



LAHORE
JANUARY 1908

Hey boss,

This is, I think, a lousy place to pull off a scam. Yeah - it sounded good when you sold me on it - after all, who doesn't perk up when they hear "diamond mine"?

The idea seemed so easy. Turn up, take control of a group of soldiers, guard the local diamond mine, take a shipment up the line... and somewhere along the way, the shipment goes missing. All those precious stones, and precious me, vanished.

But it's all stuffed up. Maybe it's the heat, but stupid stuff keeps happening.

It's the little thing. I mean, I can just about cope with the conditions down the mine. But the slavery, the child labour... it all makes me wonder. I'm probably stealing the precious stones off the right people.

Or am I? Will it make much difference in a hundred or a thousand years? I don't know.

I think the soldiers are as uneasy as me. We didn't think we'd find this, and we don't know what to do. Mostly, I keep them in the compound and let them get drunk. It keeps them quiet and some of the local girls are getting rich.

Of course, the other night they took out a truck and ran over a local kid. And now there's no end of trouble - hatred in the eyes of the local women, fear in the eyes of the men. Talk, as it so often does, grows dark - threats of unquiet spirits and so on.

So, here I am, obeying orders. Sat sweltering in the middle of nowhere (physically and morally), with a gun by my bed. I wonder what I'll do next. I wonder what'll happen next?

Later,



CHWOOD

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