

Before I had a chance to increase my urge to fulfil my growing need to ejaculate, something snorted, rammed my head and pushed me from her...



And as I quickly steadied myself the creature tried to push me away from the woman forcefully...

Finally gaining my composure I looked up to see a Camel and the girl grabbed a hold of the rope that dangled from its head...



Instantly I made my thoughts clear, however the mysterious woman did not share my contempt at the intrusion into our coupling...

I had to admit I wanted to quickly return to what we was doing, but I realised that the Camel had brought her back to her senses...



I tried to explain that being brushed aside by the Camel was not right, but she looked at me with disgust...

And then she pulled the
Camel away and headed
off over the dune...



And for a fleeting
moment I could
have sworn she
was talking to
the camel...

And as she reached the dune the woman and the camel seemed to disappear in the haze of the heat and sand...



I had no idea how long she would be gone or where she could have gone, so going back into the tent, I found a kaftan and settled into the cushions...

I thought I would use this time to reflect on everything that had happened and how I came to be here, however all I did was fall asleep...



Waking as I heard movement outside of tent...

Not that I had time to reflect on when or even if it had got dark while I was asleep or if I had even dreamed, for all I knew was that I had awoke to yet another sun filled day



And seated in the sand was the mysterious woman, her hands held high gesticulating to something in the sky...

Perhaps she was praying to her deity, but whatever she was doing as soon as I came out of the tent she stopped...



Her eyes focused on me and then onto the sand behind me, she seemed to be thinking, but whatever it was I was never going to find out...?

If I had one wish it would be that this woman spoke, but all she did was use her eyes and expressions and as I tried to make her understand my confusion she stood up...



Then she began to brush her fingers against my dog tags once more and then she sighed loudly...

Then she grabbed my hand and led me away from the tent...



I can't say how long the journey across the dunes took, but when I saw some objects sticking out of the cascading dunes in the distance I knew this is what she had been considering...

And when those objects became visible I recognised them as military craft, a plane and a tank...




However reaching the dunes they were embedded in I noticed that the plane bore the emblem of an old German World War 2 plane...

Hurriedly she ushered me nearer the turret of the buried tank and her expression changed to a kind of disgusted, but contented look as she pointed at the buried machines...



I was just about to tell her that these machines of war, despite their pristine condition, were from a war over 75 years ago, when the sound of two explosions went off on the horizon...

A 3D rendered scene of a beach. In the foreground, a woman with long black hair, wearing a white lace-trimmed dress, stands with her back to the camera, looking out at the ocean. To her left, another woman in an orange dress stands looking towards the water. A yellow boat is partially visible on the right. On the left side of the frame, a large, dark, metallic object, possibly a piece of wreckage, is partially submerged in the water. The sky is a clear, bright blue, and the water is a pale yellowish-green. The foreground is a sandy beach with several footprints.

I had to get a closer look and despite the two rising smoke clouds of destruction, for the first time in days or weeks, I began to think of home, my journalism and my life outside of this strange and idyllic paradise I had been brought too...

I even sounded chirpy as I pointed out to her that whatever was in that direction meant, that my unit or allies of my unit were possibly nearby...

Then her hand touched my shoulder and with her touch I began to see what it was she had brought me here to see...



Two skeletal figures lay exposed in the flat sand just by the start of the dunes...

Was she trying to remind me of the world beyond her Oasis or perhaps she wanted to show me that this or should I say her Oasis was untouched by war...?



If only she would speak, then I could truly understand what she was showing me...?

Then her soft hand grabbed my arm and she motioned for us to return to the Oasis, but all I could do was think of the smoke in the distance, it was were I came from, it would also be where I would have been, if I had not been so vocal about the horrors I had seen in my time reporting...



And then I thought of home, my parents and the friends I had left behind to pursue my career in journalism...

Then she turned me around and grabbed my hands and pulled me into her, leading me from my thoughts to her scent and her beauty as once again I was becoming lost in the mysticism of this woman who had saved my life...

twiff twiff twiff twiff

But then I heard a familiar sound off in the distance...



It was the unmistakable sound of choppers...



