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WWI/Military fiction

Macie

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# Chapter One

Chatter and laughter were high amongst the crowd of children, people were happy, easygoing, and rambunctious as always; except for one poor soul… “Hey Macie, catch!” One of the group of boys yelled, throwing food at her from across the table. The girl was reserved, awfully reserved in which she hasn't talked for weeks. She was wrapped in bandage gauze as if she got a head injury. Peeks of long strawberry blonde hair were showing through along with the holes in her clothes.

“You dirty mut!” The kids continued throwing his food at the girl until she reacted. “Ah—!” The young girl had enough as she fell from her seat and planted onto the ground. “Look, the stink bug is getting up!” The boy caused everyone around their cafeteria table to laugh and chime in at the poor girl. She soon begins to cry.

“Leave me alone!” Macie rummaged through her backpack, grabbed a mathematical textbook, and threw in at one of the group of boys. “Shit!” His face planted hard onto the ground. “So you like throwing books huh?” The other kid was furious. “Have a taste of this!” He quickly reached down his backpack and grabbed an eight inch knife. “Eat this you rat!” The curly haired boy leaped over the table and struck the girl down.

The two struggled amongst the ground, choking each other out before quickly punching. “Get off me you damn freak!” The girl yelled. “You first you damn twat! I know what you did!” This provoked Macie to slap the boy in the face in which he laughed and proceeded to stab her in the legs and arms. “Ahh—!” She wanted to get away yet fought back.

“Teacher! Get the teacher!” The students yelled as a group of them went up to Ms. Olivia panicking. She found it hard to believe at first, but once she looked up, it was already too late. “Help me!” Over and over Macie’s stab wounds were pronounced and leaking with blood. She had to escape.

“Lester, stop it!” Before anything else a security officer tackled the boy onto the brick wall. “Macie’s a murderer! A murderer I tell you!” The boy continued to speak. “On the train tracks while walking to school the other day, I saw Macie killing another kid, she even hurt Matthew!”

“But Lester!” Ms. Olivia’s voice cracked. “This situation is not acceptable!” “You would have to go to juvenile prison and be labeled as a convict your entire life, got that!” She had to think of something fast. “Kids, go outside and stay together! Principal Ray will take you guys shortly.” “As for you Macie I’m going to get help!” Blood was everywhere.

Ms. Olivia ran out to call the ambulance, but to her surprise they had already arrived at the school thanks to the kids from another class. “Ma’am where's the emergency?” It was a handsome, neatly kept paramedic with curly blonde hair and sterling blue eyes. The teacher was taken aback a little. “She’s in the cafeteria through the gates, follow me.” Once inside, the man decided to give CPR as she was unconscious. *Her breathing is shallow…* He then decides to put Macie onto the stretcher and into the truck.

“School should be canceled for about two months.” The man suggested. “Agreed, do you think the girl will be alright?” Olivia asks nervously. “I’m unsure, that’s for the nurse to say.” This made her lose hope as her face painted with sadness. “Hop on in, I’ll take her to the hospital.” Ms. Olivia sat down in the passenger's seat next to the paramedic.

“May I ask what’s the child’s name?” “Macie...Macie Chainberlone.” The woman briefly replied. *Macie…* “What would cause someone to do such a thing?” “Lester has always been an outspoken child who was smart and did the right thing up till now.” She continued. “I don't know what caused this, but I knew his parents were a mess.” “Once Lester came to school crying with bruises, and burnt marks all down his arms saying that his father was always right.” “I don't think they give him any time of day at home but to have him come to school with an unstable outlet is wrong.”

“Agreed. That’s child abuse, and those parents of his should be punished.” The paramedic commented. “Think he would change his way with juvi?” “Change?...Maybe.” It was her honest opinion. Once the two reached Long Gate hospital, they administered the girl in. “Hello ma’am this girl is unconscious with multiple stab wounds, please let her in.” The blood was visible as it was dried up on her clothes.

“Alright, I’ll send a nurse to take her to room 111.” The lady seemed heart broken as she gazed upon the bloody child. *It’s huge…* They were impressed with the size and interior of the room as it was a porcelain white area that led to an outside garden; it had two beds that were separated by a curtain, a flat screen television, red spider lily counter plants, and two restrooms.

“She can sit here.” The man laid the girl onto the second bed near the window out looking the beautiful garden. “So when would payment be due?” The teacher asked. “Instead of payment, how about a waiver?” The handsome paramedic sat down on the bench as he tucked a strand of hair behind his ear. “Would you go on a date with me?” “Wha—What?” Ms. Olivia was taken aback, why would he say such a thing in a situation like this?

The woman has been through a fuzzy period with men as she wasn't ready for another. “Um...I don't know what to say…” She was flustered. “I believe your student is waking up.” “Macie!” The two quickly huddled around the young girl. “Macie, I’m going to call your father right away!” Tears welled up within the girl’s eyes. *Not Mr. Leon…* “Macie Chainberlone, correct?” The doctor walked in and extended his hand for a greeting.

“Co...rrect.” She struggled to talk as the pain was unbearable. “Great, now no others are allowed in unless they're her guardians.” The large doctor instructed the two out the room to wait upon hearing the girl’s results. “Now, Miss Chainberlone tell me what happened.” He questioned. “A group of boys were bullying me and one of them suddenly took out a knife and stabbed me over and over.” It was hard for them to hear those words.

“Well then let's examine your legs first.” The doctor said as he rolled up her pant legs and tapped her knee joint with an injection needle. He was astonished by her wounds.— “Don't be alarmed, this is only a sedative, it's supposed to keep you numb for a few hours.” Anything to stop the pain would be her best bet.

“What do you think they're doing in there?” The paramedic wondered. “Obviously medical assistance.” Ms. Olivia slumped down into the ground. “Why did you ask me out all of a sudden like that?” “It’s because I’m interested in knowing more about you.” He was determined to pursue her. “But—” Within a split second his tongue locked onto hers. “St—Stop it!” Olivia pushed him off before slapping him in the face.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing!?” She was frightened and confused. “I believe we can make it work.” He said. “What’s your name?” “Olivia Fae, you are?” “Finn, Finn Fletcher.” She was still wary of him. “Pleasure to meet you, but don't ever kiss me out of the blue like that again!” She slapped him once more. While the two were getting acquainted on the other side, the doctor had plans to detach the girl’s limbs through amputation.

“Okay Macie, to prevent your veins from getting infected we’re gonna have to cut them off.” The doctor was stern once he said that. *Wha...What?!* The girl felt defeated as there was no way out. “By the way, my name is doctor Albie.” The man removed dead tissue around the skin, then hacked the area while sealing off the blood vessels and nerves. “There, all done girl.” Doctor Albie put Macie onto a wheelchair then rolled her outside.

“Macie!” Her teacher yelled. “Your limbs were amputated…” Finn was in disbelief. “Docter, please tell me why?” “Mr. Leon—” Macie’s father appeared unannounced as he walked down the hallway. He was fairly young and noticeably furiated as to what was going on. The man had long silky black hair, looked to be in his mid twenties, and wore a suit and tie.

“Mr. Leon, your daughter was stabbed relentlessly by one of my students!” Ms. Olivia kept apologizing to his face, hoping he would understand. “One of those students should have been let down.” His face grew irate. “It’s your fault my daughter’s like this.” The man said menacingly. Macie shed a tear as she didnt want to face her father in this manner.

“Macie sweetie…” Her father turned towards her contemplating upon the girl’s situation and future. *This would work…* “Tell me, what did you think about that kid stabbing you?” “Would you risk your life to save someone like that knowing they could do that to someone else, or protect yourself and loved ones?”

He gave her a question of morality worth saving. “Uh…” The girl felt flustered. “Protect myself and for the greater good?” “Not so quite.” Leon corrected her. “Anyone is able to do anything, your friends may turn their backs on you the next day.” “People are capable of doing both harm and good given their circumstances.”

He continued. “Protect yourself. As you grow older, your life will change as challenges come your way.” He said as he hugged the girl tightly. *Daddy…* Macie’s relationship with Leon is that of a mentor and student given the fact that he’s her foster guardian. She agrees with some of the things he says. “Thank you Mr. Leon.” The girl replied.

“You're welcome.” He said. “And doctor, you can save the bill.” The man handed over Macie’s health insurance card and five hundred dollars as a tip. “Wh—Why thank you sir!” The doctor seemed highly grateful. Speaking of payment, Finn was planning his date for next week. “So I’ll keep that date in mind Ms. Olivia.”

He was really ready to invest more time with her. Once Macie reached her luxurious home, she was wheeled from the front door and into the living room where she and her father chatted. “Mr. Leon, thank you for seeing me in the hospital.” The child was grateful, “I’d rather see the kid who put you in the hospital…” though he was honest. “It’s remarkable that you've endured such pain, what would've made that kid want to kill you?”

Macie’s heart broke as her memories came through. “He saw me attack a kid near the train tracks on my way to school the other day.” She continued. “He held me at gunpoint and reached his hand down into my private area. He would have killed me if I'd done anything but I had to do something daddy!”

The atmosphere in the room was fuzzy yet shaken as tears welled up within the girl’s eyes but to her surprise, her father was shocked as well. “That’s why I said you need to protect yourself.” He continued. “People have intentions whether good or bad, it’s a good thing that you're alive my dear.” Mr. Leon rubbed her head back and forth. “Now get some sleep.”

Leon picked up his daughter from the hip and carried her to her bedroom. The next morning was taxing as the light seeped through the window and all around the girl’s bedside. *What a beautiful sun…* Macie stretched as she felt the cold hardwood floor beneath her foot; it’s been three days since her limbs were amputated and thus her pain began. Despite her serene appearance, she suffered from phantom limb syndrome and excruciating pain with even the most everyday activities like walking, sleeping, bathing ect. The poor girl even refused to go out in public without feeling burdened and ashamed by all the stares she gets.

“Macie, are you awake?” Her father leaned against the doorway. “This is devastating…” The girl continued. “I want my limbs back!” “Calm down girl,” Leon said. “this never needed to happen but look on the bright side, at least you didn't die.” Macie tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. I would've died before meeting my parents…” This brought in somber memories of her orphan days but Mr. Leon was having none of that. “Macie, are you happy that I adopted you?” This made the girl’s heart warm.

“Yes!” She exclaimed. “Daddy, I would have never gotten a taste of humanity if it weren't for you.” Macie continued. “That orphanage was hell, all of the beating and abuse was pointless.” “Then…” The man spoke anticipating what next. “You came along and adopted me.” *I’m so grateful to be alive.*

“I've loved you ever since Mr. Leon.” She squeezed onto her father’s hand. “Thanks for saving me again.” ‘Come, follow me to the garage. I'd like to show you something.” Macie agreed and wandered in interest as to what was happening. Leon carried the girl into the basement and revealed his plans as he pulled a sheet hiding a set of prosthetic limbs underneath. “Ta-da!”

*What’s this…?* Macie was even more grateful. “I built it myself, they’re alternate prosthetics.” Her father explained. “With these you can synthesis the metal with your pelvis and deltoid muscle, it’ll never come off and make the bones stronger.” Leon felt so proud, he placed the girl onto the ground and infused the metal wiring within the girls tendons.

“Ow!” Macie cried as the pain was unbearable. “It’ll get better Macie, I promise.” The man tried calming her down. “Please stop! It hurts!” Once the pain numbed down she became level headed again. “You're fine, you can sleep it off now.” While Macie changed into her nightgown, Mr. Leon was printing out assignments for his division of the global government. He is a peacemaker who enforces laws and foreign rights within the world.

He along with his sector fights upon the side of justice; compromising with other countries, informing foreign presses etc.

# Chapter Two

Cold rain started pouring hard upon the ground ladened with pollen and leaves. Unfortunately it was clear that war was up ahead. “General Lucien!” A man cried out with concern. It was a french soldier with light blonde hair wearing a military uniform that insinuates his fit physique. “What is it Abriel?” The general said, trying to stay content with the situation at hand. “What if the Germans win and take more of our land, or even the citizens—” “We either do the easy way and assassinate, or we ride to war!”

General Lucien couldn't let the man speak as he was bitter about Germany and wanted their land back so they seized an attack alliance with Russia. *We’ll prove to be the strongest nation yet.* “Men, these will be your stations as you assume concentrated force along with fire ranged attacks.” Their general stamped his fist upon the chalk board with great power. “Let’s make sure it’s a battle they’ll never forget!”

It was nine fifty-three in the morning as Macie woke up and steadily headed downstairs. The girl was slightly used to her metal limbs recently so much that she was able to bend and kick. *Man, why do I have to clean down here?* The downstairs area was that of a massive office space for Mr. Leon. “What’s this?” The girl mumbled to herself cleaning the shelves before stumbling upon a crate filled with sensitive information from the G.P.O; cases of folders filled with photos, a handgun, rifle arms and foreign documents. Macie was curious as to what Mr. Leon was up to.

“What is this man up to?” At that moment the man came downstairs with the girl’s hot chocolate and medicine in hand. “Good morning Macie, hopefully your pain went away.” The man smiled as he handed her a drink. “Yeah it’s been two weeks so...I’m okay.” She held up a photo from a folder within the crate, it was Leon and his sector smiling and laughing while holding up some sort of silver plaque.

“Oh this? Me and my coworkers at Global Prospects took a photo for the local press.” He continued. “We were interviewed and given an award for our research and talks on the worlds of law regarding Russia and Germany.” Global Prospects was a law establishing, peace organization built towards forming a more civilized world as they make compromises, deals, and laws for governments spanning multiple countries. “Hey Mace, why do you think our organization exists?” “So you could bring out the best of people in this world?” She spoke.

“Correct.” Her father said, lifting her up on his shoulders. “I’ve got a message from your teacher, she said school would be closed for three months.” “But I have a musical coming up and…” The child was disappointed as she slumped on his head. “Don't worry, it’s just a musical, besides something serious happened to you.” Despite all, Macie kept the faith that everything would be okay. Next morning, Mr. Leon took Macie to work with him to get a feel for his job and what he and his coworkers stood for.

The two arrived at a large tall white building that looked similar to a laboratory. “Okay Macie I’m going to give you a tour around my sector so chin up and smile politely, you may ask any questions you’d like.” The man gave instructions as they walked inside the building. *Okay dad...* Macie felt pressed yet grateful to be there. “Good morning Mr. Leon.” A swarthy woman with dreads wearing a labcoat walked up to the two.

“And who’s this little one?” She bent down to greet the girl in overalls. “Hey,” Macie proudly spoke. “my name’s Macie and…” She knew she couldn't hide her prosthetics knowing that would be a topic of conversation. “You’re a proud girl Macie.” The woman smiled. “Um, thank you...you guys are great too.” She diminished her self-loathing. “Of course, we aim to bridge peace across the world.” The woman said, shuffling her hands into her lab coat pockets.

“Hey Trisha, did you and Hans complete the assignments for Russia?” Mr. Leon spoke. “Yes, yes. Russia is forming an alliance with France and they plan on hostaging some of our military troops.” “Really now? Send this over to Benjamin of sector five, he’d know what to do.” The woman did as told while the two made their way upstairs. “So who are we meeting this time?” The girl wondered. “We’re having a board meeting upstairs.” Leon said. “Sector one and six are combined for today, we are going over some of the other countries' policies while overseeing government/military deals.”

*This would be an interesting meeting.* As the two stepped into the board room all eyes were staring at them from the many rows of people as the room was dimly lit and large as it appeared more like a lecture than a meeting. “Senior commissioner Leon, you’re late.” The sector six upper chairman spoke in a horse irate tone. He was tall and bald and wore a special black lab coat distinct from the others. “Please take your seat.”

“Of course, and if you don't mind I’ve brought my daughter here with me. She's in fifth grade so she’s well trained and any questions she may ask don't stop her.” The two sat down near the second exit by the side of the room as the chairman began speaking. “All compromises with Israel, London, and Australia are okay while some of their military aren't; which includes Britain and France.”

The man continued speaking. “The French are trying to take our empire Bismarck as our military took down belgium.” Two hours later as the man finished the board meeting, Macie raised her hand for a question. “Um excuse me sir, would we be going into war with France?” It was an accurate question for her since she figured France were the bad guys.

“At this point it seems to be the case,” The upper chairman said. “they held a few of our Baumholder and Dormstant soldiers hostage and could attack their base at any moment.” “Would the russians be apart of that as well since they formed an alliance with france and hungary?” A swarthy little old lady wearing a lab coat spoke out from the back of the room. “I’m not sure, that would be greater fire on our end if they were involved.”

