

# What People Say About Linda Cargill's Novels

*To Follow the Goddess:*

First-novelist Cargill recounts the fall of Troy from Helen's point of view—in this spirited page-turner ...

Cargill's portrayal of Helen as supporter of the people and clever, if misunderstood, female in a world of men—as opposed to the more familiar fickle housewife—keeps this classic, action-packed tale bubbling to the last huzzah. ...

— *The Kirkus Reviews*

Adventurous and captivating ... A tale of the fight for the blessings of a Goddess, the violence of men to acquire what they desire, and the undying love of a woman for her people and for the man who holds her heart. Historical and mythical information combine with the author's imagination and exploration of a woman's soul to make this a very special, unusually compelling story.

— *The Book Reader*, San Francisco

Reads like a great adventure and a romance all in one.

— *The Bulletin*, Appleton, WI

In this compelling and innovative novel, Cargill offers her readers the tale of Troy from Helen's vantage point, and, in the process, cleverly manages to weave threads of myth, legend, history and religion in the Vergilian manner... . Cargill uses myth in ingenious ways, adapting the traditional versions to suit her purposes.

— *The Pennsylvania Classical Association Newsletter*

I didn't want to put it down.

— *Women's Voices*, Sonoma County, CA

*The Black Stone:*

Ominous buildup . . . apocalyptic climax.

— *Kirkus*

*Pool Party:*

YAs who love thrillers may enjoy the mysterious twists. The story has romance, a weeping 'ghost', a doll that changes facial expressions, a buried treasure, and more.

— *School Library Journal*

*The Dark:*

I remember buying this book from the huge Waterstone's shop in Edinburgh and being in total suspense and fear while reading it. I devoured every *Point Horror* book I could get my hands on when I was a teen but I think this is the only one which I ever bought.

— Rachel Brand on *Goodreads*

Teens rarely need an excuse to stay up late, but *The Dark* by Linda Cargill would give pause for thought to even the most steely-nerved youngster. A genuinely gripping horror story. Approach with caution.

— *The Sunday Independent*, Dublin, Ireland

*The Surfer:*

A taut and evocative story ... readers will become immersed in the challenge between good vs. evil.

— *School Library Journal*

Author Interview for *Blutige Dornen:*

I've always liked a good mystery or a good scare. When I was a kid I enjoyed the old Alfred Hitchcock movies. I still consider the famous director something of an inspiration.

—“Gruseln für ‘nen Groschen,” *xyz magazine*

*Simons Island: A Mystery Collection, Hang Loose and Murder on St. Simons Island:*

Linda Cargill has published 64 young adult mystery thrillers, several set on St. Simons Island. Cargill travels the country looking for locations with ghostly or supernatural connections. She seems to have found St. Simons Island and it's a fountain of inspiration!

— Hodnett-Cooper Ad



# Dark Horse



The Cargills

Cheops Books, LLC  
Edward Ware Thrillers At War

Dark Horse  
By the Cargills

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Other Books In The Edward Ware  
Thrillers at War Series:

1) *Key to Lawrence Special Edition* by  
Linda and Gary Cargill (available in  
paperback on Lulu and as an e-book on  
Amazon)

2) *1935 Plot* by Linda and Gary Cargill

3) *Dark 3* by Dora Benley (available as  
an e-book on Amazon)

4) *Captive at the Berghof: Part 1*

5) *Captive at the Berghof: Part 2*

6) Special German edition of *Captive  
at the Berghof* in German published in  
chapter installments on the website  
<http://www.edwardwarethrillers.org>



## Dedication:

To that invincible German spy named Putlitz who whispered to me exactly what would happen if Hitler won the Battle of Dunkirk while washing his paw and winking at me the way he is doing right now.



When the European democracies lost that vision, they opened the way to Hitler. While Germany was building a great new productive plant, France became absorbed in unfruitful political adventures and flimsy economy theories, while Britain engaged in appeasement of the dictators. Their governments were trying desperately to cover the people's nakedness with a garment that was not big enough.

The free men of France and Britain should have been weaving themselves a bigger garment. For in trying to pull the small one around themselves they tore it to pieces.

Wendell Willkie, the Dark Horse



## Chapter 1: Amiens, France May 20, 1940

“Sir, Rommel’s approaching from the south,” Lieutenant Hoare rushed up to Colonel Sir Edward Ware’s tent, pitched in a field outside Amiens, France.

Edward got out his binoculars. He caught a glimpse of the infamous Nazi menace. General Erwin Rommel, riding in a German command truck, led a column of Panzers and half-tracks carrying his troops. He wore a scarf flapping in the breeze. It flashed in the sun like a red beacon advertising his advance as if it were the Second Coming.

“He may think he has it all sewn up,” Edward frowned. “But have we got a surprise for him!”

Edward hoped his words weren’t mere bravado. The new Prime Minister, Winston Churchill had assured him that at least two French armies commanded by General Weygand were sneaking up behind Rommel from the south. Edward was to advance with his crack English BEF troops and join up with the French forces, squeezing Rommel between them in a pincers movement so he could not escape.

