

Chapter 1
Mum

My family is made up of four individuals including myself. My father, Charles Bittikofer who has hazel eyes full of secrets joined the army four years ago. After he left, Mum fell ill. When she was checked by the Artz, we sadly and slowly took in the news that she had a growing tumor in her brain.

When Mum started chemotherapy her dark red hair turned gray and quickly fell out. Like that wasn't enough evidence that she was ill! But when her shining blue eyes ceased to sparkle...my brother and I *knew* she was *very* ill.

Wilhelm, my brother, has bright blue eyes, blonde curly hair, and is an expert pianist. He was born prematurely and is smaller than me, but two years older. He hated it how I would always joke around with him that he was too pretty to be a boy.

Wilhelm is calm, subdued, and quiet...the exact opposite than me! He never joined in on my little pranks when we were kids, even if I begged him! Oh, and the outstanding pranks that I would come up with were the best!!

I, Louisa Bittikofer, twenty years old, have blonde hair and green eyes, both from my father. I was known by all to do anything that would help my family even if it was crazy or if it endangered my life.

It all started two years ago when Dad was taken prisoner by the British. Mum had been staying in a nearby hospital when we got news she had suffered a seizure and had slipped into a coma. By that time I knew I had to do something, I got this feeling over me that if I didn't do something now, Mum would just grow more and more weaker and soon....well...I didn't want to think of the possibilities.

As I quickly pack a few suitcases, I informed Wilhelm of my plans. At first he didn't say anything at all, but he slowly approved.

After spending a few minutes by Mum's bed, saying my goodbye's and just talking freely, I walked out of the hospital with Wilhelm.

"Bye Lou,"

"Bye...take care of Mum for me..."

"I will, take care of yourself." He replied back, trying to encourage me. I nodded my head and climbed into the backseat of a waiting taxi. I looked back at Wilhelm

standing in front of the hospital doors. His hands were in his chocolate brown trench-coat pockets and snow gathered on the brim of his Prussian blue Italian Messina hat. I would always remember that picture of him.

"Where too, miss?" The taxi driver asked.

"Schwadorf Army Registration." I replied.

Chapter 2

Disguised, Registered, and in the Army

So far, I had disguised myself by cutting my hair to a man's haircut, pasting short sideburns on, and dressing in men's clothes. I actually looked like a man! I had thought of a name, Dietrich Ahnhoog, and I had gotten a real passport, a real identification card, a real drivers license and real papers that declared that Dietrich Ahnhoog was a real person. So when I walked through the assembly line to register for the Wehrmacht Army, they glanced at my papers, glanced at me, and waved me right through, handing me a uniform! It seemed like a piece of cake!

There had been no problems so far, I had gotten used of being called by my new name, and I respond to it without hesitation now.

The base where they located me at is in Gronau, close to the Rhine River. I have to finish twelve weeks of training to actually get missions and rise in ranks. I have started my tenth week today, and after my training is done, I will finally be a private! Even though I had joined to find my father and bring him back to Mum so she would get well again; this army actually wasn't in all that bad. But then again I wasn't the one fighting the battles.

Basically it was one day for 84 days. We would start out by being awakened by our drill sergeant shouting loudly at us to get out of bed at five in the morning. We would have twenty minutes to wake up, make our bunk, wash, and get into our uniform. After dressing we ate breakfast and prepared for morning inspection. After inspection we would run a mile under eight minutes, do push-ups, sit-ups, pull-ups, and swim a mile against the current of a freezing cold river, the Rhine.

Also for our physical exercise there would be the much hated obstacle courses. In

these courses you would climb ladders, crawl through small spaces, shoot targets, throw grenades, and we always had to make sure that our backs were covered. We would have to do this with all of our equipment on and we were timed, all in all it was a real challenge.

Next we would trudge through thick mud for two and a half miles to reach the shooting range. We would pick a weapon of our choice out and shoot that weapon at targets for an hour to get the "feel" of it. The next day we would choose a different weapon and do the same thing.

We would also train with grenades by throwing them far distances, short distances, overhand, underhand, throwing them quietly, and by throwing them behind us. You would be surprised to know how many ways there are to throw a grenade!

Eventually at 1300 (one) we would go in and eat lunch. During this brief period of rest we would talk to friends and enjoy the food that filled our aching stomachs. This would leave us with one hour of pure free time to write letters, rest, or do whatever we wanted to do. Later we usually ate a dinner of fish and then went to bed at eight for a full night's rest, dreading the very sound of "tomorrow".

