

Marching Through Alabama

Robert Lee **wanted** to glare at this -- well, *shabby* -- fellow who had ambled into Lee's command tent. But he forbore, for three reasons. First, Lee had only three hours' sleep last night, thanks to the vampires apparently infesting every cave along the Tallapoosa River. He might be simply overreacting. Second: the Midwest army that the fellow had brought with him was *very* welcome, even if Governor Lincoln had made sure that half of its regiments were freedmen. **With** black officers, no less!

And, third? Truth be told, Lee was damned glad to see Sam Grant. He knew Grant would fight.

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