Edward recalled Churchill’s desperate phone call to him in Egypt at British Mid-East Headquarters, just a few days ago. The Prime Minister had begged him to fly to northern France to help fight off the Germans, whose Blitzkrieg breakout from the Ardennes toward the English Channel was making his days-old government wobble and threaten to crumble.

Edward shook off the memory. He must concentrate on beating back the threat.

He deployed his seventy-four heavy Matilda tanks, the bulk of the British armor hastily allotted to him in the pellmell rush to beat back the advancing German motorized columns. He ordered the tanks along with infantry support to head straight for Rommel’s 7th Panzer Division. They were to open fire as soon as he hoisted the British flag at his headquarters

tent. It was to serve as a signal.

Standing on a small rise of ground near his tent, Edward watched the tanks head out.

“Sir, a French civilian spy’s here to see you!” Lieutenant Hoare interrupted his concentration.

“Show him in,” Edward directed, as he returned to his tent.

The spy dashed in.

“Mon colonel,” the spy handed him a photo of an empty road to the south, the one Weygand was to use to attack Rommel from the rear, “I regret to inform you that the promised French troops have failed to materialize. They have yet to start their advance.”

“What!” Edward was thunderstruck.

Churchill had just flown over the Channel to Paris to meet with the French cabinet and High Command. He had done so in complete secrecy. The Prime Minister had assured Edward that the French were up to the job of helping the British fight the Nazis. Everyone knew the French had the largest, grandest, most well-equipped army on the Continent. At least that is what his old friend, the new Prime Minister, always told him.

“So where the hell are they?” Edward exclaimed over the cacophony of the advancing Matilda tanks.

The spy shrugged. “I did not see any sign of the French army anywhere. Not one French poilu. Rien. Rien. Rien.”

British Tommies and armor were already advancing under Edward’s orders. He was responsible for them. Lieutenant Hoare had taken over while Edward talked to the spy. Hoare was hoisting the flag to give the signal to begin firing, as Edward had directed.

Edward fought back the urge to tell Lieutenant Hoare to desist at once. Part of him said it would be mad to go on with his advance under these conditions, unsupported and unreinforced by the French. If he had any judgement at all he should order his forces to retreat.

But Edward did not wear the Victoria Cross today

because he was timid. He had earned it in 1915 as one of the few plucky survivors of a doomed Gallipoli landing. He would never call retreat if he were the last soldier alive.

He remembered meeting then Colonel Rommel at Hitler's mountain retreat, the Berghof, atop the Obersalzberg in the late 1930s. At the time Edward was serving as former Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain's military liaison to Nazi Germany. Rommel had won the Iron Cross and the Blauer Max, Imperial Germany's highest military honor. At Monte Matajur on the Italian front during the First World War, he had captured an entire Italian army almost single-handedly, utilizing innovative infantry attack tactics. No, Rommel was not about to fall back either.

Edward would have to make the best of it. The British Matildas advanced on Rommel's troops, firing their 2-pounders on the fly, making the ground thunder. The colonel sent every man available into the thick of it, adding to their numbers and bolstering up the whole.

For a miraculous moment it looked as if the advance might make a breakthrough. The German lines wavered and began to cave. Panzergrenadiers from the front line were beginning to race backward, searching for cover from the formidable Matildas, whose thick armor could not be penetrated by shells fired by either the German Panzers or German anti-tank guns. It looked as if the 7<sup>th</sup> Panzer Division was retreating.

The colonel decided he had better make the most of it. He ordered the tanks in the lead to give the retreating Germans everything they had. He sent men in lorries to bring all available shells and ammunition to the British armor spearheads. If they could drive Rommel back now, it could be the beginning of the end for the Germans. They would realize that Churchill had drawn a line in the sand. They could advance no farther toward England on the other side of the Channel.

The ground not only thundered, it shook. Edward grabbed the door of the nearest lorry to steady himself. Nearby Lieutenant Hoare was down on the ground, gripping his knee

with both hands, rocking back and forth in pain. A messenger trying to approach Edward had his leg blasted full with shrapnel and was being carted off by medics.

Then, before Edward could think what it was, it happened again. It felt like an earthquake.

“What the bloody hell is going on?” Edward asked the driver of the ammo lorry. He hoisted himself into the passenger seat and ordered the driver to head for the front of the British advance.

They drove towards the front, bumping up and down over the uneven ground and rocking from side to side, with the explosions going off every few seconds. The enemy barrage was whitening the sky and filling it with smoke so Edward could not see even his own tanks.

The driver turned and pointed with frightened eyes. “Colonel, Sir! It’s — it’s a weapon I’ve never encountered before,” he gulped.

Colonel Ware thought of the hell of being in a Matilda tank with that kind of shellfire going on all around you. Life would be a prayer just for survival. Too many tanks had become tombs for their crews.

The colonel shouted for Lieutenant Hoare, who had picked himself up and found another lorry to carry him forward, following his commander. Hoare had exited the lorry and was hobbling around on a makeshift crutch.

“Have you heard what Rommel’s using?” Colonel Ware questioned his adjutant.

