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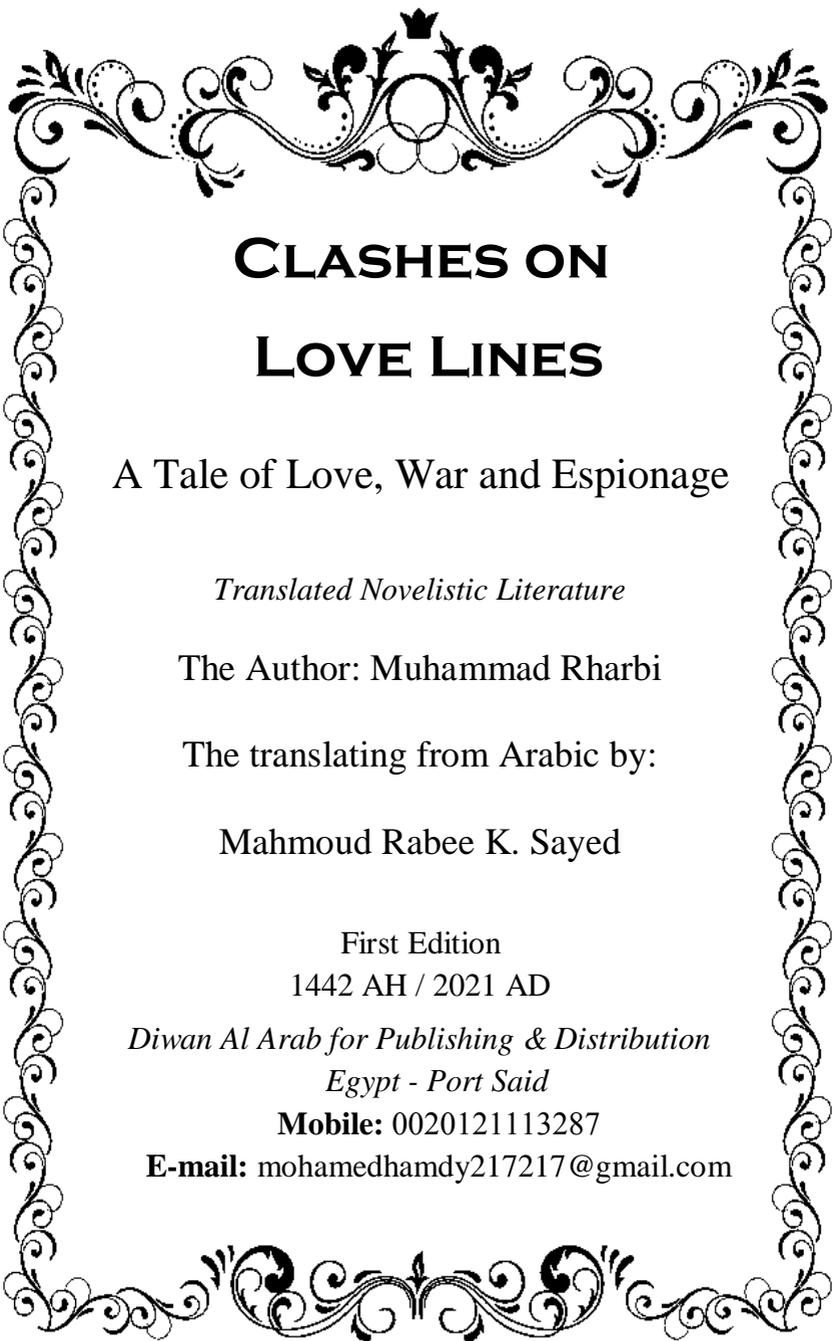
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CLASHES ON LOVE LINES

A Tale of Love, War and Espionage

Translated Novelistic Literature

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First Edition

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Translator's Word

As I wandered through the pages of the novel, I could only seek deep faith again, for literary miracles have a special effect on the translator's heart. Perhaps words do not capture us as much as convictions affect us and inspire us new beginnings after an arduous series of defeats.

But this novel has captivated me with a mind and a heart, and even it promises it is a plus point for me on the personal side, although I have not yet touched upon what its carefully chosen words did to my vocabulary and creativity that I had as a literary translator.

The writer made the best choice in his words, he did not hard on the reader and created a special case for him, through which he could spin his fertile imagination without influence from anyone, the events are sequenced and successive, and this sequence of events had an effective role in taking the core of the translator and the reader together, where we all went to a world full with secrets that you have to discover on your own, the writer may help you with a few words, but the journey is yours at the end.

Translating this kind of literature is, a bit difficult, as the Arabic language has expressions that cannot be substituted for or equivalent, but we've tried and God is the Arbiter of success.

Writer's Word

Someone may question about the feasibility of diving into the depths of history and raising fired-out events, more than half a century ago, in order to write a novel that addresses themes of love in times of war. Although, in our current age, there is nothing more than the fires of wars burning everywhere on this planet, including our Arab countries?

The answer on this question is remained possible, if we do not deal with the true purpose of the novel, in which, I wanted to shed light on the loyalty issues to homeless individuals and groups. However, there are different reasons from person to another and from group to a further.

