

Iroquois Awakening / Gerald L. Guy

**HOSTILE TERRITORY**

# Iroquois Awakening

A Classic Western Adventure

By

**GERALD L. GUY**



Palm Coast, FL

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## **DEDICATION**

To the late Fess Parker (1926-2010), whose representations of Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone in the 1950s and 1960s stirred the imagination of a generation of Americans who remain fascinated by the American frontier.

## **PREFACE**

Not many people know I was born in the Motor City, north of the great state of Ohio. I do not readily admit it because I do not want to be scorned by my friends when we gather on an autumn afternoon each November to watch two collegiate juggernauts collide for bragging rights on a pasture of green, lined in white and surrounded by thousands of Scarlet and Gray football fans. In my household, the “M” word is rarely spoken except in small family gatherings.

My parents, both natives of Detroit, foresaw the city’s social and economic decline, and chose to raise their children in the quieter, less populated and geographically superior state of Ohio, rural Trumbull County in particular. Instead of running the mean streets up north, we grew up playing cowboys and Indians, roaming miles of nearby hills and forests and hauling hay for neighboring farmers.

That one decision proved to be the wisest of my parents’ life because they were able to raise a loving family without the distractions of a major metropolitan city. All the Guys prospered, and all but one prodigal son still live in the Buckeye State.

It was in those rural acres I fell in love with all things wild, including the American frontier. I wore an artificial coonskin cap, toted a BB gun with a real wooden stock and plugged imaginary Injuns from a tree fort deep in the woods.

It was in my eighth grade Ohio history class that I first heard of the Northwest Territory, the region that takes center stage in “Iroquois Awakening,” my thirteenth novel. Thank you, Mrs. Jones, for planting those seeds more than fifty years ago.

The portion of Northeast Ohio, from which I hail, was claimed by the Colony of Connecticut under the terms of the charter it was granted by King Charles II. It became known as the Connecticut Western Reserve and spawned settlement and trade along the rivers and lakes that made the region so appealing. Connecticut

surrendered ownership following the Revolutionary War. The northeast corner of Ohio became part of the Northwest Territory and quickly attracted trappers and hunters from Canada, settlers from the Colonies and immigrants from Europe.

The Northwest Territory, which included all the lands west of Pennsylvania, north of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi became some of the most coveted lands in post-Revolutionary America. In the late eighteenth century, settlers had to adopt a subsistence lifestyle in Ohio's harsh wilderness and cope with extremely volatile weather, influenced by the Great Lakes. Warlike Indians, such as the Iroquois and Seneca tribes, took up arms against the white settlers. They were not willing to surrender their homeland, on which they had lived for hundreds of years, without a fight.

And that is where "Iroquois," begins. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I loved writing it. If Awakening you make it to the end, you will find a link to an Amazon review page. I would love to hear your thoughts.

*“Every trail has its end, and every  
calamity brings its lesson!”*

**James Fenimore Cooper**  
*The Last of the Mohicans*

## CHAPTER 1

### *Northwest Territory, 1788*

Emily Laukhart, alone in a hostile land, marveled at how she had evolved over the last year. She came to the Northwest Territory at the bidding of her loving father and adventurous brother. She arrived naïve and dependent on the men of her family for almost everything. Now, she stood alone, a hunter, trapper and defender of the land she called “home,” and feared what each day held in store for her.

At her feet lay the corpse of a Frenchman, a wandering frontiersman and trapper who thought he could take advantage of a woman living alone in the vast wilderness. He was sorely mistaken.

Raphaël Charbonneau surprised Emily when he walked up on her as she picked green beans from the field of vegetables she and her father had planted. He was filthy and crude but the first white face she had seen in six months. She greeted him with cautious exuberance.

He had long, sandy hair and a matching beard that looked as if neither had seen soap or water in a month of Sundays. The buckskin shirt and pants he wore were in even worst shape from traipsing through the wilderness for who knows how long. He was about six foot tall, and his blue eyes sparkled as he spoke in broken English.

For some reason, she trusted him. That was until she turned her back and he launched himself at her with lustful intentions. He never expected she would be able to defend herself and forgot about the knife she carried to prune the vegetables. It was the biggest mistake of his life of some thirty years.