Chapter 3 Private

Two very important, special, exciting, events happened today. The first one was that it is my birthday and I have now turned twenty-one years old. The second one is that I have finished training and I was awarded with a plaque that states that Dietrich Ahnhoog has finished twelve weeks of training and is officially a private. I was smiling all day and my mouth actually hurts! I hung the plaque beside my bunk that night and fell asleep, not thinking at all something big would happen the next day.

"Wake up you sleepy blockheads! Do you want to waste the whole day away?!?" This is how the drill sergeant woke us up, but usually he cussed too. Groans and annoyed murmurs filled the room. "Stover, Haskell, Ahnhoog, Sigismund! The Hauptmann will see you in his office at thirteen hundred this afternoon! The rest of you will proceed to the day as you usually do!" He left off abruptly.

"Ahnhoog?? That's me! Why would the Hauptmann (Captain) want to speak to me??" I thought as I quickly showered, dressed, and ate breakfast. I met up with the other three men that would be going to the Hauptmann, and joined in with their conversation.

"What do you think he'll want?" I asked Leon who was one of my best friends.

"I bloody don't know," the accented Scotsman answered.

"Most likely a mission that he'll give us," Joseph joined in who was a first class private.

"Yeah, well all I'm hoping is that it isn't trouble," Fritz interrupted.

"C'mon, it's almost one, let's go." Joseph declared when he was finished with his daily push-ups.

Chapter 4 The Hauptmann

When we entered the building Joseph stepped up and knocked on the door.

"Come in!" came the voice from inside. Joseph opened the door and we piled into the office, single file. When we had saluted and when he commanded us "at ease", he began, "You are probably wondering why you are here, no?" He asked.

"Ja," I answered.

"There is a man in our army who was a Leutnant, a few ranks above you. Two years ago in 1940 we engaged in a firefight against the Brits he was captured and marked POW. The reason why this concerns us is that there is an 80% chance he knows some important information. He might tell the Brits this information to bribe them, and it would make us completely hopeless. Do you understand?" He blew a puff of smoke towards me.

"What's his name?" Leon intervened for the first time.

"Charles Bittikofer; he is an old man, about fifty. We kept a file on him and we know all about him. Ya'll may review them together.

I was turning quite ghostly pale by now.

"Why are you so pale? Do you know him?" he demanded.

"Uhh. No sir. What could we do about it though, we're just privates, except

Sigismund." I replied in stammers. There was a long period of silence and I held my breath.

"You must find him and bring him here. We found something on our radar. From what we saw it is an underground base near Annaberger Hof."

"But why us? And how do you know if it's the British or not?" I questioned.

"A whole load of British soldiers came in through the west border. It has to be a British base. You'll be going to this base in two days with three other men. A Focke-Achgelis will drop you off. Do you understand?"

"Yes sir, but why us?" Fritz asked joining in on my question.

"Dismissed!" he barked. We saluted and wheeled out of the room.

Chapter 5 Annaberger Hof

In the morning I met up with my fellow soldiers and we started out towards the helicopter.

"All suited back there, soldiers?" The co-pilot shouted over the noise of the starting helicopter when we were all seated.

"Affirmative." I shouted back, as the helicopter rose off the ground.

We arrived in a forestry area which I assumed to be Annaberger Hof. When the helicopter stooped down as low as possible into a relatively empty patch of trees we rappelled our way down onto the ground.

The latitude and longitude that the radar picked up was 50° 40' 59" and 7° 6' 0", we estimated it would be two miles to this exact spot. After we had rested a little we packed up and headed west with Joseph in the lead. Dark came quickly which forced us to put up the tents. After eating a light supper, we fell asleep, taking turns guarding. When morning came we packed up and started walking again. My muscles were sore from walking a lot and from sleeping in a tent.

When we were right over the exact spot we split up looking for an entrance. With our radios we communicated and so far no one found anything.

"Got anything Leon?" I asked over the walkie talkie to my best friend.

"Nein, you?" He answered with his accent.

"No. Check with the other guys."

"Alright, over and out." He finished. I decided to rest a little and sat down against a tree. The exact time I closed my eyes the ground beneath me dropped away. "This is NOT good." I exclaimed as I started to fall. I fell to the ground with a thud, I was thankful that the fall was not anymore than five feet.

