

# Lucky Guesser

I kept telling them it was blind luck. I didn't *know* there was an infiltration team using that particular pass, and I didn't *think* there was one, either. I suggested the regiment patrol that area because they'd been without field experience for a while.

Well. *That* certainly changed in a hurry.

After that, my higher-ups kept asking my opinion on enemy intentions and strategies -- and every time I guessed right, the higher-ups got higher. Now I'm on the General Staff, and the war might depend on me. I'm trying to avoid that.

Why? Because *I don't know what I'm doing!*

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