My choice World War II, as a chronological time of events, was neither arbitrary nor random, but I aim to move away as far as possible from all political sensitivities that could be raised by the novel's events, even if these events were consecutive. Especially, in aspect connected to the implementation of special meetings for the benefit of external regional and international forces, even if it is at the homeland expense and against its supreme interests.

I also would like to point out that returning to the history, to draw inspiration of its specific events and facts for realizing them, can never be considered a kind of documentation or historiography, even if it is approaching and emulating it. Because the historical novel wholly remains as literary art, in which the reality is mixing with the imagination, and one of them may prevail over another, then the objectivity is eliminated.

The historical novel, as one critic said, is an imagined history within objective history. Its writer does not abide by the transfer of events as they are, and he is not committed to the accuracy and credibility of what

he writes. His enthusiasm might take him further far and might immerse in his mind, heart, and all his souls in a certain historical period, simulating and writing down its events as he sees them, or as he is one of those who lived the events. Nevertheless, what he says and writes is nothing more than pure imagination. That is exactly what happened in the presented literary work, Dear Reader.

Therefore, we must notice that the heroes of this novel, namely, Hermann and Ursula, all the characters, places, dates, and events associated with them are only inspired by the author's imagination and have nothing to do realized, except for the great political leaders' names, such as "Hitler and Stalin" as they are an integral part and cannot be ignored from the biggest event, which has been associated with their names with World War II – For being the two characters most influencing on the course of events, and even as the principal leaders of what happened during the years of war that we've chosen to be the temporal and spatial space of this novel.

Notice

This novel, in its folds, includes incidents, attitudes, and actions of its heroes. It is a product of intellectual and moral education that fundamentally is different in its form and content from what we were raised in our Arab countries in terms of authentic Arabian and Islamic values. This is due to the fact that the novel has been occurred in Western society, completely away from Islamic ethics, which is governed by legitimate controls to regulate the relations among individual, according to a sound ethical approach, its essence, based on preserving sanctities and good morals.

Consequently, I urge the noble reader to take supreme aspects of the novel events, which is compatible with our tolerant religious beliefs and original traditions. Therefore, it is nothing more than pure description, imagining what the novel's heroes lived, without taking instruction from the writer to perform it or accept what has been lawful by Allah.

God is the Arbiter of success.

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Every love, which does not revolt against traditions and norms, not overtake patriotism, and not defeat an ideology, is fake, and will be extinct. True love can change one's convictions, even if he enters a battle, he can deliberately lose it for his love with a clear conscience.

Chapter One

Heaven's Burning Road

Throughout the cold day in December days, 1943, the loud sirens did not cease to tear through the grim silence, which holds the city breath. The sky of Dresden was dark, the clouds hid the stars, the snows covered the roads, but the streets were completely free of life and passers, and their deadlock is cut off by only the roar of planes and military police patrols, which were scouring the alleyways and paths, and were watching the situation carefully.

Most of the city's residents do not leave their secret hideouts in the vaults and underground shelters until they return to them again. The intensive aerial bombardment launched by the Red Army and the Coalition Forces is no longer hesitant to bomb civilians in response to the massacres committed by Luftwaffe in Stalingrad and the entire Eastern Front. Ursula broke down the barrier of fear and went on the death way from Berlin to here, defying all risks, to bask moments of warmth in the bosom of her lover Hermann. See, what craziness leads her to an adventure insecure like this!

Ursula has never had an affair with a man since her marriage to Colonel Colin Walter Colin. This wasn't a loyalty from her to a man, who she got married forcibly without love or devotion to him. Because none of all the men she knew could just grab her attention, so how could he rather steal her heart! And how can one dare to try to approach her, and she's the wife of the fox, a strong intelligence man, and who one of the arms closer to the Führer, and a watchful eye for his safety?

Hermann Wolff was an officer in the German secret police at the age of thirty-five. Thanks to his audacity and courage, managed to seize a prominent position within the Gestapo, in which Ursula's husband holds a leadership position.

She still remembers how he spoke admiringly about him when he first introduced him to her one evening two years ago when she fell in his love at first sight. It wasn't his excessive handsomeness, nor did his physical strength, which

the only ones attracted her to him. In addition to that, Hermann enjoyed to boldness and daringness that made him surpass them, overall men, that she met and she had not yet forgotten How he made her heart jump out of her chest from the intensity of terror, when he flirted her in full view and hearing from everyone present in the party, including her husband, I hope he got enough at that; even increased by pressuring her hand with his fist, when she was shaking his hand, he pulled her to him and whispered in her ear, saying, “that her stark beauty and her explosive femininity are making him desire her,” and he asked her to companionship.”

There is no doubt that his behavior was bold with a brazenly, in which its madness and recklessness. It was possible, of course, could leading to death, but his madness is the secret of his attractiveness, and his excessive audacity is the secret of her admiration of him. This is how the beautiful Ursula remembering that day while smiling and increasing of her car’s speed to arrive early and snatching from life the intimate moments that alleviate the burdens of war and death, which have been become furnishing the life of Germans for years.

