

An aerial photograph of a city, likely Copenhagen, showing a dense urban grid, a winding river, and a prominent bridge. The image is overlaid with a blue tint and serves as the background for the text.

# THE FOG

Part One: Scimitar of the Prophet

*Lieutenant Commander Nikolaj Lindberg, Danish Special Operations Command*

“ Know your enemy and know yourself, in a hundred battles you will never be in peril.”

—Sun Tzu, *The Art of War*

French Embassy, Washington, DC  
[early morning, 6 October]

The noise cuts through the darkness like a knife—insisting and incessant. I wake, utterly confused. A strange dream slowly dissipates. For a second, I am unsure of where I am, until recollection begins to manifest. The embassy in Washington. Is my alarm clock ringing? I scan for it in the darkness. It reads 4:47 a.m., more than an hour before my wake-up call. My telephone. I reach for it on the table and sit up. Not that one, either. I look around. Across the room, my secure phone is ringing. Pain stirs in the pit of my stomach. I cast the covers aside and stumble out of bed, crossing the room in three strides. I kick the briefcase I'd left by the side of the desk, sending it flying. I manage to find the light switch by the desk, turn the light on, and grab the ringing telephone. The screen reads Unknown Caller. I pick up. “Yes?”

My voice is grainy. The speaker on the other end is not. His voice is stern and composed, his accent slightly northern. “Pardon, Madame Minister, I must be waking you up. It is General Lecointre.”

The pain in my stomach turns into a cold knot. “No need to apologize, General. What is wrong?”

**This is a work of fiction.** Although the characters are based on actual people, the events are imagined and the action does not reflect actual policies or procedures of the French government or any other official agency.

## List of Abbreviations Used in the Story

### **AFSOC**

Air Force Special Operations Command

### **BRGE**

Brigade de Renseignement

### **CBRN**

Chemical, biological, radiological, nuclear

### **CCP**

Chinese Communist Party

### **CNOOC**

China National Offshore Oil Company

### **COM FST**

Commandement des Forces Spéciales Terre

### **DGSE**

Direction Générale de la Sécurité Extérieure

### **DGSI**

Direction Générale de la Sécurité Intérieure

### **DRM**

Direction du Renseignement Militaire

### **ISWAP**

Islamic State West Africa Province

### **JCPOA**

Joint comprehensive plan of action

### **MINUSMA**

Mission Multidimensionnelle Intégrée des Nations Unies pour la Stabilisation au Mali

### **QRF**

Quick reaction force

### **UNIMAID**

University of Maiduguri

### **WMD**

Weapons of mass destruction

There is a moment of hesitation before he answers. “We have lost five men in Mali this morning, Madame Minister.”

The knot in my stomach turns into a cold shiver that washes down my back. I exhale slowly, compose my breathing, and calm myself. I sit down. “Go on.”

General Lecointre continues. “A suicide bomber detonated his bomb at a checkpoint close to the village of Tassiga in Gao Province.<sup>1</sup> I have only just been notified. It has not hit the news yet, but it will soon enough. I thought it best that you hear it from me.”

I exhale heavily again. Five men. Five soldiers in one enemy action! My mind is racing. The news media will be all over it. There will be political consultations, discussions on the necessity and validity of our mission in Mali, hundreds of questions on the standards of the army’s equipment. And, my God, the families. “I am sorry. That’s terrible news, General. Have we notified the families?”

“Not yet, Madame Minister. The men are from three different places in the country: Paris, Toulouse, and Rouen. We are putting teams together to go and make the notifications. We will make sure they have completed their mission before we release the names of the fallen to the press.”

“Right. Make sure you do. I have full confidence that you will handle this with appropriate discretion and honor, General. Have army staff begin the preparations for the repatriation of their remains. If you forward me the details you have at this hour on the secure net, I will begin preparing a statement immediately . . .”

He cuts me off. “Madame Minister. Please do not worry about repatriations or statements. We will handle that. You need to come home.”

I frown at his abruptness. “Come home? I have a meeting with Secretary Mattis in four hours.”

“I know,” he answers, a little more quietly. “I know, Madame, I am sorry. There’s . . .”

I interrupt him in turn. “General, I realize the severity of the situation, but the meeting with Secretary Mattis is to discuss our common goals and align our efforts as the president intends. I will, of course, explain the circumstances and skip the meetings with the Joint Chiefs of Staff. I will come home tomorrow evening.”

