

HORRORS OF HISTORY



**MASSACRE
OF THE MINERS**

A NOVEL BY
T. NEILL ANDERSON

Louis stepped outside to address the group of men that had assembled at the large Greek tent. Most of them were armed with rifles and looked to Louis like a military unit ready for their battle instructions. He sympathized with their desire for blood; as the leader of the colony, though, he couldn't indulge it. They had to pursue any reasonable peaceful path in front of them. This path had always led directly to Major Hamrock. Did it still?

“Men, I know we're all riled up—I understand,” he said, spotting two men in the crowd with bruised and swollen faces—no doubt victims of last night's attack at the depot. An uneasy grumbling rippled through the crowd.

“The monsters need to pay for what they done to our boys,” one of the injured men growled. The rumbling morphed to yelps of approval.

“But we need to take a breath. If this whole thing about Tuttolimando is a trick, coughed up by that troll Linderfelt, then Hamrock must be told. And I'm the one who's going to tell him.” Louis had to shout over the rumbling, unhappy voices of the men. “I need you all—every single one of you—to stay here in the camp while I go meet Hamrock at the depot.”

“And what are we to do in the meantime, Lou?” Ed Livoda broke in. “They're likely moving into position. Best thing is for us men is to get the hell out and divert their fire away from camp.”

“No,” Louis said sternly. “You do no such thing, Ed, you hear me? Not one move until I return. I take it I have your word? Do I?” Ed scowled silently.

Louis stepped back into his tent and picked up the phone. “Hamrock, it's Louis. I'll meet you at the depot. Thirty minutes.”