

Nomen est omen

'Men, we've only nearly survived. The enemy knew we were coming. I believe we have a traitor in our midst,' the captain bellowed.

'Yes sir!' the men yelled affirmative.

'Who did we lose? Cadet Kim Illed, ensign Dennis E. Ad, Cadet Simon Hot and perhaps Cadet Ludwig Ost,' the captain counted.

'I don't see ensign Cornelius O Ward.'

'I bet he fled, cadet Steward Py.'

'Yes, captain Major, I guess you're right.'

'Right, men. We have a traitor in our midst and I'm going to find him.'

'How, sir?'

'I'll talk to you all and I'll find out. You, mister Py are you a spy?'

'Aren't we looking for an traitor, sir. I'm Py, not a spy nor a traitor, by the way.'

'And you privat Soren Tupid? No? And you Dwain Umb? Not you either? Perhaps Torren Raitor.'

'Sir, I would never.'

'Where does your name come from Torren?'

'Erm, from people that value things.'

'You don't know, do you?'

'Well, that doesn't make me a traitor.'

'No, but this mobile phone with a text message does,' privat Simon Mart said holding up the phone of Torren.

'Well done, Simone! You've got the traitor.'

'Yes sir. Nomen est omen, I thought. Torren Raitor, T Raitor is traitor.'

'No way, that's just guessing. There's no such thing. I'm captain Major and I still a captain.'

'Well perhaps that will happen. Just like sergeant General made general the other day.'

'Ah, well, that would be nice. Major Norbert Oray Major.'