## “Blister gas?”

I stutter. “But how?”

Horrendous images from photos of World War I flicker past my mind’s eye, images of men with red, running eyes and terrible swollen boils.

He hesitates for a second. “Madame Minister. There is something else. There are more than 30 confirmed civilian deaths and almost 100 injured, including 3 of our soldiers.”

“What?” I exclaim. “How big was the bomb?”

“Sizeable, Madame Minister, but that is not the issue. There are clear indications that the bomb contained some kind of chemical agent. Probably a blister gas of sorts. We can’t say for sure before our CBRN teams have assessed the site.”

“Blister gas?” I stutter. “But how?” Horrendous images from photos of World War I flicker past my mind’s eye, images of men with red, running eyes and terrible swollen boils.

There are another few seconds of silence before General Lecointre speaks again. “We don’t know for sure, Madame Minister. There are many unknowns at this hour, but we must address the situation. You need to come home.”

It feels like the walls are creeping in on me. I am on my feet without consciously realizing it. “I’ll be home as quickly as possible. Thank you, General.” I hang up without waiting for his reply. I take another two deep breaths to calm myself before dialing Captain Bernard. He picks up the phone immediately; only his voice gives away that he has been fast asleep.



**Malian Red Cross** in Gao after a terrorist attack.

“Madame Minister,” he says. “How can I be of assistance?”

“I am sorry to wake you, Sebastian,” I say. “This is a matter of the highest priority and utmost urgency. Wake and scramble my staff for a short meeting in my suite in 30 minutes. Please alert Ambassador Araud. He needs to be part of this meeting; we’ll have to cancel our appointments with the Pentagon. Get hold of our pilots and have them prepare for departure immediately. We’ll have wheels up for Paris in two hours.”

Ministry of Defence,  
Paris [early evening, 6  
October]

It is raining in Paris and completely overcast. Somewhere beyond the gray clouds, the sun is slowly setting. The dull light reflects on the wet surfaces. There is a grayness to our romantic capital this evening that does not belong, something ominous. From up here, it looks like some other city. It could be German or Scandinavian. Gothic, almost. It feels like a foreshadowing of the coming briefing. Beyond the quiet of my headset, the rotor blades of the helicopter are beating a noisy circle. Rain is streaking sideways across the windows. My eyes hurt. It feels like I haven’t closed them for two nights. A whole day of endless meetings before going to the United States, no sleep on the flight, a few hours’ rest at the embassy, and now back home to this without sleeping again. I feel fit to keel over. I lean back and close my eyes, hoping to pass out for just a few minutes. It doesn’t work. A hundred thoughts immediately cloud my mind. Disturbing images

of gassed civilians, endless concerns about the coming hearings, decisions to be made, briefing of the president. To his credit, Secretary Mattis was an absolute gentleman about the cancellation of the planned meetings in Washington, even going so far as to extend a pledge of absolute solidarity with France.

“Two minutes, Madame Minister.” The pilot’s voice crackles over the intercom. I open my eyes and immediately regret having tried to sleep. It feels like grains of sand are grating on my retinas. Captain Bernard is sitting next to me, his uniform spotless. The look on his face reveals nothing, but I know that he is contemplating the situation same as I. Time and time again he has proven to be an invaluable resource. He may be a junior officer, but he understands the political game and knows his way around military planning and lingo. He is foresightful and effective. As an aide-de-camp, he is everything I could have wished for.

The helicopter lands on the road in front of the Hexagone Balard. The Gendarmerie have closed off the road. The co-pilot gives me the thumbs up. Captain Bernard is out before I manage to open the door on my side. He helps me

**We move in silence** through several security doors, handing over every electronic item we have on us before arriving at the conference room.

out and we run in an awkward crouch under the rotors to meet the four waiting officials. General Lecointre is one of them. We hurry inside, out of the rain, and make our way to the elevator. The general does not waste time with formalities and jumps to it.

“Welcome back, Madame Minister,” he says. “I am sorry to inform you that another of our soldiers has succumbed to his injuries while you were in transit. We expect this was a result of the chemical agent he was exposed to, but we’ll have to wait for the pathologist’s report to be certain. The family has been notified.” I nod; the elevator doors open. “We have just received notice that ISWAP have claimed responsibility for the attack.”