She reacted on instinct when his burly arms locked around her chest and he whispered in her ear, “We have fun now, Cheri!” Emily drove the knife deep into the man’s thigh, severing a major artery

and rendering him helpless. He sat in the black dirt and howled. Both hands grasped the wound in an effort to stop the flow of claret. It was impossible. His life blood pumped into the dirt with each beat of his racing heart.

“I keel ye for dis!” he said angrily.

As the man howled in pain, she reached down and retrieved the flintlock that always accompanied her when she left the cabin. Her hands trembled as she turned it toward the Frenchman and said, “I don’t think so, filthy scum.”

Emily’s voice was calm but her stomach was churning as she pointed the flintlock at his chest and pulled the trigger. The lead ball slammed into his chest with the power of a mule’s rear hoof. Dust flew up as his body slammed backward into the ground. He died instantly.

Emily fell to her knees and sobbed with regret; her shoulders shuddered with grief. She had slain all kinds of creatures since arriving in the western frontier, but never had she killed a human being. Tears streaked her cheeks as she looked at the massive hole in his chest.

“Forgive me, Lord,” she whispered. “He gave me no choice.”

She was confused by how unexpectedly brutal her life had become. She was as rugged and unpredictable as the land her family had chosen for a new start.

The Northwest Territory consisted of all the lands west of Pennsylvania, east of the Mississippi and north of the mighty Ohio River. It was an uncivilized wilderness that was claimed by France and Great Britain prior to the War of Independence. The land was ceded to the fledgling nation after its victory over the British Empire.

The new Continental Congress encouraged colonists to help settle the region and deeded Robert Laukhart, a veteran of the Revolutionary War, 120 acres of his choosing in the Ohio country.

They arrived on the eve of the Autumnal Equinox, September 24, 1787. It was the longest day of the year and usually a time for celebration. If they had remained in North Carolina, where the Laukhart family had farmed for fifteen years, they would have been preparing for the harvest season.

It was no less important to her father, now that they had arrived at their northwestern destination. He had chosen a clearing in a dense forest of oak, elm, maple and poplar trees for their new home. Fresh water was nearby, where a creek flowed north toward a large river, known as the Mahoning.

The patriarch was excited about the location he chose and demanded his children immediately join him in felling trees for the foundation.

“I know you both are tired from our long journey, but we must fell our first trees this day when the hours of daylight and night are exactly the same length. It is a magic time and will bring good fortune to us in this new land of milk and honey.”

They didn't topple one tree, they chopped down four, one for each of the Laukharts — Emily, Randolph, Robert and Elizabeth. Each of them carved their names and the date into the oak timbers that would make the base of their cabin. Robert, of course, carved his name and that of his late wife, Beth, who was left behind on the family farm. She had died from a snake bite while hanging laundry on a warm, sun-filled day.

Her sudden death was devastating for the young family and the reason her father decided it was best for them to head west and start over in a new land. North Carolina not only was becoming too crowded, but it held too many bad memories.

Robert said Elizabeth had come to him in a dream one night and told him it was perfectly fine if he left her behind. She urged him to take the children west, where they could start anew.

And that's what they did.

They worked feverishly and completed the cabin before winter weather arrived like a giant wave on a barren shoreline. Drifting snow and freezing temperatures transformed the landscape into a white wonderland that was harsher than any they had experienced.

Twenty-year-old Randolph was undaunted, though. He hunted each morning for food to feed the family. The small creek that ran alongside the Laukhart's homestead attracted creatures large and small. At first, he returned with small game — squirrel and rabbit, grouse and pheasant. When he bagged his first deer, the Laukharts knew they would be able to sustain themselves until spring arrived. Then, they would plant the seeds they carried with them from the Carolinas.

Rand's quest for bigger game, pulled him farther and farther away from the cabin. When he failed to return one day, his father went in search of him. He expected to find him injured or struggling to process the carcass of a big buck or a black bear that slowed his return.

Instead, he found his naked body bound to two trees five miles from their cabin. His arms and legs were secured at length and nearly yanked from their sockets. His blonde hair had been scalped, and his heart and genitals removed.

Robert was crushed by his son's tortured death. He assumed he had encountered a band of native people — Delaware, Wyandot, Shawnee, Miami or Iroquois, all who considered Ohio their home or prime hunting ground.