The blasts were getting more intense and so close that Edward could not keep to this position much longer. If he retreated, all the troops and tanks would go rearward with him.

“It’s the 88’s. That’s what I’m hearing, sir. Anti-aircraft guns.”

Rommel was turning anti-aircraft guns against tanks at close range! Unorthodox but brilliant. Edward would be amazed if any of his Matildas survived.

He did not have to signal a retreat. The British tanks

were stopped in their tracks, unable to advance under such heavy, deadly fire. The survivors were turning around, accompanied by the British infantry.

“Sir, the officers want to know, where should the men fall back to?” Lieutenant Hoare asked.

Colonel Ware had to keep his head, or he might lose his entire army. “Tell them to head for the nearest channel port that’s still in our hands.”

“That would be Dunkirk, sir,” Lieutenant Hoare informed his superior.

“Onward to Dunkirk then!” Edward hurried to a waiting lorry as a shell from an 88 landed on his headquarters tent. He was forced to watch as it went up in flames. If he had remained there, he would have been incinerated.

The enemy fire was getting worse and worse. Colonel Ware could not see his remaining tanks anymore. All he saw were clouds of gray smoke with bursts of fire erupting from them. Clouds of dust and smoke were rising higher into the sky, obscuring what had once been a sunny day and making it seem as dark as night.

Everyone crowded around the lorry Edward was riding in had burning eyes from the acrid smoke. Lieutenant Hoare, who had taken over driving, speeded up to get away from it. All the British vehicles around them hurried rearward too, in flight from the wild conflagration.

Edward could not get ghastly images of the men in the burned out Matilda tanks out of his mind. They must all be dead now. Unknowingly he had sent them to their deaths. They had unwittingly served as the decoys who had taken the punishing wrath of the enemy’s 88’s, giving Edward and the rest of his army time to escape.

As commander he had to continue to function. He blocked out all guilty thoughts and focused on survival. If he did not, he would lose the rest of his army, too.

Soon the clouds of dust and smoke receded into the distance. The sun appeared like light at the end of a long, gray

tunnel. Many hours later, as they neared the Channel coast, the roads became clogged with abandoned vehicles. Other retreating B.E.F. and French soldiers had reached Dunkirk ahead of them. Colonel Ware's troops were among the last to arrive.

"The Germans have so many men and Panzers!" another commander complained.

"They are so well-trained!" a second observed with envy.

"And their Blitzkrieg tactics, where did they get them?" another asked.

"They got them from us British. We were the ones to first call it "lightning warfare". They worked on perfecting it while we were busy appeasing the enemy," Edward said bitterly, remembering his and Churchill's failed attempts to wake everyone up to the Nazi menace. "They used the time Stanley Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain gave them to their own advantage," he recalled the "Appeasement Cabinet" who had been in office before Churchill.

Edward wasted no time sending for additional supplies. He telegraphed Churchill at 10 Downing Street. They needed every kind of ammunition and weapon that could be imagined by man. They especially needed new tanks, the best of the best, since nearly all had been lost in the last action.

Colonel Ware sat down that evening at his new headquarters, in an abandoned house, and asked the other officers to join him.

"What's the use?" asked one. "We have got our backs to the Channel. We're surrounded."

Edward censured the quitter with a bitter frown. "We do not give up till we have fought practically to the last man. We owe it to the memory of the tankers who gave their lives so we could hold the this ground and not surrender."

"You sound like Churchill!" another colonel complained. "He is insane, too! No wonder my wife always called him a warmonger."

"Is it insane to defend our island?" Edward asked. "I

suppose you would give it over to the enemy right now?"

"They are going to grab it anyway. There is little we can do to prevent it," a captain shrugged.

"Except refuse!" Edward snapped. "No people can be ruled unless they consent to it."

"Since you are so clever," the other colonel challenged him. "What do you suggest we do next?"

Edward outlined his plans on a big pad of paper in front of him. "We will put the new tanks here," he put a big X on a position to the south of Dunkirk, along a canal. "They can launch a counterattack as soon as we sight the enemy."

"You are really cocky! You want another disaster like the one we just escaped," the captain complained.

"No, this time we will have RAF support. I just telegraphed the Prime Minister about it. The airplanes will draw the 88's fire, and they are a lot harder to catch than we are. It will be a more even fight."

He explained where he had put all the other troops, too, down to the raw recruits in the rear. It was his grand plan for defending the last British position on the Continent.

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That night Lieutenant Hoare woke his commanding officer in the dark. Edward leaped out of his cot fully dressed. He had learned to sleep that way during the World War 1 Arab Revolt when he rode with Lawrence of Arabia and his Bedouin fighters.

Before Hoare said one word his commanding officer could tell what had happened. He could hear the sound of a cannonade in the distance getting closer. That bastard Rommel was attacking at night, just like the wily fox he was.

"Give me a position for Churchill's supply ships," he ordered his adjutant.

"They are out in the harbor, sir. They just docked along the mole an hour ago."

"Why wasn't I awakened?" Edward grabbed his gun.

"I tried, sir," he apologized. "You were lost to the world."