

16 July 1943

Palermo, Sicily

13:07 Hours

Caleb sat on the back of the Sherman tank and looked out over the island of Sicily. After the battle they just finished, he needed this break. He was thinking about what a shame to ruin such beauty with this horrible war. What he was seeing reminded him in a way of his home in Wisconsin. The land was rugged, but beautiful. He thought of his parents and their faith. They were Orthodox Jews from, ironically enough, Bremen, Germany. Both of their parents were Orthodox, as were their parents. He wasn't sure that he believed all of that, but he pretended. He walked through the rituals and such for his parent's sake, and he knew that they wanted him to find a nice Jewish girl to settle down with.

"Captain Siegel!" The private came running up to Caleb, jolting him out of his reminiscing and snapped to attention.

Caleb, short black hair blowing in the salty, Mediterranean breeze, looked up.

"At ease." Caleb returned the salute. "What is it?"

The private handed him a sealed manila envelope that had "Top Secret" stamped on it.

"Dismissed." Caleb released the private back to his duties. He had gotten a lot of these types of envelopes lately. What was this one all about? New orders he supposed as he opened it and withdrew the letter inside.

Yep. New orders, all right. Caleb was to report directly to General Eisenhower as quickly as possible and no one was to know about it. He didn't have any idea about how his life was about to change. He didn't understand that he, alone, was picked for this mission that he didn't even know yet. Today was his last ordinary day for a long time. He did sense that much, and that made him feel uneasy.

"Branson!" Caleb called to his Lieutenant.

Lt. Branson came over, saluted, and said "Sir!"

"You're in charge now. I've been pulled back to London"