

Call of Duty - One Shot Collection

things no one likes to talk about

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 5: Happy Birthday ... [?]

While Alison, Emily and Dave were sitting at home, looking out of the window. Winter was clearly visible. The snow was hiding most of the streets, the cars and people were walking around in thick jackets.

"You think, he's okay?"

Dave nodded and looked at Emily, who had asked. "Sure he is.", Alison said and sighed, looking at the TV again, to keep her mind on something else, then worry out him.

Meanwhile in Russia, it was night already.

Soap was sitting in front of a tent. It was his turn, to keep both eyes open, while his mates were asleep. At least he thought so.

Price and that guy, whose name Soap couldn't keep in mind, were lying inside, hiding to their noses in their sleeping bags and thick blankets. John always wondered how all of these things would find their way back into their backpacks without problems. Always interesting, what military science developed.

While the other men were asleep, Soap was trying to keep himself warm. A little fire in front of him was helping only a bit. Not enough to feel comfortable. Not for a single moment.

His sniper rifle always at range, he was writing something into his journal, making doodles of the enemy's camp.

But this didn't take much time. He looked at the watch on his wrist and sighed. He could be at home by now. Sitting on the couch, watching football, eating cake. Tonight he would go out with some of his friends. Ghost, Price, Roach, some other guys from 141 and some civil friends. They would drink until morning dawn and -most likely- wouldn't remember a thing when they woke up.

But, no, he was sent to Russia, to get information on a facility. Rumors told, they were creating devices for Makarov but none of these rumors was confirmed.

So 141 was sent to take a closer look.

The facility wasn't far from their local position, but they had been on their feet for almost two days and Soap was the first to stay awake for three more hours. He never had a problem of being awake for long, when he was in action. But when he sat down once, he got his problems, keeping his upper lids separated from the lower.

So he tried to do something else, to stay alert. He pulled a little box out of one of his pockets and reached for a cigar from the inside. The box disappeared into that pocket again and Soap was about to remember where he got that damn lighter. Some

pockets were searched, but he couldn't find any.

"Need, fire, Soap?"

John turned his head, towards his commanding officer and raised his arm. "It's still time for you to sleep.", Soap reminded the Captain, with the cigar between his teeth.

"Had enough sleep. Can't during a job, anyway. I always feel uncomfortable and restless. I will wait until we get back home."

Price also lifted his arm and Soap grabbed for the lighter. "Thanks..", he mumbled and as soon as the end of his cigar was smoking, he was dragging deeply and handed the lighter back to Price.

"Nah, you can keep it, son. It's yours anyway."

Looking confused into his mate's eyes, Soap placed his eyes back on the little thing in his hand. He smiled.

His name, *MacTavish*, was inscribed on one side. He flipped it.

On its back he was able to read

We love you

Alison

David

Emily

Price

Soap smiled. Not even here, Price was able to use his first name, which also was John. He never heard someone calling the old man by his name. Always just Captain, or Price.

"Thank you, Sir."

"You're welcome, son. It was that little boy's idea."

Price reached for Soap's hood, pulling him back to put his arm around the younger one's shoulders.

When Price was pulling on his jacket, Soap released a short gasp and nearly slapped the old one as a reflex.

Price's gloved hand found some place on Soap's head and pushed it gently against his own shoulder.

"Happy birthday, Soap.", he murmured, more into his beard, than towards Soap.

John smiled, shortly laughed.

"Thank you, Sir."