Given the winter weather, he had no choice but to store his son's body in the hollow of a mammoth oak tree for the winter. The ground was far too frozen to permit him to be buried. He packed the cavity with leaves and debris, and vowed to come back in the springtime to provide Rand with a respectable internment.

When Robert revisited the location in April, his son's body was gone. He could only imagine it was stolen by the indigenous people of the territory or consumed by carnivores. Again, denied the chance to provide a proper burial for his son, Robert was distraught and deeply depressed.

So, he became consumed with clearing the land so he could return to the farming lifestyle he knew in the Carolinas. By day, he and Emily cleared land. By night they dug beneath the cabin to create a cold cellar and escape tunnel, should they be besieged by a band of hostiles, the likes of those who killed Rand.

Their crops thrived as harvest time approached. Robert was working the soil on a warm day in July when he was surprised by a Delaware hunting party, which took offense to anyone trespassing on their sacred grounds. The sky was clear and the air fresh as birds serenaded him from the surrounding forest.

The Delaware tribe lived in the western part of the territory and traveled two days to the land of the salt licks. Many of the small lakes in the region were teeming with salt deposits that attracted large game. The Delaware, as well as many other tribes, came to the region each fall to secure meat for their winter stores. The war-like natives despised the white man, who they considered thieves.

The Indians snuck up on Robert as he worked. He looked up when he heard a hawk screech as it swooped down to seize a tiny rodent that sought shelter among the crops. He immediately noticed the birds had stopped singing. It was a sign something was amiss. That's when he noticed the Indians were sneaking toward him. He gasped because they were too close for any chance of escape. The flintlock he brought with him leaned against a giant oak fifty yards away, too far to save his life.

Nonetheless, he turned and raced for it. It didn't matter. Halfway there, arrows struck the back of each thigh and he crashed to the ground. Immediately, he was in immobilizing pain. Face down in the black dirt, he heard the hostiles' victory cries as a third arrow penetrated his right shoulder. He ignored the agony and dug his fists into the dirt, trying to pull himself to where the flintlock rested. The effort was futile. When a fourth arrow pierced his heart, he stopped breathing.

The last thing he saw was the grotesque teeth of a warrior, who yanked his head back by the hair and flashed a knife before his eyes. Thankfully, everything went black as his ravaged heart stopped beating and he was overcome by darkness.

When the Delaware were done with Laukhart, they ransacked his tiny cabin for anything of value. Fortunately, most of the Laukhart's food and ammunition was stored in the cold cellar, beneath the cabin's floor.

Mercifully, Emily was away, picking apples in a tiny orchard she had found about a half-mile south of the cabin. Being no guns were fired during the deadly assault, she had no idea what had happened to her father.

When she found his scalped remains and blood-soaked body, she collapsed in horror and shock. She had no idea how long she mourned over his slain body. It was dark by the time she dragged him back to the cabin. She cleaned his wounds and dressed him in his best shirt.

The next morning she buried him beneath a giant elm alongside the rambling creek he so loved. Two crosses marked the spot where her family rested.

The dead Frenchman, who lay at her feet, posed a serious problem for the pioneer woman. As she tried to cope with another violent death, this one caused by her own hand, she had no idea what to do next.

*You can't leave his body here. You must dispose of it. But how?*

Emily's thoughts turned to her late father. He always knew what to do in tough situations. She wished he was there to provide guidance. So, she did the only thing she could think of. She carried her vegetables back to the cabin, changed into her favorite blue dress and went to the grave of the family patriarch for consultation.

As she kneeled before the cross that carried his name, the birds sang, and the creek bubbled merrily on its way east to the lands fed by the Mahoning River. A warm breeze kissed her cheeks as she found solace, knowing at that very moment she no longer was alone.

Like her father, who claimed to have conversed with her dead mother in a dream, Emily often came to the spot where he rested to seek his counsel. He had yet to answer her, but she found peace in the words she spoke; because she was positive her father was listening. It kept her sane during long days of solitude.

"I've thanked you before for teaching me to shoot and hunt so I could survive in this harsh land. It is not easy, father.

"I had a visitor today, the first in all the time we have lived here. He was French, and I was so happy to speak with another human. I was overjoyed and let my guard down. He attacked me, and I had to kill him. My heart grieves for taking a life. How did you manage to do it when you went off to war? Killing is so terribly troubling. The man's eyes haunt me.