Germany had been living in hell for years, so, the General Mobilization will not fade away or stop, and you could not find a house devoid of the swastika and the General’s photos. Everyone was glorifying Hitler in public and everyone was cursing him in secret, because of the wars that he sparked by with his Colleagues and enemies in the East and the West, simultaneously.

No any young man capable of holding the weapon was allowed to stay at his home, and not head to the fighting fronts. The Nazi Brigades were conducting sudden dwellings and homes inspection patrols, and whoever that got caught undercover would be dragged along the streets, hanged him with the washing lines, and his dead body hung on light poles in public squares.

The whole life cycle became devoted to supporting the war effort. Milk, tea, soap and wheat were all directed to the soldiers on the fronts, even the haystacks and straw, which the women were gathering them in the villages and valleys, sending them to the battlefields to warming the soldiers while they slept in the open sky. The civilian factory workers have become firewood run over them by the war, there is no longer anything to living for but the industry of death.

Ursula met her husband’s Colonel Colin Walter Colin, while she was working as a volunteer medical in a military hospital in the capital, Berlin. She was risking her life to aid the German soldiers, who had contracted tuberculosis,

and Colonel has been frequently entering the hospital to follow the progression of the disease, which was spreading at tremendous speed among the army, he had never seen her, until he was enchanted by her dazzling beauty, courage and great enthusiasm.

He tried to get close to her, but she didn't give him the sufficient attention that his position deserves, and her talk with him was extremely boring and so brief and doesn't exceed the threshold of the answer with the smallest amount of words to his various repeated questions. In actuality, Ursula was not comfortable with Colonel's insistence on directing his inquiries to her specifically, despite the presence of specialized doctors and nurses more knowledgeable than her. On top of all this, she wasn't restful with his looks, which seemed to her aggressive and non-innocent, therefore she decided to avoid him.

Ursula's coolness wasn't hidden on the experienced and womanizer, such as Colonel Colin, so he used his authority and ordered her dismissal from her job at the hospital for recruitment in his office as an assistant. Initially, she showed some strength and rejected the decision, but he accused her of disobeying military orders in the times of war, which was enough to end her future. He soon shortened the time and forced her to marry him, despite a huge age gap between them, he had 30 years older than her, and she had not over 20 years old. Although she belonged to a well-to-do and well-known family. Although she belonged to a well-to-do and well-known family, the Gestapo officer's authority was stronger than any power, so she couldn't cling to the refusal for fearing that her father would lose all his possessions and find himself standing before a military court on charges of financing anti-Nazi Party activities, so she accepted his offer compulsively.

Ursula finally reached her destination in Dresden and straight ahead to one of the hotels located on the outskirts of the city in a magic natural place not far away, on the Elbe River beach. Hermann gave her its address in advance because he knows it well, and as it is quieter than others, but by the circumstances of the war, it's almost abandoned, except for its manager and some servants. She parked her car and went straight to the receptionist, where she found a room's booked for her on the last floor. She took her keys and he accompanied her by himself, to guide her the way and carry her bag.

As soon as she entered, she started checking out the place; there are comfortable bedding with clean sheets, a large window overlooking vast natural meadows blocked by elegant and dark curtains that prevent the lights from

breaking the quietness of the place, a radio on the hanging shelf and a table with a chair and a water jug, and the bathroom was relatively small but it had a bathtub and towels white. She heard the sound of a radio and a rumbling of water coming from nearby, she asked the employee if a guest was living on the same floor, or is merely related to the routine cleanings? But she was much worried when he told her that an Austrian journalist is staying in the next room to her for days, and he is here to cover the news war. The receptionist asked permission from Ursula and he asked her if she needed anything else, at the same time expressing his hope that the room had impressed her. She thanked him with a terse smile and she thought putting some money in his jacket pocket as a tip, but she retreated down because she already knows in advance that it will never benefit him in anything.

In times of war, banknotes lost their value, and millions of money were no longer sufficient for the Germans to buy one kilo of meat, so she was satisfied with thanks phrases and let he go away. As for she, remained standing overlooking down that a sprawling landscape from behind her window glass and anxious overcome her. She didn't feel a desire to sleep or relax on the bed, but rather pulled a pack of cigarettes out of her handbag, and she lit a cigarette and took a deep breath. She was pretty nervous after knowing that there is a journalist near her, causing her instability. Suddenly, she heard a slight knocking on the door. She didn't make any movement and didn't utter a word until overheard a faint sound, saying, "This is me, sweetheart, open!" that was Hermann, she thanked God for not being late.

She rushed unconsciously, opened the door for him, he attracted her in his hugs and begin to kiss her, but she pulled him in lightly, locking the door with the heel of her shoes to close behind them tightly. Their meeting was filled with heat and longing, Hermann was in the top of his happiness and he sees her standing in front of him in finally and after a long wait, but rather she thrown in his hugs after she crossed the path of death peacefully. He began to kiss her avidly while she was making chuckles before she suddenly realized from the surprise of the meeting and trying to get rid of his grip.