Chapter 6 The Base

When my eyes adjusted to the darkness I saw that I was practically in a trap. There was a wall behind me and two walls on the sides of me allowing about five yards and double in length.

There was a lantern in the distance slowly moving towards me. I quietly pulled out my MP40. While I checked if my rifle was loaded, I decided not to open fire even if it was an enemy. There were probably at least thirty other men in the building who would come quickly if noticed, I couldn't take any chances.

The way I saw it I had three options, 1) I could take him/her out quietly with my knife, 2) I could interrogate him/her, 3) I could lay down on the floor and hope he/she didn't see me or, 4) I could radio out to Joseph and tell him my situation. I reached for my radio in my right pocket but looking over the situation once more changed my mind. Crouching against the dirt wall I recognized a male figure. He approached into the "trap" like he had done it millions of times (he was probably on patrol).

When his back was turned from me I stealthily crouched up to him, sliding my right arm under his chin with my left arm holding a knife to his heart. He looked as if to let out a cry but a sharp prick stopped him.

"I will kill you if you let out one word." I declared emphasizing on the word will.

"Wh-what do you want from me?" He asked much frightened and with a strong British accent.

"I have a few questions. First off, where am I?" I whispered.

"Well we built this underground base to store important information and plans," he

began.

"Where are these plans and important information being kept?" I asked.

"I-I can't tell you that." I pushed the knife harder into his chest. "Al-Alright, I'll tell you. Go through the door to your right, there's a vault in there where the information is being kept." He explained.

"What's the combination?" I asked.

"Uhhh.....455....9678...." He reluctantly answered.

"Alright, now that we got that done, how many guards are in this base?"

"There are at least fifteen."

"Any chance you got a map of this place on you?"

"Yes, there's one in my pocket, I'll get it for you if you'd like."

"I don't think so, Russell. Right or left pocket?"

"Right."

"Here we are," I replied, more to myself than him. "Have any other bits of info, I'd like to know?"

"You can get out by getting on the elevators.....you aren't going to kill me now, are you?" He sounded a little confident in his words.

"I don't know, death comes either way, you can be my human shield and end up having bullets ripped through your skin by your friends, or I can just end your miserable little life now, quickly if I'm nice." I replied, drowning what little hopes he had minutes ago.

"Are there any other options?" He desperately asked. I answered him with a quick plunge of the knife to the heart. I searched the map, memorized it, then put it in my pocket.

Crouching against the wall again I peeped over and saw a door to my right. The British man told the truth about where the vault was, it was exactly where he said it was. I doubted he provided the right combination though...but when I entered the seven numbers a green light flickered and I pushed the lid up. It had many papers and records that my Hauptmann would enjoy. I had hit the jackpot! I took them out quickly and carefully piled them into my backpack. Closing the lid I pulled out my radio and pressed the button power.

"Joseph, I'm in and I got some good stuff."

"I've been trying to contact you, was ist geschehen?"

"Sorry. I can't explain what happened right now; I'm heading out to get my fa—I mean Charles Bittikofer right now. I could probably do with some cover."

"I'll get down there as soon as I can."

"All right, over and out." I ended. I had hit the jackpot!!

Chapter 7

Getting Dad and Getting Out

Now for Dad. There would be guards....Glancing at the map; I found that prisoners of war were kept in a room not far away. Sneaking out of the vault room I crouched over to the next hall, peeping my head over where the wall ended, I saw a guard standing with his back towards me. "What fools!" These guards were the poorest trained guys ever! If he wanted to keep people out of that room, he should have been turned around. I crouch-walked behind him, making absolutely no noise, and after sliding my knife under his chin I searched his pockets for a key of some sort. When I was rewarded with finding several keys, I opened the door the guard was standing in front of.

When I was inside I saw three or four cells, all empty except the one which Dad was in. I ran over to the cell and opened the door with the keys.

"C'mon we got to get out of here!" Pulling out my radio I contacted Dieter, "Dieter, I got Charles Bittikofer and we're trying to find a way out. Can you get me back up?"

"I'm on my way, over and out."

"Follow me,"

"How did you find me?"

"My Captain told me, do you know how to get out of here?"

"Yes, the only way to get out is the elevators. The main entrance is usually too heavily guarded, but there's a vent that goes through the elevators that we can crawl through. Then we can jump out and land on the elevator.