“Pray do begin, General,” I say. “Do not spare any details. Start at the beginning and tell me everything you know.”

ISWAP: Islamic State West Africa Province. I nod again but do not reply. He, too, falls quiet. The elevator stops at the top floor. We move in silence through several security doors, handing over every electronic item we have on us before arriving at the conference room. It is small and has heavily insulated walls. The acoustics are like that of a sound studio. We are closed off from the outside world. Captain Bernard holds out the chair at the end of the table for me. He grabs a thermos from a serving table and pours me a cup of coffee. The general hands him a folder marked “Top Secret,” from which he pulls out two stacks of files and pictures and places them in front of me. He then turns towards General Lecointre, stands to attention, and leaves. I take a sip of the steaming hot coffee and lean back. The general’s otherwise handsome features are crisscrossed with wrinkles. He doesn’t just look tired; he looks like he is struggling against a deep weariness. He may well be a war hero, but he is under an extreme amount of pressure. I can absolutely sympathize.

“Pray do begin, General,” I say. “Do not spare any details. Start at the beginning and tell me everything you know.”

### Élysée Palace [morning, 7 October]

The president hands General Lecointre the report back, leans forward, and looks at me.

I begin. “The attack was carried out at exactly 7:52 a.m. on Wednesday, 6th of October, Monsieur President. The attack itself was uncomplicated in nature. We believe that a single suicide bomber detonated somewhere between 25 and 40 kilos of homemade explosives at a checkpoint on the road leading into the village of Tassiga in Gao Province. The suicide bomber likely carried the device disguised as a sack of rice. The bomb also contained what we now believe to be a sulfur-mustard chemical agent. We do not know exactly how much, Monsieur President, maybe as much as 25 liters. An infantry platoon of soldiers from 1<sup>e</sup> Compagnie, 1<sup>e</sup> Bataillon, 27<sup>e</sup> Brigade d’Infanterie, 4<sup>e</sup> Régiment de Chasseurs was on operations in the area and had established checkpoints north and south of the village



as part of a larger security operation intended to instill confidence in our presence.”

The president raises an eyebrow slightly at my last remark, as an almost unnoticeable comment on the lack of confidence the local population must be feeling at this hour. I continue without hesitation.

“The force of the explosion immediately killed 5 soldiers and 17 civilians and wounded another 2 soldiers and 13 civilians. Several of the farmers nearby were also doused in an unknown liquid, which we now suspect was the sulfur-mustard agent. Those who had been exposed soon began forming blisters, and 4 died from asphyxiation. The explosion also caused a cloud of the suspected agent to rise into the air, from where it soon descended on the village and the surrounding area, injuring another of our soldiers from the northern checkpoint and 192 civilians.”

The president grimaces in sympathy.

“Of those civilians, an additional 14 succumbed to the effects of the gas, also reportedly dying from asphyxiation. The surviving members of the infantry platoon immediately radioed for assistance and began performing first aid to the best of their abilities. Their actions may well have saved many lives. The company commander, Captain Dubois, arrived at the scene 54 minutes after the blast with the rest of his company and established an effective cordon around Tassiga to prevent other civilians from entering the area. Medical Evacuation arrived at 9:10 a.m. and evacuated our injured men and some of the most severely affected civilians. Over the past 24 hours, we have cordoned the area off completely and moved in a

**“We know that ISIS have had their eyes on the Sahel now that their perverse Caliphate is coming to a definitive end.”**

battalion to secure the scene. We have established a mobile surgical hospital to treat the wounded on site. Our CBRN teams are presently collecting and analyzing the suspected chemical agent and are decontaminating the village to prevent further casualties. The remains of our fallen will be brought home tomorrow—as soon as we can guarantee that they are uncontaminated and safe to release to our pathologists for autopsy.”

The president nods but says nothing. I continue: “As you were briefed, Islamic State West Africa Province claimed responsibility for this atrocious action several hours ago. We are still unable to determine whether they actually are behind it, and if they are, where they got these chemical agents from. Whether ISWAP were behind it or not, I would recommend that we align with the recommendations of the chief of the defense staff. Thus, I agree that we should suspend operations in Mali pending the distribution of better CBRN-protection equipment to our units and further knowledge of the chemical agents.”