Once everyone's questions were answered, within a few minutes the chairman dismissed the meeting and everyone returned to their assigned departments. “Commissioner Leon, how's it going these days?” A quite large and hairy man tugged at the man’s lab coat collar. “Oh hey Carl, I've been busy printing and filing assignments for you guys. What do you want from me?” He asks. “Nothing much senior. It’s about Germany, isn't it a shame that our military is held hostage?”

“I’m sure their general has a plan, I have faith in them. If it’s a war they want, we'll win for sure.” Leon knew what his country stood for. “Ah, who is this little one?” Carl smiled as he looked at Macie. “Macie this is Carl, a member of the foreign rights exchange department. He meets with country leaders all across the globe passing laws and rights.” “Yup.” The hairy man had a friendly grin on his face.

“What your daddy says is true little girl. I meet with the most prestigious leaders in this world and is apart of changing their governments.” “Okay well...that seems cool.” The girl respectfully smiled as she tucked a string of blonde hair behind her ears. The day was long as the sector attended to their duties by the end of the day. Macie felt enlightened meeting the many people within Global Prospects and was surprised some people didn't mention her prosthetics.

“Macie, your question sparked a discussion. I'm proud of you.” While her dad went into the kitchen and poured a glass of cranberry juice, Macie decided to turn on the living room t.v. to watch her favorite cartoons. “Here.” He handed a glass to her. “Dad, is something bad going to happen to this world?” “If by world you meant countries then yes, probably.” Mr. Leon showed his cynical side.

“Assume a foreign leader was totalitarian, they’d beat our military and take away our land, way of life and change our history for the worst.” “So they’d rule over us?” She tried understanding. “Yes, and to prevent that becoming our fate we must fight and discuss matters with world leaders.” Mr. Leon assured his daughter that things would change for better or worse.

The next day rolled in like a tornado as light peeked through the curtains and the clock tick and tok loudly causing Macie to wake up with a loud yawn. The whole house was silent as an ant as Mr. Leon left for work. *I’m not sure what I want to eat.* The girl’s mind wandered as she sat up on her bed touching her prosthetic legs before noticing how unusually interesting they looked.

Macie ran her hand across the bumpy length of steel, pressing down on what appears to be buttons? *What?...Why are there buttons on the side?* Macie went further down and felt a hollow hole at the bottom. *What is this?* Curiosity ran about as the girl pressed a button: Fwooosh!! “Ah! Daddy help me!!” Macie found herself pushed up against the ceiling as her prosthetics blazed with fire like a rocket.

“Somebody help! Make it stop!!” Within a snap the girl fell right down onto the hardwood floor. *Are all prosthetics like this?* She was freaked out and interested at the same time. Hours passed as Macie carried on her regular everyday routine. “Macie, I’m home!” Mr. Leon said echoing throughout the house. “Dad, something’s off with my prosthetics.” The girl explained. “There are buttons on them and I flew to the ceiling! I thought I was gonna crash through the house... what’s wrong with them?” She fretted as Leon had some explaining to do.

# Chapter Three

“Yeah.” The man sighed. “There’s a reason for that, let's sit down in the living room.” As Macie patently sat down on the couch, Mr. Leon went to his room to grab a few letters then returned back. “I knew this day would come…” He mumbled underneath his breath as he turned the living room t.v. off.

“Macie, a month ago I received letters from the federal republic in which they’re proposing a conscription for you to join the military.” The man continued speaking without letting his daughter talk. “You are one of their new recruits and we're leaving next month to go over to their base in Baumholder.” “But what about school? Won't I get in trouble?” Macie wondered while trying to grasp the magnitude of her situation.

“I've called and let your principal know ahead of time.” *Is this what growing up is all about?* The girl could only imagine what her life would be like with the weight of her country on her shoulders. Will this end well? “Dad, why? What's going to happen to me?” The little girl was shocked. “You know what war is all about Macie, but you’re getting training from your general.” The man placed a hand on her shoulders.

“Know what this means for the both of us and know that we are fighting on the side of peace.” He continued. “Global Prospects keep record of all military and government affairs so you shouldn't worry on my end.” “But what if—” “You won't die, I promised you that.” Leon hugged the child tightly in his arms.

“There’s a reason why I chose you. After my first loss I knew I wouldn't lose another.” A few years ago, Mr. Leon’s wife was gruesomely murdered along with their unborn child. It’s a memory that hasn't left him since and may never. “Well, I still love you.” Macie let the words roll off her tongue as she watched her dad smile. The afternoon and evening was tense as the news settled. The month was ending as the next came, Macie would only have a few days left before her life changing draft. The next morning was dreary as the scent of pollen filled the misty humid air. Rain poured violently upon the streets of Hauptstrabe as a thunderstorm was coming up.

Mr. Leon grabbed his lab coat and black briefcase then headed out the door to go to work. “Good morning commissioner Leon.” A woman greeted him with open arms. “Good morning Amilia, you're as cheery as always.” The man placed his briefcase on the counter, then handed the lady some notes. “What’s this?” She asked while tying her deep red hair into a messy bun.

“So it seems like the Ukraine governor hasn't uplift the death penalty huh, they really need to change.” Amilia mumbled to herself as she went back to her cubicle. Mr. Leon had Macie on the back of his mind; hiding the news from her all this time was dreadful. A little girl becoming a soldier, what are the odds? “Senior commissioner Leon, did you do my assignments yesterday?” A familiar voice called out to him as it was the upper chairman of sector one.

The man was bald and old with a scraggly white beard. “Yes chair—” “Please, call me Heinrich.” He cut him off from speaking. “You're able to be friendly with your superiors, and about your daughter she seems pretty smart for her age group.” The man complimented. “Yeah she's pretty smart and surprisingly she’s getting conscripted into the Baumholder base.” “Really? That's amazing or unfortunate. Either way, let's just hope we don't have a war on our hands.” The men agreed though her father hoped for the best.

Time flew by at Global Prospects, by now it was four o clock when Leon supposedly came in around eleven thirty in the morning. Once the man drove home he went to the kitchen passing Macie who was seen sleeping on the couch with the t.v. and radio on. The man pulled out pots from the cabinet and started making dinner.

“Only a few days left.” He mumbled to himself while chopping up beef, parsley, and carrots for the stew. “Macie wake up, dinner’s ready in an hour.” Once Mr. Leon shook her up she wanted to play a game with someone. “Dad, do you want to play a game with me?” “Game? Yeah sure.” Her father approved. Macie went to her room to grab a game of Tikal.

“Alright.” The two played for a minute before breaking the silence. “So dad, what was your childhood like?” “Well, when I was your age my older sister died while my best friend Marcus was kidnapped.” He continued. “But with all of that happening, my parents still loved and protected me at least.” Leon’s early outlook on life led him to Global Prospects and developed a sensitive moral.

“There were other good things in my childhood like meeting my wife Miranda.” He smiled. “So your wife was your childhood friend too?” “Yeah, since middle school to be correct.” Macie sighed. “I wish I could've met her, I bet she would've been a great mother. You're a strong man to have so many bad things happen in your life.” “Thanks kid, I’m grateful.”

Time flew by once the two finished their game and began eating dinner at the dining room table. “So about the army, would anyone protect me?” “You're gonna do rigorous training with the others. They'll train you so you can protect yourself.” He continued as he took a sip of water. “Speed, strength, wits and endurance are all that's needed to survive and win a battle.”

*So would I be fighting Britain?* She thought about how enemies and allies worked. “You have a week before we leave for Baumholder, make sure to pack alright?” *What? A week?!* Her mind couldn't prepare. October first rolled around and it was the day of her conscription into the armed forces. “I’m bringing my luggage out…” Macie hulled out a large red suitcase decorated with stickers into the suv.

The distance from Hauptstrabe to Baumholder was about forty miles away from each other, nothing but highways and dirt roads from here. “Are we there yet?” The girl asked, trying not to fall asleep as she stared out the window. “Not yet Macie, it'll take a while…” The road was long, every mile closer was like an internal attack for her as she couldn't deal with the anxieties of battles, or even worse strangers.

A few hours later, the two made it into the Baumholder military site as they looked upon a vast array of dirt land gated by a barbed wire fence with the training grounds within. “Hello, welcome to Fort Baumholder. You must be Mr. Leon, correct?” A swarthy, bald, and muscular man wearing cameo appeared before the two. “Yes, that’s me. My daughter’s a little anxious at the moment, hopefully that won't last as she gets the swing of things.”

“Hello there, you must be Macie.” The man shook her hand. “I’m general Hues, you'll be training under me now along with the rest of the troops.” The general took Macie inside the army facility to get her height and weight. “Stand on the imperial scale.” The man said as the girl heed instructions while scanning the area. The facility was spacious and well decorated with plaques and badges along with old generational pictures. The lobby itself looked like an office fit for the military generals.

“General Hues, who are these people?” Macie mentioned the people in the pictures and was curious. “They're noblemen, navy generals, and emperor Wilhelm Ⅱ. They are all prestigious men whom I have the utmost respect for, so meeting them was a delightful experience.” “You've met emperor Wilhelm? What’s he like?” Macie wonders as she's been learning about emperors and leaders from school; Ms. Olivia was a good teacher nonetheless.

“Wilhelm is a simple yet strict man who commanded strength from other countries and threatened his enemies for battle, a noble trait of a man I do say.” “So where are the other troops?” She asks eager to meet the others. “You’ll meet them soon enough, they're at a camp in America training so they should come back any moment.” As the two made conversation, Mr. Leon walked in with the girl's luggage.

“General Hues if you don't mind I'll be on my—” The man could even say another word as Macie hugged him tightly. “Remember Mace, I’m keeping tabs on you and the other soldiers so be nice and protect yourself.” *But dad, what about the other buttons?* Macie realized she hadn't figured out what the other buttons on her prosthetics do and how they would function in combat. Once her father left General Hues showed the girl around the facility including her boarding room.

“We have over three hundred soldiers on board, but to keep it frank this is your room since you're the only female soldier fighting.” Macie had a single private room accompanied with a walk-in closet and sink. Despite not being the best, it was above average. “You can unpack and take a shower, sequence training starts tomorrow at ten a.m. I've noticed your prosthetics, so I'm gonna arrange an assistance partner for you.”

“Okay, got it sargent Hues.” She got the commands down packed. Once the day ended, Macie changed into her pajamas then fell asleep on her pillow soft bed as tomorrow was the day of testing as the little girl would go through strenuous challenges to prove her worth.

# Chapter Four

Sunlight peeked through the window pane of Macie’s room. Knock! Knock! Someone knocked on her door twice. “Come in!” She said as the guy revealed himself. “Hello Macie. I’m Mikah, your training assistant.” The man was average height with long, curly jet black hair and a lean muscular build. “Training starts at ten so don't be late.” The man saluted then went off his way. Macie took a shower and changed into her green cameo uniform then strolled into the cafeteria.

“How's it going, new recruit? You must be special.” A scarred swarthy soldier commented as he sat his tray down beside her. “The name’s Elijah and I’m surprised to see a little girl on our team.” “I know right, it surprised me too.” The girl commented. “My name’s Macie Chainberlone.” “So Macie, what’s your story?” He asked as the question sent her back. “I've...lost my legs.” Even the sudden triggers of being inside the cafeteria sent shivers through her spine as she tapped her prosthetic heels fast onto the bottom rail of the table.

“So you're amputated and are still fighting...that’s stone cold, who knew what the general was thinking.” “Yeah, I've been through a lot in my years.” After breakfast the soldiers went to the training site to train. “So Macie, training days are gonna be tough for you regarding your weight and stature.” Mikah spoke amongst the shaky, noisy military jeep. Hopefully it's not too intense.

The training ground spans forty-six acres of land with equipment like climbing poles, row logs, weighted ropes, giant tire wheels and other stuff spread out in between. “Alright men, trail those tires around the training site back and forth. Then I want you to climb those poles.” “Sir, yes sir!” The troops saluted in unison. “Hey Mikah, I'm capable of doing this.” Macie said while feeling the buttons on her prosthetics trying to see if any does justice.

Click-click! The girl pressed the first button. Fwoooosh! Right out the gate while gripping the seventy pound tire Macie flew to the back like a speeding rocket, feeling awesome and proud of herself. “Wow little girl, that’s the most aweing thing I've seen this whole month.” General Hues along with the other soldiers gasped with amazement yet figured it was also cheating.

As the rest of the soldiers hulled their seventy pound tire, Macie flew back and forth over and over. “I'm sure you won't need my assistance anytime soon.” Mikah jokes while trying to catch up to her. “Alright, soldiers get to climbing!” The general said as he blew his whistle. The troops were lined up facing thirty twenty foot metal poles in which the girl knew she had to try for this one.

“Ouch!” With the slightest touch from the sun’s rays the pole was scorching hot. “Remember you guys, reach the top and ring that bell.” Macie used a technique by hugging the pole and crossing her legs to climb. As the men rang the bell, the girl found herself struggling to hold on before falling down to the ground. “Macie, are you all right?” General Hues noticed her arm was bleeding. “Mikah! Get this girl up and bring her to the medic tents!” He commanded with urgency.

“Roger that!” Mikah ran to give Macie a piggyback and take her over to the medic tent for first aid. “Your prosthetics are amazing, how did the doctor order that?” “He didn't.” She said. “My dad made them. He built them for a project that didn't really go far.” “You must have one cool father, you better cherish that.” He gave her advice she took to heart as he began wrapping gauze around her arm. *You bet.* “Fathers are amazing, I have three sons who are in middle school and a newborn daughter on the way.” Mikah smiled. “I try to set a good example for them, hence why they can look up to me and what I'm doing for this country.” “I see, the respect I give to my dad is a lot. He saved my life and showed me love.” Macie felt a slight warmth through her heart. *I miss him...*

After more grueling training sessions Macie was adapt to her new life as weeks went by. “Yo Macie, I think you're gonna go far kid. Come have a seat.” Elijah said, picking at his cheesy eggs and sausage patties. The cafeteria was interestingly relaxed as most of the troops were talking amongst themselves about their past, families, or even about the girl with rocket legs.

“How's it going Elijah? You did well training yesterday.” Macie sat her tray down. “What’s with the sudden change? When I met you you were a bundle of nerves.” He commented. “Well I have trouble meeting new people so…” “You haven't had trouble speaking to me.” Mikah spoke out of the blue as he sat his tray of fish and grits down. “I think general Hues is speaking with other military leaders about an alliance with us.”

He was rest assured. “Turns out Hungary and Bulgaria have issues with France and are probably forming a treaty with us as well.” “So we're teaming up with the other soldiers? What are we getting out of it?” Elijah wondered with interest. “If we go into battle wouldn't that mean we get to share land with our allies while protecting ours?” Macie spoke. “If they turn around and invade us they could take over Wilhelm’s empire.”

She gave decent points. As the three discussed what was happening, general Hues stepped into the cafeteria with a face full of urgency. “General Hues, what's wrong?” The little girl was hesitant to speak but curious to know. “You and the rest of the soldiers are meeting up with the Australian troops.” The general continued. “They have plans against Britain and Serbia. They are declaring war, meaning we have to back them up... Wilhelm pledged to the Australians.”

“But sir,” A soldier spoke, looking at the others within the cafeteria. “I don't think we’re ready for war...just look at some of the new recruits.” “This is regarding Australia and their wishes, I'm sure they have capable fighters.” *So we are teaming up for an actual...battle...* Macie felt intrigued yet worried in the back of her mind.

A few hours passed by, Mr. Leon was about to pack his materials and head home when unexpectedly, a female associate came up and handed him documents on Australia's previous battles along with their allies and enemies. “Let's see here…” The man scanned through the list until he stopped at the name Hues. *So Australia and Hungary are teaming with us? That'll be interesting, hopefully they're smart in combat. I'm sure I've given Macie all she needed to fight.*

“So what’s in it for us?” Mikah questioned, leaning on the hallway wall. “You guys will bring honor to Wilhelm and turn over history forever.” The general then looked at Macie. “Especially you little girl, you'd be Germany's star hero.” *Germany's star hero?* That name didn't quite sit well with her. “We're going to the Liverpool area of Sydney. Their base Holsworthy is located there so I want all soldiers up and ready by eleven in the morning, got it?”

General Hues shook on it as he forwarded the message to the rest of the military. The ground was soggy as it was raining the next morning, loud sounds collided with the sky as the thunder echoed across the Sydney area. Australian troops stood outside their gated facility talking and chatting amongst themselves. “Welcome General Hues and the rest of the german troops, it's a pleasure working alongside you all.”

