

Harry's Game part 6A solution

I HAVE NOT SLEPT. IT IS NOW THE MORNING AFTER AN INTERMINABLE NIGHT AS I LAY WAITING FOR THE INEVITABLE START OF THE HOSTILITIES. IT IS STILL EARLY. LOOKING OUT OF MY WINDOW, IT WOULD NOT BE POSSIBLE TO DISCERN THIS MORNING WAS ANY DIFFERENT TO ANY OTHER. IT IS ONLY OUR MAN MADE CONFLICT THAT WILL CHANGE EVERYTHING. SO I AM TO REPORT EARLY TO HARRY WHO WILL, NO DOUBT, HAVE MY FATE PLOTTED OUT. I DON'T WANT TO DO IT BUT I KNOW HARRY'S FORCEFUL CHARACTER WILL LEAVE ME WITH NO CHOICE. THE EVERLASTING CARCOPHONY OF WAR INTRUDED INTO MY THOUGHTS, BRINGING MY INEVITABLE FATE CLOSER. MY BAGS WERE LYING EMPTY ON MY BED. I WANTED TO BRING UP THE COURAGE TO PACK THEM BUT I JUST COULD NOT. I HAVE TO. AS CRAZY AS IT SOUNDS I'M THINKING ABOUT WHERE I'LL BE STATIONED. WILL IT BE HOT OR COLD; SURELY THIS WILL MEAN I NEED TO PACK DIFFERENT THINGS. I'M MAKING IT FEEL LIKE IT'S A HOLIDAY. A KNOCK ON THE DOOR SIGNIFIES THAT MY TAXI HAS ARRIVED TO TAKE ME TO WHATEVER QUEST IS MY DESTINY. ONWARDS.