I look to General Lecointre, who nods in confirmation. President Macron steepled his hands in front of his face and taps his lips, looking from me to General Lecointre. He is silent for a few long seconds before he nods. “I concur with the recommendation. Suspend operations for all regular units but double-time the effort to bring better CBRN equipment to our troops. We need to get operations back up and running. I will not have France cowed by a band of ragtag fundamentalists. Extend our recommendation to MINUSMA, our international partners in Operation Barkhane, and to the G5 Sahel.” He looks at the general. “What do you think, François? Could they be behind it?”

General Lecointre takes a deep breath. “Yes, Monsieur President. They most certainly could. But I doubt they were alone in doing so. The US-led actions in Iraq and Syria have set ISIS back on their heels. Their chemists have

been known to dabble in weaponizing chlorine gas and have supposedly attempted to make stronger and more lethal chemical concoctions. They’ve mostly used them in combination with off-the-shelf drones or small grenade-type weapons. We know that ISIS have had their eyes on the Sahel now that their perverse Caliphate is coming to a definitive end. That said, I have read no reports from the DGSE that describe anything even remotely as potent as this, and I would venture that ISWAP did not do this on their own.”

President Macron nods to himself. “So, what do you think? Does ISIS have a sponsor? A state sponsor, I mean?”

General Lecointre looks at me. There is, understandably, some apprehension there. “Speak your mind, General Lecointre,” I say. “We appreciate your experience and would hear your concerns.”

“All right,” he answers with a nod. “Yes, Monsieur President and Madame Minister. I would not go on record with this at the present hour, because I cannot substantiate this fear as much more than a gut feeling, but if I were a betting man, I would put my money on a state actor being involved. We know a lot about sulfur-based mustard agents. They were widely used in the First World War. They are very incapacitating indeed. They cause massive blistering and damage to the eyes, sometimes causing the victim to go blind. They cause irritation to or even rupture of the mucus membranes, and in very severe cases, asphyxiation. That said, when these weapons were used during the First World War, only about 5 percent of the contaminated soldiers died from exposure, and many of those died because proper treatment wasn’t readily available. Also, mustard gas evaporates fairly quickly in heat, which makes it less effective in Mali than it would have been on the Western Front. For a mustard gas to kill as many people as fast as we just saw in Gao, it would have had to be a refined substance. It would have to be a modern-age, military-grade chemical weapon. A weapon of mass destruction, if you will. I simply don’t believe that ISWAP could cook up a modern chemical agent in the desert of Mali without someone else’s help.”

#### Ministry of Defense [late night, 7 October]

The Hexagone Balard is bustling with activity, even in the middle of the night. General Lecointre, Captain Bernard, and I enter the secure department and head straight for Briefing Room 3. Five men and a woman are waiting for us and stand as we enter. I already know two of them: Bernard Émié, the director of DGSE, and General Jean-François Ferlet, the director of DRM. Bernard Émié is



**The Hexagone Balard, Paris**

a white-haired gentleman in his late fifties and a former diplomat. Though he is new to the job as director of DGSE, he is a very competent case handler and a man who immediately instills confidence. General Ferlet, though also extremely competent, is almost his exact opposite: a dark-haired introvert who smiles rarely and reluctantly. Although he is also new as head of his agency, his reputation speaks volumes. A former head of joint operations for Operation Barkhane, he has firsthand knowledge of the Sahel. I am happy to see him. We are introduced to Colonel Martín, Director of Field Operations; Monsieur Christoph Bisset and Madame Julia Paquet, two of DGSE's finest analysts; and Lieutenant Colonel Jerome LeBlanc from DRM's Mali Department.

I take the time to shake hands with everyone in turn, thanking them for their continued service. As we sit down, Director Émié turns grave. "Madame Minister, as you were informed, ISWAP released a video statement just over two hours ago. Our cyber warfare teams in the BRGE are working in close cooperation with our colleagues in the CIA, the NSA, and MI6 to limit the spread of the message. Presently no conventional search engines show it, although Monsieur Bisset has informed me that several dark websites continue to relay it. The released material appears to be a planned follow-up to ISWAP's claim of responsibility

**A video begins on the flat screen** on the back wall. The quality is noticeably low compared to the productions of the Middle Eastern branch of ISIS, but the message is equally disturbing.

for Wednesday's attack in Gao. I will courteously warn you that the new material contains several serious claims as well as some disturbing footage, the exact meaning of which our team will help elucidate."

