



To End All
Wars

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By

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"How's your squad, sergeant?" the lieutenant growled at me.

The First Platoon CP was a wide spot dug out in the trench with boards over it to protect the papers and maps from rain and debris. There was a wooden table set up with a map laid out on it. The table had been built from empty ammunition boxes as the field table that the quartermaster had issued was destroyed in an artillery attack, along with the former lieutenant.

Our current lieutenant stared at me with eyes that belied his 25 years on this planet. They looked ancient, like those of a man who had seen too many friends killed or maimed and too much violence for one lifetime. But he was the platoon leader of 2nd Platoon, Boy Company, 112th Infantry Regiment, 56th Infantry Brigade, 28th Division of the First Army, American Expeditionary Forces.

"They're fine, sir," I responded to his question. I tried to sound confident in my reply. It was what was expected.

The lieutenant almost looked pained. I think he was regretting accepting a field commission. Six months ago he'd been a buck sergeant, like me. And already what some call the "burden of command" was weighing on him. He had his orders and his orders were to give me orders to take my men over the top. And he'd give the same orders to the other three squads in the platoon. I knew from experience that sending men to possible death gnawed

at the soul. I had first learned that during the Peloponnesian War.

"Good," he mumbled. I was the last of the four buck sergeants arrayed around the table and the last he'd ask the perfunctory question. The platoon sergeant was there, too, but stayed quiet. It was normally the job of the platoon sergeant, an experienced NCO, to help the butter-bar lieutenant straight out of OCS or West Point understand the finer points of leading a group of 30 men into deadly combat. But in this case, the lieutenant had been platoon sergeant not long ago and had more experience than his supposed advisor. War has a way of changing the rules.

The lieutenant looked around at the five gathered sergeants, four squad leaders and his platoon sergeant. "Big push tomorrow, oh-five hundred we go over the top."

No one reacted but I could see in the eyes of my comrades the fear and dread of that simple phrase.

"I want to make a switch," the lieutenant continued. He stabbed a dirty finger at the map. "Fourth Squad and Second Squad will switch AOs. I want Fourth to take out this Gerry MG 80 machinegun nest." There was a red circle drawn in grease pencil under his finger.

I didn't say anything and I certainly didn't make eye contact with the Second Squad leader. I knew why the lieutenant switched us: I was the most experienced buck sergeant in the unit (if he

only knew how experienced) and my squad the most seasoned. If anyone had a chance against a German machinegun nest, it was us.

"The rest, take up position along the trench at oh-four-thirty. Wait for the whistle. There will be flares but those aren't the signal to go over the top. Only the whistle. This is a coordinated effort from the whole division to push the Huns back."

I nodded as if I hadn't heard it all before. "The battle to end the war to end all wars."

"Sergeant O'Malley stand by, the rest, dismissed."

We all came to attention but didn't salute lest we give notice to snipers who the officer was. That wasn't likely in under the cover of the overhead boards but habits are hard to break.

The other three young men walked away to give the news to their squads. The Second Squad sergeant's eyes passed over mine as if to apologize. I gave him a reassuring smile. I hoped that made him feel better.

The lieutenant waited until the other three were out of range of hearing. The platoon sergeant made an excuse to leave. Then the lieutenant fixed those old-man eyes on me. "You know . . ." he let his voice trail off.

"Yeah," I said "I know." I knew my squad got the crap duties because we were the best in the platoon and second squad got the

easy breathers because they were the worst. It was a hell of a way to reward good performance, I mused.

"I put you on the least active AO so your men could get some rest," the lieutenant stated.

"I know."

He again just looked at me. For the first time I think I noticed his eyes were green. And he'd been my squad leader not that long ago. "I'm going with your squad."

I nodded. It didn't make any difference. He knew I wouldn't watch out for his ass: I had six other men to worry about.

He grinned mirthlessly. "You did a mean thing refusing that field commission."

"I didn't want to be away from my men," I said. And it was the truth. "You could have refused it, too."

He shook his head. "No, I couldn't have. Somebody had to step up."

I gazed at him with renewed respect. He was right, I didn't take the responsibility, didn't want to get the orders to send men to their deaths. I did what was easier and not what was right.

"You're right," I said.

The silence hung thick between us. Amazing how quiet a trench can be the night before a battle.

"I'll be in your AO at oh-four hundred," he said, breaking the tension.

"Yes, sir," I replied. I remembered when I called him "Jonesy."

