

Brave New World

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Kapitel 4: 04. Too bad that you're on the wrong side, Mister Tallmadge

The night was horrible. Whatever this is that they call bed was hard and uncomfortable and she could hear the men outside singing and yelling until the late night. Their potty mouths were not the point, she grew up surrounded by men of the military, and she is kind of used to such language. The things she heard by the age of twelve by men who call themselves Gentlemen... The point is, that they could have done it a bit more silent... The morning was cold; the fire in the oven had almost gone out through the night while she slept. And the breakfast wasn't even worth it to be called like this. The tea was the best part about it. And the return of Major Handsome. That's what she calls him for herself from now on. He looks more like a boy than a grown man, the face still innocent with round cheeks and fair blond hair and blue eyes, like a Prince Charming out of a fairy tale. At least he is nice to look at. A little something while she stays 'imprisoned'. And said Major Handsome came to her this morning telling her she would be transferred to Fort Washington. It would be way safer and more secure for her there until the exchange than in this small camp, by the order of General Washington. And people say that it has no advantages in being born as a girl. Well, she does not see it as a disadvantage to get a real room in a real house, heated with a proper bathroom. When night has fallen, so he told her, they will start. They would be an easy target per day for Loyalist troops that are just waiting for Continentals roaming through the land, less protected at this moment than they would be in their camp. The Night gives enough shelter for them to make it safely to Fort Washington.

As if, she thinks by herself. If her father already arranged it to free her, then for sure he took the best men that serve for King and Crown and the night won't be an obstacle for these for sure. She would like to get out of here fast, but on the other hand... Fort Washington sounds nice. And obviously they think of her to be the poor, weak spoiled girl that is by the hijacking so traumatised that she won't pay any attention to her surroundings. Men are fools. Already in this camp, she counted five cannons and twenty tents, in each tent are living up to three soldiers makes 60 soldiers here in a whole. Plus Major Handsome. And now while they prepare a cart, Major Handsome already apologised but an open cart would be easier to protect and handle during the transferring than a closed carriage, also the carriage got a broken wheel from the hijacking, she watches the men how they prepare themselves. Preparing the cart, collecting their weapons and loading pistols and rifles, ten bayoneted rifles she counts. In the shine of the torches she can spot a knife blinking

from the inside of a boot or on the belt of a soldier. But most trust on the efficient cause of pistols and rifles. Weapons that are stealing precious times with reloading and targeting... Not really an advantage when being attacked who had precisely planned how to attack.

"My Lady, we are ready now to leave."

Major Handsome tears her out of her thoughts. "A wonderful night for a travel, don't you think, Mister Tallmadge?" She puts her hand into his he holds out for her; let him leading her to the waiting cart. "Thank you," she smiles as he also helps her stepping onto it. He follows her, sitting on the opposite of her and a single gesture by him is enough and the whole group begins making its way.

"It couldn't have been a more wonderful night for it than it is today, Miss Gwillim, indeed. The sky is clear, the stars and moon are sharing their light with us... are you cold, my Lady?"

"Well... it would be much warmer in a closed carriage."

"I am sorry, my Lady, but as I told you..."

"Yes, a cart is much more practical for this adventure. Oh no, you really don't have to, please, Mister... Thank you very much, Mister Tallmadge. That is very kind of you. But aren't you freezing now?"

He sits back after he took off his own cape and draping it around the young woman.

"You are concerned for my well-being," he smirks. "Trust me, I lived through worse, this little bit of cold is nothing compared to it. Also... the sight of a beautiful Lady is warming enough."

"Oh you," she giggles, "I didn't knew that the Rebels could be so charming and good looking at once. You would be to the liking of my father. Young and ambitious, handsome, already a Major... Very promising."

"Are you trying to charm me now, my Lady?" The smirk stays on his lips.

"Does it work?"

"Well..."

"Too bad that you're on the wrong side, Mister Tallmadge. But it's still not too late to change the side. The army of his King would welcome you with open arms."

"Not everyone in it, I guess." For sure not everyone and he knows someone who would shoot him dead in an instant. "But how about you change sides, Miss Gwillim? You managed it wonderfully to command these men here around in these two days and letting them dancing like marionettes you pull the strings for. The General would be impressed."

She makes a waving gesture with her hand. "Oh no. It's more comfortable to cry in a Palace with velvet and silk than in a wooden house with itchy linen."

He laughs lowly. And they say British Ladies are boring.