He was holding her in his arms as a hostage and showering with kisses and words of flirtation. His overwhelming desire is aroused her, but she resisted his rage and go away him by force, and even stopped his stubborn with a signal from her palm asking him to stop and listen to her a little, as there is something that worries her. Her tone changed, become more assertive, and her features changed

to appear more serious, indeed closer to the features of anger. He was surprised by her sudden change of mood, and before he asks, she asked him: "Did not you tell me that we will be alone on the last floor of the hotel and you will personally supervise the security of our meeting to the news doesn't reach Berlin?" So he smiled, amused at her question and trying to go far in what he was doing, ignoring her fears and persisting in provoking her until he infuriated her, then she pushed him hard and shouted at him, "You are crazy?" An unknown journalist is sharing us the floor, and we do not know who he is, maybe he is one of the eyes of the Führer spread out everywhere, and if not, then he may be a spy working for the Soviets.

Do you realize the amount of the dilemma, in which you put us by your complacency? Before she finished her speech, he interrupted her with confident looks, saying "Do you mean Herr Hans McCain, editor of the Austrian Radical newspaper, who lives in the next room?" Therefore, she straightened and adjusted her position, placing her hand on her waist, and answered him in a tone of anger mixed with disapproval, "Yes, Lieutenant, I would guess that you are aware of the matter, so you do not need to show me the malice of the intelligence foxes, because I'm tired it."

He tried to calm her down, soften the atmosphere, and restore the intimacy that marked the beginning of the meeting. "Well, my love, there's nothing to worry about," he answered her, "just calm down a little and rest assured, there are no guests besides me and you in the entire hotel." I had to use a character other than mine to book a room here, you know that Dresden located on contact with the fire lines on the Eastern Front, and it would not be without Nazi Brigades who monitor every little and big and transferring it to Berlin. His answer came down response and peace to her heart, she frowning features softened, and she said, "You mean,," he interrupted her, smiling, "Yes exactly, from tonight, Ursula's name will not have any trace in registries. It replaced by, the name of Fraun Hilda Matthias, my co-worker, a photojournalist who works with me at the newspaper. In this way, we will be able to stay together for a whole week, without attracting anyone's attention." In the meantime, a smile spread across her face and regained her joy in meeting her lover. In one swift motion, she opened her jacket buttons, dropped her skirt on the ground and threw herself into his hugs, saying, "Now, can I say that I miss you."

Chapter Two

Love and Death Syndrome

Dresden, the charming city, is reclining on the banks of the Elbe River, and deeply-rooted in history. It is not strange that the lovers and beauty connoisseurs harbor to this city, which almost certainly is an open-air architectural museum for visitors and the eye of the newcomer on the borders of Czechoslovakia. You cannot resist the fascination with the Art of Baroque Architecture, the ancient and its splendor, which is revealed by those huge edifices and high-rise castles, such as “the Three Kings’ Church” and “Zwinger Castle”. Not limited to the plastic art museums, “Old Masters Exhibition”, memorials, installed statues among the fountains and squares grand and sculpture with high creativity indicate high professionalism and skill.

Despite all this, coming to this city at this particular time, in which the war witnessing its strongest and bloodiest chapters, which is considered an adventure of insecure consequence, or let’s say; it’s an exaggerated recklessness. Therefore, there is a strange insistence from the Allied Forces to destroy the city and pound its house-buildings over the heads of its inhabitants, as if they carry buried rancor for this great historic city.

In circumstances like these, no one would think that two lovers, whatever what mad they took them far away, they would choose a place under heavy bombardment to dating in. The odds of dying under shrapnel shell or an explosive bomb are very sufficient to restrain curb any desires, whatever excited for sex. There is no doubt that the adrenaline level resulting from fear in the human being, it has an uncanny ability to put down any incentive to pleasure, but all of this, is not enough to Ursula and her lover Hermann to coming, and embezzlement a whole week of pleasure combined with death in strange defiance to the logic of the life.

Dresden’s choice to meet at this time and these particular circumstances, in the eyes of Ursula, is a crazy adventure that must be fought to be as much as the infatuation, which beats in her heart to ‘Herman’, because she is the owner of the idea and she is the one who convinced him, saying, “that she’s risking her life,

just because she fell in love with a man other than her husband, and if he had voluntarily chosen to engage in this risky relationship, share the love with the wife of his boss, who is known as his excessive aggression. So why he not more much brave and accept a challenge, to reach for maximum pleasure? There is no doubt that love under bombardment will make them close to death, but the pleasure than will be greater.

Hermann was believed that life on its shortness deserves some adventure, even if it is arduous, to make of it a more happy and enjoyable life, regardless of compliance with the laws, morals and values that complicate it. Hermann has always been armed with a very specific approach matters, especially those related to the personal life of individual people in its moral aspect. For him, the values and morals that frame the people's life within societies - liberal or conservative - are nothing but a point of view that belonging to the first people who set them, and we have the full right to agree with them if it suits us, or disagree with them or breaks down, if it robs us of our happiness and increases our misery.

Although the distance between Ursula and Herman is miles away through each one of them's view on the matter, they intersected at one point, so she was aware in her depth-mind that she was guilty of her husband's right, because she was betraying him and she was convinced that her betrayal, which might not be justified, even if she doesn't love him. On the other hand, she felt that this remained her the only weapon to avenge him, for he was the one that forced her to do it, when he forced her to marry him against her will. Not to mention all the forms of psychological and physical torture, which they lived through during the long-years of their marriage.

