

Brave New World

Von Sarah_von_Krolock

Kapitel 3: 03. Miss Elizabeth threw apples at me

He checked his uniform and hair one last time in a mirror before he knocks at the door. It's not only an Admiral, but also his godfather behind the door, he should look his best. With his hat under his arm, he enters after a voice from the inside allowed him to. He had no chance to salute and greet as the man behind the desk looks up from his writing and his face lightens up in an instant. Putting the quill aside, he stands up, walking around the desk and taking the younger one in a tight embrace. "Welcome, boy, good to see you finally again!" He pats him on the back before he releases him.

Older than he remembered him, but still his pats on the back stealing shortly his breath.

The hands resting on the shoulders, he looks up and down on him. "You look good, boy! The service for the Crown is doing you well. Come, sit down. I heard about your promotion to Captain, I was indeed very proud to hear of it, boy. And then shortly after, the news you would now command your own troops, the Queen's Rangers... I am very proud of you, boy. I always knew you would make your way in the army."

He was sitting down in the chair in front of the desk while the Admiral pours two glasses with a honey-golden liquid and then handing him one glass. "Thank you, Sir. I am honoured to hear those words from you, Sir. And... about receiving the call from you for today. I was delighted about having a chance to see you again, Sir."

"How could I dismiss a chance to see my dear godson again? Especially now that his career for the King really starts," the older one grins. "I would also be pleased to welcome you on my promotion ceremony."

"Congratulations on this, Sir."

"Thank you, boy."

He rolls with his eyes without the other one recognising it. For gods sake... he still calls him boy... "It will be my pleasure but I doubt this is the reason why you called me here, Sir."

"True... It is not the main reason." The Admiral sighs, leaning forward. "The truth is... Elizabeth arrived yesterday at the New York harbour."

He almost spit the drink out again, he started to pour down his throat and ended in a coughing.

"I assume by your reaction you still remember her," he smiles.

"How could I forget, Sir. Miss Elizabeth threw apples at me." And she hit. Apples can really hurt and leave bruises. An Apple a day keeps the doctor away, they say. Sure. When you throw these at them...

He sighs. What for peaceful times these were... "Well, with her she had all my

correspondence. I asked her to bring it with her. But instead of my daughter and my correspondence, her maid and her luggage were the only things that arrived here yesterday. The carriage with her has been captured by rebels."

He himself is not aware of how he sits up straighter by this news, but his godfather sees it of course. "These are shocking news indeed, Sir. I am sad to hear this. I guess a prisoner exchange is arranged by now?"

"In a week, yes. But here comes the reason why I called you exactly in here for today. I don't want to wait this week to have my Lizzie back. I want her to be safe and sound. Now. I want her here as soon as possible. I don't trust the continentals; I don't trust them to treat her right. I haven't slept the whole night; the fear for my little girl keeps me awake. I know you, boy. You'll think maybe my correspondence might be of more importance. What if the rebels can actually read and reading out of my letters harbours we want to attack, what our tactics are, places the Crown is working on conquering... But boy, trust me when I tell you that you'll understand when you'll have a daughter on your own one day. I never cared that she isn't it by nature. She always was simply my daughter. And when you hold your daughter for the first time in your arms, everything changes. You change. Your point of view on the world changes. The world changes for you. Everything changes. Nothing will be then more important than her being safe and sound. I failed in protecting her. And I ask you know... bring me back my daughter. I have heard and read of your victories. I have read about your capture. I have read about Setauket and Valley Forge. Of course I know everything. I always had my men laying two eyes on you. You're my godson, it's my duty."

He suddenly feels like a little child that has been caught doing something forbidden.

"But you were always a man of action."

"Are you asking me to free Miss Elizabeth, Sir?"

"Yes. That's what I do."

"Well... I have my duties, Sir. By the command of Major..."

"I don't care for any Majors command. Leave that to me."

"And... Sir... why should I disobey my orders? To play the white knight in shining armour on a white steed who saves the Princess from the terrible dragon?"

"Actually, yes," nods the Admiral. "This and maybe I should mention that I can promise that you'll be promoted to a Major. Not now, but for sure this year. I have a lot of friends amongst the Generals and Admirals. By the time summer has arrived you'll be a Major then. No need to listen to a command of any other Major, hm? Major John Graves Simcoe. Sounds good in my ears. Major Simcoe, commander of the Queen's Rangers... If you bring back my Lizzie I will also support you more than ever, you and your Rangers. Is that enough to change your mind about disobeying your orders?"

Slowly a smile starts to spread over his face. "What would I be for a godson to dismiss a plea of my godfather who did already so much for me? What would I be for a gentleman to leave a Lady in distress in the hands of rebels? A terrible one, I guess. She will be here by tomorrow morning."

"Thank you, boy. Thank you." He sighs in relief. Every minute that passes by is a minute too much. The unknowing about her wellbeing, the helplessness, the sheer numbness about not being able to do anything on his own is killing him.

"And... I will have permission on acting on my own?"

"You'll get all the permissions you'll need. Don't worry about that." Immediately he takes a new sheet of paper and his quill, dipping the quill into the ink and starts to write. "At first you need to be satisfied with his. The words of an Admiral confirming that you acted in the name of the Crown and King. The official form will come later. I

guess everyone will be thankful when you spot with your men rebels in the wilderness and simply following them into their camp, making sure they won't do any harm to the Crown."

"Oh yes, the people are very thankful when we do so. They are far too easy to spot. Even in the dark." He smiles as he hands the paper. "Thank you, Sir. It will be a pleasure to work for the great Admiral Samuel Graves."

"I have to thank you, boy."