

I wrote a telegram to Eleanor, telling her her husband was dead:

On the 29<sup>th</sup> of august 1944, a man named Andrew S. McBride died in a place that he should never have been.  
And although no mortal wound was inflicted upon his person, he was shot through the heart with clinical accuracy by a girl of no more than 23... and some generals several hundred miles behind the front line.  
Your husband was not a killer and the innocence in the girl's eyes was a contradiction to every order he'd ever taken.

But he beat her.

By the people, of the people and for the people, he beat her.

In your name and in mine, we lost him.