

A shadow across his face brought relief from the intense light that burned Eagle Feather's eyes even through his closed lids. He opened them, waited for the blurred image to sharpen into recognizable features, and smiled. At least, Zack later insisted that had happened.

"Ho, White Man, it is good to see you."

"Eagle Feather, lie still. You have been shot."

"White Man, you always surprise me with your keen observations."

There was lots of movement around them, people standing, helping one another, children crying. Eagle Feather tried to rise, but Zack restrained him.

"Just hold on there, my friend. Let me take a look at that shoulder."

Another shadow passed over Eagle Feather and he saw Sarah's concerned face. She looked miserable. "Oh, Eagle Feather, I am so sorry. I can't believe I missed him. I thought I had hit him. I'm so sorry."

"You did not miss," Eagle Feather said. "When he was close, I saw he was wearing body armor."

Zack swore quietly. "I should have known." He slipped open the Navajo's leather shirt and inspected the wound. "It seems to be a through and through. You are lucky."

"I do not feel lucky, White Man."

Zack moved aside and another face peered at him.

"Let me look," Silvia Mike said. "I have some training in this kind of thing."

Eagle Feather tried to sit up again. "What about your patient? You should see to him."

Zack gently eased the Navajo down again. "Just wait," he commanded. "You're all atwitch."

Silvia smiled at Eagle Feather. "My patient is cured. That's what this was all about. He is with his family. Now we will cure you."

"Do not put me near that fiery pillar."

Silvia laughed, her eyes dancing. "I think we can use more modern methods for your injury."