

16:32 Hours

Dressed in their German uniforms, the entire team was eating dinner and talking things over.

“So, Sargent David. What is your assessment on our next move?”

“Well, Captain...”

“I am a Major now, Sargent.” Caleb whispered, reminding Eli of the fact that they were in a German Inn, eating German food, wearing German uniforms, while at war with the Germans.

“Well...Major, I would want to see how tight security is before anything else. Then, I would want to take the whole team in in case any shooting starts.”

“Ok. Why did you enlist? Being the only son would have gotten you out of service, but here you are.”

“Sir?”

“Why did you join up to fight? You were a shopkeeper back in Iowa, correct?”

“Yes sir. My dad owned a small Five and dime and I was running it for him. He was killed by a group of guys a few years ago, he and my mom. The police came and asked a bunch of questions, but they really didn’t care about catching the killers of a couple of Jews.”

“You mean to tell me that the police never caught the people that killed your parents?”

“Oh, don’t get me wrong, sir. They made a big show of it. They actually arrested some guys, but not the killers. They released the guys and pronounced the case to be closed since I didn’t identify the guys that they arrested as the killers.”

Caleb wanted to continue the conversation, but their food arrived and they were all hungry.

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They were back at the safe-house and David noticed movement inside the house. They were all on edge and split up Caleb and David went through the front door as quietly as possible.

Walking on the balls of their feet they worked hard at not making any sound as they made their way into the hallway. They heard a board creak under the weight of a foot step. They halted. The creak happened again and they could hear footsteps moving in their direction. Sweat trickled into Caleb's eyes as he fought the urge to step around the corner shooting as he went.

Just as he was about to step into the room, Dorothy stepped into the hallway.

“Halt! Show me your hands!” Caleb was screaming this at her until his brain caught up to eyes.

“Leftenant! What are you doing here!”