He taps a remote-control unit in the desk and a video begins on the flat screen on the back wall. The quality is noticeably low compared to the productions of the

Middle Eastern branch of ISIS, but the message is equally disturbing. A masked but clearly African man in a khaki military uniform speaks to the camera in French with the black flag of ISIS in the background. He drones in a curious, almost prayer-like fashion. His accent sounds Malian or maybe Nigerien to me, but his vocabulary is very good.

“We are the Jamā’at Ahl as-Sunnah lid-Da’wah wa’l-Jihād. We are the loyal children of the Islamic State West Africa Province. For too long have we endured the involvement of colonialist France and her allies, the cowardly and heathen governments of the Sahel. We will endure them no more. Today we declare ourselves a state unto the world. To the cowards in Bamako, in Niamey, in Ouagadougou and Abuja, take heed of my words. We claim the lands of Timbuktu, Taoudenni, Gao, Kidal, and Menaka from what used to be Mali. We claim northern Tahoua, southern Agadez, and Diffa from what used to be Niger. We claim Nord, Sahel, and Est from what used to be Burkina Faso, and we claim all of Borno from

what used to be Nigeria. These lands are now the new Caliphate, the lands of the chosen of the Prophet, alayhi as-salām. As Caliph, we name the truest faithful among us, the most righteous and noble Sheikh Abu Mohammed Abubakar bin Mohammad al-Sheikawi. Surely, there are those amongst you who will say, ‘Why should we bow and be humbled?’ I will give you the answer. Islam is submission to Allah as ordered by the Prophet, alayhi as-salām. You should bow because He commands it. We now hold the weapon. We hold the wrath and retribution of Allah in our hand, and already we have graced the infidels with His judgment. We are the Ummah in Medina and you the Quraysh in Mecca. We are coming. We have declared the Caliphate and like the Quraysh, you would be wise to accept it without objection, lest you face His judgment. Allahu Akbar.”

The image fades and changes to that of a crying African man, tied to a chair. He appears to have been beaten. He is sitting in a poorly lit room with a similar black flag in the background. He squirms and struggles in vain as two men

in hazmat suits approach him holding an unmarked metal canister. General Lecointre reaches over and pauses the video. “Is it necessary to see what happens next?” he asks in the direction of the two analysts.

Madame Paquet shakes her head. “No, General, it is not, but allow me to explain. The two men in the hazmat suits spray the victim with what has now been confirmed as a sulfur-mustard agent. Not surprisingly, it kills him. What is interesting is the speed with which the aerosols first cause blistering, then cause rupturing of the mucus membranes, and lastly cause the victim to choke to death. There is a speed and effectiveness to the agent that is not previously known in sulfur-mustard gas. Administered in the amount shown in the video, a common blister agent of this type wouldn’t cause symptoms to appear immediately. Even if



**Colonel**, do you believe that it is unlikely that they will be able to carry out another attack, before we can find and destroy their operation?” I ask. “They have given us only a week.”

ingested, symptoms typically wouldn’t manifest before fifteen minutes. In this video, the victim begins to develop visible blisters in less than a minute, and the other symptoms follow soon thereafter. He dies from asphyxiation in less than eight minutes, most likely from profuse bleeding in the lower lungs.”

I look from Madame Paquet to Director Émié. He nods and continues. “Yes, Madame Minister. The effects are extremely fast as compared to previously known versions of sulfur-mustard agents. Our CBRN laboratories are attempting to work out precisely in what way the agents produce the effects so quickly, but are presently unable to ascertain exactly how. Naturally, the point of this videoed murder is to demonstrate the effectiveness of the agent and to prove that ISWAP’s claim of responsibility in Gao is valid.” He clicks the remote control a few times to fast forward to a different scene. “You need to see the last part of the clip.”

The same masked man reappears. “Behold the Weapon of the Ummah; behold the Sword of Allah. We, the Jamā’at Ahl as-Sunnah lid-Da’wah wa’l-Jihād, claim lordship of the Caliphate. Under pain of death, we warn you, colonialists and heathens. Respect our borders and withdraw from our lands or we will let sing the Scimitar of the Prophet, alayhi as-salām. We will decimate your ranks. We will scythe through the populations of the infidels. We will shell your cities and villages in all the provinces where you remain, and we will bleed the capitals of your nations. We give you one week to obey. Allahu Akbar, Allahu Akbar!”