"Where's the vent?"

"It should be to the left..."

"You lead,"

After a while he led me to a vent on the floor which was hardly large enough to fit anyone in.

"You go first,"

"This is going to be tricky," I groaned as I observed the situation we were in. Not only would we have to jump silently we would have to jump at the exact right time. I wasn't sure Dad could make the jump but he would have to.

The elevator just descended, Dad climbed out first, then me.

"When I say "now" you step right off this platform, okay? Not a minute before or after! Land on your toes to make it quiet and don't jump, just step off this ledge and the elevator will pick you right up,

"Got it."

"....Now!" We both stepped off the ledge and like I said the elevator picked us right up. "Now when the elevator starts to descend jump those doors! Now, jump!" We barely slid through the doors before they closed. By now we had caused quite a ruckus. "Dad, you okay??"

"A bit sore, but good!" He shouted over the growing noise.

"Get up, we got to get out! Follow me!" Pulling out my gun an alarm sounded off, the flashing red lights in the darkness matched the loud, chaotic, shouts. My heart was furiously pounding and my eyesight blurred out of focus. I remember pulling the trigger of my MP40 many times....

Kicking open the doors which would lead us outdoors, a bullet dug into my skin. It wasn't two seconds before blood poured down my left arm. I was so glad to hear shouts from Fritz that my back was covered, I turned my head back for a second to see Leon fall to the ground.

"No!!!" I screamed determined to go back and help my best friend. This wasn't how it was supposed to happen.

"Nehmen Sie die Pläne und----" He gasped when I reached his side.

"Leon!! Nien!!" I yelled when he didn't finish the sentence. I hadn't realized Joseph had come up to me, he was pulling me to my feet, shouting in my ear that we had

to go, my body ran willingly into the forests making all the right jumps over protruding cypress roots. But my mind was with Leon, dead.

We'd been walking for at least an hour. When Joseph broke the silence with a question. "What did he tell you back there?"

"Zu Lauf." I answered absent minded.

"You sure you're okay?"

I avoided the question and looked over at Fritz who had tied Dad up and was now forcing him to walk.

"I've contacted HQ and the helicopter will pick us up at the spot we were dropped off." Joseph announced.

"That's good." I replied, not caring about anything but getting into a warm bed and staying there forever.

"Want to rest?"

"No."

I don't know how long we walked but when night fell we were at the same empty patch of trees and the helicopter was nesting right there on the ground. We piled in and the pilot took off without saying anything, noticing there was only three soldiers.

Chapter 8

Back In Gronau

When we arrived back in Gronau we were greeted with cheers and applause, Joseph was smiling with honor, but the corners of Fritz's and my mouth remained down.

Guards pushed Dad into a building where they would interrogate him and find out if he told the British anything. The Hauptmann was at the end of a path bordered by soldiers clapping joyously. The Hauptmann himself looked proud of what was done.

I on the other hand, suddenly felt dizzy and my head swirled, my legs caved in and I slumped to the ground, unconscious.

Bodies swarmed around curious to see what happened. Four strong soldiers picked me up and carried me to the only hospital, while voices in the distance shouted orders. I was too tired to care anything about them though, I just lay limp.

While being laid on a stretcher, I was rolled into the emergency room. Here I heard clothes being ripped, and then silence...the bed quickly turned around and I was being rolled in the direction I had just come from. Something was seriously wrong!

The outside air reached me quickly. Someone had picked me up off the hospital bed and was carrying me somewhere. Whoever was carrying me didn't know my arm was wounded or just didn't care about it. My arm was jolted and dislodged every step that this man took. It felt like my arm would fall off with the extreme pain.

Chapter 9

Locked Up and Rotting

The smell growing closer was a mixture of diseased rats and rotting, human flesh! It grew worse with every step. 'What in the world is happening to me?!? Where am I being taken?!' I could only smell, think, and feel in this half-conscious state of mind so I didn't know where they were taking me.

I heard a "metal cage door" being swung open, and I was thrown down to the hard, wet, cold, floor of a German prison cell!

The pain was too much for me, I awoke screaming in pain. The guard or whoever it was that carried me here into this dark cell obviously had left hours ago and had locked me in. Rats crawled all over me.

"Get off!!" I shouted to them as they quickly scrambled away, realizing I didn't have any food on me and that I wasn't dead yet. I shouted and yelled hopelessly, no one heard me...I didn't even matter to anyone. Leon would have been the only one who would of still accepted and understood me. But he was dead. My only hope was dead.