The Australian general greeted with open arms as the German troops hopped out of the jeeps. “Good morning general Williams, me and my team are strong and skilled fighters. They are all drafted for a reason.” The stern old man looked at Macie with curiosity. “What’s so special about her?” He asked. “Her prosthetics sir, she—” “Can fly and shoot sir.” Macie spoke out of turn. “I survived an attack back at my elementary school.” She continued. “My father gave me advanced prosthetics, a pair that I can fight with.”

“That’s incredible.” The man commented. “Your father must be really innovative so much that you could fly, that’s amazing.” There's much more to him than that. The girl thought to herself. As the troops made acquaintances and trained outdoors, both generals took their discussions inside the base. “So general Wiliams, are you sure France and Russia are on the attack? Did they threaten you?” General Hues wondered, pouring himself a glass of scotch.

“Their leader declared war in Galicia in which we're gonna protect our citizens and homeland.” “I see, so you want us to keep the pact so Russia can't fight us both.” Hues was correct. “With our government and your empire, we would be one of the allied powers.” He acknowledged the man. “By the way, what makes you think that girl could fight besides her legs? With a stature like hers she could even die from a fever.” “She doesn't give up and knows that her father’s watching her.” General Hues said impressingly.

“What's special about her father?” The man asked, cocking a brow. “He’s apart of Global Prospects so he'd have tabs on you and your men too.” “Oh really now, Global Prospects huh? They must have tabs on the entire world then.” He laughed while taking a drink. “Come on little girl push!” An aussie lieutenant yelled at Macie as well as the entire group. “I'm...trying...my hardest.”

Both troops were digging their heels through the soggy wet mud while pushing a ninety-eight ton log wheel as if they were working in a sweatshop factory. “Come on men!” General Williams yelled, stepping foot outside the facility. “We're going to war so act like you mean it!” Over and over the turning wheel got heavier with each push. The aussie troops had their fair share of grueling tasks like climbing barbed wired walls, piggyback riding each other, sniper training, and jumping through flaming hoops.

# Chapter Five

“We can take a break after this last task okay Oliver?” A German soldier hollered out in exhaustion. “Fine, but be prepared. The last task is tricky.” The brunette aussie said. “You all have to jump through these flaming hoops while carrying one another on your backs. As the rain died down, another lieutenant lit up twelve hooped rings in front of the soldiers. “That’s beyond impossible.” The troops mumbled amongst themselves thinking that only a mad man would do such a thing.

“Alright Macie, hop on.” Mikah crouched down offering to give the girl a piggyback ride as they were going into this challenge together. *I'm not sure about this!* The fervent bright flames sent chills down the girl’s spine. “We're not gonna make it Mikah!” The man sprinted through the group of soldiers as fast as he could then leaped through the flames with Macie hugging tightly behind.

Please, stop this! The little girl was scared as all she could do was pray for the best. Mikah’s dedication for training was no match for the flames as he continuously leaped through each and every hoop. “Bravo young man you've made it through the other side without a scratch. How's that challenge for ya?” General Williams applauded. “You even tagged the little one with you.” “General Williams, are we really going into war with Russia and France?” Macie hesitantly spoke, still beaten up by her previous challenge.

“Of course girl, now let me see your reason for being here.” At that moment Macie pressed the first button on her prosthetics and flew high above the skies. “Such rocket power.” The soldiers were amazed. “Told you she was a special recruit.” Hues commented. “But can she handle a gun?” Williams challenged. “All soldiers commence for target practice!” “Sir, yes sir!” The troops saluted.

General Williams placed slates of cardboard twenty feet away from the group as machine guns and other military guns were in front of them. “Grab a weapon and shoot, I'm starting with you little girl!” Macie picked up the heavy loaded shotgun and took her aim. *Alright...steady, and...* Pop! Pop! With such precision and accuracy, the girl shot two hot bullets straight through the cardboard slate.

“Alright girl, you're on your way to fighting with us.” He was impressed. “We’ll be fighting at Galicia within twelve days so you guys can stay here.” Later that night as the distant battle arises, Macie took the time to write a message to Mr. Leon.

*Dear dad, I guess it really is true. I'll be going into battle with the French and Russians within twelve days from now but no need to worry, the prosthetics you gave me are beyond helpful though I still don't know what the other buttons do yet but will soon. So far me and the German troops were practicing combat, sniping tactics and doing agility and strength training; my assistant partner even jumped through flaming hoops with me behind.*

The girl wrote fast making sure to get every moment of her army life down onto paper. *I'm forming a great sense of justice now that I'm fighting for Germany. Anyways, love Macie.* Afterwards, Macie shut the letter into an envelope and went to sleep. Once morning came along, Leon was at his desk typing away proposals and documents to present to foreign governments. Soon after getting the mail, Leon discovered his daughter’s letter which he read on his way to work. Hopefully they make you stronger Mace, you'll know you're one of the heroes out here.

“Good morning commissioner Leon, how's your day so far?” A familiar voice called out to him, it was Trisha twirling her dreads away. “How’s Macie? Have you checked on her lately?” She asked. “Yeah she’s fine, they got her training with the Australian troops for now. She misses me but I understand.” “You're better than me Leon. If any of my kids were fighting in the military, I'd freak the hell out.”

The woman continued speaking as she pulled out a chair. “Just trust that the military is doing all they can to assure her.” “It’s the military, not a daycare. Macie only got herself and this country to defend for.” Mr. Leon said. “It's whoever wins the fight in the end whether to change or conquer countries is the bigger issue at hand.” The man rest his case.

“Anyways Trisha, here are the governmental court demands so get back to work.” He commanded as he handed her papers. “Yes sir.” Meanwhile within Fort Holsworthy, the troops woke up to the scent of bleach, chlorine, and air freshener. “Okay you guys, let's get to cleaning!” Chief lieutenant Oliver yelled through the hallways alarming everyone. *Man...* Macie groned as she woke up from all the ruckus in the hallway. “Hey Macie, I took it you've slept well after all that training huh?” Mikah greeted with a broom and bucket in hand ready to hand it over to her.

“Yeah it’s either that or insomnia from the battle ahead.” She sarcastically said. “That may be true,” The man said. “take this from a third generational soldier, the price of war is greater than one’s death so we have to make it count.” Mikah patted the girl on the shoulder as they exited the room. “Hey you two, before you start cleaning. The general would like a word with you both.” Oliver said.

“A-Alright.” After walking through the vast facility, Mikah and Macie finally reached the general’s office where they peered through the door. “You two may come in.” Williams said. “I reported you guys here for some answers.” “Answers?” They wondered what was up. “Yes answers about Russia and the western powers. It seems as if they're proposing more and more battles with the east so I'm wanting a chance to win this one at least.”

He continued. “So Macie, I've heard that your father is apart of Global Prospects. He could have the agency to talk to the military leaders and—” “Wars are separate from peace General Williams.” Macie spoke. “My father would say that battles are about conquering not compromising.” She made her point. “Even though Mr. Leon could influence different militaries, he can't give a final decision on where they take wars.”

Macie had prior knowledge about Global Prospects based on the work tour with her father. “I guess it can't be helped, but are you two ready for battle then?” “Of course sir!” Mikah saluted. “We're strong enough to be on the front lines.” “Of course you guys are.” The general laughed with respect. “If not I wouldn't have teamed up with you guys, now run along it seems like we're done talking.”

The duo left the room and hurried back to cleaning. “How did he know about your dad’s profession?” “I don't know, maybe our general told him.” Macie figure. “Let's just help them as much as we can and make sure we win this fight.” A few days passed as today was the day of the battle. While the troops huddled outside the facility, the generals rolled out the military jeeps for their stationary base near Lviv Ukraine.

Cannons and guns were stationed by the trenches of the battlefield with every man at their positions. The trip to the battlefield took a few hours although the drive was silent as the foreboding air around them was intense. *We're almost there...* Upon looking at their deserted campgrounds, Macie felt a sense of dread yet she sucked it up with the determination to win the battle.

# Chapter Six

“Soldiers, let's move out and fight like you mean it!” Lieutenant Oliver shouted as the Russians approached the battlefield. “Fire!” A soldier yelled, firing his flare gun into the air. As the western front charged at them, General Hues devised a plan. “Macie you should go aerial, now!” He commanded as most of his troops went head on. “Lieutenant Oliver, tell your section to man the cannons!” “On it!” He said. “For the city of Lemberg, don't let them leave alive!” An aussie soldier yelled out while trying to shoot a commander.

Things got bloodier and messier as the battle went on, but it was clear to see that the Russians had the advantage. Macie took flight high above the clouds while taking out each opposing soldier like an expert marksman. *Great, so far so good.* While looking down below, Macie saw a countless number of wounded soldiers as if they were nothing but ants below and was unsure whether it was her team or not.

“General Williams, we are losing our men at an alarming rate. We can't go on much longer!” An aussie soldier exclaimed. “Dammit! I thought we had allies for a reason. All soldiers retreat at once!” General Williams yelled with every ounce of contempt in his voice. “You heard the general! Let's move out!” The soldiers did just that and quickly moved to their campgrounds as the battle was drawn out. “What do we do now, General?” “Nothing, I'm afraid to say that we lost this battle yet saved some since we had to retreat.” Despite losing, it was a quick battle nonetheless but with a grimm expression on her face Macie seemed disappointed as well.

*I see...so we lost.* “Troops, let's head to the facility.” General Williams spoke. “You've all fought well.” He said. “This is why you must fight to the very end.” The aussies wanted nothing other than victory. “Sir, we'll get them next time. We just needed more reinforcements, that's all.” Oliver said, reassuring the general. “I suppose there won't be a next time. That was our only opportunity to get rid of the western union and take hold of Ukraine’s land.”

He was adamant on beating the Russians. Later that day, commissioner Leon got word and spoke to the leaders of Russia. “So Vladimir Lener, could Russia change the Tsar law?” “No can do commissioner, that law is to be changed only by our emperor and majority vote.” The stocky bald leader said. “I see, well under a new parliament things will change eventually.” Said Leon figuring out what to do.

“There won't be any anarchy between my people as the code of conduct has been in place.” Vladimir said. “I believe that, let's just keep it that way.” The next morning came along as Macie and the others scrubbed the halls of the German facility Baumholder. “Do you think we'll ever see the Australian troops again?” The girl asked Mikah. “I don't know, but they were really disappointed once they lost.” After cleaning the two went down to the mess hall for breakfast.

“How's it going miss Chainberlone?” Elijah spoke. “Hey Elijah, I'm doing well. Mikah and I just finished scrubbing the floors in our unit.” She said. “That battle was pretty quick, for a minute there I thought we were winning.” “That's what we all thought as well but unfortunately we lost half of our men.” Said Elijah taking a bite of his boiled egg. “You'd think I'd be promoted by now…” He then said. “You can get promoted in the military?”

Macie asked, unaware of what that really meant. “Yeah from soldier to officer and lieutenant to commander.” *Oh wow...* The little girl was intrigued. “So if I become an officer I wouldn't have to be on the front lines?” She wondered. “Nope.” Said both Mikah and Elijah. “You'd get more badges as well.” Mikah dug through his shirt pocket and pulled out his many badges for the many years he's been in the military. Macie gasped in wonder as they were colorful and cool looking.

“How many badges could a soldier have?” She asked. “As many as they can.” The man replied. “I have twenty since the time I came to this base. Since you're aerial you may have a chance of getting the wings of harmony badge.” “The wings of harmony?” The name sounded cool to her as she gulped down her orange juice. “Yeah for aero cadets like yourself and to all the others battling in the sky.” Elijah spoke.

“So you mean to tell me that people fly airplanes in the military?” She was even more intrigued. “Yeah, some military aircraft and others for infirmary transport. Think of them as combat and ambulance planes, if they do their job well enough they'd earn themselves a badge.” *Maybe I could get that badge.* After their breakfast, Mikah and Macie went outside the facility to train with the others.

“Let's move these tires and run soldiers!” A trooper yelled giving orders. “Chainberlone, you can't use your prosthetics to fly that thing around that would be cheating.” General Hues told the little girl. “Fine, since you like it the harder way.” Macie mumbled as she struggled moving the large tire with her upper arms. *Dammit, it's so heavy...* Once the troops sweated out their training, Hues gave out a lecture inside the missions hall of the facility.

The room was that of a lecture wide and dimmed with many rows of seats. “What do you think this is all about?” The soldiers whispered amongst themselves as a projector screen came down from the center ceiling. “What do you think he's doing?” Macie whispered to Mikah and Elijah sitting next to her. “It's probably about alliances and our next mission.” They had a hunch.

As the rest of the troops came in, the projector screen started flickering while showcasing some sort of propaganda movie about the eastern union. “Good afternoon troops, our mission is to defend our land on the front lines.” General Hues continued. “The French are wanting to fight us and take control of our empire. We must battle them at Marne.” “So we're finally fighting the french.” Mikah spoke. “Yeah, I bet we'll win.”

The girl assured him. A few hours passed and after finishing the lecture most of the troops went to their rooms. *I hope I get promoted soon, I kinda don't like fighting on the front lines.* Macie thought to herself as she plopped onto her bed like a rock then faced the window. *I wonder what you're doing daddy. Turns out I have another mission before I can go home.* “Macie, you've got a care package from your father.” A soldier told. “Okay.” Upon unlocking her door a large paper bag was on the floor which was filled with perfume, soaps, medications, and her favorite books. “How thoughtful of him.” She said to herself.

Meanwhile during the evening, Mr. Leon was in his living room reading the newspaper coupled with a glass of ale. *So the aussies lost huh? That could've been a great victory for the east.* The man thought about the notion of having his daughter handle a gun. *The military would make you into somebody child...* The man tossed back a swig of ale like it was nothing. *It's not likely for you to die in battle so make it count, you'll be known as the dancing fairy of Germany so make me proud Macie.*

# Chapter Seven

The night was bleak and wet while most of the troops were asleep, Macie was awake with hunger pangs. “Man I would kill for a cheeseburger right about now…*”* The girl mumbled to herself while walking aimlessly throughout the hallway. *I wonder if Mikah has any snacks.* She thought as she noticed flashing lights coming from the gap of his door. *Is he watching t.v.?* The only thing she could do was knock on his door.

“Hey Mikah, do you have any food?” She said as she jiggled the handle before having him open the door. “What do you want, Macie? You should be sleeping at this time.” The man said in a groggy tone as if he was asleep. “Speak for yourself Mikah, what are you doing watching t.v.?” “I'm watching a documentary. Quick, come inside.” He said as he took the girl’s hand and entered his room.

Mikah’s room was clean yet cluttered with dumbbells, moving boxes, posters, and books. “What is all this?” Macie asks, shielding her nose from the overpowering scent of cologne. “I like to do my own workouts from time to time when we're on our own schedule, plus I was rearranging some things.” “Oh...do you have any snacks?” She wasn't listening as all she wanted was food. “Sure what do you want, chips or crackers?” The man lifted up a bag of barbeque flavored chips and handed them to her.

“Thanks, hey do you wanna play a game with me? I don't feel like going to sleep.” She exclaimed as she ate her chips. “Sure.” Mikah sat down as the t.v. played in the background. Once Macie came back with her board game the halls were silent. “Okay Mikah, let's play a game of shoots and ladders.” She unboxed the game in the middle of the floor.

“So, what's this about?” The man asked. “It's a game of chance. Spin the spinner, and whatever it lands on you must go up that many spaces. If you land on a ladder you must go up, but if it's a chute you slide down to your starting point.” “Seems doable.” He said as he helped her set up. “I'll spin first.” As Mikah spun the wheel Macie began talking about her childhood.

“You know, there was this kid in my grade who would always bully me.” “And?” The guy said, placing his piece on the board. “I wonder what happened to him, I mean he stabbed me in the arms and legs so maybe he went to jail?” Macie was unsure what happened to Lester’s life. “Wait, you were stabbed? Is that why you're wearing prosthetics?” Mikah was beyond flabbergasted, he didn't know whether to feel deeply saddened or astonished by that fact.

“Yeah, in my elementary cafeteria. You're the second person I'm talking to about it.” She spun the multicolored wheel. “Wow Macie, I don't know whether to give you a badge, or give you a hug.” “A badge would be nice.” She smiled at him cheerfully. “Their parents must have been demented as hell. What was a child doing with a knife at school?”