"Dismissed, sergeant."

"Yes, sir."

I turned and walked back to my men to give them the bad news.

* * *

I was disguised as an old man, using a spell to fool the eyes of the lesser ones. But even an old man could be a spy and the Thespian sentries were hesitant to let me pass. I was about to use a persuasion spell to get through when a Spartan happened to march by and recognized me as one that his king, Leonidas, often spoke to and bade the sentries to let me pass.

"What word do you bring our king, old man?" the Spartan asked, his tone light despite the grave situation.

I gave him what he thought was a toothless smile. "Your king's ears are what I seek," I cackled.

The Spartan understood my meaning: if the king wanted him to know, the king would tell him.

Leonidas was a tall man, narrow of waist and broad of shoulder. He had a shield nearly as long as he slung over one shoulder and his spear clutched in his hand. He was talking with some

of his men so I stopped a distance away and waited for him to see me.

The men moved off at a sprint and Leonidas spied me, waving me over. He fixed his dark eyes on me. He must suspect I'm not the old man I appear to be, I thought.

"What news do you bring me," he asked, keeping his voice demanding and regal for the benefit of those who might hear. I ignored it.

"Leonidas," I said low, "the fate of Greece, the fate of the world rests upon what you do here today." I have no power to see the future; as far as I know, no one does. But it was easy to see that if Xerxes defeated the Greeks, human existence would become brutal and tyrannical. Civilization would be destroyed before it had a chance to spread.

Leonidas studied me with his typical stoic attitude. He probably didn't need me to remind him of what he already knew.

"Athens is being evacuated," I reported. Leonidas did not react to the fact I was giving him news from hundreds of miles away. In his world information did not travel that quickly yet he accepted that I was able to know this. "Preparations are being made to stop the Persians at Corinth. But they need time and you must give them that time. Stop Xerxes here, slow him down, give the preparations at Corinth and the evacuation of Athens the time they need."

"I have three hundred Spartans and maybe a thousand others, Thespians and Thebans. Xerxes has half a million." He did not state it with fear, but as a simple fact.

"I know," I replied. "Hold him, delay him. Every minute and every hour brings victory more likely to the Greek people."

Leonidas looked determined. "I will come home with my shield or on it."

I smiled grimly. On it was the mostly likely outcome. I had no delusions that I was not sending this brave soul and his 1,300 men to their deaths. But what they could do, what they could save, was more important than each one of them.

"May I know," Leonidas asked, "who my mysterious advisor is?"

I cackled again. "Some call me Hermes."

Leonidas' eyes grew wide. I could tell he was about to drop to his knees in front of me. His men must not see this so I held up my hand. "But only you must know this and only you must know that I will do all I can in battle to help you." I didn't say that I wouldn't risk revealing who and what I am.

Leonidas stood up a bit taller. "We will hold."

"Good," I said.

I turned and walked away, probably shocking anyone who was watching for departing without the king's leave. I would have likely been executed had I been a lesser one.

* * *

My squad had two new members, replacements for soldiers under my command who had died: "bought the farm" in the cynical humor of the trenches. The sarcastic phrase came from the fact that in many cases their soldier's insurance would help pay off the mortgage on the family farm. But death was so common it had to be laughed off, made a joke, denigrated, or men would not be able to function.

The replacements had brought with them a new weapon: the Browning Automatic Rifle or B.A.R. They claimed it was powerful and accurate. I gathered the men around me in a circle and briefed them on our mission for the morning. Word had already leaked from Second Squad that we were changing AOs. My men were packing up meager belongings and getting ready to move down the trench.

Corporal Dixon pulled me aside. "O'Malley, Jonesy's out of his mind."

I glared at the Corporal. The lieutenant may have been a buck sergeant not that long ago, but he still deserved the respect of being an officer. "Lieutenant Jones knows what he is doing," I growled.

"Why do we always get the tough assignments?" Dixon whined.

"Because we're the best squad in Boy Company," I stated. "Now get your men ready to move out to AO 2 and tell them to bed down and get some rest." As if anyone was going to sleep tonight.

Dixon nodded and walked away. I watched. He wasn't a coward and he wasn't wrong. Our squad did always get the worst assignments and therefor take the most casualties. It was because we finished the job or died trying. I hoped tomorrow we'd finish the job.

