

Steve comes on the radio, trying to call us back with a change of orders. Lemming whispers a negative into his radio, but whispers aren't transmitting well, so that conversation of repetition goes on for some time. In the meantime a large group of shadows has moved from the building, seemingly to meet with someone on the road. "Steve, negative, we cannot move without being seen!" The group moves away on foot, leaving the area. We breathe a sigh of relief and exfiltrate back to our section.

The new orders are that we're going in. 3 Section will secure the outside and plug anyone who comes out, we'll get in and clear The Maze. Our rules of engagement prevent us from firing first, so we're to get to the building quietly and then go in fast and bright. We hustle cautiously across the entrance yard, drawing pistols, submachine guns and torches, and on the word we pile in through several doors. There's little obvious logic to the layout so it's kind of a case of picking a direction and roughly following it. Somewhere there's a shout of "contact!" and some shots fired. I see a flash of movement through a doorway going the wrong direction, but hesitate because it'd be so easy to end up shooting each other in here.

The Maze is empty - except for a number of interesting-looking boxes. We search thoroughly and the total haul is two large olive drab cases and a huge one, which we gather together as Chris tells us to get any intelligence we can about the building on the expectation of having to assault it properly in the near future.

Contrary to orders from above, Chris decides to make off with these boxes. It's a lot to carry, leaving us with minimal security so we kill our lights, sling our longarms, and grab case handles. In the darkness of The Maze we can see an eerie green glow emanating from the cracks in one of the cases - whatever's going on here, it's nothing good. We make it to the roadside where we can arrange a pick-up, but Chris doesn't trust calling it in over the comms network; he arranges a rendezvous elsewhere on the road where he and one other will meet the transport and guide it to us. It turns out not to be a trap and the van appears, making helicopter noises, to have the cases loaded aboard. We return to The Maze, hook up with 3 Section and return to the harbour for an hour of downtime. Still running on meatballs I grab an hour of kip while others cook.

I'm shouted awake to see a pair of boots standing impatiently six inches from my face - fortunately they turn out to be my own. The temperature has dropped so I layer up in fleece and waterproofs, as my shirt is somewhat damp from lying on my

belly in the roadside grass. We gather for a briefing; those 6 of us not out of action in bed, along with the rest of the platoon, will be setting an ambush for an enemy unit intelligence says will be following a particular route. J.C. is cheerfully carrying a large trip-flare on his back so we move out, secure the trail crossing and let him get that set up. We're put in position behind berms on both sides of the trail, with orders to stay hidden until a flare goes off - either the trip or, failing that, a manual one - and then to pop up and unleash everything we've got. I set up with J.C., Alan, Kev and Steve in some spiky bushes atop a berm.

We play the waiting game. I get into whispered conversation with Alan, who recounts the tale of their car breaking

down in Wales and them ultimately buying a replacement to complete the trip to this event. He wants to spend all three days of Berget up a tree firing one shot an hour. Time passes, we wonder if the intel was correct, I'm glad of the layers of warm clothes. Finally, a flare goes up, and with shouts we spring to our feet. I can't see any enemy but the other guys are firing off to our right and throwing pyrotechnic grenades like it's cool. I don't like shooting without a target, but eventually bring myself to empty a magazine in roughly the same direction. Someone is screaming theatrically again. There are two dark shapes on the track side of the opposite berm - they could be ours, but what would they be doing exposed like that?