The feeling of guilt and the desire for revenge was closely related in her conviction, such as pleasure and death syndrome that the French philosopher Georges Bataille spoke about, who founded to the idea that the innocence from the guilt of illegal sexual intercourse, requires exaggeration in pleasure and excessive in sexual promiscuity to realize the objective and reach as far away as possible. It seems that Ursula was a realistic example and a true embodiment for this idea, where she wanted to be absolved from the guilt of betrayal by reaching with sexual pleasure at its climax, and there is no end to excessive pleasure in her opinion, except as close to death as possible

Herman did not look at the matter that depth, even if he didn't deny that the greatest pleasures on the earth are those that covered in dangers, so he's convinced that forbidden has its temptation, which attracts us in [one] attractively

to fall in it, like a beautiful mermaid lure you in the middle of the ocean with her beauty to pull you, then attract you to the depth and kill you. Hermann remembers that one day he heard meaningful and more persuasive words from one of the Muslims' soldiers from North Africa, who was fighting with the French Army, where he was talking to his colleagues about life and death and read to them verses from the Holy Qur'an, the Muslims Holy Book, the meaning of which is summarized in that Allah The Almighty created death and life to test human deeds, even distinguish of them who deserve eternal life.

Hermann kept seeing that he got heavenly wisdom, carries in its folds, a deep philosophy that requires thinking in it carefully to deciphering its meaning, so how does God create death before life? And how is the whole life just a test, unless eternal happiness is the inevitable result of this difficult test? From this point of view, Hermann believes that he may not guarantee success in this test, because his the balance of faith wasn't as much as it was needed to get across with it to life everlasting. He says, "If our small life is continuous misery, the first of which is death and the end of which is death, then it is better to live this misery with pleasure and there is no pleasure in life on this Earth is tastier than sex."

In reality, Hermann didn't understand what he was saying, so he has imbued with his idea that based on his hostility to the Church, which had been lost much of its influence. Because it was facing the excessive porn, which spread in Europe after the Industrial Revolution with excessive nervousness to the point that it removed from love its spiritual character, and take away some clergymen to preach, so the sexual addiction kills faith in God, and whoever loses his faith should not hope for eternal life. Therefore, Hermann was convinced that everyone who links his life to religion and theological ideas is committing a grave mistake against himself, so the clergyman, no matter how tolerant, cannot understand that sex is not only for the desire and lust satisfaction, but rather a means for the continuation of life through the path of procreation, the worldly life is nothing but the youngest daughter for the eternal life, and an integral part of it, so he decided to take up the challenge and enjoy the moments of adoration with Ursula, even if that associated with death.

Chapter Three

December, the Month of Love, War and Vodka

The second day has passed since Ursula arrived to meet her lover Hermann, two full days in which the two lovers did not leave their room on the top floor of the hotel. They were enjoy having sex and talking about war, love and literature. Ursula was not just a beautiful woman, even she was enjoying a wide culture and knowledgeable in many fields, such as psychology, arts, poetry and philosophy. She was very fond of Neoclassical Poetry, so she was memorizing the masterpieces of poems of the greatest poets, such as Von Schiller and Goethe. From time to time, she makes throws them into Hermann's ears by her soft feminine voice, which makes talking with her an endless pleasure, whatever the circumstances.

Ursula, as Colonel's wife, which he closest to Hitler and one of the pillars of his regime, she is living independently of worries and pains of the simple German people's, like wives and families of the great leaders of the Nazi Party and was convincing to the extent of belief by Hitler's ideas, which would make Germany, military and economic superpower that the world's fear of. Although the conditions of war prevented her from enjoying her normal life and sows some depression in herself, she believed that freedom had a price, which the people must pay it if they wanted to live in peace, and that what happens to them now, remains much easier than what happened to them after the end of the First World War, so that it is not repeated this mistake, they must arm themselves with patience and fight fiercely to defeat their enemies and preserving their independence, just as they have to work hard without tirelessness or complaining to ensure for themselves a great economic superiority over their enemies, who are stalking them, east and west.

This conviction was becoming more and more entrenched, whenever Hitler and his forces made progress in the war as the trumpets of Nazi propaganda did not escape any victory or advance on the fire lines without made marketing to the German people with high professionalism, after being included in nationalism

speeches and racist expressions, which tickle the feelings of the masses believing in the Nazi Ideology. What was absent from Ursula, in particular, is that the war, no matter how its motives appear noble and logical, and whatever its owners strive to justify, but it remains synonymous with hell, in which it's material and moral costs are high, only the simple ordinary people who are paying for it. Not to mention its enormous human losses, which could not be compensated, whatever the gains and the profits.

Under the harsh conditions of war, Ursula and Hermann were not able to get the good food that they were accustomed to in Berlin, so they were content with crunchy biscuits, some cheese, and a grain or two of boiled potatoes if available sometimes. Ursula was keen to leisure her cold evenings with hot wine that prepared locally. On the other hand, Hermann had no difficulty with enjoying his daily ration of Russian vodka smuggled from Czechoslovakia, even though this was provoking her disapproval and indignation, so it considers the consumption of the national drink of a hostile country, especially in wartime, a kind of moral betrayal of the Great Reich, she knocked him on that and often mocked him and described him as a cowardly mouse when she caught him emptying vodka into bottles of local wine as a kind of camouflage in order to avoid raising any doubts and in anticipation of sudden raids by the military policemen.

