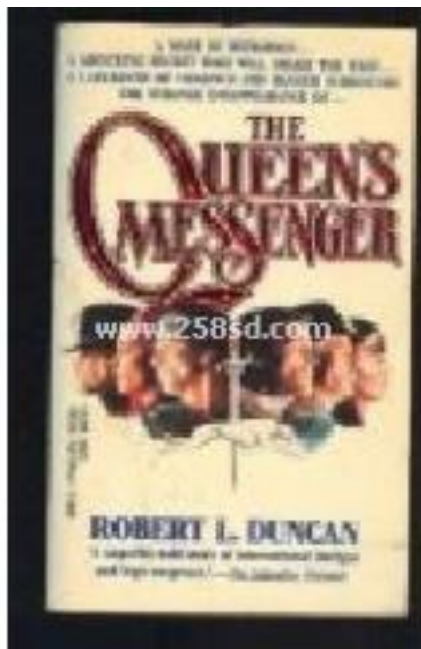


The Queen's Messenger



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There were too many ways to die in the jungle. It had been a ferocious teacher and in the past six years he had damn near died from snakebite from a half-dozen Asian diseases from attacks by the CPT the ~a% ~%q~e~Po! Pot's blood)~ sweeps artillery from various factions lobbing indiscriminate shells into the bush. It had taught him an airman's c-i~ As he padded down the narrow trace through the bush his boots making little noise on the spongy ground his ears were sorting out the chatter of the monkeys in the trees the whistling calls of the birds in the multitiered foliage overhead. His nose had picked up the faint scent of smoke far off not the usual burning of rice straw or a fire to drive back the edge of the jungle but a mixture of smells including the sweetish nauseating stink of

burning flesh.
 He began to trot¼ the .45 pistol heavy in the holster on
 It the webbed belt around his middle¼ not a run¼ no¼ for the
 heat would strike down a man who spent too much energy too quickly. A trot¼ yes¼ the sweat pouring down
 over the hard muscles of his bare back¼ the breath searing
 in and out of his lungs¼ his legs hurting after the first
 mile\ "
 The smell was stronger. He could see the smoke now¼
 a faint haze hanging in the trees¼ not even a hint of a
 breeze to dispel it¼ and he cursed to himself. Goddam¼
 again. Always again.

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