Ambushed!

No sign of defence-works, sir. They've even left us a bridge.

That's hardly kindess, Sergeant. I imagine they want the bridges intact for when their advance is resumed.

Corporal Smith. Take two men and scout the bridge.

Yessir. Logan and Jackson—fall in on me.

Feuer!

Machine-gun! Quick—off the road!

Aaaagh!

Jankers is hit, Corp.

Hold him, Jim. I'll give you a hand.

Uuuuungh!

Bhutan Troop dismounted.

Target in bushes beyond bridge. Range six hundred. Five rounds application—fire!

That covering fire certainly cooled things for us. How's Jankers?

He's had it, Smudger!

Scout detail's back, sir—one dead.

It don't seem right scarpering like this after old Jankers getting killed.

The lieutenant knows what he's doing—which doesn't include getting us wiped out in a frontal run on a machine-gun!

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