"I don't know what to do now, father. I cannot leave his body where it can be found or where I must look at it each day when I tend the crops. I refuse to bury him here with you and Rand. What should I do?"

Exhausted, she leaned against the elm and closed her eyes, waiting for an answer. The toll of the harrowing incident had consumed her energy, and she fell into a fitful sleep. It was then her father spoke.

*"These are hard but strange times, my dear daughter, and I am sorry I am not there to help you," he said. "When the tempest has passed, drag the body close to the creek and let Mother Nature consume it.*

*“Beware, the harvest season is upon you, and your life is about to discover a new path. With the autumn solstice will come unexplained occurrences. Do not fear them.*

*“Now awaken. Danger is near. Wake up! Wake up my beloved!”*

Startled, Emily awoke in a state of worry. Her father’s warning loomed in her brain and she felt she was being watched. She brushed off her blue skirt and allowed her eyes to search the landscape in every direction. The only sounds she heard was the trickling of the creek and the rustling of her skirt. Then, she caught movement on the horizon. It was a native hunting party, and it was heading her way. She grabbed her rifle and ran for the cabin so she could defend herself against attack. Fear squeezed her heart.

The minute she began to run, the Indians increased the pace of their approach. She lifted her skirt with one hand so she could run faster. She could not allow them to get between her and the cabin.

“Damn, I hate these dresses, father. I prefer Rand’s flannel shirts and dungarees,” she said as an arrow struck a tree to her left.

She ran faster.

As she slammed the cabin door closed, two more projectiles thumped into its oak exterior. She quickly barred the door and turned to retrieve more firepower. One thing the Laukharts had plenty of were rifles, lead and gunpowder. And she was as good a shot as her brother and father.

## CHAPTER 2

### *Hawkins farm, 1988*

The clearing was perfect for the crop of marijuana Jamie Hawkins planned to grow in the middle of his family's twenty-acre farm, located in rural Trumbull County. He first visited the spot when he was fourteen years old. He had been sent to the Ohio farm to live with his grandfather.

His single mother sent him to Ohio because he had become incorrigible as a young teen. He was running with a rough crowd and constantly in trouble. She felt she no longer could control him. So, she sent him off to be schooled by the toughest taskmaster she knew — Ralph Gilbert Hawkins, her father.

Through love and hard work, the steely farmer molded a man out of the defiant young boy. When the likeable old man died in 1983, James became the sole beneficiary of the farm and all its equipment. He went off to Kent State University, where he obtained a degree in business but could find no work.

So, back to the twenty-acre farm he went to become an entrepreneur. He planned to grow the illegal weed college kids loved to smoke instead of the feed and vegetables his grandfather loved. He recalled the spot at the back of his grandfather's acreage and considered it a prime spot for cultivation.

His grandfather's property was located in the middle of what once was farm country. There were miles and miles of open fields along U.S. 420. Fields where wheat, hay and alfalfa once were harvested, now were overgrown after being dormant for years. The small dairy farms disappeared in the 1970s when the next generation turned their backs on hard labor. They could make far more money in the factories and offices of larger cities, and the work was not nearly as backbreaking.

The fields where cows and other farm animals once roamed were backed by thick forests of oak, poplar, maple, beech, walnut and poplar. It was amidst the lush trees that towered behind the acres

his grandfather annually planted that Hawkins discovered the clearing that would become home to his marijuana crop. A small creek, one James used to block and turn into a swimming hole when he was young, ran alongside the clearing that was tucked far from any wandering eyes. It was a perfect spot for his illegal enterprise. There was not another house within a mile in any direction.

He got out his grandfather's old John Deere tractor and leveled the area with a brush hog. Next, he plowed, disced and planted, just as he had done so many times with his grandfather. His crop would be a secret, though. His product would not to be sold at a roadside stand; it was headed for the great halls of learning, only twenty-five miles north.

All went as planned except for a rock formation he struck at one corner of the clearing. It took a chunk out of his planting surface, but there was no way to bust through the hard stone. Once the crop was planted, he returned to that corner to see what exactly was hidden beneath the surface.

Lo and behold, when he started digging around the rough outcropping, he discovered a twenty-by-twenty-foot foundation. He could not believe his good fortune. With a foundation already in place, all he and his partner, Tyrone Stillwater, had to do was construct a small shed where he could dry his crop and prepare it for sale to the local college kids during winter semester.

