

THE GAMES WE PLAY

Mark Stewart

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Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

I, Private William Jones am writing to you, General Hammond, a formal letter of complaint. Two days ago, I officially requested an immediate retrieval of every soldier including myself, in the 103rd battalion. I must stress I haven't heard from or seen them in the past two days and a night.

I feel I have been victimized, abandoned with no food, water, or ammunition and a rifle which has failed to operate.

I have endured stifling heat, an extremely cold night and monsoon rains. My single refuge from the elements and the so-called enemy, which I have yet to see, has been this rather large bush. My only hope is it will continue to keep me dry until help arrives.

I strongly protest against my recent posting. I want to bring to your attention charges against Sergeant Smith also of the 103rd battalion for cruelty and misconduct in the first degree.

The games we play are only practice for the real thing. No one should be treated in such a disheartening manner.

I must quickly finish this letter. I am concerned at hearing rather loud noises approaching from the west, but still down wind from my location. Hopefully, it will be a rescue party; not the enemy

"Private Jones. At last, I have found you. I've been searching everywhere for you. I had almost given up hope of ever finding you again. You're my favorite soldier. I know you look a mess now, but don't you worry. Step into this container where the remainder of the 103rd battalion is resting. Don't worry about your uniform, my mum will fix you up," cried the four-year-old boy. "She's good at fixing plastic soldiers."

Dear reader,

thank you for reading short story the games we play. I do hope you enjoyed it. Any feedback is gratefully accepted. The information you, the reader give, helps me to become a more professional author.

My stories are based on the Australian culture. Some of the spelling is Australian. Thanks for your understanding.

Again, thank you for your support, for without you, the reader, I wouldn't have anyone to read my work.

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