

0247 hours, 18 June

So far it's been an uneventful patrol. You look at your watch. Only another twenty minutes until you arrive back at base. Not bad, you think, only seven minutes behind schedule. This isn't so bad after all. That's when an explosion lit up the night sky.

"Ambush!!" You're being fired upon from both sides. "Johnson! Get that 60 up here!" Willows called.

"Coming! Wilson, cover me!"

"You got it, man." Wilson begins to lay down cover fire as you move forward. You hear someone scream behind you. You look and see Wilson lying on his back, a neat, round hole in the center of his forehead.

"Johnson, move your ass!"

"Right! On my way." You run forward to where Willows was calling for you.

with your M-60 machinegun, rapidly using up your ammo.

"Ammo! Now!" That ammo better get here fast. You're down to only one belt left.

Jenkins falls down beside you and hands you three belts. "Great! Give the sarge some cover fire while I reload."

"No problem," Jenkins replies. As you struggle with the sometimes difficult M-60, Jenkins opens up on the V. C. to your front. The sound is deafeningly loud at such close quarters. Jenkins finishes his mag just as you finish reloading the 60. Your ears are ringing.

The flanking team has run into trouble by the sound of it. You open the bipod on the M-60 and set it on a log for better accuracy. "Jenkins, can you make out where the sarge and his team are?"

"About 30 yards to your left. Charlie's trying to get

see an enemy soldier aiming his AK-47 assault rifle at you. Both of you fire at the same time. The last thing you see before losing consciousness is the V. C. being lifted off his feet by the blast of your M-60.

1400 hours, 19 June, U.S. Military Hospital, Saigon

You waken slowly. You aren't dead after all. Sergeant Willows is in the next bed. He must have gotten hit too. He notices you're awake and comes over.

"You gave us quite a scare, kid. Doc didn't think you'd make until the chopper came, much less the hospital. Glad to see you're O. K."

"What happened to you, Sarge?"

"I got hit in the leg. It's nothing."

"When are we going back, Sarge?"

"Oh, right. You just came out of it now, didn't you?"

"Yeah. What's up?"

"You're goin' home, kid." Willows says with a smile.

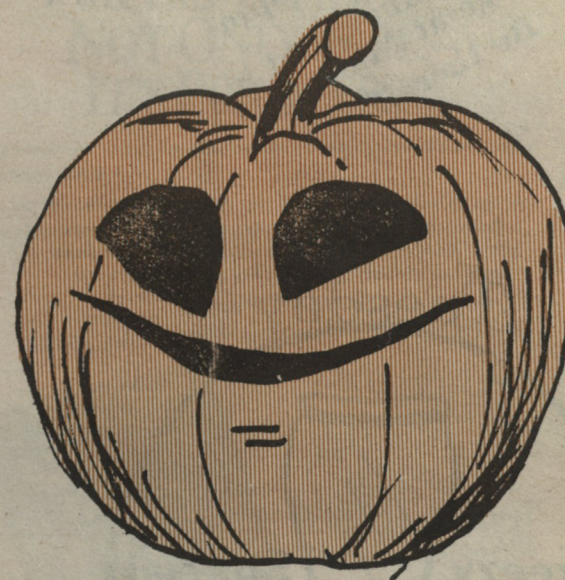
"Home?"

"You spend three more days here, then they send you home for five months of recovery time. Good luck, Johnson."

"Home!"

1200 hours, 22 June, Saigon Airport

You're carried up the ramp into the waiting C-130 transport aircraft. You look back and take your last look at Vietnam for a little while. You're one of the lucky ones.



You see him signal to you. You run over and hit the dirt beside him.

"What took you so long?"

"Wilson bought it."

"Yeah, well if we can't get out of this goddamn quick, he's gonna have lots of company. Okay, this is what I want you to do. I'm going to take four men and work around their flank. I want you to cover us. Get that 60 going and don't stop till I tell you. Got it?"

"Right, Sarge."

"Okay... Now!" Willows and the flanking party start off. You open fire

between the sarge and us, about 15-20 yards out in front."

"I see them. Ready?"

"You know it."

"Let's rock and roll!"

You and Jenkins both open up at the same time, spraying the jungle with a lethal hail of death. The pressure on Sergeant Willows' team eases instantly. "They're falling back! Let's go get 'em, Marines!"

You charge forward, spraying the jungle with lead. Your comrades follow your lead and the V. C. retreat quickly. Suddenly, you feel a sharp pain in your back. You turn around and