One evening, she was relaxing on the chair, resting her back on its right armrest, while she raised her left leg over the left armrest, wearing nothing but a transparent nightdress that rose to her buttocks, exposing her entire thighs, while its right suspender laying on her shoulder, to rest on the side of her arm revealing three-quarters of her breast. She was ecstatic and stared at him, holding the wine bottle in one hand and stroking its mouth with the other, telling him that the Führer would inevitably squeeze his testicles as discipline for his contempt for the national drink and his preference for the enemy's drink. As for him, he was lying on his back above the bed, smiling and asserting that he had no objection to him in extremely beautiful communism beds in Moscow's Red Square and his blood spilt in Berlin and they mixed with hot German wine if that would bring peace between the warring parties and end the war. But Hermann, despite his penchant for drinking alcohol, never allowed himself to get too drunk, but rather was satisfied with the amount that he maintained his alertness and attention, unlike Ursula, who was lost with the first bottle of wine without realizing that her

excessive drinking automatically meant her excessive reveal, which may give rise to a more troubling and serious betrayal of the Reich from a few drops of vodka.

Chapter Four

Armies Lose Their Battles Firstly From the Bedroom

A famous Russian proverb says: “If women were really good, God would be married.” This sentence expresses a clear contempt and negative viewpoint towards women that, from decades, have been frequently repeated until it has settled as accepted wisdom in the conscience of many Russian militants. In the ultimate truth, most of the misogynist cannot deny the fact that they owe a great deal to a specialized group of women. Without of them, the capital, Moscow, would have fallen into the hands of the Nazi forces, have inundated and turned into a large industrial lake, as Hitler had hoped. Moreover, World War II would have completely different results from what it is today.

If Adolf Hitler realized what the generals’ wives and senior officers were whispering in ears of their evacuees, he would have made them fuel for his bonfire before he set ablaze it to his enemies. Going back a little, specifically on June 15, 1941, on this exact date, the Soviet leadership received a telegraph from a German journalist, living in Tokyo, who was imbued with communism thought, called Richard Sorge, informing them the Germans’ intention to invade the Soviet Union with a surprise attack and setting out an approximate attack date. However, Stalin ignored this telegraph, considering it as a mere foolish tip, and in the fact of the matter, it was not. After passing only one week, the Wehrmacht launched a violent attack on the Soviet Union known as operation Barbarossa and occupied large parts of Moscow. Besides, the Soviets lost their balance and abandoned their sites to fall most of the city. This process had disastrous results at its end, where one million dead, the vast majority of Soviet, and infinite number of wounded have fallen. In addition to the fall of more than three million Russian soldiers in captivity, most of them were killed by hunger in concentration camps.

This terrible operation almost ended with the fall of whole Moscow into the hands of the Nazi forces, where only ninety thousand Soviet soldiers, remaining in the city’s backlines, pledged themselves to death, desperate to defend their capital. There were no reserve forces in the West to support them because the vast numbers of the Red Army remained to interconnect for a long time ago in

Siberia, where the Russians were fearing a Japanese attack from the East. At this critical time in history, Sorge decisively and skillfully returned through a second telegram that is received by the Soviet leadership at the end of September, informing them that the Japan's had totally and definitively abandoned the idea of attacking the Soviet Union from the East, and confirming that the German ambassador failure in persuading the Tokyo leaders to enter a war adventure against Russia. Besides, he informed them that Japanese have become convinced by the necessity of the complete fall of Moscow and the defeat of the Red Army in front of the Nazi forces in the West to launch their attack on Russia, in the condition of increasing the number of Japanese forces to three times of Soviet counterpart, which of course was highly unlikely to be happen at least in the short term.

In contrast to the last time, these accurate and dangerous information formed a strong impetus for Joseph Stalin to withdraw the Siberian army from the East and moving them to West towards the capital. Only then the Soviets were able to regain their balance and take control of the situation again, therefore they were able to return in the field and respond to the Nazi attack, and then besiege the Wehrmacht and attach the first defeats and push them back to Ukraine. Not only did it end there, for Sorge also had the great credit in victory, which the Red Army achieved in the decisive Battle of Stalingrad after he sent to Stalin a coded message, providing him with confirmed information about Japan's intention to attack Russia from the East, in the event of the city's fall to open the way for the Axis Powers, which prompted the Soviet president to fortify his defenses in the city and supply his forces with soldiers, equipment and troops, to hold out and continue to defend, and even waged a fierce street war ended with the expulsion of the Nazism from Stalingrad, regaining the initiative in the war and drains the Wehrmacht entirely.