I gathered up my duffel and my few clothes. I couldn't remember the last time I bathed and put on a clean uniform. I could vaguely remember warm food, cool water, and looking at the horizon rather than a wall of dirt.

The switch with Second Squad went smoothly, my men were disciplined and Second Squad was glad to leave the machinegun nest to us. Before it got dark I had a private go borrow the periscope Lieutenant Jones had. I decided I could return it in the morning and used it to spot the nest. It was surrounded by sandbags and razor wire. We'd have to get close enough to throw a grenade and classic fire-and-maneuver tactics wouldn't work to suppress their fire. It would be like throwing my men into a meat grinder. Maybe the B.A.R.s would help. But I doubted it.

* * *

"What do we do? What do we do?" the young man in front of me was crying.

"We hold," I growled.

"We're out numbered," he wailed.

The large, older man next to him smacked him on the head with his hand. "Be a man," he growled.

The young man was shaking, but he no longer spoke.

The Viking longboats were close to shore. I'd managed to warn the village and they were meeting them in force which made their chances of repelling them slim versus none if they'd caught the villagers unaware.

Behind us were the children and the women and the food to get the village through the winter. If they lost this battle the women and children would become thralls: slaves. The food and any treasure would be looted. The village would be razed. Men who weren't killed would be enslaved along with their loved ones.

"These are evil times when the men of the North come this far south," another man growled angrily. The villagers had probably made the mistake of assuming they were safe from the Vikings. But the weather had been harsh last winter and the Vikings were hungrier than usual. They were pushing farther south in search of food, wealth, slaves, and glory.

We were armed with farm implements, clubs, tools, and makeshift weapons. A few of the wealthier villagers had swords. Most if not all of these men would die in the next few hours. Or they could surrender and become slaves themselves, if the Vikings didn't slaughter them in disgust at their cowardice.

I had left Greece in a desire to see more of the world. As I approached this village along the Gaul coast on a Persian carpet, I saw the approaching Viking ships. I rushed to tell the village elders, claiming to be a seer, but was dismissed until someone reported from the beach seeing square sails. What little extra time I'd tried to give them they squandered with talk and doubt. Now every man in the village older than thirteen summers was on the hill over the beach, awaiting the landing of the Vikings.

"Seer?" one of the older men asked, "Who will prevail in this battle?"

"I cannot foresee that," I stated loudly. "You must all fight your best to stop the marauders." I planned to help these villagers in any way I could without revealing that I was what they would consider a god. I was experienced at killing warriors and Vikings were nothing more than especially brutal ones.

The longboats landed with a scrunch of wooden hulls on pebbled beaches. The Vikings jumped from their ships, splashing in the shallow surf and with a horrendous roar, raced toward the villagers.

I spotted the most heavily armed and biggest. That was mostly likely the leader. The airbolt I shot knocked him down and back.

The rest of the Vikings stopped, not knowing what had hit their leader. I knocked down two more while they hesitated. Fear

rippled through the Viking hoard. Now they were at their most vulnerable.

"Attack!" I yelled and the villagers screamed their best battle cry and rushed the invaders. I joined the melee, killing Vikings with a touch of my hand on their bare skin. One sword sliced into my arm but the Viking died a moment later.

But the villagers were dying faster. Blood stained the beach and the surf was turning into a pink froth. I backed away. This was not my fight. I knocked over two more Vikings who were then killed by villagers but it was too late. The men of the North swarmed over the untrained, inexperienced, and out-numbered villagers. They may have been fighting for their families, but their spirit was no match for Viking brutality.

I went invisible and moved away, hoping the blood dripping from my arm wouldn't reveal me. I'd have to use a healing spell on that soon but I needed to be well hidden before I could.

I could have thrown fire at the Viking ships, burned them in the water. I could have used a rune and killed most of them before they got to shore. While doing so would have saved that village from that attack, it would not save it from the next: either Vikings or barbarians from the interior would come when I was not there. I couldn't protect every man, woman, and child on the Earth from the barbarities of the human condition. And I couldn't reveal what I was. Men needed to rely on themselves,

not on what they thought were gods. I headed for the next village down the coast to warn them. Maybe they would be more prepared.

* * *

Lieutenant Jones entered our AO at about 0350. I was up already after a fitful night sleep, changing my socks from the wet pair I had on to the almost dry pair I had had around my neck under my uniform the day before. Trench foot was not something anyone wanted, even if I could heal myself.

"Sergeant," the lieutenant said. I wondered if he got any sleep.