“His parents must have been cruel as well, at least my dad’s nice.” As the two played their game, Mikah also mentioned his childhood. “At least you had a loving parent. My mother was abusive towards me and my brother when we were little, she regretted having children once my father left her for another woman.” He continued.

“Now that I'm older, I know how to treat a woman or anyone who loved me with respect as I married my beautiful wife Megan who's been with me through thick and thin.” He showed the girl a picture of her. “She's really pretty…” “Yeah, I'm lucky to have kids with her, those four are gonna make me so proud.” *That's nice.* She was happy seeing her comrade smile. “What do you think about our battle with the french? I knew we were coming to this.” She said moving her piece six places to the left. “What do you mean?” “When my dad took me to work with him once, they were talking about what state we were in against the french.”

The girl continued talking. “They held a few of you guys hostaged in—” “Dijon, France. Their homeland.” Mikah interjected as he explained. “We were tasked with an assignment in France to infiltrate a few operations that were planning to attack our eastern allies.” He continued. “An organization tried fighting us then and there once the French military came and held most of our soldiers captive. They're trying to frame us as the enemies of the east.”

*Enemies of the east...* Macie thought about their real enemies, the axis powers. “I win.” Mikah said, ruffling through his jet black curls. “What? Did you cheat?” “Nope.” The man lifted up his hands without excuse. “Fine I guess you win.” Before they knew it, a few hours passed as Macie stretched while looking out the window to see light peeking through the window pane of the man’s room.

“I guess it's morning huh?” “Yeah,” Said Mikah, watching the little girl pack up her things. “I'll see you soon Mikah Anderson.” “Catch! You can have those.” He threw a box full of chips and crackers her way. “Thanks!” Meanwhile outside, general Hues was on duty. “Move it soldiers! You're gonna need a lot of training if you want to beat the french.” The troops tried their hardest running around the facility twenty times while most of them didn't even break a sweat.

“Hey general, when would we be promoted to officer?” An exhausted soldier asks. “Until some of you win on the front lines.” He said sternly. “It's not handed to you on a silver platter, you have to earn it! Obey commands and leads on the battlefield, got that?” He explained. “Even my best cadets know that.” They were approaching their second battle, and learning from their previous one.

The french army had plans of combat, specifically trench and aircraft attacks as General Lucien was an aggressive general who really strategized with his troops, he wanted to be known as a fearless leader ready to conquer all foreign lands. “Well soldiers, the time to strike is now. We're headed to marne men!” He proudly told his team. Meanwhile, within Global Prospects. Senior commissioner Leon was attending a lecture meeting about foreign terrorism.

“Good afternoon sectors one and eight,” A chairman greeted. “Today we're going over terrorists and their linked organizations.” He continued. “A Saulbak leader Raheem Nijahd is currently held in prison within North America.” Trisha raised her hand. “I have a question, why can't we send in a swat team to capture the rest of the members within their organizations?” “We're in Germany, not America.” Mr. Leon spoke. “Besides, this wouldn't eradicate the group members because they're scouted all across the world as representatives of their terrorist organizations.”

He continued speaking as he made his point. “So why don't we get all the governors to form an organization that combats those radicals.” “How would you expect that to work?” The upper chairman wondered. “Since this is systematic, they're forming an outcry against the foreign governments or anyone against shira law. In that case there should be an organization across the globe working against them like ours.” He rested his case at that. “Thanks for the suggestions senior commissioner, I'll keep that in mind while talking with the chief of sector nine.”

# Chapter Eight

Hours passed once the meeting was finished as the sector continued working afterwards. “So Leon, how's your daughter doing?” Carl asked. “She's alright, general Hues said she's able to come back home for a few months.” “So she's been through her first battle huh, you've gotta do something special with her. Go travel the world once in a while.” He suggested while patting the man on the shoulders. “You know I don't have time for that.” Leon said.

“I'm too busy working and doing assignments Carl, just like you. Maybe you and your wife could go on a vacation yourselves.” That was a surprise suggestion coming from Mr. Leon as he was a hardworking and dedicated man who'd never step away from his duties, not for any vacation. “But who knows right, maybe the girl gets promoted by the higher ups in the military. She'd be well known even by the empire.”

The recognition could've been taken as a compliment as Macie and the rest of the troops prepared for the battle of marne against the western front. “Alright soldiers, we are near the battlefield. Everyone raise your guns and take aim.” The soldiers were in the trenches of marne treading through the wet, smelly dirt a couple of feets away from the enemy. “Charge!” The german troops began firing and charging towards enemy lines. “Kill the germans!” Lucien yelled out as his troops charged at the other.

Minutes in and there were bodies laying bare dead on the ground. The germans nearly took out a quarter of Lucien’s men. “Die!” Macie swooped through the air and nose dive into enemy territory. Figuring out what her other buttons do, the girl pressed the second button on her prosthetics and began shooting out bullets. “Alright!” She knew she could win as she lifted up her leg and shot some french troops in the back of their necks and heads.

*This is even better than my gun.* “Men fight on even till death, we will be victorious!” Cannons fired left and right as the smell of rotten flesh permeated the cool air. Most of the french army began punching and swinging their guns at the germans as they fell to the ground. “Shoot them!” Hues yelled out as his soldiers rapid fired them to death. “Dammit!” With no other soldiers on site, general Lucien surrendered. “That's it troops, it's done.”

Despite losing some members, the german soldiers climbed out of the trenches bloodied and bruised. The battlefield was a sight to withhold as the men died with the same desire to win and conquer. “That was good men, we've fought long and hard.” Their general complimented them on their way back to the base. “So we won right?” Mikah questioned. “Yes, we did.” It was their first win, congratulations.

“Great, now we can go home.” Macie was glad she got to see Leon again as she had so much to tell. “Soldiers, come back within two months. We have many more things ahead of us.” “Sir, yes sir!” They all saluted. The next day at the Baumholder lobby, Macie with her luggage waited for Leon to come through the front gates. “Macie, may I speak to you?” General Hues asked, sitting next to the little girl. “General, what's up?” “Your fighting style on the front line is spectacular.” He said.

“We've trained you well.” “Yeah, well…” Macie didn't know what to say as it was the only way she could fight thanks to her prosthetics. At that moment, her father walked through the door. “Hey Macie, I'm here to pick you up.” “Daddy!” The girl quickly got up from her seat and tightly hugged Mr. Leon. “Nice seeing you too…” While Macie put her luggage into the car, general Hues and Leon had a little talk.

“Your daughter’s prosthetics and fighting ability is amazing.” He complimented. “She had fought two times and yet I'm impressed.” “Well you've done a good job training her.” Said Leon. “You've done a good job with those prosthetics,” Hues praised him. “she flies like a real aerial cadet amongst the soldiers on the battlefield.” “Well, I'm just glad she's fighting for this nation.” With that the man left the base and headed to the car.

Once they reached home the two sat down on the living room couch and discussed their days. “How's Global Prospects going?” “They're fine,” Mr. Leon replied. “I've met a few leaders and discussed terrorism, nothing new for now.” *I see.* She thought. “I met up with the Australian troops, but still lost the battle.” She influenced a question. “How do you like fighting on the front lines?” He asked, expecting a simple answer. “Fighting on the battlefield is pretty life opening.” She continued. “I get to support my teammates and that's what counts.”

The girl hopped from the couch and fumbled with the fridge door looking for food. “How do you like the features on your prosthetics?” “They're working fine.” She said pulling out leftovers of chicken stir-fry. “I can fly without worry.” “ Okay well I'm taking you to work with me tomorrow, so wake up early alright?” Her father instructed. “Alright.” The next day, Macie woke up refreshed and revitalized, ready to take on her two month vacation. The girl washed and changed into her pink floral dress, a testament to the weather.

The two drove by the large white building of the organization. “It's as big as I can remember.” She smiled upon looking at the large facility. “Hey Macie, how’s the military coming along? Got any cool badges yet?” Commissioner Carl asks. “Not yet but I am looking forward to one.” She continued speaking. “The military is teaching me to uphold my responsibilities and attitudes towards teamwork.” “That's good, you seem like a smart and ambitious girl.” The man applauded. “I suppose you're still in school?”

“I'm unsure.” She replied. “Since I serve the military, I don't know how long I'm on duty and ever since that incident I might not be going back to Frankfurt elementary anytime soon.” Memories of that school brought back the tense encounters with her and Lester. Memories she wished would disappear. “I see, well hopefully you'll be homeschooled by your dear father Leon.” He laughed.

“She will.” The man spoke. *But...* Macie wanted to participate in school activities if she ever decided to go back. “Well now it was nice speaking to you sir.” The girl waved goodbye as they walked upstairs into the procurator’s room. “So dad, do you have any meetings you're gonna attend?” “Yes, but that's later on. If there's anything you'd like to do today just say it.” She gave him an option. “I wanna go to the park, and then the movie theaters.” Macie wanted to get some fresh air along with playing with the other children.

“Sure, why not?” The day was long as the two began chatting away before having the upper chairman of sector one step into the room. “Good evening Mr. Muller, how's it going?” Mr. Leon greeted his tall elderly superior. “Splendid I suppose.” The man looked at Macie. “I see you've brought a visitor.” “Hello.” Macie waved slowly while getting a good look at his face and scraggly grey beard. “Yeah well she took a break from her duties at Baumholder and is now staying with me for a few months.”

Her father smiled with wholesome glee. “Senior commissioner, how about a raise?” Mr. Muller gave him an offer. “I've noticed your hard work over the past few months along with your care of assignments and respect within the task force. I figured you'd like to be compensated.” “Why of course, thank you Heinrich.” The man was more than happy to receive a larger income. “Anyways, we're having a meeting on the upper floor tonight so most of our members are staying over.”

*I see...* Both Macie and Leon got up from their chairs. “We'll be going now.” Once they made their way outside the facility the two hopped into the suv and drove to a nearby park. The park was reasonably crowded with the sounds of playful children and their parents. Macie soon hopped out of the car and ran to the swings. “Hey, can I get on after you?” A swarthy kid asked the little girl. He was a little boy with freckles and a head full of curls.

“Sure, not a problem.” While Macie swung higher and higher the boy began asking questions about her. “So what's your name?” “Macie, what's yours?” She replied back. “My name's Michael Cage.” He continued questioning her. “What are your parents like?” “I'm adopted so I never saw my real parents though my foster dad loves me.” The girl said with a straightforward face. “At least you're adopted, my parents got separated and now I stay with my grandma.” The boy leaned against the pole of the swings. “As long as you're happy with them, there's no need to worry about your life.” Macie smiled as she jumped off the swing. *I'm just grateful to have such luck on my side.*

The girl grew to know that she was special. With the amount of times she scaved death you'd figure she was by the hand of God. “Nice talking to you Michael.” Macie moved onto the slides of the playground where she met a peculiar little girl sitting at the bottom of the slide. “Aren't you worried about getting pushed off ?” Macie asked the girl. “Nope, I can climb back up and hit whoever pushed me.” The odd redheaded girl began climbing up the slide until she reached the top.

*This girl...* Macie brushed her off as an odd child but soon felt that she was hiding something. “What’s your name?” The girl asked her. “Brandi, what's yours?” “Macie...tell me, who raised you?” At that moment Brandi flipped off the playground and landed in front of Macie. “I tell you my past, you tell me yours got it?” Both of them shook on it as Brandi pointed at a teenage boy sitting under a shady tree reading a book. “That's my brother, and guardian.” She continued.

“We ran away from home once our father killed our mother. We fled in her car and drove all the way to Dresden where we stayed at a hotel for a few months before moving into an apartment around the city. We changed our names and went to a new school.” *Wow...that's intense.* Macie couldn't have thought of anything else to describe the girl’s situation. “What about you? I see you've lost your legs.” She pointed as the girl explained.

“I survived a stabbing at my school.” Macie continued as she looked at the girl’s shocked expression. “My father gave me these prosthetics before telling me I was apart of the military.” “So you're a soldier huh, that's so cool.” Brandi high fived the little girl. “Yeah, so far I've won one battle since joining the troops but that'll soon change as time goes on.” “I hope my life becomes as great as yours Macie.” She said as she hopped off the park bench and ran to her older brother.

“Macie let's go, I have to head back to work.” After dropping the girl off at home, Mr. Leon drove back to Global Prospects. *Now what?...* The girl wandered around the living room before pulling out her coloring book and magazines. “I wonder what Ms. Olivia is up to.” Macie mumbled to herself before dialing the woman’s phone number.

# Chapter Nine

“Hi Ms.Olivia, how's it going?” While the girl spoke, Ms. Olivia was shocked hearing her voice on the other end. “Macie, is that you?” “Yeah.” She replied. “My goodness, how are your legs?” She asked, still surprised to hear her voice. “They're fine, my dad gave me a new set of prosthetics though they are pretty advanced.” Macie explained. “I can fly and shoot bullets.” *Fly and shoot* *bullets?...* She tried putting the two together. “So they are that advanced?”

“Yeah and I even joined the military.” The girl smiled beneath her teeth. “Really!?” Ms. Olivia closely held the phone to her ear. “Why would you get drafted? What would Mr. Leon think about that?” “He knew and agreed.” The little girl said. “He took me to Baumholder to meet up with their general. So far we've done two battles and won one.” “But Macie,” Ms. Olivia was concerned. “people die in battles. It's too dangerous for you or your father to get involved in, what if you died—”

At that moment Macie spoke ahead of her. “We are all soldiers of the motherland Germany.” She made her point. “Whether you or I die, this nation will carry the victories of its people and will shine brighter than all the other nations in this world.” She spoke with determination while coloring in her country's flag. “I see...well hopefully you win the battles coming your way.” The woman said as she plopped onto the side of her bed. “School will start up in the next three months, are you coming back anytime soon?”

The woman wondered. “Unfortunately no, I'll be homeschooled for the time being.” She continued. “I just don't want to see Lester there.” “Of course, that was a very traumatic event. But luckily you survived.” She assured the child. “By the way, how was your day?” Macie changed topics. “Um, well...I just got back from a date with Finn.” It was hard explaining those things to someone so young though she figured she'd understand. “He's the paramedic that took you to the hospital.” For some odd reason this made Macie smile. *So he was the kind man who put me on the stretcher.* She wanted to end the conversation there but Ms. Olivia wanted to talk some more.

“So how's Mr. Leon? What has he been up to lately?” “Oh dad is okay, he's been through a lot of meetings so he can hold up on his own.” Time passed by so fast the girl was nearly finished with her coloring book. “Well, it was nice talking to you Macie, feel free to contact me anytime if you need someone to talk to okay?” “Alright, goodbye Ms. Olivia.” With that the two hung up the phone. *Man it's been a while.* The girl yawned while turning on the t.v. to channel five news.

Good evening city of Munich, this is channel five news informing you on updates about the russian terrorist attack in Dresden. The suspect was the leader of ‘The society of Dagastan’, Issac Ivonov who is currently incarcerated. “A Russian terrorist attack?” Macie mumbled as a sense of justice came over her head. *Hopefully the people are okay.* Moments passed as the little girl grew tired, figuring her father would come home by midnight she decided to go to sleep early anticipating the days ahead.

The next day came around as the loud ringing of an alarm clock echoed through the child's head. “Macie wake up, I have some places I'd like to go with you.” “What? It's only eight in the morning, where would you possibly want to go?” She could ever wonder any place besides work. “It's a surprise that pertains to both you and me. Besides, I don't have work today.”

It's refreshing to know that Mr.Leon had surprises for his daughter, who would've known the workaholic took Carl’s advice. Upon hearing the news, Macie took a shower and changed into some black jeans and a striped tee shirt. *Where could you possibly go that would make you this excited?* “Here's your breakfast.” The man sat down a plate of eggs, sausage, and hashbrowns on the dining room table. “Thanks daddy, by the way how was your meeting?” She asked while scooting out a chair.

“The meeting went well to say the least, Heisenburg and Heinrich had plans on promoting people into different departments.” He told. “That's good, now you'll have even more money and take me to the thrill and chills amusement park.” Macie smiled. “Yeah probably later once it reaches September.” He continued talking. “Anyways once you're done eating, grab your stuff and hop into the car. The girl did as told, grabbing her camera and mini purse. It was a beautiful day within the city of Munich, people were in and out of shops while zipping up and down the downtown avenue.

Macie looked out the window and saw a large black stone building with many windows and rooms. *So many rooms...what is this place?* “We're here kid.” Mr. Leon stepped out of the car. “What is this place?” She asked. “It's the world's largest military museum and wonderland.” Military and wonderland were two words that didn't belong in the same sentence. “A military museum?” The girl was slightly curious and excited. “Yeah they have a wide history with the previous seven year war and the prussian war.”

