

The Oath

By Phillip Hall

“There is never enough time,” Samura said.

He gently caressed the face of his wife as tears streamed down her cheeks. He gently kissed her, knowing this could be the last time he had with her.

“I must go now my love,” Samura said.

He moved his hand from his wife's face to his katana to make sure it was secure. He turned and sprinted from the room before his heart overrode his sense of honor and duty. Samura heard his wife cry out. He kept sprinting forward even though his heart had been ripped from him and left behind. He swore an oath to himself that he'd return to her one way or another this day.

“I will not die! I will not die!” Samura screamed as he fought his way through the hordes of barbarians.

His muscles were near giving out. He had been fighting for close to an hour in the midst of the never ending swarm of enemies. He had long ago forgotten his fellow samurai. Only two images were locked in his mind, his love awaiting him with open arms and these barbarian demons that kept him from her. He pushed on, killing hundreds upon hundreds of the barbarians. Nothing stood a chance against his rage fueled strength.

“I will NOT DIE!” Samura roared.

His screams were heard in hell below and heaven above, shaking the demons and angels of both until they took note of the battlefield. Samura's blade could not be quenched of it's lust for blood. On he fought until he found himself at the back of the enemy ranks. He was covered in blood, katana in his right hand, wakazashi in

his right, both covered in gore. He stood breathing deeply when he caught sight of the barbarian king riding a white steed. Samaru noticed all of the warriors had backed far away from him. Only the king stood his ground and approached.

Samura wiped blood from his eye. The king spoke but Samura could not understand his words. The king bowed his head, then pointed to Samura and shouted out to the men around him. Samura pushed the pain and tiredness away and sprung into action. He closed the distance between himself and the king quickly. He leapt into the air, bringing the katana through the horse's neck, through the king's extended arm and out the other side of the king's neck. He landed several feet behind the king, rolled and came to his feet. As he slowly turned the headless horse reared up, throwing the king along with his severed arm and head backwards.

Samura let forth a guttural scream that shook the remaining warriors from their shock. They all dropped their weapons and ran away. Samura felt suddenly tired as the spirit of rage left him. He walked the slow trail of death back to his army. The battle had been rough for his people but they had won.

“Samura Shinigama!” the soldiers shouted as he walked past. He never thought of himself as a god of death but the trail of bodies he left behind was proof enough. His only thoughts were of his beautiful wife and how he'd be able to hold her again.

Neither heaven nor hell would keep him from her this day.