UP THE STEEP SLOPES OF THE fort and along the American lines. The British and American skirmishers, flashes of light shone stark in the moonlight, silhouetted against the dark. The night air reverberated with the sounds of the battle, screams and shouts, from the mouths of which gargoyles of darkness seemed to emerge. Relatively few of the British, the American grenadier, were shooting high. It was a night of atavism—the old gods were thundering.

The artillery was at work—machines of man-made destruction, with a sound that could either be heard or felt. The British were shooting, and the Americans were taking cover. The night was alive with the sound of bullets, the shrieks of the wounded, and the cries of the dying. It was a night of the old gods, and the old gods were winning.

The battle was a tour de force of strategy and tactics. The British had the advantage of the high ground, but the Americans had the advantage of surprise. The British had the advantage of artillery, but the Americans had the advantage of stealth. The British had the advantage of numbers, but the Americans had the advantage of determination.

The battle was a test of wills, a test of who could stand the test of time. The British were fighting for their survival, for their land, for their future. The Americans were fighting for their freedom, for their rights, for their future.

The battle was a test of who could endure the test of time. The British were fighting with a sense of urgency, with a sense of desperation. The Americans were fighting with a sense of determination, with a sense of purpose.

The battle was a test of who could endure the test of time. The British were fighting with a sense of determination, with a sense of purpose. The Americans were fighting with a sense of urgency, with a sense of desperation.

The battle was a test of who could endure the test of time. The British were fighting for their survival, for their land, for their future. The Americans were fighting for their freedom, for their rights, for their future.

The battle was a test of who could endure the test of time. The British were fighting with a sense of determination, with a sense of purpose. The Americans were fighting with a sense of urgency, with a sense of desperation.

The battle was a test of who could endure the test of time. The British were fighting with a sense of purpose, with a sense of determination. The Americans were fighting with a sense of urgency, with a sense of desperation.