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With an effort La Cava broke from the soldier's embrace. His mouth searched for the soldier's ear. His fingers grasped the tight, kinky hair. He kissed the neck. The shoulders. Now his mouth worked downward, past the muscular breasts, over the panting abdomen, and came to rest on the warm, bony thighs. He could feel the soldier quiver in response.

«Chick, Chick!» he murmured. «I love you.» Lieutenant La Cava trembled as the soldier's strong, lean fingers caressed his face and hair.

The soldier awoke with a start. He looked at the watch. One-thirty. His head was still groggy from wine. He felt a weight upon his chest. It was the Lieutenant's arm. Chick stared at it strangely. He eased himself from under the officer's arm and arose. He stood silently at the head of the bed, a strained, numbed expression distorting his face, and watched Lieutenant La Cava sleep. Only when he began shivering in the coldness of the room did Chick move. He pulled a blanket and pillow from the bed and lay down on the wooden floor.

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True Friendship

'Tis hard to find in life
A friend, a bow, a wife,
Strong, supple to endure,
In stock and sinew pure,
In time of danger sure.

False friends are common. Yes, but where
True nature links a friendly pair,
The blessing is as rich as rare.

To bitter ends
You trust true friends,
Not wife nor mother,
Not son nor brother.

No long experience alloys
True friendship's sweet and supple joys;
No evil men can steal the treasure;
'Tis death, death only, sets a measure.

from the Panchatantra (Sanskrit, B. C.)