

I'm only thinking of myself as the walls that I once called home cave in on me. Nothing else is on my mind except for getting the hell out. Men scurry around me, tripping and stumbling as they attempt to make an exit. I'm already at an advantage - my small, skinny body seizes to struggle maneuvering through the rubble. There are shouts and screams amongst the crowd. Ash begins to cloud the premise, bringing a heavy stench to my nostrils. A man just a mere couple of feet beside me goes up in flames, a blood-curdling scream escaping his lips. I don't turn to look, as I have no intent to save him. The only person I am focused on saving is myself.

It becomes apparent after just three minutes of constant bombing that few (if that, none) were going to escape. I suddenly thank my lucky star that I practiced for an event like this, my speed carrying me to a sliver of light streaming through the debris. It'd take time, but I'd be able to claw my way out.

I'm desperate, tossing bricks and concrete to my side. I immediately notice the steady trickle of blood dripping down from my hands to my feet, but the adrenaline coursing through my veins keeps me from feeling anything. The light strikes my eyes, blinding me momentarily before reintroducing me to the outside world. Snow is falling softly to the ground, a welcoming scene. Completely opposite from the chaos surrounding me. A cold breeze swirls around me, a calming whisper to relax. But I can't - not yet, anyway. I take a step outside taking staggered breaths before I brace myself to run. I'm seconds from taking off when I hear someone shout, "Saige!"

I flip my head to see a boy - tall and ashen, limping towards me from within the building. He's carrying something heavy, or more, dragging it. It's a man - and he's in an even worse condition. It takes me a moment to recognize the boy. It's Drake. I should have figured he would have managed to escape base, being that he was the best in our recruit training. He would've

been the first out too if he hadn't gone back to save the man. I suddenly wish I could be more like Drake, risking my life to save another's. But then again, I prioritized myself above all others. That was, until I saw him. Drake wasn't going to make it without help.

Against my better judgement, I sprint towards him. For a minute, we both made eye contact. There's that split second of hope that all three of us are going to make it out alive, but it dies out quickly when I manage to catch a glimpse of the crumbling ceiling above them. I don't have any time to warn them. My body is already in motion before my mind can react. My face screams danger - without even seeing the ceiling above him, Drake's attempting to run with the man. He manages to get over a rock blocking his path, but getting the man over proves to be a challenge. There isn't time. "Drake! We have to go! Now!" His brown eyes meet mine, and for a moment I think he gets it. However, there's still that same little spark in them as before - the same spark that chooses to have hope in the best rather than face reality. He continues to try and get the man over.

He can't save him, and I can't lose him. He was the only person who actually believed in a female soldier, and I sure as hell wasn't going to leave him. I owed him that much. Drake had become the new top priority.

I'm about to scream once more, but it's still too late. A blast of fire from the center of the building erupts towards the exit, spewing debris and ash with its rage. The men go flying, one of them is up in flames. My heart skips a beat, praying it wasn't Drake. I sprint towards the body, the stench of burning skin turns up my nose. I'm shaking as I flip the body only to see someone I haven't ever seen before.

Drake's okay.

I scan the scene until I see him sprawled across the snow. I sprint over as fast as possible. A small pool of red begins to form from underneath his leg. I cringe - despite all my years of being exposed to blood, I can't help but shudder at it's pure (almost intimidating) color. I immediately panic, but encourage myself to breathe. Step one is getting as far as possible from the building.

He's still conscious, attempting to keep his eyes open. He's looking for the man in vain, but I just shake my head. "I'm sorry Drake," I whisper softly. "He's gone now." He simply nods his head a little before blacking out entirely.

I can hear the next round of bombing, the fire already licking up what else remains from the base. Then there's this booming sounding, carrying in long waves until it reaches my ears. I know it's time to get out. Now.

I hardly care about myself anymore, I'm simply trudging through whatever I need to to get Drake out alive. I can hear a huge explosion running, catching up to where we stand. The impact immediately has me landing face first on the snow. I sit up, crawling best I can towards Drake, who's only a few feet away. His shirt is up in flames. It takes me a couple seconds to put it out before I begin to drag him again. No - somethings wrong. My right ankle is twisted, and the smell of singed hair greets the air. I can't assess my damages yet; I have to move him first. I manage to get a couple of yards before I collapse completely. The sky begins to fade out as dark, gray clouds move in, bringing night and yet another snow shower.

We should be seeking shelter, but I can barely manage to stay awake. I can only focus on Drake's face until my body gives out.