

London, England

07:00 Hours

“At ease, Captain.” General Eisenhower was already looking tired and the day had just gotten started.

“Coffee? No? Tea? The damn Brits love the stuff. Personally, I can’t stand it. I like my coffee hot and black. Straight up, just like I like my soldiers.”

“No thank you, sir.” Capt. Seigel stood waiting. The room was very basic and utilitarian. Several large maps took up several of the walls, but other than those, there were no pictures or other decorations. It fit the General perfectly.

Ike looked hard at Caleb and that made the hair on Caleb’s neck stand up. “I called you here because I have a problem and hopefully you will be the solution. The mission is Top Secret and I’m not going to tell you anything about it until you decide, right now, if you’re in or not. If you don’t think you can cut it, that is fine. Go get back on a plane and meet back up with your unit in Italy. If you are, then we will move forward.”

Ike stopped everything and just looked at Caleb.

How do you say no to the commanding general? Everything in Caleb told him to run. Everything.

“I’m in, sir. What’s the mission?”

Eisenhower looked him over carefully which caused Caleb to feel even more uneasiness than he already felt. “You sure?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Well...Okay, then. Let’s get to it. British Intelligence has intercepted several communiques concerning a German secret project called ‘The Bell’. If what we have is even half true, this could be a major weapon that we will never even know was used against us and, son, I just can’t have that.”

“What does it do, sir? This Bell. I mean what could a bell possibly do that could be so bad?” The dread was creeping up Caleb’s spine and he wasn’t sure he wanted to really know the answer to his question.

“Son, you’re going to think I lost my head when you hear this, but I swear every word of it is true. The Bell is