He continued. “Here you can interact with photos as if it's magic.” “That's pretty neat.” She seemed impressed. Upon stepping foot inside the building, the interior design was that of a regular museum with upper floors, a cozy atmosphere, tanks and cannons, portraits of commanders, tour guides and interactive videos. The place was crowded with people so much that they were grouped into twenty or more.

“Why hello everyone!” A woman wearing military camouflage greeted the group. “Welcome to the world's largest military museum, I'm your tour guide Eileen Goldmann here to help you with any questions. So without further ado, follow me to the aviators unit.” The group was enthralled by the sights within the museum like statues, giant airplanes and tanks, clothing gallery, firearms and interactive photos. “Are you liking this place now Macie?” Her father spoke.

“So many cool looking guns.” The girl took pictures of fleet admirals, guns, and the tanks nearby. “So this must be about the seven year war.” Macie began reading a commemorative plaque. “Found something that caught your eye?” “Yeah, what are the chances of the previous war influencing another one?” She questioned. “Likely, but only out of revenge.” He made his point. “If the soldiers didn't get anything their way they'd take revenge.” He tried giving an explanation.

“Alright people, welcome to the aviators unit also known as the back of the museum.” The woman smiled as everyone looked around at all the suspended airplanes and helicopters. “Now this area is one of the few places to have a simulator, so play fair and heed to the instructions.” *A pilot simulator...I bet I could perform better than any aircraft.* Macie hopped into the black aircraft simulator along with another child. “Hey…” She grinned widely with her hand tightly gripping the console joystick unable to contain her excitement.

“Hey, are you ready to pilot this thing?” The little brunette girl vibed off of Macie’s excitement. “Yeah but first let's strap in.” While strapping on their seatbelts the two introduced themselves. “I'm Jessica.” The little girl laughed with a smile. “Hey Jessica, my name’s Macie let's start.” Jessica hit the start button on the screen. Moments later, the simulation ride started shaking and vibrating as the girls watched someone on screen enter an aircraft. “Alright!” Macie pushed the joystick forward as the ride moved forward and side to side.

“Wow…” The two watched as the plane began doing tricks up in the sky. As Jessica started pressing buttons the aircraft began firing bullets at the enemy planes. “Yeah, take em’ down!” “Woohoo!” The girls were having a blast as the ride vibrated harder and harder while rocking back and forth. “This is so cool!” Macie was having fun. “Alright people, we're going to the gallery hall!” The tour guide yelled, grabbing everyone's attention. “Macie, it's time to come out.”

*Man, just ten more minutes. That was awesome!* Mr. Leon lifted the kid up his shoulders and followed the group towards the gallery hall. “Alright people, here you can see what the soldiers of the eastern front went through along with their positions.” “Ooooh…” People looked upon the glasses of clothes, guns, and badges. “Hey dad, why do you think our enemies are the west?” Macie asks while playing in his hair. “It's because of history.” He said.

“Before the seven year war, the countries formed alliances some even treaties.” He decided to give an elementary school example. “Imagine that you have a group of friends and those friends have someone they don't like, they'd become enemies.” He continued. “Plus in regards to enemies most countries try to conquer each other and spread their regime.” “So they are our enemies because we hate them, or because we want something out of them?” She understood a little.

“You could say that, anyways got any cool pictures?” Her father asked. “Yeah, even the ones before we got here.” Macie handed over her pink camera. The two were enjoying themselves and gaining knowledge about the world's past.

# Chapter Ten

“Thank you for attending the military museum, please come again.” The tour guide directed people to the double doors of the entrance. “I had fun today dad.” She made him smile. “I wish Miranda was alive, she would've loved you.” “I would've liked her too.” Macie always wanted to be apart of a family ever since her days at the orphanage. Mr.Leon hugged the child. “Thank you.” Once the two hopped into their black suv, they drove down Altstadtring and picked up some ice cream from a creamery shop.

“You're treating me to ice cream?” “Yeah.” He said. Stepping inside the creamery the smell of fresh fruits and cake permeated through the air. “Hello, welcome to Ruth’s creamery. What can I get for you today?” A cashier lady spoke. “One vanilla chai and one cookie dough ice cream please.” “That'll be twelve sixty-two.” Mr. Leon handed the change along with a fifty dollar tip. “Let's sit down.” Macie said. “So how was your battle with the australians?” “We lost.” She said.

“Half of our combined troops died so we had to retreat. General Williams was disappointed even though we trained so much at Holsworthy. The girl bit the bottom of her ice cream cone. “So having allies and enemies now would've been the same as the seven year war.” Mr. Leon explained. “People want to fight and control over others so much that they'd spark another war.” “So are you assuming a world war would break out?” Macie said while having a brain freeze.

“Its theoretical Mace, the reason for war is to conquer and spread a regime.” He continued. “Believe me, these countries will all turn over each other someday and it's just building up.” Licking his ice cream he gave the kid some insight on her field regarding the military. *A world war...* Macie didn't know what to think as she was only fighting for the empire, a world war wouldn't have crossed her mind.

Once their day was done the two made it back home. Meanwhile at Baumholder, general Hues was speaking with sergeant Manfred about their upcoming battles. “What makes you think you'd win against the Brits?” The sergeant wondered. “They have a much larger army and military artillery, how would you face that?” “Strategies and preparations Manfred.” Hues exclaimed. “My men are skilled besides the girl, our offensive line is quite sharp as they think on their feets and listen to commands.”

He continued the compliments. “If any of them get injured we'd rely on stronger reinforcements.” He rested his case there as he stepped out of Manfred’s office. “Remember Hues, we are doing this to spread our fatherland’s regime across the nations. Once we conquer everyone, Germany will be even more powerful than before.” “Understood Manfred.” Despite previous battles, general Hues was determined to push Germany forward to becoming the greatest eastern power yet as it would've made Wilhelm and all the other rulers before him proud.

The next day, Macie woke up with growing pains as her arms were sore and her hands numb and tender. “Hey Macie, do you want breakfast in bed?” Her father asked as he entered the room. “Yeah sure, thank you.” The girl fixed the strap on her nightgown for once wishing she was back at Baumholder. “Hey daddy, could you let me visit your relatives someday?” This question caught the man off guard. “Well, your grandfathers are dead but I can tell you about them.” Mr. Leon sat on the kid’s bed and began telling stories about their lives.

“Your supposed grandfather Marchial worked for the marine corps.” He continued. “My father was an incredible man who stepped up when we needed him the most. When my sister passed away he'd always give me one of his badges to remind me to keep moving forward and that you are the only one who can make something better out of yourself and be better than you were yesterday.” “So did he make you want to join the G.P.O?” She asked. “Yeah, of course. He always pushed me to do more within the community and the country,” Leon said. “We'd become proud men who've learned from each other while passing leadership onto our children.” Macie took a cookie from her secret stash of sweets then ate it. “How was your mother?” “She was a happy woman apart from all the others. She was smart, beautiful and slightly eccentric.” Mr. Leon cracked a smile.

“I wish you'd met her along with my father. They were incredible people.” “What happened to her?” Macie asked. “She’s out of the country living in New Zealand with one of my other relatives.” “You must have a giant family tree.” The girl hunched over her father’s shoulder. “You might have relatives though you might not know them.” That saying was true as Macie doesn't know who her biological parents are and wouldn't trust them since she's attached to Mr. Leon. “Why would you think my mother left me?” The melancholy tone within her voice told all as she didn't like the feeling of abandonment.

“Maybe because she couldn't afford to keep a child around.” He gave his outlook on the situation. “At least you weren't aborted.” Macie found herself caught within a loving embrace by her father. “It's nice that you care about my life but I've managed to support myself during my days inside the orphanage. I even got along well with the other kids.” As her stomach let out a low growl Macie got up from the bed and headed towards the kitchen. “I've prepared waffles and scrambled eggs.” Her dad yelled out the upstairs hallway. “Yeah thanks!” The days were short as it was almost time for Macie to return back to Baumholder and surprisingly enough she liked some of the training sessions and camaraderie between her, Elijah, and Mikah.

“Are you wanting to go over the homework your principal assigned?” “Um yeah.” She replied as she took a sip of orange juice while looking at Leon pull out a stack of papers off of the kitchen table. “Algebra for mathematics and sentence structure for literature.” He began handing over her assignments. “Also here’s your book on the different types of poetry Ms. Olivia talked about.” Before she realized, a stack of thick papers appeared before her face. “And this should last me how many months?” Macie asked as she frowned upon the thought of doing homework. “This whole semester.” The man chuckled while fixing his lab coat. “Well, there’s no point in arguing then.” He said. “If you are struggling, let me help before I leave for work.” “What’s nine times twenty-four?” She asked.

“Two hundred and sixteen.” In a flash Mr. Leon heads out the door and into his car. *I guess I have the house to myself again…* Minutes and hours passed as Macie completed three packet assignments. She’s been thinking about her future ever since her involvement at Baumholder and what the benefits held. What if there was a war amongst Germany, could we handle back to back battles? Would the fighting be settled once and for all? Macie now knew that fighting on the front lines ment protecting an entire nation if the idea of a war were true. After completing half of the stacks of assignments, the little girl went back to sleep knowing that she’d return back to Baumholder in a few days. The next morning Mr. Leon got an idea to train his daughter on how to use her prosthetics. “Okay Macie, your job is to obliterate these tennis balls. Can you do that?” Macie felt the cool air enveloping her skin as she felt the raised goosebumps on her arms.

“Yeah but why a baseball park? Nobody’s even here.” “That’s why. It’s a nice training ground for you.” The man said. “When I throw these balls I want you to shoot them.” He said tossing one up in the air. Macie lifted her prosthetic leg and pressed the last button. *On it!*  Suddenly bullets shot out from the inside. “Try not to get wounded daddy!” She said as she supported herself on the metal field fence. As the man threw up more and more balls, Macie shot them down one by one. “That’s it Mace, just like that!” Mr. Leon continued throwing the basket full of tennis balls then thought of an idea.

“Try flying and catch them.” She did as told and pressed the first button on her metal limb causing her to fly across the field. “Woohoo!” She laughed flying at least nine feet up into the air. Macie swung around the fence trying to catch the balls before landing face first into a puddle of mud. “Hey are you okay?” Her father gave her a hand while checking her face for any blood or bruises. “Yeah, I think my legs gave out on me. I’m usually good at flying around Baumholder.” “I see,” Mr. Leon said.

“You are going back there tomorrow. You’ve done a great job shooting those balls though so maybe you’d use your tricks on the front lines.” Macie climbed up on the back of her father’s shoulders. “Now it’s your time to train Mr. Leon. Let's see what you can do.” The girl tugged on the man’s jacket pointing towards the monkey bars. It’s a good thing that no one was there or things would've been embarrassing for him. “Fine.” He huffed as Macie laughed. Mr. Leon’s lengthy arms gripped the cold metal pieces of the monkey bars, lifting his body weight along with Macie’s up from the ground. “Great, now all you have to do is go back and forth as fast as you can.” The little girl instructed while now holding onto the man’s back.

Mr. Leon lunged forward and began climbing the twelve foot long monkey bars within the park. “I’m…doing it.” Air filled the man’s lungs as the cold wind didn't hold back. He went back and forth like a twelve minute circuit and by the time he was done he was on his fifth lap. “Good job dad, now you can start running laps around the trail.” “Hey it's night time already, shouldn't you be getting some sleep, kid?” He was the parent enforcing the rules. “Come on, it's only exercise. Plus you might need it.” “Alright.”

The man gruffed as the two got off the monkey bars and onto a nearby walking trail leading towards a wooded one. “Try not to get scared alright?” He said as Macie tightened her grip. “I’ll be timing you. Ready…set…go!” Mr. Leon ran as fast as his feet could let him, he ran by the baseball field and through the woods while lugging around a little girl’s body weight. “Remember I'm only doing one lap so don't bother me about another.” “Got it!”

# Chapter Eleven

Macie smiled through her fears of the deep darkness within the woods as the trail spans around thirty-six feet of land making it ideal for long distance runners. “Macie…what's the…time?” He asked as he huffed and puffed out of breath. “It's been seven minutes and forty seconds.” The two finished one third of the trail when it suddenly started raining. “Come on dad don't stop moving, we train like this.” The girl said while lifting her dad’s hoodie trying to give him motivation.

The man lifted up his knees praying for them to not give out. Minutes passed and the two were halfway around the outside of the park. It was nine thirty at night as Macie yawned with tired eyes and a loose grip on her father’s shoulders. “Macie we’re almost done.” Mr. Leon mentioned before realizing that the girl fell asleep behind him. Deciding not to finish the trail, the man swung Macie off his back and carried her into the car. “Sleep tight soldier.” The man said as he drove back home. The next morning, Macie’s father repacked her luggage for their trip back to the Baumholder base. Upon arrival the gates opened to reveal the many cars within the sandy parking entrance.

General Hues was outside the facility greeting the safe return of the troops. “Good morning general Hues.” Mr. Leon greeted while lugging the girl’s luggage into the front lobby. “Why good morning Mr. Leon and Macie, hope you guys had a good vacation.” “Yeah we did.” Macie spoke as she shook her general’s hand. “We’re going to have a meeting soon so I’ll see you in the missionary hall within an hour.” “Rodger!” She smiled as she took her luggage to her room. “Hey Macie, what’s up?” A familiar face peeked from the corner of the hallway. It was Mikah touring two of his sons around the facility.

“Macie, this is Matthew and Lucas.” He smiled as the boys ran to greet the girl. “Hi, what school do you go to?” The kid in the striped shirt asked. “Um, I'm homeschooled.” Macie said while touching the boy’s curly hair. “You must have some free time on your hands then.” Said Matthew feeling jealous with the fact that she doesn't have to deal with teachers or detention. “Well yeah…” “Don't you get lonely? Where do you have recess?” Lucas spoke. “I go to the park with my dad so I'm not really lonely.”

“Well now, Macie just got back to the base. Let's not bombard her with questions alright?” Mikah took his kids outside and left Macie alone. *What kind of meeting are we having? We must be going into another battle soon.* The girl sat her luggage down and began unpacking before noticing something flat on her bedside table. *What's this?* She wondered as she held the cold, metallic slab of silver in her hands. *Is this a plaque? For what my fighting style?* She was astonished yet puzzled as to what would be so impressive about her in contrast to the rest of the troops.

“Macie!” Another familiar face knocked on her door. “Oh Elijah, what's up?” The girl asked while waving her plaque around. “Come over to the missionary hall, I'll save you a seat.” “Okay!” At the meeting room within the missionary hall General Hues could be seen on stage with a pointer pointing at a projector screen. The room was packed to the brim with soldiers and other military members, luckily Elijah saved a seat in the front row as promised. “Good afternoon troops, I’m gathering you all here today to talk about our next upcoming battles.” “Hey Elijah, do you think we are going into war?” Macie whispered to her friend. “Probably not since most of the western nations made peace with some eastern allies, but now they are wanting to fight us so I guess you have a point.” The man hunched his shoulders, unable to give a clear answer.

“Our next fight is with the Brits.” Hues announced. “They have more artillery and troops but we have strategies, skills, and hope.” He continued. “Baumholder has won many battles since and we won't back down now!” “So are we gonna have any backup?” Macie raised her hand with a question. “Some of you will stay in offense as the others handle the artillery on the front lines.” “So if we get severely injured someone would replace us, correct?” Elijah tried understanding. “Correct, the injured will be aided. We’ll have the strongest and more agile to be within the center of the front lines.

*So that’s our strategy?* The little girl thought of something better. “How about we get coordinated on the campgrounds and put people with their respected artillery like cannons behind the ones with rifles and dig a trench in front of us so the enemy would have a hard time climbing.” Macie suggested. “By then we'd prepare to take aim and shoot from above the leveled ground.” “That's a good idea, little girl!” A troop member from the back hollered as General Hues applauded. “That does sound effective though they have more men than us so they could go around and attack us that way.” “Then how about we do different tactics and use guerilla warfare?”

Mikah said standing up at the back row projecting his deep voice over the entire room. *Guerilla warfare…could that work?* The general thought to himself. “No, that wouldn't work.” Another soldier from the back row stood up objecting Mikah’s suggestion. “They have more men than us so I suggest going with the girl’s idea.” He had a point. “I suppose you're right. Now that guerilla warfare is out of the question, does anyone else have any ideas they'd like to say before I continue on to the next segment?” General Hues fervently tapped his wood pointer onto the projector screen.

