

“To Save His Country”

The air was crisp and felt fresh on a cool night in November. It was in the year of 1779 when Sam Kendall was on post. He did not like this job because nothing ever happened, but he knew he needed the money for his family. His mom had a difficult time providing for their family ever since Dad died two years ago. Sam started working as soon as he was old enough. He would run errands for neighbors, do chores for Mr. Wallace at the Mercantile, and even help the men herd cattle. Finally, at the age of fifteen he could a real job, well, if you could call in the cold night staring into darkness a real job. He wished he could be where the action is on the battlefield actually doing something, but you had to be eighteen to become a soldier.

“Oh, well,” he thought to himself, “I should stop complaining and just focus on the job I have now.” He was just about to get out of his hiding spot to scout around when he heard a crack. Quickly he ducked deeper into the bushes. Trying to be perfectly still and quiet, he waited and watched. About half an hour had passed when he heard another noise. He heard whispers. He strained to listen but all that met him was complete silence. After a couple of minutes he heard the whispers again. Slowly he moved towards the sound being careful not to step on any leaves or branches. The moon came out from behind the clouds just enough to see two men’s silhouettes. One man was short and stocky, and the other was tall and muscular. He tried to catch what they were saying, but it seemed like the crickets had another idea. He moved in closer so he could hear them.

The taller one was saying in a loud whisper, “We have to stick to our orders! If we attack tomorrow morning we will get demolished. We have to wait until the end of the week. After General Lancelot’s troops attack in two days from tomorrow they will be tired and worn out!”

The shorter one's shoulders rose and then fell before he started talking. "But our troops are in the best shape to fight now. If we wait for Lancelot to attack, our troops will be weak from starvation."

"No, they will not." The tall one argues.

The short one was quiet for a few seconds before he said firmly to the tall one, "We have to attack now. We ran out of food a couple of days ago. If we wait any longer they will be too weak to fight."

The tall one sighed and said, "Alright we will attack tomorrow morning."

"Okay, I will take my troops back to camp so we can prepare."

Sam was so surprised that he could not move. He thought to himself "You have to tell General Washington!" He forgot to be careful and stepped on a branch making it snap.

"Who is there?" Came a loud shout.

Sam took off running. There were loud bangs and he could feel the bullets as they whizzed by. He had to get to the base camp where Washington was, but that was thirty miles away. The trees were the only coverage out there, and he hoped that they would be enough. The red coat soldiers were still after him. He heard the sound of rushing waters. "The river." He thought to himself. He would throw some rocks in for them to hear a splash and then throw a log in after. Hopefully they would think it was him swimming across. It will not give him much time, but it will be enough. As the red coats shot at the log, Sam raced through the forest. He knew the red coats would send more soldiers to find him because he had all of their information. He ran and ran as fast as he could, hoping the soldiers would stay far behind him. When he thought they were far enough away, he went out of the forest and on to the road. His legs were burning, and he could barely breathe, but he kept running. He finally saw a sign that said

Richmond, Virginia five miles. Pretty soon he came upon a town and saw livery stable. He ran in there and grabbed a horse to ride for the last several miles. He could hear the owner shouting from behind him, but he did not care. At last! He saw the building where General Washington was staying. As soon as he got there he jumped off his horse, and did not bother to tie it to a post. As he was running up the stairs he noticed it was dawn. "Oh no! Is it too late." He thought to himself in fear. He pounded on the door and shouted for General Washington. Someone swung the door open. It was him! He had but a brief moment to feel relief.

"What is it, who are you?" Washington shouted in a flustered tone. He looked as though he had just awoke from a fitful night.

"I was on post when I heard two soldiers talking. They said they were going to attack here this morning, and that another troop will attack the next day." Sam exclaimed.

"Where was your post?" Washington asked now fully alert.

"Out by Casia Forest near the town of Klingberg."

"You ran all the way here?" Washington asked as he put on his coat.

"Yes, sir, I ran." Sam answered.

"Go to the bakery and tell the baker I sent you. His wife will take care of you. You may have just helped save our country." Washington took his horse and rose to the church to sound the alarm.

Sam stood there in the same spot saying those words over and over again in his mind. "I helped save our country." For how long he stood there he did not know, but the sun was up when he realized he was still standing there when he realized he was still standing in the same spot.

He went to the baker and his wife made him tomato soup and bread with cheese. He didn't realize how hungry he was until he smelled it. As soon as he was done eating he fell

asleep on the bed they gave him. He slept for hours. When he woke up he went to the post office and sent a telegram to his Mom telling her what happened. He went home later that week. He thanked the baker and his wife, then returned the horse to the stable. When Sam told the owner why he took it, he gave Same a different horse for the journey home.

When he got home his mom rushed out and gave him a big hug. Behind her came little Leah shouting, "Sam! Sam!" He swooped her up into his arms and twirled her around. They went inside and had dinner. It was not any different than usual, but it was the most delicious that Sam could remember.

The next day they found out that Washington got his troops together and they got to the red coats before they could attack Richmond. They won! Sam was proud that he was able to help save his country.

Word Count: 1,235