My arm bled nonstop for the following days and it hurt like nothing else I had experienced. The bandage that I had wrapped on it four days ago had holes in it now and was very dirty and grimy. I was sure it was infected. My whole arm from my shoulder down to my fingers felt like lead, I couldn't even lift my arm up anymore. No circulation was going through that was for sure! All I could do was to sit against the bars and stare at the lock on the cell door.

No food or water had come to me since I got here. 'Are they just going to let me die in here?!' I wondered. I knew though sooner or later I would either starve, rot away,

or go crazy...maybe even all three!! My mind raced faster than a mile a minute and pain didn't help any.

The guard was coming in, and he had food! I couldn't believe my eyes! I managed with all my will and the little strength that I still had to lift myself into a kneeling position; from there I got to my feet by using the bars.

The guard was so close now; he had a large meal of Spatzle, two rolls, and fresh green beans! I couldn't believe it, all for me!! But when the guard walked right past me and went to his own desk to gobble up the food himself, I slumped to the ground feeling again hunger knolling my stomach.

Somehow, I managed to get my back against the bars again. Closing my eyes in exhaustion, I fell into a deep, dark, dreary, unwelcoming sleep. I felt as if I was wasting away...rotting.

Chapter 10 A Soldier's Death

"Hey you!! Get up!" The obnoxious German guard awoke me. Didn't he realize I only had enough energy to breathe! I started to close my eyes again when he suddenly kicked me in the ribs with his steel-toed boot. I would've screamed but I could only muster up enough strength to groan a little. While the prison guard dragged me to my feet blood streamed out of my mouth and I felt very dizzy. When I walked past the guard's desk I slipped half of an eaten off roll from the tray into my baggy pocket.

When the guard's back was turned to shut the door, I wolfed the roll down, almost choking. Almost at once, I was reinvigorated and had strength, when we got outside the fresh air helped me even more. Birds chirped, a breeze passed through, and best of all I saw *life!*

The Hauptmann was walking towards me and he looked fierce as ever!

"What's happening to me?!? Where are they taking me??" I asked urgently.

"I am going to give you a Soldier's Death," he answered solemnly.

"...Can I write a letter first...to my family?"

"Make it quick, the guard will give you everything you need. When you're done I

will be waiting for you," he added. After I was given a pencil and a piece of paper by the guard, I started writing:

Dear Wilhelm and Mum,

They found out I was a female...I guess you know what that means...They're calling it a Soldier's Death...I don't know.

Wilhelm, how's Mum? Any better? Dad should be on his way home soon. I want so much to see you and Mum again! I miss you so much!

Mum, I love you so much! I did this for you, and I don't regret it one bit. I'll get out of this. I know I will. I will. Then we'll all be together for once. Please pray for me. I guess I'm getting desperate, asking you to pray for me. I love you both so much!

Lou

"C'mon! Hurry it up!" The guard impatiently demanded.

"Can you make sure this gets mailed?" I asked. After grunting he ripped it out of my hands and stuffed it into his pocket, "Now let's get going!" He exclaimed.

Leading me to the Hauptmann's office, he opened the door, took off my hand cuffs and pushed me through almost making me fall to the floor. Regaining my balance, I rubbed my wrists, standing as straight and proud as I was able.

"Are you ready?" The Hauptmann asked getting up from his desk. "Any last words?"

"No...I'm fine," I answered, confident.

"All right," he replied uncertain and slowly as he lifted his Walther P-38 from his hip holster and pointed it straight at me. Every second counted....

Chapter 11

Instant Action

Moving my body into instant action, I focused everything on time. Then flinging my left hand out, I knocked the pistol out of the Hauptmann's hand, while with my right hand I wrapped it over his mouth, knowing that if he let out a shout the guard standing outside would immediately rush in.

"Please! Listen! I *don't* want to die! I *can't* die! The only reason why I joined the Reichswehr because my mom is dying of a growing tumor in her brain. Charles Bittikofer is my dad and I only wanted my family together. I just *can't* die! Do you understand?"

I slowly released my grip when he nodded that he understood. But almost at once, he shouted at the top of his lungs. The guard racing in, knocked me out with the butt of his Karabiner.

The first thing I remember when I gained consciousness was the wet, dark, cold bars.