“Despite losing a third of our men we are still going to fight Britain and their allies. Do you hear me!?” Their commanders yelled anticipating a better fight. “Sir yes, sir!” The entire room saluted. “Here are your positions men; Mikah, Macie, Edward, Jackson, and Micheal you five will man the cannons behind our defense and while most of us wait for the enemy I want Matthew, Chris, Leroy, and Jacob to dig barbed wire trenches in front and around the sides.” *This plan cannot fail!*  Both Macie and the general thought. Within the mess hall, Macie and Elijah talked about their plans. “We are becoming a stronger team even without our allies.” He continued. “Since I joined eight years ago we've won at least thirty-nine battles in Baumholder’s history.” He told the girl. “Wow that’s a lot.” Macie got reminded about what Mr. Leon told her.

“Hey Elijah, what if we did go to war what would happen if we lost? What about the empire?” The little girl was persistent in getting an answer out of him. “We'd just have to trust the process and hope their leader doesn't get any big ideas like taking land from Berlin, or exile any of our governors…it could be worse.” After eating and chatting Macie got out of the cafeteria and headed into general Hues office for a discussion about Britain and their position. “Come inside Macie, what do you want?”

Hues coughed while writing down a sergeant’s report. “General, what do you expect to get out of the Britannians if we win this fight?” “Dignity and a step closer to beating the western powers. Our mission is to take over the nations and let Germany take the wheel.” The girl sat down on his couch. “But what about the goals of our enemies? What if Britain plans to—” “There won't be any harm or killings against our superiors.” General Hues said while lighting up his fat magnum cigar. “Britain’s citizens might revolt against their leaders knowing that they killed the prime minister.”

Macie squinted her brow. *So they'd have bigger fish to fry anyways.* “Their governor killed the prime minister?” “Correct.” Hues said. “Theodore Johnson was shot by their own military leader in which the governor played it off as a foriegn attacking.” *Wow.* Macie was surprised and intrigued. “Macie make sure we win this fight as our legacy is also on the line.” “Alright!” The girl saluted as she walked out the door.

So far these battles were issuing a greater cause within the public eyes of other nations, the G.P.O figured that international conflict between foreigners would arise along with changes to their immigration policies. “Commissioner Leon, you have to see this.” Carl pointed to the t.v screen displaying channel five news talking about the protests and fights within the west against Germany and its people.

# Chapter Twelve

“Kill them all, kill the Germans!” The people chanted. “Are they oppressed? What's going on with them, why do they hate Germany all of a sudden?” Mr. Leon tried figuring things out but couldn't quite understand as he stared at the television screen for a good minute. “So are they racist towards the germanians now, or what?” “Maybe because a colonel from some other region did something wrong and blamed our military.” Carl jumped to conclusions. “Well whatever it was we have no part in it.”

The battle of Britannia came the next day as the german troops hopped into the jeeps and headed towards the campgrounds of Belgium where they unload for the days ahead. “Alright Leroy, Jacob, and Chris dig around our area while Matthew digs upfront as for everyone else man your positions!” Hues commanded as he stuck to the plan. “Sir yes, sir!” Moments passed as the troops took a stance and dug their trenches when out in the distance the British troops fired their guns signaling their arrival.

“They're here! Everyone hold fire, let's execute our plan once they charge!” A lieutenant instructed. “You damned germans!” Once the Britain troops charged in, the Germans began firing their rifles taking down one after another. “Squad one, go around their area now! As for the rest of us, charge through!” The British general instructed. “Sir yes, sir!” “Prepare to lose your men Oscar, cannon squad fire!” General Hues commanded.

As the brits struggled climbing through the trenches, five canons began hurdling above them as it let out a massive explosion killing a third of Oscar’s men. “Mikah, behind you!” Macie yelled as she saw a soldier run up behind the man digging a dagger straight down his back. “Ahhh!!” The young man yelled falling to his feet. “Dammit, how did they come from behind?” Once the cannon squad realized they were being ambushed, the soldiers took aim and began firing and fighting with their rifles.

“Jackson, mind the cannons and keep firing while I fend these guys off.” Macie frowned while cocking her gun. “Yeah, take em' down little girl!” Macie took to the skies and began shooting the brits from above. *Man there’s so many of them…would I have enough ammo?* “You're gonna pay for what you did to my friend!” While dodging oncoming bullets, Macie grabbed a grenade from her back pocket and threw it down. “Eat this!” The explosion spanned kilometers of land. “Macie, get back here!” Mikah struggled to yell while controlling the cannons.

“Mikah are you okay?” The girl flew back to her quarters. “I'll survive…either way we have to win.” “Rodger!” The battle so far was one sided as it seems like the Germans were winning as their plans worked despite the large quantity of British soldiers. “Men, keep firing!” General Hues figured that his plan would hold out as this was a pretty long battle. The battlefield was hot as the air was dry, bloodshed was everywhere upon both troops while their stench permeated the air. “Nobodys coming up here, you damned democrats!” A german soldier taunts as he kicks the British soldier against the barbed wire trench puncturing his cheek in the process.

*Dammit!* Oscar threw his glasses on the soggy wet mud. “If you want to get things done you'll have to do them yourself.” He said to himself as he ran around the trenches and threw a grenade, luckly he wasn't near the blast radius but unfortunately it took German lives as they were caught within. “Ahhh!!” Soldiers screamed in agony as they watched their limbs rot and fall apart. This time the Germans were not messing around as they wanted to finish this fight. “Medic unit! Treat the wounded while the rest of the front center move out!”

General Hues commanded. “Sir yes, sir!” The soldiers yelled while fighting. “Medic unit on guard sir!” A lieutenant replied while disinfecting and giving first-aid to the wounded. *It seems like we are going into enemy lines.* Mikah thought of an idea. “Macie! Jackson! Stop firing the cannons our members charged into enemy lines.” “Well what do we do now?” Macie questioned gripping her gun ever so tightly. “Come on, let's join em’.” Meanwhile as the fight came to an end, Mr. Leon was at his cubicle on his computer looking up flight tickets for an out of country assignment. *So now I'm going to Hungary huh…allies of the west.*

“So commissioner Leon, what country were you given?” Trisha asked, wanting to spark a conversation with the man. “Hungary, what was yours?” “Canada!” The woman smiled brightly with a gleam in her eye. “I see, so you're going to stock up on some maple syrup for some pancakes huh?” He joked. “Well yeah my kids really love their waffles and bacon.” She laughed while patting the man on the shoulder. “You think your daughter could come along with you?” She then asks. “I don't know with all the trouble happening with that country today I'm unsure.” Mr. Leon figured it was for the best but Trisha reckoned that.

“Come on, maybe she'd like it. At least let her learn a thing or two, I'm sure Hungary can't be all that bad.” She made her point. It's a third world country with international disputes…what if she gets killed from a hate crime?” He pondered on things. *Though you might have a point.* “Maybe.” “Say, do you know how many battles she won?” Trisha wondered while twirling her dreads around. “Around two, though the branch has fought around sixty-nine battles prior to her arrival.” “Sixty-nine?…wow.” The Baumholder branch has many experienced men in combat being trained as young as eleven years old by multiple generals all across Germany.

Meanwhile within the hot bloodbath of Belgium, Macie, Jackson, Edward, and Mikah moved forward jumping over the trenches towards enemy lines. “Let's wipe them out!” Edward yelled full of power while encouraging his team. While the majority of the German troops pushed onwards, others stayed behind getting the medical attention they needed. “It's over, Oscar!” General Hues rushed and tackled the British commander down to the ground with his rifle. “Not in your wildest dreams!”

Struggling to move, Oscar grabbed Hues by the neck and headbutt him multiple times. “Macie, take flight!” “Roger that!” The girl saluted and took to the skies ready to end this battle. “Men, give it everything you've got!” General Hues began choking out Oscar with his cold wet bare hands. A few British soldiers began running around the barbed wire trenches to shoot at the injured soldiers clinging to life and the little time they had left. “Say your last words men.” Macie leveled her scope rifle onto her shoulder then took aim firing twenty hot bullets into thirty soldiers each.

Moments later as time went on more and more British troops dropped dead like flies only leading towards their victory. “Come on men, we are nearly done!” Edward said while jamming the bladed muzzle into an enemy's eye.

# Chapter Thirteen

“Everyone move back, retreat!” After killing the British general, General Hues ended things by throwing a grenade out to the back of enemy lines. “All German troops head back to the facility.” “Sir yes, sir!” Based on the sight of the battlefield bloodshed was inevitable as many lost their lives on both ends but it was clear who came on top while being strategic in all things. “Sir, the injured…we couldn't save them.” The medic unit told their general as the troops huddled around one by one carrying the corpses upon their shoulders.

“Should we bury them here?” The lieutenant asked. “No Cornell, these soldiers deserve to at least be with their families. Would you like to be buried out here?” He asked a rhetorical question right back at him. “I'll send a list out to the beneficiaries and the families in that manner. As for now, everyone onto the jeep!” *We won!* Macie thought to herself as she patted Mikah on his blood stained back. “Hey, stop that Macie.” He quickly grabbed her arm to stop. “Oh right, I forgot about your wound…why didn't you get patched by the medic unit?” She wondered. “I had a mission to do, I didn't want to get left on the sidelines.” *So strong…* The girl was impressed by his fortitude.

“We get to go to the facility after all this, though it sucks that we lost some of our comrades.” It was a two hour long battle that test the endurance of both troops. Back at the Baumholder facility Macie was getting ready to take a nap when suddenly the main phone rang with her father on the other end. “Macie, you've got a phone call.” “Ugh, alright…” Feeling concerned, the girl hopped out of bed and took the call. “Hello dad, what's wrong?” The little girl wondered while rubbing her eyes in the midst of a sleep spell. “Hey Macie, I'm going on a trip to Hungary for two weeks so if you are on break you're gonna have to stay at Baumholder okay?”

“But…” Macie felt disheartened as she wanted to come with him, anywhere other than staying at Baumholder. “You'll be fine.” Mr. Leon said, reassuring the child. “General Hues will take care of you for the time being.” “But daddy, I'll be alone without any comrades to talk to. What do you expect me to do by myself ?” She tried reasoning with him. “I've given you some books and magazines to read, you also have your board games so you'll be fine. Goodbye Macie.” On that note Mr. Leon hung up the phone leaving the girl hopeless.

The next cloudy day arrived and Mr. Leon was finishing up packing his stuff, being careful what to bring; a suite and tie in case of a meeting with the Budapest capital or prime minister, a few casual clothes, notebooks and pens, a camera and most importantly Heinrich’s stack of assignments and enclosed documents needed to be signed by the president. “Alright this should be enough miscellaneous things.” With a deep sigh, Mr. Leon closed his luggage then took out a photo of him and Macie on the way out. Forgetting to eat breakfast the man then drives his s.u.v. down to the Munich international airport where he caught flight one forty.

*Man it's packed…* He thought while looking around for an empty corner seat before being cued by a woman signaling him to take a seat next to her. “Hello miss, how's your day going so far?” Mr. Leon tried sparking a conversation with the young lady as he put his luggage inside the overhead compartment. “Fine,” The woman said. She looked young with long wavy red hair and bright green eyes. “my grandmother just passed away so I'm going to her funeral in Hungary, I was also meaning to give this gift to my mother.”

The woman pulled out a purple and red patterned quilt big enough for a baby out of her bag with great excitement. “So you like to knit, huh?” “Yeah my aunt taught me how when I was little, she wanted me to pick up other hobbies like knitting, writing, or being a pianist.” She told. “That sounds like something I'd get my daughter into.” Leon joked. “Oh you have a daughter?” The woman was surprised as she raised a brow with interest. “Yeah, she’s in fifth grade and has a good head on her shoulders coming from me.”

“Man that sucks though you are handsome. Who's the lucky lady?” She took a liking into him though she had her hopes up. “Uh…I'd rather not talk about her, it's pretty tragic. What's your name?” He wanted to change the subject. “Christal Jean, and you are?” “Leon Chainberlone, pleasure to meet you.” He extended his hand for a greeting. “Attention passengers, we'll be taking off now so please for your safety strap on your seatbelts.” The flight attendant spoke loudly into the intercom mic. As the plane took off the weather changed as it suddenly started to rain hard.

*Seems like this won't stop till late noon, I'd probably get to budapest at around four twenty.* Mr. Leon thought about his hotel price and plans for Hungary thereafter. While feeling bored at Baumholder, Macie decided to clean up the hallway and wipe down the walls along with the public washroom. “Hey little girl do you need any help?” A fellow Baumholder lieutenant asked while holding up a sponge and bucket of soapy water. The man had long blonde hair and plush red cheeks coupled with the abundant amount of freckles giving him an above average appearance.

“Uh, yeah who are you again?” The girl asked, looking confused yet genuinely taking an interest in the man. “I'm Cornell, one of the soldiers within the medic unit, I'm also the one who took care of Mikah’s wound.” “Oh, you're one of the lutinants who was with us at the battle…is Mikah alright?” She remembered the stabbing that took place. “Yeah well he’s gonna be out of a few battles for a while because they broke a disk in his spinal cord.” “Really? That’s terrible.” Macie felt guilty for not protecting him.

“It's alright, he isn't dead so he'd still be of good use.” “He’s a strong fighter both inside and out, that's for sure.” Macie commented as she began wiping the walls up and down. “You're his friend right?” Cornell figured. “Yeah, he was one of the few soldiers I've met while staying here at Baumholder. He was also my training assistant.” She touched the side of her prosthetics. “I'm about to go clean up the public washroom okay, I'll see you in a bit.” With a sponge and bucket in hand Cornell hurried into the washroom.

*Well that was a nice talk…* With boredom being nearly cured Macie finished up wiping the walls then headed upstairs to Elijah's room. *Strange… I haven't talked to Elijah in a while, I wonder what he’s up to.* She thought as she slid her palm against the cold hand rail. Once she reached dorm room number two twelve she knocked twice and jiggled the handle before having him open up. “Yo Macie, what's up? Does General Hues need me?” He wondered. “No, I just wanted to talk. Mikah's injured so he might not want to be bothered right now.” *I see…* Elijah opened his door even wider allowing her to walk through.

“So you were manning the cannons?” “Yeah when suddenly an enemy soldier rushed behind him and stabbed him down his back, dragging the knife down with him.” Saying it like that made Elijah wince and cringe with discomfort. “Damn, I'm surprised he didn't die of blood loss.” As Macie plopped on Elijah's bed, the man turned on the t.v. being held up by a stack of thick books. “My father’s taking a trip to Hungary so hopefully he's having fun without me.” She told. “You didn't want to go?” Elijah cocked an eyebrow. “I did but I can't, Mr. Leon just told me to stay put.” “Maybe it's a business trip and he wanted no distractions.” The man assumed.

Background noise from the t.v. surrounded the two as Macie made her point. Meanwhile at Budapest, Mr. Leon was unpacking his luggage at the expensive Santora hotel. As he turned on the t.v. to the news he sat down on the bed feeling relieved. *Good, I've made it on time though it's still raining outside.* Mr. Leon looked at his watch before gearing his attention to the breaking news on t.v.

*Breaking news in Sarajevo, it has been reported that Archduke Hans Fernald was assassinated at the latin bridge around twelve twenty this afternoon. The suspect in question is a seventeen year old Serbian student named Ozmin who is also linked to a gang of assassins within Bosnia, take caution the young man is armed and dangerous.* “The heir of Austria was killed by a teenager…this would open a whole can of worms for the military.” He mumbled to himself as he began ironing his shirt and pants for today’s lunch meeting with Hungary’s governor officials including the prime minister.

After taking a shower and putting on his dress clothes Mr. Leon called for a taxi ride down by central Budapest near Trinity square. “Good afternoon administer Viktor, I'll be by the concave within a few minutes. I'll talk to you guys soon.” As the taxi driver pulled up to the Santora hotel Mr. Leon waved his hand then hopped in the passenger seat with his briefcase.

“Where to?” The taxi driver questioned. “The concave restaurant.” Leon replied. “The concave, you must be loaded. That's a pretty expensive restaurant, are you a tourist?” “No, I'm here for a business trip, it’s confidential matters.” Mr. Leon didn't want to talk about his business so freely as it was about international relationships. “I understand sir, I won't bother you any longer.”

