

# Brave New World

Von Sarah\_von\_Krolock

## Kapitel 1: 01. Could I have a cup of tea now?

"Could I have a cup of tea now? Please? I would like to have a cup of tea now. This whole situation is horrible enough; you could grand me at least a cup of tea to calm my nerves! Might it be possible to find at least a few leaves of tea here? I doubt you drowned all the tea of all colonies in Boston..."

The Lieutenant nods at his subordinate who then takes his leave.

"And the good one! Not the cheap stuff you might give your soldiers!"

"You make a lot of demands for a prisoner."

"And you act pretty rude and primitive for calling yourself the dawn of a new era. It's true what they say, the rebels have no manners. Not to mention that you live here in the wilderness, in the cold and wide nothing."

The Lieutenant rubs his temple and sighs. "The General will send a Major for interrogation, today."

"You can spare him time because I know nothing, like I already told you several times. I had the correspondence of my father with me because he asked me to bring them with me from home; he tries to write his memoirs, now that he is promoted. I have no clue about any military stuff, how should I, seriously, I am just a woman. Do I look like I would know anything about it? Maybe if you let me go my father will show mercy upon you."

"And if not?"

"Then he'll make sure that I'll be brought back, no matter what it'll cost. You will regret it, I swear."

"And I thought a Lady wouldn't swear."

"Are you one or why do you think you know us so well?"

To see the anger on her opponent's face satisfies her. Such a rude. To capture her on her way to her father, shortly after they left New York. After a horrible travel per sea. Yes, the New World, she sees how wonderful the New World is indeed... Rude rebels and freezing cold. And above all these blue coats bound her hands onto her back because she scratches everyone who comes too close to her. Several amongst them are already marked on their faces. She could also hit the one or other knee with a good solid kick. She hates those shoes, her feet are hurting, but in this one point the heels were very practical. Binding her hands together, on the back, how uncomfortable and rude! Did they ever have their hands bound on the back while wearing a stiff bodice? Obviously not.

At least the soldier, she has no clue at all about ranks, they are all soldiers for her, comes back with a steaming cup of tea. The steam tells her that it is really freshly brewed and as he placed the cup in front of her on the desk, she can smell that it is

one of the good kind. "Thank you," she says with a forced smile. 'Always be polite, no matter the situation', her mother taught her. She looks at the young man, looking at the cup and back at the young man again. "It's true what they say... blondes are not really the smartest one around..."

"The rope, Daniel," sighs the Lieutenant, "the rope... under the promise to keep your hands by yourself."

"I won't dismiss a cup of fresh tea."

With a nod of the Lieutenant the young man unties the rope that holds her hands together, but still he keeps as much distance as possible.

She sighs and rubs her wrists at the relief. "Thank you, finally..." Putting her hands around the cup she sighs again through the warmth that crawls over her hands.

"Again, as I said, I have no clue about such things at all. The interrogation by your dear Major will be totally pointless. I am happy enough to know at least the rank of my father, but there my knowledge about the British army ends."

"I thought your father, Miss, would be in the Navy."

"You see... Where's the milk? You tell me you would drink it without milk?"

"I know, we are rude and primitive, we don't even have milk for your tea..."

"It's getting more and more horrible." She lifts the cup and takes the first sip. It's better than nothing. "When will your dear Major arrive?"

"It won't be long until he arrives."

"I wish to have a bath afterwards."

"Excuse me?"

"A bath, have you heard of it? I wish to have a bath afterwards, a hot one. Only because I am surrounded now by rebels doesn't mean I have to smell like one. Or are you not even having fire and water?" She can hear the Lieutenant grumbling. Oh, he is already regretting it capturing her, she can tell by the look on his face. "And I want at least a proper shelter. As proper as it's possible out here," she murmurs, pulling a face while letting her gaze wandering around. "And if I take that bath..."

"I never said you..."

"If I take that bath I hope you'll keep all your men off my shelter, I guess otherwise my father would castrate every single one on his own. When I am not faster. I expect at least a hint of proper behaviour from you and your men... Sir. Be aware that I will tell my father every single bit that happened here."

The man on the other side of the table rolled with his eyes. He hopes that Major Tallmadge will come quickly with further instructions of the General on how to handle this special prisoner. It was more or less an accident... They thought it was the carriage of a royalist General. False information. That's exactly the reason why everybody in their service should be able to read.