

The radio jolted Caleb out of his thoughts. It was the attractive Intelligence Office, Dorothy. He answered her on her third call.

“Yes, this is the football, over.”

“Football, this is the Quarterback, over.”

“Go ahead, Quarterback.”

“What happened? Are you all ok?”

“Is this a secure channel? Over.”

“Well...No, it isn't.”

“Roger that, Quarterback. We will be in touch as soon as we can establish a secure channel. Confirm?”

“Confirmed, Football. Where are you heading and when can we expect to hear from you?”

“Unknown at this time, Quarterback. Will reconnect once we are able. Football out.”

Caleb thought that was odd that she would ask such specific questions on an open channel. Maybe he was being to paranoid, but he couldn't shake the thought that he was now fighting a battle against more than one enemy. What in the world had he gotten himself into?

The pilot asked him for a heading. Caleb pulled a map out and started looking. “Head toward France for the moment. I'll give you a heading once I find one.”

18 July 1943

Somewhere over Eastern France

08:12 Hours

After they had hidden their supplies at a safe house, they went into town to reconnoiter for information and uniforms.

Maybe they would get lucky and chance into some uniforms by “helping” some drunk Nazis home for the night.