

A Torn Mind Introduction

Mirch

ti

ti

ti ti

g T sfg g T

“Oy, Luv, what you think them Brits do in their trenches?”

“Fuck if I know. Prob’ly suckin’ each other off.”

Mirch didn’t agree. He contemplated while chewing on his left hand.

“They might have something – Tgg T T T sfg us.”

“Tell you what, Mirch. The next Brit cocksucker that falls, you take his uni’, then cross enemy line. You’d see T .”

“Yea, not bad.”

g st st T st T T T

“Mirch! Hold on,” Luv said.

“Yea, buddy?”

“Here, take me rifle with bayonet. You’d be dead in seconds trying to lug that fucker any

T

“Life saver, Luv.”

“Yea, be sure to stab one for me.”

“Done fuckin’ deal.”

st T T T g st T T
Tt g st g st g T st T
g T st g
ti T st st ti T
Tg T st
"This won't do," he said, s g T T g T st
st T g T T Tg g to the Britain's back trenches.