

# BATTLEFIELDS™

*Dear  
Billy*



**DYNAMITE®**

Dear Billy,

*You're never asked me for the full story of what happened after Singapore, and I've not been inclined to tell you or anyone else until now. I'm doing so because I love you. I want you to be able to understand me, and to understand the things I've done.*



*First they raped us. Then they walked us into the shallows and turned machine guns on us.*

We'd gotten out not long before the surrender, trying to reach Tara by motor-yacht. It belonged to one of the doctors at the hospital where we'd been nurses. The Japanese on the gunboat that caught us shot the crew, took us aboard their vessel, and sank ours by gunfire.

The journey to the nearest island took about an hour.

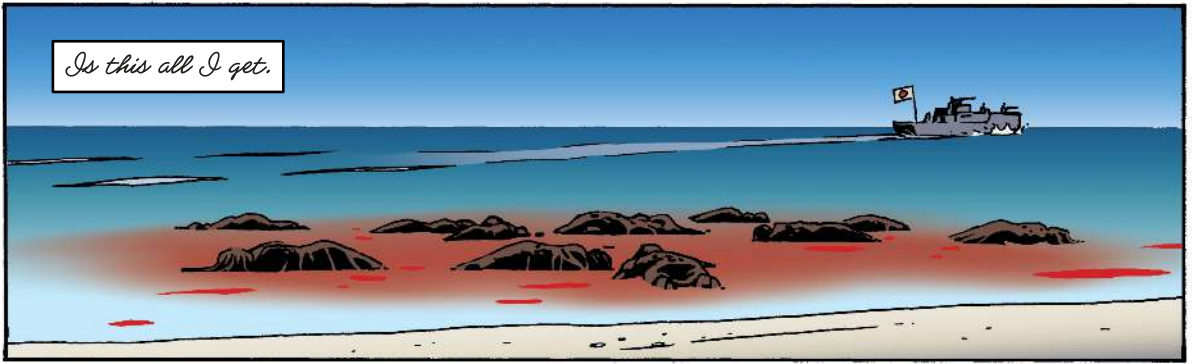
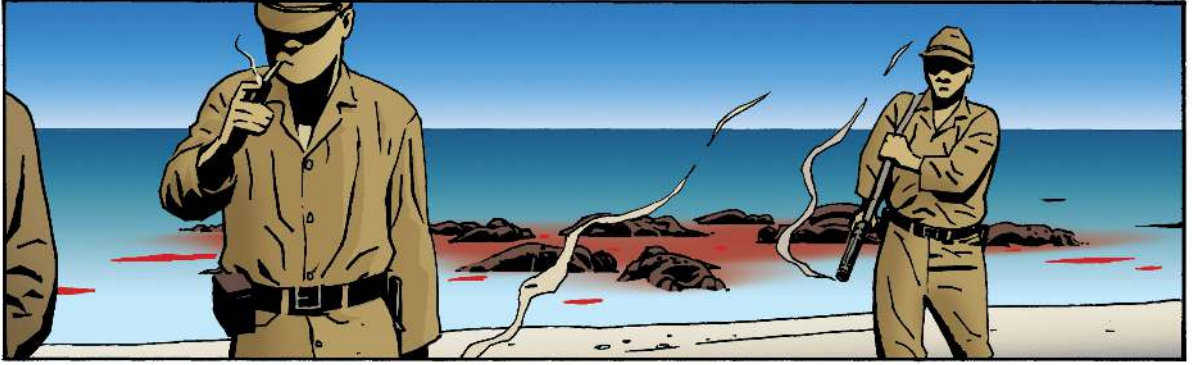


*I heard the order given, though I didn't recognise the words. From the tone he might as well have been asking for a light, but the sound of the guns being cocked was obvious enough. A single thought meandered dully through my head:*



*Is this all I get?*







THIS ONE'S ALIVE

CHRIST--!

HOW THE HELL CAN SHE--

WATER! QUICK! BRING WATER!



HOW LONG'S SHE BEEN LYING THERE...?

DON'T KNOW.

GOD ALMIGHTY.



OH, GIVE US A HAND HERE, LADS, SHE'S CAUGHT A RIGHT PACKET...!

FRONT