"Sir," I replied, sitting on an ammo can as I pulled on my socks. I didn't think even General Pershing would require a man to come to attention as he was putting on his socks.

"Do you have a plan for this attack?" the lieutenant asked.

"Yes, sir," I replied, finally pulling on my mud-caked boots. "I'm going to deploy the B.A.R.s on our flanks, putting them as far apart as possible. I told the men to give that nest everything they have with those guns. That means the Hun gunners will have to swing back and forth to shoot at our most dangerous weapons. I'm hoping that'll slow them down so that the rest of us, going up the middle, can get close enough to throw a grenade. Either that or we can get one of the B.A.R.s on the flank of it and take it out that way."

The lieutenant nodded.

"First and Third Squads have our flanks so those should be secure," I continued. I felt sorry for First Squad, Cast Company as they'd have our Second Squad on their right flank. "Once we get to the machinegun nest we'll occupy the position. If possible, we can turn the gun on the Germans." I had noticed our orders were vague about what to do if we managed to take out the nest. Sort of made me feel as if no one expected us to achieve our objective. Between us and that nest was about a hundred yards of "no man's land" filled with craters from artillery rounds, barbed wire, and would be swarmed with bullets once the Huns opened up their guns on us.

Again, the lieutenant nodded, as if he didn't have the energy to speak. He heaved a large sigh. "I'll let you know that there will be three flares before the whistle."

I nodded. The Germans would hear the whistle too and open fire.

"According to the captain, word from Regiment is they are hoping this push will end the war. Every division on the front is going simultaneously."

I was rather impressed. My squad was seven men out of about 15,000 in the 28th Division. I didn't remember how many divisions were in the First Army of the AEF but it was a lot. So

maybe 100,000 to 200,000 men were going to attack simultaneously, I realized.

"Where were you going to be in the attack?" the lieutenant asked.

"I'll be going up the middle," I stated. It was the most dangerous place and I wasn't willing to assign any man under me to do it.

"I'll go with you," he said softly.

I nodded grimly. I briefly wondered if the lieutenant was trying to get himself killed.

* * *

The Mexicans left me alone because they thought I was a woman. It was easy to maintain the spell that I used to disguise myself.

The sentry looked at me with fear in his eyes. He wasn't afraid of me but of what everyone knew was coming. He was a kid, really, maybe seventeen. He clutched his musket as if it were life itself.

"Take me to Travis," I said. I used a persuasion spell to reinforce my request.

"Yes, ma'am," the boy replied trying to sound official and brave. He waved over a man. This man was old, toothless, his wrinkled face disguising green eyes. "Take this woman to Colonel Travis," the boy ordered.

"Colonel is a busy man," the older man growled. He thought this was a waste of time, I could tell.

"He'll see me," I stated, again with a persuasion spell. "Take me to him, please."

The old man nodded, looking a bit confused as if he didn't understand why he was obeying the commands of a woman.

Travis' headquarters were to the rear of the barricades and against the west wall. The older man went in without me to ask if Travis were willing to see me. I looked around. Mexican artillery had been fired into the compound for days and the damage was obvious if not random: a destroyed building here, a hole in the dirt there.

"He'll see you," the man said, coming out. His voice held a bit of amazement.

"Thank you," I said and walked inside.

It was dark in the room lit only by light coming through open windows.

Travis hunched over a desk and appeared tired and haggard. As I approached he looked me over. He was a young man although not as young as the boy at the gate. I estimated he was in his mid-twenties. He'd taken command of the Alamo when James Bowie fell ill. It seemed a lot to ask of a man so young.

"Oh, it's you," he growled.

I sat down in one of the chairs. To be honest, I was tired. I let the spell that made me look like a woman dissipate as I no longer wished to expend the energy to maintain it.

"What news do you bring me?"

I shook my head. "Nothing good, colonel. There are no more reinforcements coming."

"But the letter from Williamson?" Travis asked.

"It is doubtful they will arrive in time. The word in the Mexican camps is the final attack on the Alamo will be tomorrow."

Travis looked at me with dark eyes. "Tomorrow," he whispered.

I just nodded.

"I am determined to die here if need be," Travis stated simply.

"That is very likely, colonel" I growled. I wasn't sure a man his age could understand the futility of dying.

"We'll have held Santa Ana for twelve days," Travis said. "We slowed his advance into Texas. We have given our forces time to mount strength against Santa Ana when he moves north. This is a victory for Texas."

