

**This short story is reproduced from Shaking Hands with Billy: The Private
Memoirs of Anthony Richard Turton**

Moonlight and Sine Wave Symmetry

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I slip into a troubled sleep, deep at times but punctuated mostly by the need for vigilance. The sleeping bag embraces me, zipper close by on the inside, with the cold reassuring steel of my CZ75 tucked into the top corner. Behind me a rustle followed by a metallic sound. Instantly I am awake - vigilant. I gingerly feel for my CZ, thumb searching reassuringly for the safety which I slide "Off". Silently I roll over in my sleeping bag, to face the noise and double tap if need be. I probe the eerie silence of the night, bathed in silver moonlight so bright that even the stars are invisible. Then I see it, furtive in the shadows, a dog with its long tail arced in graceful symmetry with its emaciated belly and sad ribs. It has found a tin of bully beef tossed away by a careless soldier. I take a deep breath, slip the safety back "On" and gradually succumb to the seductive embrace of sleep once again.



Sgt David Gadd-Claxton sleeping alongside his Eland AFV while on operational duty. Living conditions are rudimentary and soldiers can be expected to live like this for weeks on end. It was in such a setting that the story Moonlight and Sine Wave Symmetry occurred.