

**BUNKER AND BREED'S HILLS
BOSTON
JUNE 17, 1775**



We'd gone south to Massachusetts with Ethan Allen and a few dozen others of the Green Mountain Boys. The siege was in place, but the British held the harbor, so they could be resupplied indefinitely.



**MORE
CARTRIDGES!**

But an imperial army bottled up on some neck of land by a bunch of patriots? A battle was sure to be coming, Ethan said.

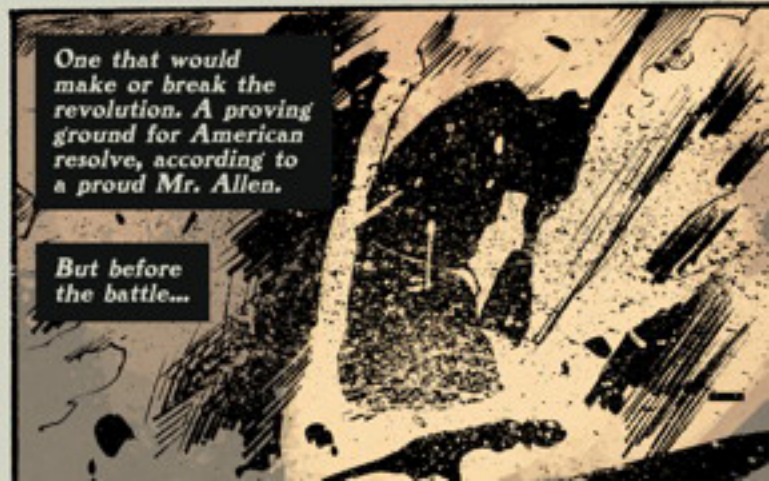


**CHRIST
JESUS!**

**HE AIN'T
SHOWED
TODAY.**

One that would make or break the revolution. A proving ground for American resolve, according to a proud Mr. Allen.

But before the battle...



12 HOURS EARLIER



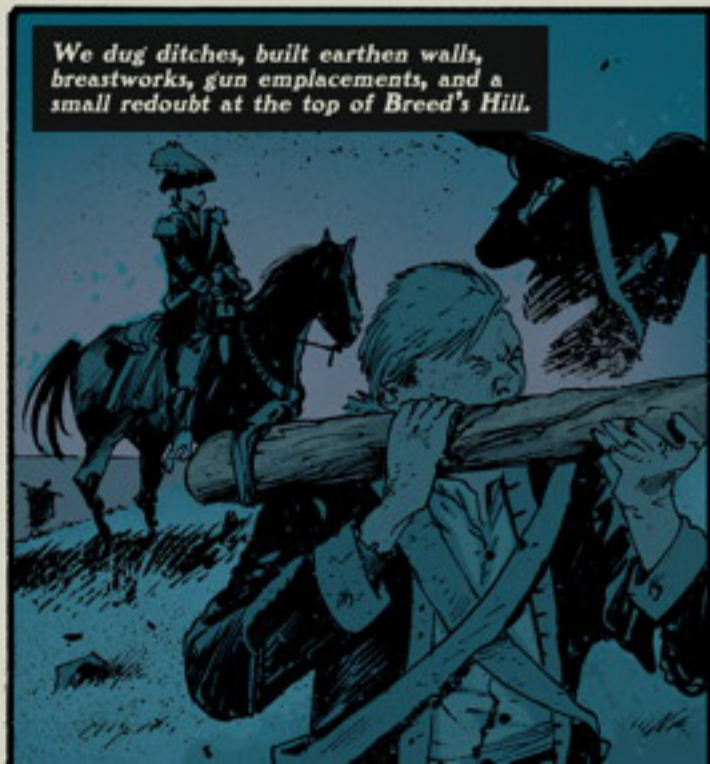
...we worked. Ezekiel was angry, muttering about how he didn't join the Continental army to dig pits in the ground. Me, I didn't mind the labor so much. It reminded me of home, and I felt closer to Mercy as a result.

Across the water the lights of Boston blazed, and while the redcoats dined on stolen food stores in stolen houses and marched through those occupied streets, we tossed up a month's worth of defenses in a single night right under their Tory noses.



If they spotted us at all, they must not have thought us much of a threat.

We dug ditches, built earthen walls, breastworks, gun emplacements, and a small redoubt at the top of Breed's Hill.



And in the morning...





...the British woke up to their folly.



It took them until midafternoon to attack, but then they did attack. And by God...

...it was hell come to earth.



LADS!
LADS,
I SAY!



DON'T
SHOOT
UNTIL
YOU SEE
THE
WHITES
OF
THEIR
EYES!



WHAT A
COCK.

SO WHICH
ONE OF US
IS GOING
TO TAKE
A PEEK
FIRST,
YOU OR ME?