A plethora of voices joins in with his chanting. The video zooms out, showing a whole company of similarly dressed men standing in lines around two artillery pieces, before fading to a waving black flag, with Arabic-style music playing in the background.

“If you will allow, there are a few things to notice, Madame Minister,” Colonel LeBlanc continues. “The hazmat suits in the middle clip are heavy PVC suits with a self-contained breathing apparatus. They are specifically made to handle chemicals but are for civilian use. They could have been purchased on the open market or stolen from a laboratory. The two artillery pieces are old Soviet M/46 howitzers. They were captured from the Nigerian Army in Borno in a surprise attack by ISWAP in 2016, but they are believed to have been smuggled out of Nigeria. Despite the implied threat of being able to deliver a chemical payload by means of artillery, we do not believe they possess this capacity . . . yet. In fact, we have no reports to confirm that the two howitzers have ever been used. As Wednesday’s means of delivery was a suicide bomber, it is very likely that a suicide attack is the only viable means by which ISWAP can deliver the agent and be sure to hit their targets. This limits their capacity to attack. Storing and transportation of such a volatile and potent sulfur-mustard agent is not easy, which also limits the scope of their options. Therefore, their implied threat of an attack with sulfur-mustard gas in France is not presently considered likely. From the accent of the speaker, the look and accent of the victim, and the color of the sand in the last frames, we believe this to have been filmed in eastern Mali or western Niger, and we estimate it is likely that the chemical production facility is there as well. We are presently intensifying HUMINT collection operations across Mali in order to zero in on its exact location. We have extended a request to our US counterparts to do the same, which they have agreed to do, of course. I might add that they have significantly better outreach in Niger than we do.”

“Colonel, do you believe that it is unlikely that they will be able to carry out another attack, before we can find and destroy their operation?” I ask. “They have given us only a week.”

Before Colonel LeBlanc answers, Colonel Martín from the DGSE interjects. “That is simply impossible to say, Madame Minister. We will naturally do everything in our power to achieve that goal, but there is an unaddressed dark horse in all of this. We do not agree with all the DRM’s conclusions for one reason. The DGSE does not believe that ISWAP have developed the means to produce and refine chemical agents on their own. It seems more than likely that they have received outside assistance. With that assistance could also come other skills, such as weaponization, or foreign investments in equipment and hardware, which changes the picture in its entirety.”

He opens a file in front of him and pushes it across the table to me. It contains personnel files with pictures of three distinctly Asian-looking men. “These three gentlemen are Zhang Yuanbo, Liu Mingjie, and Wei Te Dan. They are Chinese chemical engineers working for China’s CNOOC, a government-owned oil and natural gas company operating in the Gulf of Guinea. The three of them were reported kidnapped in September 2016 from their oil platform in the Usan Field some 90 kilometers offshore from the Nigerian coast. There had been a series of similar attacks in the Egina Field just a few weeks prior. The Egina Field is even farther out to sea, so we were surprised to hear that the Chinese security was lax enough for kidnappers to board the platform undetected, let alone successfully get the men off the platform. Nigeria’s attempts to recover the three of them have failed. Their kidnappers disappeared into the depths of the Niger Delta, where the government has almost no influence. For a while we tracked the negotiations for their release, but as Chinese government negotiators generally show little interest in the fate of their citizens in Africa, we didn’t give the case much attention before now.” He points almost demonstratively to a series of titles at the bottom of the files. “These three gentlemen are not only exceptionally skilled chemical engineers. They are also two majors and a lieutenant colonel in the reserves of the People’s Liberation Army. They have worked both in the military and for the Chinese government for decades. They specialize in chemical warfare.”

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[Stay tuned for Part Two in the Fall issue of CTX.](#)

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**LIEUTENANT COMMANDER NIKOLAJ LINDBERG** serves in the Danish Special Operations Command.

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## NOTES

1. You can read the author's earlier story, "At the Very End, I Smiled," about a Nigerian boy who becomes radicalized by Islamist militants, in *CTX* 11, no. 2: <https://nps.edu/web/ecco/ctx-vol-11-no-2-july-2021>