# Chapter Fourteen

After the forty minute ride, Mr. Leon made it to the restaurant ready to get the meeting started. “Real fancy.” He mumbled to himself as he looked around for his table with the officials. The restaurant was reasonably crowded and had an upper class cozy atmosphere to it with its black leather chairs and booths, stone cut ceiling, marbled floor, tables and countertop where you can see the chefs cook, and two gigantic draping ring light chandeliers along with an upstairs and downstairs scenic view of the city. Once the man received a phone call he knew it was administrator Viktor. “Commissioner Leon, we're in a booth by the window at the otherside of the entrance.”

*Alright.* Making his way there the man saw his table and respectfully greeted the three officials. “Hello commissioner Leon, welcome to Hungary.” A fairly old middle aged man shook hands with the commissioner as he was the administrative governor Viktor Archnov and sitting beside him was the fairly young man head of the legislative lead Janos Lazlo and sitting across from him was the prime minister; an intimidating old man who looked like he had a chip on his shoulder in which he took no nonsense and for years held all rulings within Hungary.

After several handshakes and greetings the four jumped straight to the point and talked about country issues, laws, and visions for the future as far as relations go between both countries. “So prime minister Markovich, hows Hungary’s social and economic plans coming along?” “Hungary’s progress is slow but we have pressing issues.” The man explained as he browsed through the menu. “Racism against the immigrants and migrant workers is out of hand, people are committing crime within the streets of Debrecen; killing and rioting over the marginalized citizens.” “Well, have you worked on a travel ban?” Mr. Leon questioned.

“Yes but it was vetoed due to the rights protected by Hungary’s inclusivity as a country.” Janos spoke as he tossed his curly blonde locks around. “Oh I see, how's the March law coming along?” He then questioned with interest. “We are aiming to become a democratic kingdom in which we'd garnish a higher budget and uprule the parliament’s twelve rule system.” It was a plan involving the nobles. “Well that’s good, my boss gave me documents regarding those things and—” “Are you guys ready to order?” A waiter spoke while interrupting the conversation.

“Yeah I'll take the caesar salad with prawns over ice, along with a glass of ale.” The administrator said. “I'll have the delmonico steak with a side of sauteed wild mushrooms and a glass of sparkling water.” Said the head legislative. “Let me have the lobster spaghetti with a baked sweet potato and sparkling water.” Mr. Leon spoke. “I'd like the prime rib with a side of mixed vegetables and a glass of scotch.” The prime minister finally told his order as they all handed over their menus. “How's your daughter doing Mr. Leon? Did she graduate already?”

Viktor asked. “Um she's fine but she's in the military serving for a few years. She makes me so proud.” “Oh really now, so the daughter of an international peace commissioner is fighting alongside the military officials…very interesting.” The man smiled as he joked. “Yeah, I'm still not sure why she was picked though why anyone would want a little girl on their team but here she is handling a rifle and everything.” “But the fact that she’s surrounded by death, does that not bother you Mr. Leon?” The prime minister questioned.

“Well to some degree yes, but she knows it's inevitable. At least she knows that I loved her and would have given her everything she ever needed, after my first unborn child I knew that was a fact.” Setting sentimental values aside, Mr. Leon wanted to talk about the death of an important heir. “Have any of you heard about the death of Hans Fernald? It was on the news recently, possibly due to a rebellion of the original rule.” He figured that was the case. “Yeah this could obstruct the country even further considering that Serbia broke our deal.” “Which means we ride to war.” Janos said sternly as he explained.

“That stunt ruined our treaty and now we retaliate, just because someone killed a future king of Hungary. They didn't want to follow the european rule and now they must face consequences.” Despite looking gentle, Janos was angry and upset with Serbia entirely. Could the united union be splitting? They've broken many oaths and even killed a foreign king. Hopefully this doesn't impact the german soldiers, speaking of german soldiers after chatting Elijah and Macie had their eyes glued to the t.v. screen where they reported on Archduke Han Fernald's assassination prior to his supposed kingsmanship.

“Hey Elijah,” Macie spoke in a stern and low tone of voice. “do you think that death happens to specific people for a reason? I mean, is it because of people’s karma?” She asked a question that led to miscellaneous themes. “Uh well…” Elijah didn't know how to explain death to a child though he knew she wasn't dumb. “death happens to everyone whether good or bad and it'll come in many different forms.” He stated. “Essentially everyone dies at some point but it all matters on how you live your life and whether or not you were a loving person in the end as loving someone is irreplaceable.”

He wasn't wrong. “Well, I don't want any of my friends to die simply because you guys mean so much to me and the fact that you guys taught me about war and helped me through it.” She continued. “My dad and Mikah had so many troubles in life I thought I might cheer them up by being there.” She cracked a big and wide smile that made Elijah chuckle. “Surely they'd grow out of it as it's all in the past.” “Yeah and get stronger from it.” She gave her two cents. “Hey, you wanna hear a story?” The man suddenly shifted the mood.

“When I was in middle school me and my friends snuck into the top of a church at night to run away from a gang member, we pickpocketed his wallet and a few medications. It was bad but really fun.” “You hid within a church? How would you get up there?” She could ever wonder. “We took a door to the roof then climbed on top to see the stars as well.” He really was daring. “As long as you had fun I guess.” Macie yawned and hopped off the bed trailing towards the door. “I'll see you around kid.” Elijah said, opening the door.

“Goodbye Elijah.” Macie walked downstairs back into her room then fell asleep wondering about the road ahead. Meanwhile within the Bulgarian presidency, Romen Raider was inside his living room shocked and disgruntled about Hans Fernald’s death he contacted military battalion officials to wage war upon Serbia and decided to side with the allied powers of Greece. “We are taking over now.” Romen said to himself as he turned off the television. As Mr. Leon nearly finished his lunch meeting he handed the group his document assignments.

“These must be the papers you've talked about.” The Hungarian administrator wondered. “Correct.” Mr. Leon said. “These are the set of laws and decisions/recommendations Global Prospects would like you to implement, there are also cause and effect explanations as to why we want these rules placed. You can skim through the list and get familiar with them.” The man smiled as he watched the officials scan their eyes throughout the list of papers. “Thank you for the meal prime minister, It's a pleasure meeting you all.” The men shook hands once again and paid their respects to each other as Leon headed back to his hotel. *So Hungary's going to war with Serbia…I bet things would snowball real quick.* He foreshadowed what would come. Back at the hotel, Mr. Leon checked his watch then looked at a photo of him and Macie.

“I told you there would be a war kiddo…” The man kissed the photo then placed it over his chest. “I just hope you win this.” The next day came around as Macie and the troops went outside to the training grounds. Warmth grazed the girl’s arms as the heat rose up to her face. “General, why are we out here? It's so hot can't we call it off for today?” The girl complained wanting to have it her way. “I'm afraid I can't do that little girl.” The general said with a hint of motivation in his voice. “So far you've only won three battles out of the thirty-nine fights Baumholder has been in.” He made an announcement.

“We've been informed that Bulgaria is declaring war on Serbia and is needing aid, so let's give it our all.” General Hues told the team. *So we're not the only ones in battle?* Macie thought. *There are others fighting? Is this war?* Questions flooded the poor girl’s thoughts as she squinted her face with confusion. “So we're finally going into war after all this time?” Lieutenant Cornell spoke. “I guess it's only fitting we leave our mark with a bang.” Edward replied with a sneering laugh ready to kill.

“Alright men, today I want each of you to carry each other around the facility twelve times then pushup each other's body weight.” “Sir yes, sir!” The soldiers saluted as they partnered up. “Hey Macie, do you wanna team up?” Edward asked as he obviously knew she was the lightest. “Um…sure.” She said nervously as she looked upon his appearance. The man had long tousled red hair with attractive yet intimidating facial features coupled with his many tattoos, Macie felt a little scared in the moment. “Cool, climb on my back. I'm gonna run alright.” Without question Macie did as told and held on tight. In a flash Edward dashed around the facility with great speed leaving most of his fellow soldiers behind. “Hey, slow down Edward!” The girl hollard trying not to fall over.

# Chapter Fifteen

“No can do little girl, isn't that what this training is all about? We have to get to safety if someone’s injured.” He made a good point as this was about carrying the injured in battle in case of emergency. After running around Edward wagered with the pushup portion of training. “Alright Macie, you'll do the pushups and I'll sit down with my legs on your back got it?” “Sure, sounds like a plan.” Knowing she couldn't lift his weight Edward sat on the hard graveled ground as Macie got into a pushup position. “Ready?” He said resting both legs on her back. “Yeah.” Macie replied with an inhale as she started going up and down faster and faster, trying to get close to the first half.

“Remember we have to do eighty-nine pushups, so you should go slower in your second half.” The man suggested. *Rodger!* She thought in her head. Sitting on the bench near the facility, Mikah looked around at all the soldiers training. “Are you sure you should be out here?” General Hues patted the man on the shoulder. “Call me faithful, but I like seeing my teammates train and I know this wound will heal in time for me to get back out there.” “Your lacerations were quite pronounced, I'm surprised you survived as others didn't.” Hues sat next to the young man.

“I want to win every battle coming my way and survive to tell. Especially to my four boys.” “Well we're aiding Bulgaria in battle.” Hues said. “Everyone is going into war with Serbia, I've heard from a former friend that someone broke their trust.” *We're not the only ones going into war?* Mikah wonders. “War interrupts alliances so it's like a domino effect.” Hues replied as he looked around at his troops. “Battles are a part of wars and even influence other wars, people can get ticked off for many reasons. Any reason to start a war.” He continued speaking.

“Rebellion, rules, land, and power. These are all the things.” *I see…* Mikah understood. “After this war we should just go home to our families and not think of this.” “Even though it will go down in history.” General Hues commented. “That's it little girl, take nice shallow breaths.” Edward congratulated while putting more pressure on her back causing her to struggle. “Sixty-one…sixty-two…sixty-three!” Pushing up and down, Macie's arms were beyond sore as she thought she was gonna fall over, or give up. *Keep going…you can do this, just push…all the way…through!”* The little girl gave herself some motivation. Moments passed as the girl finally reached eighty-nine push ups then collapsed onto the ground. *I…am…finished!* She was out of breath and out of it. “Alright! All soldiers report to the center, right now!” General Hues stood up and rangled some of his troops together. “As some of you may know, an awards ceremony will take place upstairs inside the Watson building. I'll be handing out badges relating to the previous twelve battles so don't be late.”

“Sir yes, sir!” Feeling tired, the soldiers stretched and saluted. *An awards ceremony?* Macie thought as a light bulb suddenly went off in her brain. *Maybe I could get the wings of harmony!* Feeling determined, Macie decided to head to her dorm room before noticing a certain someone sitting outside. “Mikah, you're alive!” Macie ran to give the man a gentle hug. “You go into battle and listen on command; whether you get hurt or not, follow orders kid, as long as you win.” He gave her advice on the front lines. She understood well enough as she felt the padded bandages upon his back. “We are now one of the countries going into war so fight on to victory any way you can. Do it for Germany!”

Huh, funny enough someone else reminded her about this and that war would come upon Germany someday. This made her think about herself and the state of the world. Hours passed as it was now four-twenty p.m. Macie and Elijah made their way upstairs within the Watson building where the rest of the troops were. “So what badges do you think I'd get?” “Straight shooter, elite force, and the wings of harmony for sure.” They'd bet on it. Stepping into the room the two saw their fellow soldiers sitting around and some even with their badge case out. “Let's see if we can sit in the front again.”

Elijah said as he took the girl’s hand and walked down the aisle where they saw four empty seats. Once the two sat down, general Hues was on the podium holding two large cases supposedly filled with medals and badges. “Good evening troops, I am happy to announce your awards and new positions within this field.” He continued his speech. “You have all proved yourselves worthy in this district as most of you led our victory thirty-nine times as more recruits came in.” Lifting the mini mic up to his face the general began calling off a long roster of names. “William, Macie, Marcus, Edward, Jackson, Matthew, and Elijah please come on down and receive your badges.” At that moment all the euphoric adrenaline rushed towards the girl’s head as she sat up and smiled ear to ear with life and pride. As the soldiers went up on stage, general Hues unlocked the briefcases full of the most colorful badges. “For the winter defense campaign badge, I give to Elijah Bauer.” While pinning the green metallic badge onto the man’s clothes the troops began clapping and cheering.

Once the general made his way to the middle of the roster he called Macie’s name. “For the wings of harmony and the ground combat badge I give to Macie Chainberlone.” Unable to stop smiling, the little girl felt the cold metal badges between her hands while examining its blue design. *Yes! Finally, my first badge.* She couldn't wait to tell Mr. Leon. “Congratulations new recruits, lieutenants and old members.You may now sit back down.” The general spoke about the coming days and how they should treat their next battle assuming what this war meant to the other countries. Feeling happier than ever Macie rushed to her room and wrote inside her journal stating that her father was right about the coming war but also right about the many countries fighting within it.

The next few weeks came along as Mr. Leon was seen packing his bags and heading to the Hungarian international airlines where he took a flight back to Germany. *Alright, let's head back to the usual.* The man leaned against the window and drifted to sleep as he heard the flight attendant announce five minutes till take off. I knew we were heading into war sooner or later, yet they already picked a fight with us. Once landed, Mr. Leon put his luggage and briefcase inside his s.u.v. and headed down to Global Prospects where he spoke to his upper chairman Heinrich. “So how was your trip? Did you have fun at the lunch meeting?” “Yeah except for the fact that Hans Fernald is dead.” A somber tone entered the room as Heinrich cocked a brow.

“He died…how?” The man wondered. “A kid shot him in the head.” “Wow, he must've been a part of a gang.” Heinrich began pouring himself a cup of coffee while passing another to commissioner Leon. “He is. Most of the Siberians hated Hungary and their rulers like its heir.” “You'd know what this means to the powers of the military, do you?” Mr. Leon ruffled through his long hair. “Yeah, a war we'd win. I can tell this is going to be a domino effect for the other countries.” On that note within the Baumholder lobby, general Hues was talking to the Bulgarian president about overthrowing Serbia and forming an alliance.

“So Romen, what got you so heated about Serbia?” “We've devised a plan to continue the Ottoman war while getting new allies and severing ties with Serbia since their recent assassination.” The man told. “So they broke your trust too?” General Hues figured. “Somewhat, I just want to protect my friends.” Romen continued. “Looks as if we have a great war on our hands.” At that moment the president hung up the phone and was off to his duties. *Seems as if we have a war on our hands for sure…* General Hues sighed at the thought of a new era awakening. Waking up cold Macie stretched up to the sky. The girl wondered what her team would be doing today since preparing to battle Serbia. Within the mess hall, Elijah sat his tray down next to Mikah.

“So how's your back doing? Do you think you could still fight?” The man asked with slight concern. “Yeah, I'm fine I didn't die so that's good.” Mikah said, stuffing his face full of eggs. “How's the girl doing on your side?” “She’s a great fighter, that's for sure.” The men talked about Macie's skills behind her back. “Macie's pretty strong but she's also reckless as she doesn't really have a plan to carry out.” As the two continued talking, general Hues stepped into the cafeteria. “Attention troops! After breakfast please come outside to the training grounds, I'd like to discuss some things along with introducing you all to the Bulgarian troops.” “Sir yes, sir!” The German troops saluted.

“Alright troops I'd like you guys to fight alongside Bulgaria in the hopes of defeating Serbia.” “Sir yes, sir!” As the troops mingled and introduced one another, one soldier crouched down to Macie’s level and asked a thought provoking question. “Why are you here little girl?” It was a question worth an answer. “Well um…I'm here because I was drafted.” Macie told the truth. “Maybe Baumholder saw my potential and I was just picked by chance.” “Wow, the fact that a little girl is going into battle with us is amazing.” The man continued speaking while tousling through his blonde hair.

“My name’s Charlie, what’s yours?” “Macie Chainberlone.” She shook his hand. “Well Macie let's fight.” It was a cold morning as the soldiers could see the air escaping their mouths as they talked back and forth. “Alright men this is the beginning of war, make sure all hands are on deck so raise your guns high and fight like hell!” General Hues gave out a little motivational speech. “Let's win every battle and conquer every land, let's get back to our families and tell this story once again!” “Sir yes, sir!” All the soldiers from both troops saluted.

# Chapter Sixteen

Once the troops reached the campgrounds they unloaded their weapons and headed down to the battlefield where they were greeted by the Serbian military. “Damn, they beat us to it.” “Men stay on guard, get ready to fight when I say go.” The Serbian troops waited for the opposing side to come as they loaded their cannons and already placed mines everywhere. “Go men go!” The german and bulgarian soldiers charged towards the front where the Serbian leader was, luckily one of them managed to stab him with their gun.

