

WAGOLL

Second paragraph

Immediately, the soldier realised the severity of the situation. The damp, ruby patch on his friend's jacket began to grow larger by the second. His face drained of all colour, his body looked weak—like a wilting flower. The soldier called across but the man's eyelids looked heavy and he could only respond by slightly twitching the tips of his fingers. It was this stillness which was the most concerning. He wasn't writhing in pain, he was almost completely still.