

# All These Wars Are Over

by Heather Hobma

She stood on the hill overlooking the battlefield. Her blood, which had been running hot, red with war, slowed its course through her body. The smooth metal in her hand, once so burning hot that no mortal man could touch it, suddenly felt cold, strange, and unfamiliar. She held up the sword, a short, sharp blade, and eyed its cold light. Legend says it's a light born from the moon itself. It began to dim as its blood-lust faded. She let it drop harmlessly to the ground, lifeless. Maybe she would leave it there this time. As the evening sun sank low in the sky the battlefield stretched out ahead of her, cast in strange shadows, running to black with the blood of thousands. An ancient wall ran along the west side of the field below, blocking direct access to the hill that sloped down towards the seashore. There were pieces missing from it where stones were harvested to build the nearby village. In the distance was the silhouette of a long-abandoned fortress. The sun was sinking slowly into the ocean, and above her the sky became a myriad of blue, green, and orange as the stars blinked into existence, partially obscured by islands of clouds.

All was peaceful as she watched the island-clouds float by, stretching, breaking, caught in the tides.