

## **HAUNTED WINE TOUR AUDITION READING: INJURED UNION SOLDIER**

During the retreat, I was taken to a field hospital. Beneath the shade of those trees, the surgeons went to work on me, tying me to a blood-soaked door repurposed into an operating table. I declined anesthesia; afraid I might not awaken. They began with the scalpels, cutting through the flesh, but it ended with the bone saw. My arm was removed in less than ten minutes. I bid it farewell with a kiss upon the fingers and swore I felt my lips upon a phantom limb. They took as much of my leg as they dared risk, but the bullet had lodged itself within my bone. I was alive, but had been killed. After the infection took me, they buried me with my arm as well as the arms and legs of more than eleven of my brothers. Laid to a fitful rest in a shallow, unmarked grave upon a ghastly heap of shattered limbs.