

18 July 1943
Somewhere in Eastern France
10:22 Hours

Caleb's heart jumped into his throat, but his face showed no signs of worry. He barked orders at his men in German to go and get ready for the mission as he turned to face the General.

He stepped over to the General and snapped to attention. "Yes, Herr General!" He waited, heart racing, for the General to speak.

"Stop them all, Sargent. I know all of the officers under my command, and yet I do not recall you. Why is that?"

"Well, Herr General, most likely because I am not under your command. I am working for General Rommel, sir."

"I am unaware that General Rommel is here in this area. What, exactly, are you doing for him?"

"With all due respect, Herr General. I am not at liberty to discuss those details with anyone, sir. If you would like to find out about my mission, I would suggest contacting General Rommel directly, sir."

"And your name, Major?"

"Again, sir. All due respect for the General, but that is also something that I am not allowed to discuss. When you contact General Rommel, ask him about The Wall, sir. That should get you started on the right path. Now, I hope you have a pleasant day, General. I must go."

"You will go nowhere until I know what you are hiding, Major!"

Caleb took a deep breath and stepped directly up to and in front of the General. He would either die here, or he would pull off this bluff. No middle ground. He hoped the sweat on his back wasn't visible through the uniform. He spoke to the General in very even tones.

"Herr General. I have tried to be pleasant. I have tried to be understanding. I have tried to give you enough information to satisfy your query. I am no longer patient. My men and I must leave as we are on a mission that is time critical and you need to understand that. I am willing to let this incident go, but you are pushing me on that point. I do not want to attract any undue attention to my team nor myself, but if I must, I will simply shoot you and your guards and be done with it.

As I stated earlier, I am working on a mission for General Rommel. If you have a problem with that, I suggest you take it up with him.

Now. We are leaving. If you detain us any longer, we will not be speaking with General Rommel, but we will be speaking directly with The Furher. Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

As the Generals face recovered from the anger he was feeling towards this brash officer, the words sunk in and he realized that the only reason anyone would talk to a superior officer that way was if they had the authority to back it up.

"Fine. You are free to go. Please keep me informed on anything that would affect my command here."

"Good. I am glad to see that you are a reasonable man, General. We will keep you informed of anything that you need to know. Good night, Herr General."

With that, Caleb gave orders to his men and they left.