

## Doubts

by mazaher

December 31, 2011

a 221B in the 221 Bravo Baker universe (by abundantlyqueer at AO3:  
<http://archiveofourown.org/works/180121>: now a fandom of its own!)

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long author's note is long:

*I have been following TTOBB (and the spin-offs) with interest developing into fascination. My appreciation is not diminished in the least by the fact that my experiences and resulting worldview bring me to operative choices which on a few key points diverge from abundantlyqueer's to the point of conflict. It's a wide world. (Basically, I've chosen to withdraw the sort of trust needed to obey orders without question, especially when they affect someone else). On other matters, I am quite in agreement. This is my respectful offer of thanks to an author, a story, a world, and a bunch of people I've come to admire and love. I hope no major blunder on military matters made its way into these few lines, as so often happens when my own different area of expertise is involved. If so, it was not my intention. The date has astrological relevance. I needed a Pisces Moon.*

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July 13th, 2009

Forward Operating Base Sangin, Helmand province

32°4'33"N, 64°49'55"E

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Mac wakes up with a start.

Henn's eyes pop open.

"What?" Henn mumbles.

"Dream," Mac whispers. He rolls over, stands up, goes out.

Henn waits a minute, then follows.

Dawn is coming; the world is dark, but the three-quarter moon draws sharp shadows.

Mac is sitting crosslegs just below the ridge sheltering the camp, fingertips drawing lines in the dust. He's taken off his shirt; shoulders bent, a troubled angel wrapped in dusky wings.

"Tell me."

Mac doesn't answer.

Henn traces his thumb from the shorn nape of Mac's neck down his spine. Mac sighs, relaxing.

"I saw what we're leaving behind," he says quietly. "We're always on the move and we never look back. I dreamed that I turned around and \*saw\*. What's left after we're gone. Shells, bagged shit and rubbish. Corpses, theirs or ours. Landmines. Blood. So much blood, and no rain to wash it away. Who pays the price of this beautiful war? There is so much life going on here. Those hares we shoot to pieces, how do I know they're not as ...fond of their own as I am of you? I'm feeling so ...ach."

The first light glows orange in the east. Henn throws an arm around his neck, tugs a bit. Mac shivers, and the tattooed feathers seem to ruffle in the breeze.

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