



NEVER-ENDING NIGHT

*Is he a traveler through time or a
mad man lost in his own delusion?*

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Excerpt for Never Ending Night

by Tanya Stowe

This reenactment was an echo, a faint haunting, a tribute to the soldiers. Stacy wanted...needed to capture that tribute, to catch the essence with her camera.

Smoke surrounded her. Men fell everywhere, and Stacy's camera clicked. The small round lens was her eye, her only vision of the noise and confusion. A gun exploded close to her, but she didn't lower her camera. Wind blew cannon smoke over the field. She coughed but didn't stop.

Ahead of her, she saw a dark figure emerging from the smoke. Blue uniform. Hatless. The breeze lifted his golden hair. He had the full sideburns so popular during the Civil War. He was tall, straight. The perfect picture of a Union officer. Handsome face streaked with fake blood on one side.

He stumbled on the rutted ground. Caught himself.

Stacy followed him, never lowering her camera. There was something different about him...something...

He turned. Stacy waited, holding her breath,

hoping to catch him as he faced full front. When she did, her heart stopped. His expression was perfect.

Click. Click. Click.

Bewildered. Frightened. Taut with readiness. Everything she'd come to expect in her battle scenes.

A whistling overhead caused him to duck and spin. When nothing exploded on the ground, he raised a trembling hand to his head.

Suddenly, Stacy knew what was different. For him, this was real. This was no remembrance staged for honor. The battle was real.

His was the image she'd been waiting for. Perfect, hauntingly perfect. Neither she, nor millions of other people would ever forget the mixture of pain and sorrow etched across his handsome features.

Unbelievable.

Then the stranger tilted and crumbled like a lifeless rag doll.