The Rifle

He raised the rifle up, and squinted down the telescopic sight. "Now just show yourself " he muttered to himself.

As luck would have it, not more than ten minutes passed before a head popped up. Adjusting the focus, he got ready for the shot.

His platoon had been held up by this foe for over a day now, pinned down from advancing further up the valley. "Right" he whispered, his finger starting to squeeze the trigger.

Then, abruptly, he stopped. The enemy was a woman. He peered down the scope, and his heart skipped a beat. She was breathtakingly beautiful. He couldn't take her life, he wouldn't take her life.

So he stood up, and placed his rifle on the ground. Holding his hands up, he started to walk over towards her.

She had no such compunction, and her first shot caught him in the shoulder. Picking himself up, he continued towards her, smiling through the pain. She looked at him in astonishment, and taking a knife from her belt, she lunged at him. He swept the knife away, knocking it to the ground, and then bowed before her. "You are truly beautiful " he exclaimed. "We should not be fighting".

And so it was, that was how my grandparents met.

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