

## **The Inner Contemplations of Henry Fleming**

What n' tarnation is this? We have t' fit the hull damned rebel army? Damn, look at that thar army. Looks lik a buncha grey fittin' wombats from hell made o' steel! By ginger, them grey's is a chargin' fast!

An' ar lieutenant wants us tuh fight them? We just fought a lil' bit ago. That lieutenant's a over der smackin' away dem soldr's, shoutin', "Why aint you firin'? Fire yah pack o' mule drivers!" while we are uh gettn' clobbr'd. That 'federate army's a buncha trained jim dandy's an we's a just a buncha mule drivers. Nag nammit, I aint a likein' dis one bit.

Wait - what's dis? Some o' thuh reg'mnt's a turnin cheeks? Ar mule drivers are now uh bunchah sheep runnin' from a wolf. Thar faces are full uh ghostly expressions. Lik' thit felluh' who's got a ghostly blue face wid dem eyes as big as his face. Er that man who's runnin' lik there's no tomorrow. Perty damn scarey if yuh were t'ask me! Now the hull regmnt is uh runnin' lik one scared sheep. And them grey's are uh commin' fastur n' fastur. I'm a thinkin' it's gonna be a low hour if I don't get a runnin' soon here. It's uh time t' drop meh rifle and m'hat... Sweet Jesus I'm a commin' to Isreeil'!

Heh heh... And look it deh lieutenant now. He's a runnin' like the sky's a fallin'. Damn neer busted his shoulduhr tryin' to run. Them grey wombats are gonna womp on all dem soldr's behint me so I'ze a better get a move on. Lucky I ain't back wit dem.

Thar's shells all 'round me, whistling lik' a dixy, each a wontin' tuh chew me up. Whoa! That missile just exploded rit five feet in front o' me.

Packs quite a kick dar. Better dust off meh breeches and keep on a runnin'.  
Whew... All the soldiers are a behind me. Dem wombats are uh gonna have  
a tastey meal.

An' look it dat dar other batt'ry a fittin'. Dem fools. They'll all be dead!  
That boy on that horse'll be eatin' daisies on his grave in a bit.