I hoped he was right.

"We are like the Spartans at Thermopylae," he growled. "Our sacrifice will be long remembered."

I hoped that was true, too. My friend Davy Crockett had convinced me to help the Texans and now I was wondering if that was

a mistake. The Texas Revolution was not looking as if it would be as successful at throwing off a larger, more powerful country as the United States Revolution had been.

"Come with me," Travis said, standing and striding out of his headquarters. If anyone noticed that a woman entered the building but a man emerged, they didn't say anything.

"Gather all the men!" Travis cried in the courtyard. "Every man come forth."

I took a few minutes but soon all the men inside the compound were in a group, facing Travis. I caught Crockett's eye and we exchanged a knowing smile. Only he and Travis knew what I was and only Crockett knew who I was.

With a stick, the colonel drew a line in the dirt of the courtyard.

"We believe Santa Ana will attack tomorrow. Every man willing to stay and fight, step over that line," Travis called out.

Crockett was the first one over. Every other man stepped over except for me.

Travis smiled. "Return to your posts."

He walked over to me. "You're not staying?"

I shook my head. "No. I have helped you as much as I can. I hope what you do here does secure freedom for Texas. I hope you do not die in vain, colonel." If I stayed I could help but Santa Ana had overwhelming force. I probably wouldn't die unless some

Mexican soldier got a lucky shot to my head but as my presence would make no difference, there was no logical reason to risk it.

"I will not die in vain," Travis said, glaring angrily at me. "And apparently neither will my men."

"I wish you luck, colonel." I walked away. I thought about talking to Crockett before I left but there was really no point. Even if I wanted to convince him to leave, I couldn't. His honor wouldn't allow it. And saying goodbye would be too painful.

A man leaving the Alamo was not bothered by the surrounding Mexican army.

* * *

I gripped the wooden stock of my Springfield rifle a bit tighter when the first flare went off. I had my rifle, about twenty 5-round clips in my bandoleer, three French-made F1 grenades with American "Billant" fuses, and wire cutters at my hip.

I caught the lieutenant's green eyes in the macabre, red, flickering light of the flare. He, too, had a Springfield, one he probably found, and his issued Colt revolver. The Army was issuing Browning M1911 automatic pistols as fast as they could but some officers had to make do with the revolver.

The Germans, thinking the flare was some sort of signal started firing. It took about half a minute before they stopped. The

bullets passed harmlessly over our heads. That wouldn't be true when we went over the top.

The lieutenant just locked his eyes on mine. "Is it worth it, O'Malley?"

I wasn't sure what he meant. Was the war worth it, the battle, the need to go over the top? I didn't know. I just shrugged. This was the "War to End All Wars." I'd been around too long to believe that was possible. But Europe had hardly gone more than 30 years without a major war since Rome fell. I had fought in some of those wars, too. If this war brought peace to Europe, it would be worth it, I thought. That's why I'd joined the AEF. I certainly didn't have to and didn't want to. I had learned to hate war in nearly 6,000 years of living among lessers since Atlantis was sacked by barbarians.

A second flare was launched overhead, coming from the company CP as far as I could tell. The lieutenant looked at it with dread. "That's two," he whispered to himself. I remembered he said there'd be three before the attack. In fact, he pulled a whistle from his pocket and held it in his hand. I couldn't help but notice dirt filled every crease and crevasse on his skin. Even washing hands was a luxury not available in the trenches. Again Jones looked at me, his eyes not showing fear, not pain, not any emotion. He looked dead already.

I understood. His blowing the whistle would send our platoon, thirty men, over the top to face German guns. Some battles along the front had had fifty percent casualty rates. He could be consigning fifteen or more men to die.

The Germans started firing with the second flare, but stopped after about fifteen seconds when they realized it, too, was a false signal.

"Thirty seconds after the third flare," the lieutenant whispered. He pulled his dirty sleeve from over his watch.

I guess the strategy was to lull the Huns into complacency before we exposed ourselves. Seemed to me it might just wake them up and make them jittery.

The third flare launched, a white one, actinic in its brightness, casting feral shadows in the trench. The Huns didn't even bother firing this time. The lieutenant looked at his watch, concentrating on it so hard as if everything in the world counted on him getting this timing correct. He put the whistle in his mouth. I slung my Springfield over my shoulder with its canvas strap and grabbed a rung on the nearest ladder. I planned to be the first man in my platoon over the top.

