Battle for Kandahar

Lieutenant Dan crept forward, using building debris for cover. He rechecked his weaponry.

M4 Carbine with three spare mags, four grenades and Beretta M9 as backup. Should be

enough, he thought.

Chatter from the platoon ceased as the countdown began. *Three, Two, One.*

Launching forward, he threw two grenades into the building, sliding to a halt against the wall.

As he breached the doorway, a shotgun blast sent him sprawling. Light faded in his visor,

replaced by: '*Ctrl-R to Re-Spawn.'*

A laugh echoed through the comms. "Take that Dickhead."

"FUCK YOU ALISTAIR!" screamed Dan, throwing his headset across his desk.

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