East and pointed down, he noticed, bending at the place designated by it, that was before a gate on the floor, a trap door. He regretted not having his rifle, he knew that he kept inside the gate. It crossed his

mind to look back but ... so what?.

He joined sprayed and kicked the door. Then he threw himself into the dark black box found. His feet found the ground quickly and thick darkness enveloped him. He stood motionless, expectant, attentive to the slightest noise, the slightest movement. But nothing happened and slowly rising. He looked up and saw her outstretched arms, and took it down ... it was so light. She immediately went to a place and returned with a lantern fuel and matches, lit the lantern. What was then interpreted as if it had been written on paper. On the floor were four bodies, three soldiers and a civilian ... and a small opening to the outside, so small that only a small body could pass through. There were obvious signs of struggle. The civilian still carrying the gun that killed the military, was a gun like yours, like the uniforms worn by the military.

They were on their side, fellow.

An unnerving shame gripped her throat, and the feeling of disappointment bittering squeezed his soul. She meanwhile went to his father and crouched beside him, as he had with his mother. He gave the same amount of tears and in the same manner as if it were in vain to another, as if there was something else ...

He again took the hand and lantern high, he was led to a door built into the wall, she pointed.

It was a pantry.

Inside was deli-style meals and several barrels of water. He felt his insides squirm with anxiety emitting a growl and mouth remarkable claim by moisture. However carefully examined every food and every barrel of liquid. Everything seemed in perfect condition, everything cleverly prepared and neatly kept.

The war has these things.

With a knife (where was yours?) Present in the cupboard and small thin slices cut from a ham hanging from a crossbar and was giving the slowly, dosing every bite, the girl who ate with avidity animal. Also offered short sips of water. Each well was also something he got in his mouth and hit a short drink a pitcher who, like the knife, was found in the cupboard. They were not to binge, could ill. Should allow time for both digestive systems to understand that the long period of leisure had come to an end, at least for now.

The intake slowly it took hours but finally were full. Then put in a bag found at the scene all the food and drink he could and left the basement. They walked slowly, still inside the house when she suddenly broke into a run and disappeared into a doorway. He followed the passage matching. He ended up in a bathroom that miraculously still had water. She took off all his clothes, turned on the shower and went under with an indescribable smile of satisfaction, he retired wise but wanting the girl to end as soon as possible to imitate. The exterior found them neat and clean clothes, he with the girl's father, she in a gorgeous pink dress that was in the closet of his old room. Faint and clean pleased smiles began to appear on the faces of both. I am happier?. They sat against a wall, these previously separate bodies, and relaxed, surrounded by debris and corruption. The prevailing stench seemed to affect them. Sometimes some getting used to work miracles. He took the wrist of the girl's hands, let go at any time except when bathing, and examined it. Despite the generally parlous state only the head was broken, or rather, threatened to break away from a just cause at any moment. to life.

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