A whistle sounded from down the trench and the lieutenant blew his a heartbeat later. I scrambled up the ladder and at the top fell to the dirt, taking a moment to look around. As far as I could see left and right of me, human beings were climbing out

of the trenches like corpses reanimated. I stood and ran in a low crouch when I heard the first shot from our side. There was really nothing to shoot at. The Germans were dug in: protected. Our bullets would pass harmlessly over them or impact dirt or sandbags. The machine gun nest was right in front of me, a small fortress of sandbags and barbed wire. I heard the gun start firing in a pounding rhythm. The B.A.R.s responded, firing slower but I knew they shot a heavy slug. I could see their rounds hitting the sandbags of the nest, throwing up a plume of sand with each impact. I fired two rounds in the general direction of the nest before I got to the first line of razor wire. I went to my knees and started cutting through. The lieutenant was beside me, kneeling and shooting ahead with his Springfield. Every five rounds he fed a clip into the magazine. The German gun was still spitting out a staccato of death. I ignored it because if you thought about what it was and what it could do, it would paralyze you with fear.

I could have gone invisible or I could have put up a protection spell but both actions would have revealed what I was and most people still feared adepts. They didn't need something else to fear on this battlefield.

A quick glance to my left and right showed other men of my squad cutting the wire in two man teams: one cutting, one shooting. The B.A.R.s were still pounding the Hun machinegun nest but

that wasn't slowing the Germans down in the slightest. As I watched two men went down, hit. I tried not to react, I would grieve later.

I bent back the wire and raced through, the lieutenant following me. Again I ran in a low crouch, trying to make my body as small as possible. It was nearly impossible to fire the Springfield while running because it was bolt action and it required two hands to feed in the next round. I cheated just a bit, using a spell to make myself move faster, I zigzagged across no man's land trying to give the Germans a more difficult target to hit.

The lieutenant said, "Oof," and fell as if he'd tripped. I assumed he'd been hit. I kept running for the nest. If I could get close enough I could lob a grenade. I didn't know how many if any of my squad were still alive. The B.A.R.s seemed to have stopped firing.

I was close enough I could almost see the eyes of the German gunner. I jerked a grenade from my belt, pulled the pin, and threw it into the nest just as the bullets cut into me. The pain was such that I immediately collapsed and my vision went red. I realized I was screaming.

I heard the grenade explode and the machine gun stopped firing. Before I passed out I realized I'd been successful and met my objective. Maybe a few men in my squad were still alive, I hoped.

* * *

At first I thought maybe she was an angel. Then I remembered I knew there were no such things as angels. She was a nurse, dressed in white and blue with dark hair and blue eyes.

"Oh, you're awake," she said. I thought she had a bit of a French accent.

"Yes," I growled weakly. I hurt all over.

"We weren't sure why you're alive," she said, coming closer. "You took seven bullets from a German machinegun. But they say you also took them out and saved a lot of lives." She took my hand in hers and squeezed. "That is very impressive, sergeant."

I didn't say anything. I was glad I'd stopped the machinegun. I was hopeful that she was correct that my actions had saved a lot of lives. I knew if I hadn't been an adept, hadn't been a priest of Atlantis who healed automatically, even when unconscious, I would probably be dead at this moment.

"Why do men such as you do such terribly brave things?" she asked, still holding my hand in her two. "I shudder to think of the horror."

"To save my men," I whispered. I didn't save Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans. I didn't save the villagers from the Vikings. I didn't save Travis or Crockett or any of the men in the Alamo.

But I might have saved some of my men. I might have help win the "War to End All Wars." War was an ancient enemy, I knew. Maybe someone such as this nurse would be able to live in peace in part because of what I did.

Maybe.

S. Evan Townsend has been called "America's Unique Speculative Fiction Voice." After spending four years in the U.S. Army in the Military Intelligence branch, he returned to civilian life and college to earn a B.S. in Forest Resources from the University of Washington. In his spare time he enjoys reading, driving (sometimes on a racetrack), meeting people, and talking with friends. He is in a 12-step program for Starbucks addiction. Evan lives in central Washington State with his wife and has three grown sons. He enjoys science fiction, fantasy, history, politics, cars, and travel.



More of Sergeant O'Malley's adventures can be found in Gods of Strife: available online in print and ebook formats: <http://www.sevantownsend.com/books#GoS>

