

### *Harry's Game part 1A solution*

I was out on the hill when it came. I was listening for it, expecting it, hoping, I guess, not to hear it. A rolling thunder from a thousand miles away, like muted surf on a beach. I needed the noise, confirmation that the others hadn't all gone away for nothing, that there was a point to all this. I was supposed to turn around and run, tell the rear guard, but for a moment I was frozen to the spot as the sound gathered force. Like a fire spreading through a valley, dark clouds tumbling over the hills, unstoppable, bringing the storm. A million footfalls locked in step. Bringing the war. I felt the hate beginning to burn behind my eyes. I melted into the shadows, turned and ran.