"No!! Not *here* again!! Anywhere but *here*!" I shouted hopelessly. I still had hope though. News got around that my death was delayed a week. 'A week! I had even more hope now! That would be enough time to escape this prison!' I thought. But if I was to escape, I would have to have much more time than the time in a week. But I wouldn't give up. I would escape somehow. I had determination.

I reviewed dozens and dozens of options, ideas, and escape plans. None of them passed the test. I couldn't find one that would fit into my schedule. Eventually, I gave up the whole thing and sat down on the thin blanket that they called a bed.

Before I knew it, there was only one day till the re-scheduled execution.

Chapter 12

The Right Plan

When morning came, I was aroused and kicked till I managed to get to my feet. When I entered the Hauptmann's office this time, the guard left my cuffs on and he stayed right behind me, instead of standing outside the door.

"I wouldn't try the same daring stunt this time!" The Hauptmann furiously warned. Slowly, I picked at my cuffs. They were loose enough to break now, but I still waited.

Taking his Walther out of his holster for the second time, the Hauptmann stared into my eyes as if he was reading my thoughts. Trying to have a blank expression, but failing miserably, I closed my eyes. Now at least I could have a moment from that strong gaze.

Sweat poured down my forehead, but I didn't wipe it away. With my eyes closed, I thought over all the plans again and picked the one I thought just might work.

Kicking the guard in the pelvis, I ducked out of the line of fire of the pistol, breaking off my cuffs. The gun fired and shot into the guard's forehead. Jumping onto the Hauptmann, I ripped the Walther out of his hand and covered his mouth with my other hand. Pointing the pistol at him for once felt good. Shaking and pale, the Hauptmann looked quite a sight. I almost released him from my grip, but tightened when I thought of what happened the last time I released him.

On the other hand, this guy was *important!* If I killed him and was caught I would suffer HUGE consequences! Also, I was running out of time.

Dropping the gun, I pulled out the Hauptmann's RAD Officer Dagger that Adolf Hitler had personally engraved "Meine Ehre heist Treue" which means "My Honour is Loyalty". I laid it to his throat and pressed it in, making blood drip to the floor. A muffled yell came out and I tightened my grip on his mouth. Then without a second thought the Hauptmann's head rolled onto the floor in a quick, smooth, motion.

Rummaging through the drawers in the Hauptmann's desk, an idea clicked into my brain. I switched clothes with the guard and wrapped the guard in the huge blanket so his face wound wouldn't show. I looked just like the guard and he looked just...dead.

I took up Ewald Horst's (the guard's) identity and swallowed Louisa's. Opening the door, I headed to the morgue.

Chapter 13

Escape

Once I entered the morgue, the hard part was over. I dropped the body onto a large table with many other bodies on it.

Finding my escape route through the back door, I took it without hesitation.

There were ten, large, army, trucks in the back of the morgue that bodies were piled into and dumped in the Rhine River. I could drive one of these trucks then once I got to the Rhine; I'd just drop everything and start out on foot towards home, towards Mum and Wilhelm. We'd all be together again.

"Hey you! Drive this truck down to the Rhine!" An officer demanded once I stepped foot outside. I gladly and thankfully took the opportunity.

"Yes, sir!" I saluted. Hopping into the driver's seat, I started the vehicle, and drove through the gate. I was free and my plan was working brilliantly.

Once I arrived at the Rhine, I hopped out of the truck and started running, running. I dumped Ewald Horst's uniform and climbed back into my clothes, it was good to be Louisa Bittikofer again.

I arrived in Bonn in two days on foot. When I got there, I purchased a bike and started riding to Hersel, which would be my next stop. It would be four and half miles to Hersel and the river would be my guide. If I got a flat in my bike I would just have to leave it and walk on foot.

It wasn't that hard of a trip although it was very bumpy on the dirt roads. I was surprised when I got a flat tire after finishing $\frac{3}{4}$ of my trip. I was sure I would've gotten one sooner. The worst part was that I ran out of food, and was hungry. But besides that...the trip went well.

Once I got to Hersel, everything went smooth, and I arrived at Wesseling in two days. After seeing the house I grabbed some food and hurried to the hospital.

Wilhelm was so shocked to see me! He couldn't believe that I was still alive, and I couldn't stop hugging him. Mum was still in a coma but that didn't matter, she would get better soon, and we would all be together soon and finally.