

War Games

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as slowly and clearly as I possibly could, "if we wanted to get the feel of a war situation, we'd probably have to go to some place nasty like El Salvador or Lebanon, right?"

We had been wandering around for half an hour now,

ostensibly on a mad dash for the enemy's flag. Tactics in the Survival Game are rudimentary at best and most games tend to devolve into running firefights after about ten minutes of maneuvering.

Our team's agreed upon plan was to send most of our

people on a frontal assault of the enemies' defences leaving a small defence force at our flag, while an elite commando force snuck around behind them and stole their flag.

Mad Dog and I agreed to join the commando force largely because it offered the best opportunity to slip off and do what we were there to do. Blast away at anything that moved.

At Mad Dog's nervous

insistence we left the scene of our ambush in search of new prey. Racing silently through the forest, we listened for the telltale sounds of unwary enemies ripe to be pounced upon by seasoned veterans like ourselves. Already we had nailed four of the suckers between us and we were feeling very fine, very sharp.

Our first intimation of trouble was the terrifying pop of a pistol and the slap of a paint bullet against a tree six inches away from my head. We threw ourselves into a small hollow in a rather unellegant and panicked swan dive.

"Shit," I swore as enemy pistols sounded around us, "where the hell are they?" It sounded like about fifty angry Viet Cong out there zeroing in on our woefully shallow cubbyhole.

Mad Dog began swearing furiously as paint bullets whizzed over our heads. "If you'd stopped screaming 'Die Commie Pig-dog' every time you hit someone, this wouldn't have happened," he snarled at me between expletives.

"Shut up," I replied, "I'm trying to think." Actually I was trying not to wet my

genuine Israeli combat pants. It was impossible to tell where the buggers were shooting from or how many there were.

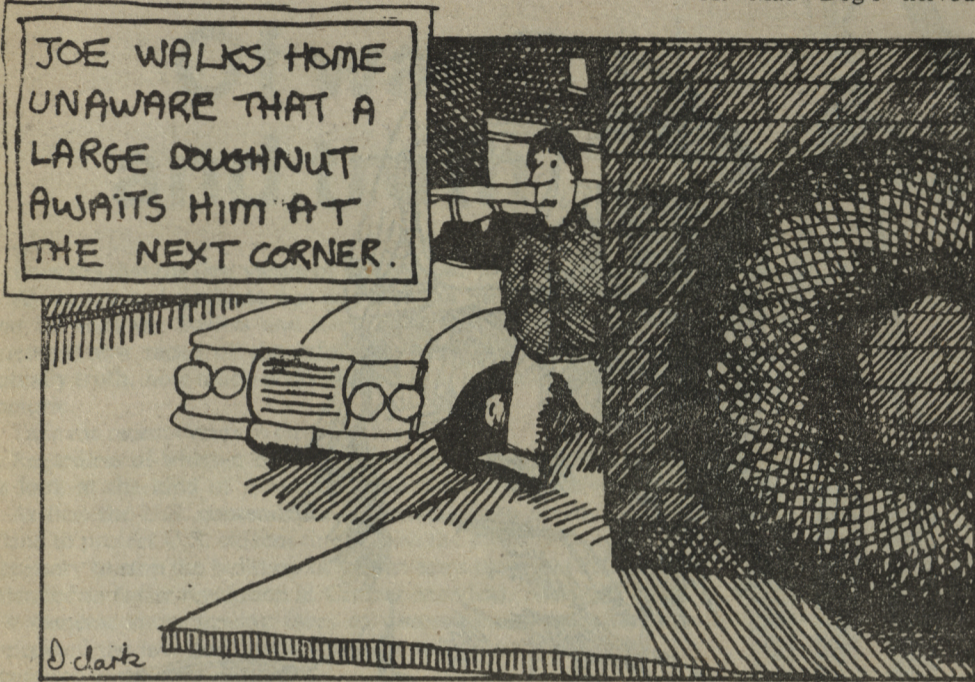
This was rapidly becoming an extremely unpleasant experience. Being the focus of attention for ten or twenty armed and vicious maniacs was a good excuse to go into a panic stricken frenzy of terror.

"Hey," I said as casually as I could to Mad Dog, "why

myself to the wrath of those lunatics out there, but why tell him that?"

"Besides," I added "you'll only have to show your eyes up there. 'They' never hit a target that small." Fortunately the medicine had done an adequate job of twisting Mad Dog's already marginal brain, for after a few minutes of cajoling, he agreed to take a look.

The poor fool never knew what hit him. The next thing



"Only a game!?" I screamed, wiping the froth from the corners of my mouth, "Don't you realize what we're doing here?"

don't you stick up your head and try and see where they are?" This seemed like a good plan to me, but Mad Dog apparently didn't agree. "Have you lost your alleged mind?" he asked.

"Listen, don't worry. I'll cover you," I replied, trying to sound sincere. I actually had no intention of exposing

I heard was a loud "gish" and when I looked over at Mad Dog he had slipped back down into our foxhole with white paint covering most of his head.

This called for quick thinking. Faced with the prospect of staying in the foxhole with a very upset partner, dealing with the enemies outside seemed downright inviting. I scrambled out of cover and began sprinting in whatever direction looked promising.

I was hit almost immediately. Three high-velocity paint bullets struck my left leg, right armpit, and left hand respectively. They hurt. I hit the ground, covering my head with both arms and wailing "Komerad" as loudly and as often as I could. I had no desire to add any more welts to my collection.

The camouflaged enemy that bounded out of the undergrowth didn't look particularly dangerous, but there's no sense taking chances so I kept on whimpering pitifully. "Help (gasp) ... wounded (wheeze) ... Geneva Convention ..." I groaned.

"Pretty good shot eh?" my assassin remarked smugly. He noticed my condition of total personality breakdown and asked what was wrong.

"I'm hit (gurgle) ... medic ... need medic ..."

"Hey, calm down man," he said with what passed for a placating grin, "It's only a game."



Dialogue on drinking
Think about it. Talk about it.
Take action.

TAKE ACTION ON OVER-DRINKING.

"I like the taste of a cold beer on a hot day, but I certainly don't think you have to get the gang together with a couple of cases of beer just to celebrate the fact you've had a bit of exercise."

JOHN WOOD
OLYMPIC SILVER MEDALLIST

Canada



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