Of course, here jumps up the most urgent question is, "Where was Richard Sorge getting his information from?" The answer will come from another man of war, who was none other than "Napoleon Bonaparte" when he said, more than a hundred years ago, his famous phrase, "Look for the woman," so that we cannot go far away, Sorge, who was a German journalist working in Japan, he managed to forge close relation of friendship with the German ambassador, Colonel Eugene Ute, in Tokyo. As the days went on, this relationship strengthened to include the ambassador's wife too, where the journalist has become sharing them everything from food, drink, sleep to information, and what Eugene Ute was keeping a secret about in his office during the day, what Eugene Ute was keeping

a secret about in his office during the day, and his wife, Helma Ute, was revealing him in detail to her lover Sorge on the bed at night, to devoting a strange idea but a realistic, message that armies lose their battles in the bedrooms first.

Chapter Five

A Short Trip to Hell

After two full days, Ursula did not leave her room, she finally decided to take a tour of the city's streets and alleys. The movement stops completely in Dresden, whenever evening falls, as if this city's inhabitants, which are complying with an unannounced customary curfew. She poked her head through the window, moist air pinched her nose, and the weather was very freezing and punctuated by drizzles that heralded a snowy evening, but that didn't discourage her from going out. She wore grey pant, a sweater made of cotton to protect her from the severe common cold, put on her long brown shoes, took cover with her coat, and put on her wool hat, then went out. Hermann asked to accompany her, but she refused and reassuring him that she would not be late. She briefly stood looking at her car parked in the hotel garage, thinking about "where her first destination will be?" then decided to take a little walk and discovering the nearby areas on foot. The hotel was located on the outskirts of the city, surrounded by vast fields and delightful meadows on the west side, and not far from it on the right side, a small deserted rest is overlooking the Elbe River directly, with a canteen that used to serve drinks and pies to visitors before the war, but closed its doors and no one came to it.

Cold winter winds were messing with her locks of hair falling from under her wool hat, waving it left and right, but she also caressed her memory and refreshed her imagination, as she evoked old photos with which she returned to her hometown in Hamburg, the city where she lived the best days of her childhood. Ursula evoked its broad boulevards, narrow cobblestone alleys and its homes roofs leaning decorated with red-brick. She also remembered those Choral Hymns that she learned in St. Michael's Church, as it is customary at this time of every year that her sister preparing for Christmas. They were do decorating the young pine tree and waiting for the morning of Eid to find what Santa Claus left for them, as gifts beside the stove. These ceremonial rituals attendant her until she grew up, realized that there were no saints in the North Pole, those gifts were coming to her from her father, who was always striving to make her happy, never stopped to this until illness crippled him, departed the world completely just like

happiness and joy departed her life and all those become just a memory from the past.

The December-sun plunged into its sundown, as it drowning in its twilight, leaving its orange rays breaking on the face of the water. Ursula stood in a high place on the side of the river, meditate silently at the view of the water, and she walked on her way, nothing stops her. She remembered a description that she had once read to the poet Heinrich von Kleist, written in a letter to his sister, in which he says, *“I stand on the bank of the high beach and look down to see the picturesque Elbe Valley, which kneeled on its knees in front of me, like a painting by Claude Lorient.”* What a paradox! As if the past and present in this city have become like two magnets repel each other and do not meet, she is now the one who kneels on her knees in front of the river, begging it to wash away her soul from worries. Suddenly, she felt the urge to leave the place, so she needs for what makes herself feel comfortable from this despair that surrounding her. She hurried back to the hotel, took her car, headed towards the center of the city, wanted to feel the warmth of its narrow alleys and deep paths, and walk between its historical walls, hoping to breathe some of the scents of the beautiful time, but her shock was strong when she sees through her car glass, the extent of the destruction that happened to it and destroy of its most important landmarks. They bombed its antique buildings and razed its walls, even the minarets of Churches, the Opera House and ancient palaces walls were not spared from the flames. She felt a black jelly pounding her and squeezing her heart. She wanted to get rid of the weight hang on her chest, but it tightens its grip on her heart and blurred her eyes until she could not complete her tour and stopped walking.

She put her head in despair on the steering wheel her car for moments, but soon she got up, as if a spot of light shone for her after she had the idea of heading to the City Cathedral to light the candles for the Virgin. Ursula was not religious enough to make sure to perform the prayers, religion in Germany was another front from the fronts the ideological war and it was only allowed to the extent that befits the Nazi ideology, but she no longer cares for that. She now needs great spiritual energy to help her in resist the grief that prevails her soul. She reached to the Church, meditated it for moments from outside, then run rushing to inside. The place made her feel warm and reassuring, as she was in tip-top condition after priests decorate the Church with crosses and icons of the Virgin and Jesus Christ, in preparation for the Christmas Mass.

The prayers had not yet begun, but she stood up before the image of the Virgin, began by praying and pray to God to end this war, which lasted too long. She got down on her knees and wept with a burning sensation until her sobbing was heard, then lit candles on the monument, left them burning and moved out. The sky was getting paler and the snow was gathering in the highest, starting to throw its soft flake. The city seemed to her, empty of everything, as if it a ghost town. She drove her car for a short distance, then stopped due to a malfunction hit her engine, tried to restart it, turned the key several times but to no avail, she stopped trying when the battery ran out and the engine stopped turning over completely. Therefore, she left it on the side of the road and went to look for a nearby telephone line to speak to Hermann, but the phone booths were also not spared from the bombing.