They toiled day and night. By the time the crop was shoulder-high, work on the drying shed was finished. They completed the roof late on the night of Sept. 28, 1988. When Tyrone left for the night, Hawkins sat down, leaned against one of the two-by-four beams that made up the walls and admired their work. He dreamed about the profits soon to be made and considered the brilliant, full moon outside as a harbinger of success. It was a warm September night, and Jamie quickly drifted off to sleep.

He woke suddenly to the sound of a door slamming and screaming. The shed he had just completed no longer surrounded him. Instead, he was sitting in a musty-smelling cabin. His t-shirt,

Levi's and tennis shoes were gone, replaced by heavy work boots, canvas-like overalls, and a heavy woolen shirt.

"What the hell?" he said in astonishment.

Before he could figure out his attire, a blonde female rushed into the cabin, jammed a wood brace in place to secure the door she obviously had slammed shut. He could hear her heavy breathing, barely audible over the commotion taking place outside of the cabin.

She darted across the small room to the fireplace and grabbed an old rifle that hung from brackets above a hearth. It was then, she turned and noticed him sitting and watching her with eyes the size of silver dollars.

"Who are you?" she asked and turned the gun on dark-haired stranger who was stretched out on the floor. He had brown eyes and his hair was cut shorter than any man she had ever seen.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" Hawkins barked with hands raised above his head.

"How'd you get in here?" she asked and kicked the bottom of one of his boots with dissatisfaction.

"I don't know," he replied.

"Well, just don't sit there. Can't you hear? We're under attack," she barked.

"Who's attacking you?"

"Have you been off traveling with that Gulliver fella who shows up in strange lands? It's the damn Indians, stupid!" she replied.

"The Cleveland Indians?" Jamie asked, too shocked to ask about the reference to Jonathan Swift's novel, "Gulliver's Travels."

"Cleveland? Never heard of them. These are either Delaware or Iroquois. They haven't exactly welcomed us to their hunting grounds. Can you shoot a rifle?"

"Sure!"

“Then get off your backside and see if you can kill some of the bloody heathens before they decide to burn us out.”

“Burn us out?”

She shoved the rifle into his hands and pulled him to his feet. She pushed him to a tiny porthole in the cabin wall where he could point and fire the single-shot flintlock. She threw a leather bag over her shoulder and grabbed two more rifles.

James couldn't believe what he saw when he looked out the porthole. There actually were Indians attacking the cabin. Their faces were painted red and blue, and they were firing arrows at the cabin. Screaming to high heaven, most of the natives wore a single feather in their hair, which was mostly shaved. They were a fearsome-looking bunch.

James turned immediately and asked, “Is this real or a re-enactment?”

“It's real. Three months ago, they killed my father. Before that, I suspect they killed my brother, too. If you don't shoot them now, they will overrun us and kill us, too. You shoot and I'll reload.”

James stared at her with his mouth open and his mind racing.

*I must be dreaming.*

“Get at it, mister, or step aside,” the blonde said with fiery eyes that were the shade of the autumn sky.

James had shot his grandfather's old muzzle loader many times as a teenager. So, he was familiar with old rifles. He had never seen one this old, though. But he pulled back the hammer, aimed and fired. The bullet struck home, lifting a young brave off his feet, and putting a massive hole in his chest.

He handed the smoking rifle to the woman and grabbed one from her hand. No sooner did he get the rifle in position when he saw a second brave moving directly toward the gun port. The warrior, whose face was painted red on one side and white on the

other, was only three feet away when he pulled the trigger. The bullet took off half his face.

The horrific result of the second shot must have scared the attackers, because they immediately retreated.

“I think that did it,” he said. “They’ve run off.”

“Hrumph! Not likely. They’ll be back,” the woman said.

Hawkins’s heart was beating like a drum and his brain was overloading. Where was he? Where did this woman come from? Why did men dressed up like Indians want to kill them?

Going from deafening chaos to dead silence was a shock to Jamie’s twentieth century senses. He’d never shot a man before, let alone a rampaging heathen, as the woman had called them.

“Who are these people and why do they want to kill us,” he asked.