My journalistic instinct had kicked in, it was what drove the person I was before I came across this strange but beautiful woman...

I had to go back, I needed to let everyone know that Andre Pulsic was alive and most of all have those soldiers who took me out to the desert to die arrested...



I began to paint a picture of the world I did come from, not the world that surrounded her. I even took her hand and begged her to come with me...

She appeared mystified that I wanted to return to a life beyond this oasis, I tried to explain that it was where I came from and where I should be...



Then she pressed her finger up against me and then against her, and the look in her eyes told me that she did not want me to go. How was this possible, she hardly knew me and I sure knew nothing about her?

But as beautiful and pretty as this girl was and as flattered as I could be that she wanted me to stay here with her, I just could not. My intentions were clear, I had to go...



So as I was about to thank her for all she had done and promise that I would never disclose where this Oasis was, she waved her hands about in annoyance and turned away from me and began to make her way back to the Oasis...

I felt bad, that I had to leave her to her solitary and silent world, but all I knew about her, was that she lived in a tent in the desert by some mysterious Oasis and for some reason she saved my life...



Yet as much as I wanted to know everything there was to know about her, my clouded mind was beginning to clear and the will to go back to the war strewn land I had come from was getting strong...



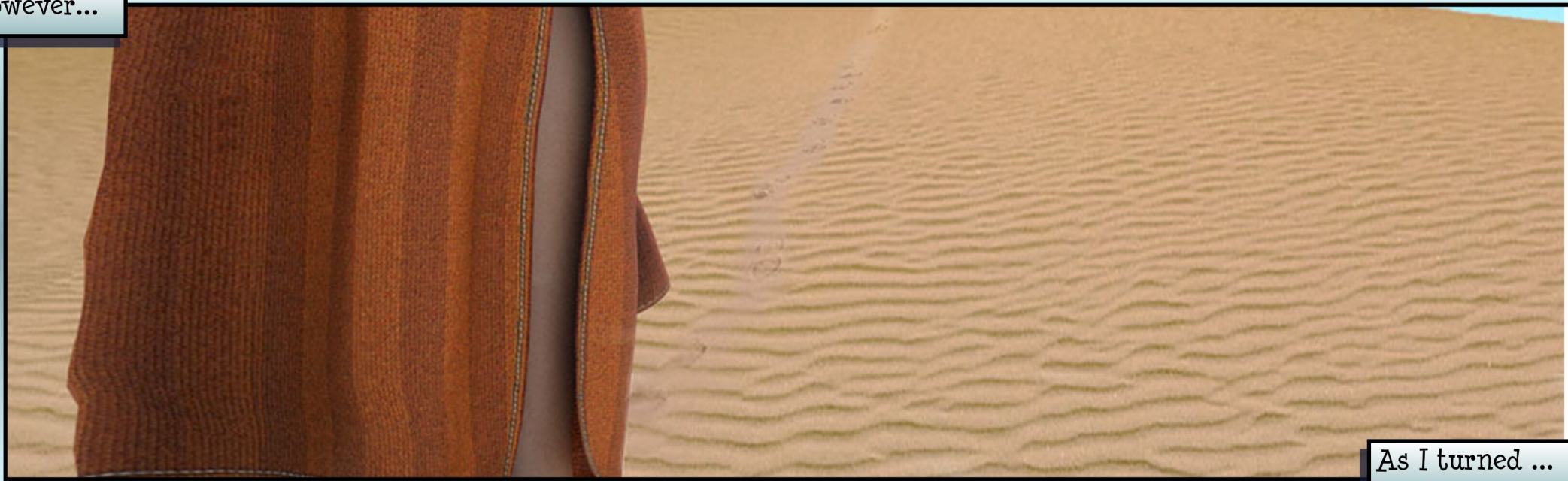
And so I took the step...



My mind was now focused on going back to my old life and as I left the dunes for the hot sand tundra, I headed towards the smoke in the far distance and the place I belonged...



However...



As I turned ...

The girl along
with everything
else had
vanished...



And with it all the
memory of who or
what had saved me
from certain death...