

The Monologue Project

Sword Shock

Duration: 2 minutes

Gender: Female

Style: Drama

Emotion: Passion, Determination, Shock, Numbness

Language: Clean

“CHARGE!”

I run into the battle, plate mail armour unthinkably heavy but lightened by the burn of my passion. The men scream their battle cries and I join in, perhaps a little shriller but no less heartfelt. The enemy stand impassively three hundred feet away, two hundred, one hundred.

The person beside me stumbles and crashes against me, taking us both down. I grunt and curse as I fight to untrap my leg from beneath his bulk. “Fool! Get off me...”

Trails off and stares.

A shaft is jutting out of his neck. I can’t see much of anything beneath his helmet but a flow of dark red is coming out in spurts from the visor. “By the blood of Christ!” I say as I climb back up.

An enemy knight charges me and I brace myself. No sooner than I’ve raised my sword, an ally leaps from out of nowhere and cuts him down. The knight twists over, his arm severed almost right off his body. I can see that he’s screaming but I can’t hear the sound. My ears ring with the sound of steel clashing into steel clashing into steel. It echoes inside my helmet. A certain movement from within the chaos catches my eye and I turn to see two men furiously impale one another. They slump down into each other’s arms, dead.

Something slams into me from behind. “Fight you coward. Fight!” One of our men has paused from the battle to admonish me. I can’t think of what to say, or what to do. A moment later his head flies off his body and skitters past my feet.

They told me I wouldn’t survive this, but I didn’t care. These scoundrels killed my sisters and there was no way I would watch this battle from afar. Their blood would drip from my very own sword.

I step into the fracas, spray after spray of *everyone’s* blood soaking into me. Another head flies past me, then an arrow thunks into the top of my helmet. An inch different and I would have perished.

I sit down, staring at nothing as the clangs of metal blend gradually into one solid, piercing whine. I lie down. Then I draw my legs up to my chest and wrestle my hands into my helmet, covering my ears and eyes and mouthing the names of my sisters.