“Keep fighting men!” Macie flew through enemy lines and was able to take down at least twelve soldiers. “You damn brat!” An enemy shouted with rage underneath his breath. “Better run while you can!” The little girl aimed her rifle at the man’s head then blew it off clean. So far the germans were winning as the serbians were outnumbered and had nowhere to escape. Mines were exploding left and right on both ends of the battlefield, blood was present everywhere as most lost their limbs. An hour in and it was obvious who'd win and their efforts proved victory as they've trained hard.

Bulgaria lost a quarter of their men as Serbia lost nearly half. “Men keep fighting, we've got this in the bag!” Germany could taste victory amongst the blood and gunpowder when suddenly the Serbian leader fell to his knees as blood gushed out of his chest. *Yes we're winning!* Macie smiled with satisfaction. Once the battle was over the german and bulgarian troops fell back and headed to the campgrounds. “Good job team this proved victory and the fact that Germany is a powerhouse.” Hues congratulated both troops equally. “Yes, now I get to go home.” Macie said fiddling with a mug full of water between her hands.

“Yes men you all get to go home until the next battle but keep in mind this is for your future and nation sake, this is a war we must win.” “Sir yes, sir!” Once the troops reached the base Macie immediately rushed to a telephone to call her father. “Hello, daddy? I need you to pick me up okay? We've won our fourth battle, it was long but worth it.” “Yeah Macie, I'll be there once I get off from work alright.” Her father spoke. “In the meantime stay put.” “I love you dad.” Once the girl was done talking she hung up the phone, packed her things and waited downstairs in the lobby where she saw her fellow soldiers leaving the building. *It seems like everyone's wanting to leave.* “Hey little girl, nice combat out there. No wonder you have the wings of harmony.”

Macie noticed the uniform then looked up at the man’s curly red hair. She couldn't put the name and face together so she guessed. “Um…hello Andrew?” “Wrong.” The man said, shaking his head in a disappointing manner. “The name is Edward Samson, I helped you with training that day.” *Oh right, you're that guy who ran too fast.* She remembered now. “Hey Edward, I guess you're going home too?” “Of course. My girlfriend’s waiting for me, I suppose you have parents waiting for you right?” It was obvious though Edward wanted to spark a conversation. “Yeah well my dad recently got back from a business trip and I know he doesn't want to be bothered with a million questions.” “Oh that’s cool so he went out of the country? My great grandparents were from Hungary and NewZealand.” Edward told.

“My mother told me stories about her upbringing, delightful stories like how she went skiing and snowboarding at age twelve and was a pro.” “Really?” Macie was interested. “Yeah she does a lot of sports in which she tried getting me into them.” “That's cool, I used to play dodgeball in school.” She smiled. “I was pretty good at aiming.” “Days were simpler back then huh?” Edward patted the little girl on the shoulder. “Seems as though your ride is here.” Once Mr. Leon stepped into the building he greeted Edward with a handshake then lifted his daughter upon his shoulder while strolling her luggage along. “Congratulations on your fourth battle Macie, I bet you've done well.” “Yeah apparently you were right about a war. We had to fight Serbia and were teamed with Bulgaria.” *So they really did spark a war with us. And so it begins.*

“Continue on as normal as this war could change the world.” Mr. Leon spoke. Once the two reached home, Macie unpacked and plopped onto the side of her bed. “Hey Macie, do you want to watch a movie together?” The man yelled from the living room. “Yeah sure!” The girl replied. As Macie walked to the living room she saw her father put on a movie about a spy reconciling with her millionair grandparent who is also against her. “So how was your Hungary trip?” Macie asked as she sat on the floor. “It went really well, I met with the prime minister. We had lunch together along with the administrator and legislator.” “So what do they do?” Macie asks, rummaging her hand through a large bowl of popcorn.

“Altogether they carry out laws within their country as I make recommendations. It's like taking work with me and talking about important matters.” “Oh so you're just doing your job?” She figured. “Yeah exactly.” As the movie played along, Macie and her father sat in silence allowing their family bonding to rush over them. Once the clock hit ten p.m. Mr. Leon turned the movie off and put his daughter to sleep. “Sleep tight Macie, tomorrow we're going to the library so you can pick out some books to read.” “Okay, good night dad.” Once the next day rolled around Macie woke up bright and early ready to take on the day. “Macie come downstairs, I made your favorite breakfast.” “Alright.” With a yawn and stretch the girl got up and headed to the bathroom to wash her face and brush her teeth.

*Lets see where this war takes us, hopefully something good comes out of this.* She thought as she began combing her hair. Macie understood the concept of war, she just thought about the future and what that meant for her. The girl rushed downstairs into the dining room where she was hit with the scent of bacon, dinosaur pancakes, and seasoned eggs. “We're going to the library so eat up and wash up after you're done.” “Sure.” Afterwards as the two drove down to the library Macie decided to talk with her father. “So dad, could you give me more toys for my birthday?” “Sure no problem, I'll also buy you some more clothes while I'm at it.”

Macie grew fond of her stuffed animals and toys since she really didn't have many friends growing up thus she learned life quickly. As the two walked through the library they noticed empty pizza boxes lying around the tables. *Was there a party here or what?* Mr. Leon thought. Setting trivial matters aside the man used the computer to look up any articles on international sanctions he may have talked to the leaders about. Meanwhile, Macie sat inside a plastic tree within the children's section of the library. “Hey may I come in? I have a lot of books I'd like to read.” “Ah…sure.” Macie scooted to the side of the starry night tree, allowing the boy to come inside. She thought the kid was interesting in a way with his dark skin and freckles. “What books did you get?” Macie asks taking one of them. “Comics and fantasy books, do you wanna read with me?” The little boy offered.

“Yeah sure.” As the kid got settled in he began reading out loud. “Once upon a time within the city of Nivea a certain child was born. Instead of learning how to walk in his first years he ran and fought on his own…” It was a fantasy novel and once the boy finished reading he asked an obvious question. “What happened to your legs? Why are you a hunk of metal?” He tried phrasing his words as politely as possible. “I've survived a stabbing at school but unfortunately my legs didn't.” The girl continued her story. “My dad gave me cooler legs and now I fight for the military.” “Cool so that's your origin story, do you have any powers?” The boy seemed thrilled and attentive.

“Not that I'm aware of though I can fly and shoot bullets with the press of a button.” She told him that much. “Wow, what's your name?” “Macie, what's yours?” She asks as she shakes his hand. “Gabriel Simmons.” “It's a pleasure meeting you Gabriel.” As Macie left the area she made sure to pick up a few books out of the colored carts. “Come on Macie, it's time to go.” Mr. Leon said while grabbing the child's hand as in his other were a stack of papers and articles. “Is that for work?” Macie asked, knowing the obvious. “Yeah, are those your playtime books?” He now asks. “Yeah I need to check them out.”

Once the duo left the library they decided to get fast food then drove home. “So daddy, it seems as if the western front is coming back to fight us again.” The girl said while taking a wide bite of her deluxe cheeseburger. “What makes you say that?” Mr. Leon wondered. “So far we've fought France, Britain, Serbia, and Russia. I'd assume their side would come back for more like having us fight America or Italy.” She expressed her theory. “Take them down like you've done all the others. Speaking of which, did you earn any badges?” “Yeah I have the wings of harmony and the ground combat thanks to you. I can fly and shoot with ease.”

Macie continued speaking. “The wings of harmony are given to aero cadets who excel at combat, hopefully I get more along the way.” “I hope so little fairy, you're gonna make me so proud and become a legend for this country.” Her father ruffled through her strawberry blonde hair as he made his way into the living room. *For my country's sake, no for my teammates sake!* Macie thought about winning this war for her father and fellow soldiers as she grew a tight bond with most of them. Once her one week break was over Mr. Leon drove the girl back to Baumholder where she met up with her friends Mikah and Elijah.

“Hey aero cadet.” The guys said in unison. “How was your break? Did your dad take you somewhere special?” Elijah spoke. “Nope, only to the library. I'd rather read than fight anyways.” “Well I took my wife out for dinner yesterday so I feel chipper.” Said Mikah. “Alright Macie I put your luggage inside your room, all you need to do is unpack.” As Mr. Leon gave the girl a hug and stepped out of the building, general Hues walked in. “Mikah, Macie, and Elijah I need you guys upstairs in the missionary hall. We are preparing to fight Italy, one of the western powers' weakest allies.” “Sir, yes sir!” The soldiers saluted and went off their way.

After gathering the rest of the troops general Hues made his way upstairs within the missionary hall. “Attention everyone, I've called you guys here because we have another battle on our hands. Right now it's against Italy one of the weakest western allies yet, they have limited arsonal and are small in numbers so this should be an easy fight within this war.” *So many battles, would this war ever end?* The little girl thought. “Instead of barbed wire, let's just use the cannons alone.” A soldier spoke up. “Since there's only a handful of them, maybe we can take them down long distance style.” He did have a point. “I suppose you're right.” Hues agreed. “There are a few of them.” “So this should be an easy fight then.” Macie spoke out loud. “Indeed.” After the troop meeting, the little girl decided to slip into Mikah’s room. “Hello buddy, how's it going?” Mikah greeted while lifting his weights.

“Alright, I see your back is doing fine.” “Kind of, I have to worry about any scarring later.” He took off his bandage patch revealing the massive scar trailing down his spine. “Oh well, maybe you shouldn't fight this time around even though Italy's pretty weak.” She gave her two cents. “My wound is healed, if I can't fight at least let Elijah take my place.” “Elijah doesn't man the cannons, you do silly.” Macie then hugs the man. “I don't want any of my friends to die regardless of war or not.” “Don't worry Macie, we won't die on you. We're skilled fighters.” Mikah wanted to show her some kind of purpose or at least shed light on why she's here.

# Chapter Seventeen

The battle of Italy was soon approaching as the morning sun rose above Baumholder and Venice, both troops were preparing near the settled campgrounds of Miche. “Men take aim head on and charge!” General Hues shot his rifle in the air as the soldiers rushed through from all around. The area was deserted with no cannons in sight making the men move along quickly. Minutes passed before any bloodshed occurred as the Germans were tussling around using interesting methods to kill the italians. “Make this an interesting fight!” General Hues hollered out. While bullets rang out, others were getting stabbed and choked out by an enemy rifle.

“Come on, bang bang!” Edward said as he shot multiple men through the heart. Two whole hours passed before the battle was over in which Germany won with more soldiers and artillery. “Nice job men, we took them down as planned despite losing a few of our men.” “That's right general, we've managed to lose only twelve soldiers this time around.” Cornell spoke up. “Well take care of their obituaries then, all soldiers report to base.” After an hour of travel without a word Macie made her way under the covers and fell asleep.

Within the front lobby, the general received a telegram from british intel. Reading through it he felt a sense of pride within himself. *Dear German general, I am writing to inform you that Mexico is on your side in regards to this current war. This is a chance to weaken the central powers as Mexico has won many battles and that you could share resources and grow together as allies after the war. Think of post war opportunities and good luck from the British president.*

“Well that's a relief, after winning they want to give me a new ally?” General Hues spoke out loud to himself, seeming to accept Britain's offer. Meanwhile within the United States congressional hall the president gave a speech. “Dear senate Jacob Banner and house of representatives, I'd like to propose a message of war against the east and central powers for us to protect our allies within Russia and avenge the fallen ones of France.” The U.S. president stood up against the position of onlookers waiting for an approval. “President John Thurmann I acknowledge your request and to avenge the fallen we will grant you this action so make sure we win.” The congressional leaders laid down their gavels in the sense of setting the proposal in motion.

Following the time of the battle of Lviv the president of germany decided to make a peace treaty with russia marking a day in history and a period without conflict. Within that frame of time sir emperor Wilhelm stepped down from ruling allowing his successor Bismark to take his place. Glowing light seeped through the curtains within Macie's bedroom as she woke up with a soft yawn she immediately began writing in her diary. Day 375: *Back at Baumholder yet wondering when these battles would end since war began. Other nations already declared war on us and us with them…I just don't want to be stuck here forever.*  “Macie Chainberlone, please report outside with the other soldiers.” Said Mikah brushing his teeth in the hallway.

“Attention troops, as you know many nations declared war with us yet we muddle our way through with grit, strength and determination.” He continued. “The western powers are laying down their defenses and are dying, if any of them want to pick a fight with us they'd have another thing coming. You guys are gonna do one hundred jumping jacks and twenty laps around the entire facility.” “Got it!” Macie said feeling super pumped. It was a beautiful autumn morning as the cool breeze swept through the trees wrestling with the colorful fallen leaves. Meanwhile once general Hues went inside the lobby he was greeted with one of the secretaries receiving word that America is declaring a fight with Germany and threatening to take over and kill the next successor to the throne. *The western powers are getting demolished, they can try and fight but failure awaits.* Hues thought as he went straight to his office.

“This fight would get rid of them for good.” He mumbled to himself. Meanwhile outside the facility Macie proposed a keen question to Mikah. “Do you think the western front would give up soon?” “Probably.” The man replied. “Once we get rid of their nations allies, by the way have you heard we're fighting America now so hopefully it's our last.” *We're going to fight America?* The girl had an exhausted expression on her face. “Let's at least live to see another day okay?” “Right.” Once it was afternoon general Hues made an announcement on the intercom. “Attention troops, I'm informing you guys about our next battle. It should be a fight that would end the western powers entirely and stop the war, we've fought many times but none other is like this as our opponent is America. *The battle that ends all wars huh?* Elijah thought of the many battles Baumholder faced uptill now. “You'd think we're done fighting but nope.” The man said as he sat his tray of chicken and mash down onto the table.

“Well it all depends on what comes after this war.” Macie spoke. “Who knows.” Mikah chimed in. Meanwhile inside Global Prospects, commissioner Heinrich told a story about Germany. “When the birth of our motherland came to be, many foreigners tried to change and challenge our leaders like Wilhelm and Theadore but as a nation we rose up and kicked them out. You could say this is how the other nations view us while thinking they could do whatever they want with us.” “That's the job of a dictator.” Leon spoke.

“That's why we need to beat the other nations wanting to suppress and take control of us.” He was right. “Got any other work for me while you're at it?” “Nope you're free for the next two weeks.” Said the upper chairman. “Most of the international presidents are doing an okay job currently.” He told. “Well in that case I'm going home. Goodbye upper chairman.” On that note Mr. Leon gathered his belongings and left the building. Meanwhile the German soldiers headed straight into battle with the Americans on the campgrounds of Archdale. “Soldiers, it seems we are the first to get here so fall into position like the last two battles.” General Hues commanded. “Sir yes, sir!” Thirty minutes later, the American soldiers stepped in and charged at the troops. “Now men, let's fight!” The commander yelled before shooting an enemy soldier from behind. “Alright!” *Let's show them why we're a powerhouse.* Macie took to the skies and shot down eleven American soldiers just like that. “Yes.” They were winning already.

Mines and cannons were firing left and right, an hour in and bloodshed was everywhere considering that the U.S. had more soldiers. “Keep fighting, our future and lives depend on it!” Screamed the American commander while encouraging his men. “Sir yes, sir!” Suddenly Macie got an idea. *Maybe if I shoot their general they could surrender…* Following along with that plan Macie swooped into enemy lines and aimed her sights on the blonde general. “Fall.” As the battle carried on the German troops charged onto enemy territory. “It ends here general.” Macie fired nine rounds straight through general Tompson’s chest.

“No, general!” A soldier cried out trying to give first aid. “Nice job Macie!” Mikah yelled out. “You bitch!” The American soldiers had enough as they aimed at the little girl. *Walk into your own deaths then.* General Hues thought since they wouldn't surrender. “Eat this!” Edward and General Hues threw grenades at the American troops which was successful as half of them died. Bodies from both sides were laid mangled and lamed, only then the American soldiers admitted defeat leading to the victory of the germans. “Alright soldiers, Baumholder won!” Hues yelled. “Medic unit, carry the bodies onto the truck and tend to the wounded.” He instructed. Once the troops got back to the facility they were instructed to pack up and go home.

As the next month came around people were busy as the presidents of both east and west gathered around the congressional hall of mirrors and signed the treaty of versailles to officially settle differences in regards to the war. Meanwhile Macie was at home watching the live broadcast with her father. “Nice work fighting for this nation.” Mr. Leon ruffled through the girl's blonde hair. “So no more battles since the war is over.” She figured. “Yeah, no more battles. You've done great kid, we're all proud of a soldier like you.” The man kissed her forehead. The End.

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