“Isn’t it pretty obvious,” she replied. “We’re trespassing on their land, and they don’t like it. They signed a treaty that allowed us to settle in the Northwest Territory, and now they don’t like us being here. Where have you been, floating around in Lilliput? Why must I explain this to you?”

James’ mind raced back to his Ohio history class. Ohio was part of the Northwest Territory following the American Revolution. The question was, what was a twentieth century man doing in the eighteenth century?

“May I ask you who you are?” he said.

“I’m Emily Laukhart. I came here twelve months ago with my father and brother. We were struggling farmers in North Carolina,” the woman said as she checked to make sure all of the rifles were loaded and ready to fire should the Indians return. “We came here to start a new life after the new government signed the Northwest Ordinance last year. It supposedly promised safe passage to the lands west of Pennsylvania and north of the Ohio River. What a load of dung that was!”

Hawkins was dumbstruck. He pinched his arm to make sure he wasn't dreaming. "What's the date today," he asked.

"It's September 29, 1788, the first day of the autumn solstice. Back home it meant the fall harvest season was just around the corner. Here it's just another reason for these heathens to attack us."

James' mouth dropped open. He couldn't believe his ears. His eyes, on the other hand, were glued to the young woman who had more grit in her little finger than any woman he had ever met. She was tall and broad in the shoulders. She wore a blue gingham dress that buttoned tightly to her neck and hung to the ankles. Her blonde hair was tied into a tight bun at the back of her head and her piercing blue eyes glared at him.

Seeing the shocked look on his face, she said, "Now, I think it's time you answer some of *my* questions. For one, who are you?"

"I'm James Hawkins. Everybody calls me Jamie," he replied.

"And how did you end up in my cabin in the middle of nowhere this late afternoon?"

"I don't know."

"You must think me deaf. I'm going to ask you again. What brings you to my cabin? I shot and killed the last man who thought he could take advantage of me. I'll shoot you, too, and lose no sleep over it," she snarled and pointed the flintlock at him.

"Don't shoot!" he pleaded. "I'll tell you everything I know, but it isn't much and you're not going to believe most of it."

"Try me, Mr. Hawkins."

"I had just completed construction of a drying shed on my late grandfather's property. It was a few minutes before midnight on September 28 and I sat down to rest. I think I fell asleep.

"The next thing I knew I was awakened by the dreadful screaming of the Indians outside this cabin. I have no idea how I got here."

“Hrumph! That’s a load of crap! Are you one of them damn British spies who is instigating these Indian uprisings? If you think you can hornswoggle me, mister, I’m not believing a word from your lying lips.”

Prior to the Revolutionary War, the British forbid colonists to explore lands west of the Appalachian Mountains. The British thought expansion would make the colonists impossible to manage. They were right. Hungry for freedom from oppression and adventure, white settlers disregarded the unwritten law and began to explore and populate the western territories. The British, who controlled much of the western territories and Canada, paid native tribes to attack settlers in order to maintain a stronghold in the New World. It was both violent and foolhardy. Expansion was inevitable, and it began en masse after the war.

Of course, Emily thought Hawkins was one of King George’s rabble-rousers. She pulled back the hammer of the flintlock and grit her teeth. James pleaded harder. “I’m not lying! Hear me out! I must warn you, though, my story is about as far-fetched as Jonathan Swift’s “Gulliver’s Travels.”

The statement got her attention. She eased off the hammer, realizing the man was educated. Now, she wanted to hear more. She remained steadfast, though, and refused to allow a smile to crack her rough exterior.

“Go ahead. Let ’er fly, mister. Be warned, though. I despise liars,” she said, motioning with the flintlock for him to continue.

“I was telling you the truth when I told you I fell asleep in that shed on September 28. The problem is it was 1988! I have no idea how I ended up in 1788. Please believe me!”

“You sorry, sap-sucking, lying, no good...”

Her diatribe was interrupted by the sound of an arrow piercing the door that protected them from the marauders.

“Hrumph! They’re back!” Emily declared.

Fear emanated from James' eyes. He didn't know if he was going to die by the hand of the angry woman or the heathens. She solved the dilemma by tossing him a flintlock and ordering him back to the porthole. "We'll have to finish this discussion later. Go kill a couple more of 'em. Maybe they'll get the idea we're not the easy prey they think we are."

Hawkins stuck the flintlock out of the porthole but didn't see any of the enemy.

Instead, he smelled smoke.

