

Bourne toWrite...

creative writing
workshops

The Dice

A timed exercise by Rosalind May

I held the dice loosely in my fist, letting them roll around my palm as I moved my hand from side to side. The small, imperfect cubes knocked together. I liked the clicking sound they made.

Earlier, I had rubbed each face clean to reveal the faint circles, which indicated their value. Delicate double-lined stamps made by an implement as delicate as the shapes they made.

I looked across the fields past the bloodied ground to the tents on the far side. The soft groans of the wounded drifted across the space between like ethereal spirits looking for release.

I shuddered. The bones of the lost would be sent home as relics for the living. A lasting memory of a loved one slain in battle. I still had a lot of work to do. The pile of death was growing.

