

Chapter 4: **THE PLAN**

As I walked out of the tent I squinted under the heavy August sun. I glanced down at my watch.

10:15

“Goodness” I thought to my self, I really hadn’t been in there a long time, but with all that has just passed it had felt like days. As I looked around I found my self in the middle of comings and goings of equipment and furs.

I looked around for the Chaplin, as I didn’t know WHERE to start, so I thought I’d go to a group of “well to do furs” and ask for directions. Not really hurrying I sauntered around the encampment, after a walk along various different groups of infantry, tank and artillery personnel I came upon a group of Americans doing what they do best... making noise.

“No mike I want THAT one” the weasel snatched a photo out of a rather disgruntled badgers hand.

“Well you can’t I got this before we got shipped here, my old boot camp Sergeant gave it to me” he grabbed it back and shoved it into his trouser pocket; I noticed he had a wad of photos in this breast pocket, I thought to myself they may be able to help me in my search.

As I approached the group of seven, I studied them, I came to the conclusion they were tank crew and part of another, they had funny helmets on with holes dotted over the surface. A beaver turned his head toward me gave me a smile and scurried over.

“Hello Racky, I am Privet Colin Wright I am the gunner of that tank, I’ve been waiting to talk to you” he pointed behind him to a rather beat up M3 Stuart it had a hole in the side just below the main turret he was lucky to be alive, normally after a hit like that they are infernos. He gave me that annoying quick American salute. After all this he brought up his hand he gave me a shake; I was very impressed with his grip.

Then I realised something.

“How’d you know my nickname was Racky and more to the point when you talk to a superior rank you call me Sergeant is that under stood?” I

looked at him as his mouth curled down at the sides transforming from a huge grin to a sulk.

“Sorry sir, I didn’t realise that you out ranked me, you don’t have any stripes I just presumed that you wanted to talk. We knew that Lieutenant Tustin was one of you now so we probed him on what he thought about you Limeys” he looked at his feet as he came to the end of his explanation. “I hope you don’t mind, we where just curious”.

* Oh great now even the Yanks know that stupid name *

I felt bad, really bad, I had just hurt someone and it wasn’t really his fault. I decided to try and make the Beaver cheer up. What I had just said WASN’T me I have never pressed rank on anyone before; I think it was because he knew me when I didn’t know a thing about the kid.

“How old are you Colin, and how did you get here?”

Good place to start

“I am 19 sir, my crew and I have been on a transport for days, our tank had been hit but survived to limp back to the dock so they got us back to England we have been trawling around from base to base for repairs or an upgrade of tank, we hoped that this base maybe be the last we have to visit, we heard there is a supply convoy heading this way, when we got here a General told us to stay and train with you special forces so we are stuck ”

Umph a kid, I knew it not even old enough to buy a beer in America, but the fur had seen more action than I had. I thought it maybe good to keep the convocation going.

“I used to visit America when I was a cub, what state you live in?” I thought this could be a good line make him think I care.

“I lived in Dublin in Ohio, I was a farmers son I loved the tractors he had, kinda funny now I live in a tank maybe that helped me a bit, don’t know... so where did you used to visit sir?”

“Oh I, loved Ohio, so calm... well apart from the tornadoes, but I mainly went to Pennsylvania, my father had relatives in Pittsburgh”

GOOD GOD DAVID STOP WRITING ABOUT YOURSELF, WE WANT TO KNOW WHAT THE GOOD CHARACTERS ARE DOING.

(Well that's what you may be saying now, if you hadn't just quit reading about ½ an hour ago!)

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Alex opened his trunk that was sitting at the end of his bed, he and the part of the squad that has nothing to do were lying there some trying to get some rest after a gruelling week in a forest.

"Blugh, when did we have pork?" Alex picked up what seemed to be meat out of the bottom of the trunk.

Jason looked up to the ceiling trying to remember, "Erm, we haven't EVER been given pork to eat, have we?" he closed his book. "No we have never had anything that nice to eat" he walked the 3 beds toward Alex.

"Let me 'ave a look, will ya" he pulled a combat knife out of his boot and stabbed the offending object; he used his vulpine nose to sniff it a bit, stuck his tongue out and pined it to the wall.

"Blugh, smells all pickled"

Danny came over to see what they were laughing at.

"Why.... in gods good name h—have you pinned my bests friends remains to the w—wall?"

"WHAT THE F*CK, REMAINS WHY IN S*IT NAME WAS IT IN MY TRUNK FOR.... OH GOOD GOD THAT'S NOT WHAT I THINK IT IS..."

"Yes its part of his brain, it's all of him that survived, well apart from his genitals... But this was the bit that stuck to my face after he was blown apart by a shell, his name was Eric he was an otter, me and him were in Dunkirk, we were some of the last to get of the beach, I heard a loud gun going off, next thing I see is Eric trying to run towards me and then a flash and bits of him flew at me, the shell had hit behind him and blew him out ward"

“That’s very sad to hear, but one small question still forms in my bear brain. That would be: WHY BUNNY BOY, WAS IT LYING IN THE BOTTOM OF MY TRUNK... I NEARLY CONSUMED THAT”

Danny paused, he had slipped again, his own brain started to flutter, “Erm..... herrrrrrr.... I thought... thought. Yes I thought it’s was my trunk.... I must have... well THEY were ALL open....”