

When War Goes Dark



*Written & Illustrated by
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I wake up. I can hear the quiet voices of nurses talking to each other and to the wounded. They say that their families are coming for them and that they will be fine. I feel broken and lost in another world. I reach out and touch my face. The bandages feel sticky and wet. Blood? I start shivering. A nurse comes over to me and tells me everything's going to be fine.

“You’re lucky to survive,” she whispered, “you’re going home. You have people to support you there, even though you’re now blind”.