

# Brave New World

Von Sarah\_von\_Krolock

## Kapitel 2: 02. Send my greetings to your almighty General

"How is she?"

"Well, she has an appealing appearance." It takes a moment for the Lieutenant to recognise the expression of the Major and he jumps shortly. "Oh! Well, I mean, she hasn't complained for the last two hours, she is calm as long as she has her tea I guess... We tried to be as careful as possible as we saw that it was indeed no loyalist General but well... just a woman... I guess she is... well."

"Good, the General wouldn't be pleased to hear something different." The young Major gives the bridles of his horse to a soldier, following the Lieutenant through the camp.

"We put her into one of the officers' barracks. It seemed to be the best idea because of the weather. I ordered also two soldiers standing always guard, of course."

"Good," the young Major nods, taking a few papers, letters, that are given to him and overflows these before reaching the barrack and entering it. By doing so he takes off his hat, surprised by the comfortable warmth that lingers in the building through a burning oven. He hasn't felt so much warmth in weeks since the winter started to crawl over this country.

"And you are?..."

"I am sorry, Miss," he replies immediately at the woman sitting at the table with a cup in her hands and looking up to him. "I am Major Benjamin Tallmadge; I hope the circumstances aren't that uncomfortable for you? I can assure you that we will try our best to make it as comfortable as possible for you."

"Well... it's no St. James Palace..." She eyes him over the edge of the cup while taking a sip, how he takes off his cape and puts it over the only remaining chair in the one-roomed barrack, placing his hat on the table and sitting down.

A crooked smile grows on his lips. "No, sadly it's not. Despite our difference I wouldn't mind rather being now there than here concerning the weather and season."

"Winter in a heated Palace is much more tolerable than in the wilderness, right?"

"I never spent a winter in a Palace but I imagine it way more comfortable, yes."

"I can tell you: it is. So, you are the Major send by the almighty General to interrogate me?"

"It seems so, yes. Miss..."

"To spare us both time, Mister Tallmadge, I know nothing what can be of any use for you. And I doubt that a recipe for a hair cures that'll keep your hair soft and silky even in the wet-cold wind of winter is really helpful in a war."

He looks at her for a short moment before clearing his voice. "I agree, that wouldn't be helpful. But maybe you can answer me a few questions, Miss..."

"I already answered your rude Lieutenant questions. Ask him, Mister Tallmadge."

"Well, I would rather like to ask a beautiful young Lady than a grumpy bitter Lieutenant," he smiles.

"Too bad for you." She takes another sip of the tea in her cup and turns her gaze away. Thank the Lord that the Royalists send men into war and not women... "Maybe... you can accept my deepest apologies that it was just a terrible accident that the carriage was hijacked with you. Our men had false information. They thought that maybe a carriage with the regalia of General Cornwallis there would be someone inside with importance to said General. And not the daughter of an Admiral of the Navy."

"My father is good friends with the General. He lends him the carriage to escort me from the New York harbour to Philadelphia to attend his promotion. I hope I am not going to miss it."

"Don't worry, my Lady, an exchange is already settled within a week. After hearing our men captured a woman the General didn't spare any effort to arrange a prisoner exchange as fast as possible."

"How generous..." She looks up as the door opens again and two men carry a wooden tub into the barrack. Immediately she puts the cup down to the table and claps her hands with glee. "My bath!"

A bath? Seriously? Is she commanding these men around here? She is, he thinks after he sees buckets of steaming water are carried in.

"If you excuse me now, Mister Tallmadge? We can continue our chat another time over a wonderful cup of tea, but for now there lies a more urgent matter for me ahead." She rises from her chair, walking around the table. Taking hat and cape she pushes both into the Major hands and shoves him towards the door. "It was a pleasure to meet you, Mister Tallmadge and send my greetings to your almighty General, goodnight."

He turns around and looks in disbelief at the door as she literally shoved him out and shuts the door in his back. Maybe they should rethink the idea of women working for the military...

She takes a deep breath and sighs as she leans against the door. Finally she is alone again. She feels uncomfortable through and through in this camp, surrounded only by men who haven't seen a woman in ages possibly. With that thought, she takes one of the chairs and blockades with the backrest the doorknob, barricading the door. Why did she only send her maid ahead... why was she only persistent that she is a grown up girl and can for sure take the travel to Philadelphia on her own? If she would have kept her maid at her side... She had enough time by now to study this place; the door and a small window are the only ways to get out. Sadly she won't be able to fit through the window... even nude it would be too small for her. And as if she would with a freezing wind outside... She can only hope that her father won't wait the whole week and organises a raid of this camp on his own as fast as possible.