The darkness has spread its dark wings, and the street lights were not by force to dispel the darkness of the city, all shops and bars closed their doors for fear of being targeted by the coalition aircraft. She entered to it through a side alley, from which she turned into another alley, brought her out and went down the stairs that threw her into a dark tunnel, which she had to cross it to a small street, on the other side of the city, without knowing where she is going. She continued walking and penetrating alleys and paths without concentrating until she lost the way back. Almost an hour passed, walking between one alley and another without feeling for the time until she finally found herself in a lonely place fully empty of passers-by. She realized that she had entered into a maze, she would never get out of easily, the paths were dark and the alleys were similar. Her heartbeats began to racing and she felt great awe sweeping her chest, increased by the sirens that it unleashed its buzzes alerting a soon bombardment with horror and panic. She thought of knocking on a house door and asking for their help, but she changed her idea and preferred to keep on walking. The city turned off its lights to blocking the view from the enemy fighters that were targeting it from the sky, thus deepening of her isolation.

A flashing spot of light appeared to her from afar, she guessed that it is, a vehicle light on the main road or a secondary road leading to it, so she walked towards to it quickly. She was no longer feeling cold, fear and anxiety took over all of her senses, and she would have liked to let Herman accompany her, so surely he would have acted otherwise and avoided what she is in now. She walked for a long distance towards the light, without finding anything. The darkness was over the place and there was no trace of the human race outside. In such difficult moments, the people sheltering in the basements of their homes or

in the underground bunkers, which the authorities had prepared. Ursula turned right then left and the despair took its place from her, but suddenly a strange man appeared in front of her in the darkness, as if he came out of the wall. She was terrified by his look, but she held on and her anxiety eased a little, when she saw him too busy closing the doors of his shop, she approached him and had found that he was closing the doors of his bar.

He looked at her suspiciously, and asked her, “Who are you?” She thanked God because she was finally able to find someone to talk to. She told him that she was a journalist, alien from the city and she was lost while looking for a phone booth after her car broke down on the main street. A man couldn’t believe his ears and told her, “Do you know where you are now? You went much further as the main street is so far from here.” Her attitude aroused his sympathy and he allowed her to use the bar’s phone to call the hotel. She did not know the number, but he searched for it in the telephone directory and contact it by himself. The phone lines in Dresden had been heavily damaged by the bombing, but fortunately for her, the bell rang and she was finally able to speak to Hermann, she told him what happened to her and that she is now lost, but the time did not enough to help her, and the call was interrupted before she told him where she is located! She tried calling back several times, but there’s no answer. The night had completely tightened its grip on the city, the harshness of winter has increased from the darkness of blackness and the owner of the bar was forced to close his shop due to the war emergency law that imposed by the authorities. He offered her to accompany him to his house nearby and staying with him until the morning, and he told her that she would not be alone with him, as he had a wife and children, but she refused and asked for him to show her the nearest way to return to the place where she had left her car.

Ursula was without feeling she had walked a long distance that made her far away from the city center. The owner of the bar pointed her to a small street near the bar and asked her to wait there. Usually, supplies and medicine vehicles pass by at this time and they can take her with them to the center of Dresden. She thanked him and went to the street and she had been waiting there alone. The time was passing slowly, the place was lonely, the drizzle of snow and cold were alternating in the shiver of her body, but she was shivering with fear more than a cold. There was no track appears for any vehicle or engine and she was afraid that the bombardment will start while she is still outside. She thought to continue walking, but her strengths were weakness, and she also was afraid to go further away and deepen in these isolated areas, which were already no longer safe.

After long patience, a car light loomed for her that hacking the darkness from afar, so she rejoiced and stood up in the middle of the road and started waving with both of her hands to the driver. The car stopped and two people get down of it, wearing a uniform. This was one of the military police patrols, which combing Dresden and its suburbs, day and night. They asked her, “Who she is? And what’s the reason for her standing in this remote area at this late time?” But she did not reveal her true identity to them, fearing that the news might somehow reach to her husband, so she preferred to tell them that she is an Austrian journalist and her name is Frauen Hilda, then she had told them what happened with her in full.

On the advice of Hermann, Ursula didn’t carry with her any documents proving her true identity, so the security men told her that they would take her with them and they would hand her over to the Dresden city police to check her identity before her release. She fell into the same dilemma that she was fleeing from and this is she didn’t take into account. She felt hot blood rising to her head and almost flowing from her ears, and she didn’t know how to get rid of this dilemma, in which she had placed herself, her thoughts were scattered and confused her down, then fainted.

Meanwhile, as soon as her call was cut off, Hermann had left the hotel and went out to looking for her. He swept all the main streets, side roads and looked everywhere maybe finding her in, but to no avail. He thought of going to the Cathedral, but he backtrack when he noticed her car parked on the side of the road. He guessed she’s lost in one of the alleys or the nearby paths, so he parked his car next to her car and started looking for her in the vicinity. Behind the main street, several small side pathways were leading to the ancient city, and he entered through it relying on his intuition and hoping to find her. The snow started falling, and the bars, shops and cafes are all closed and the movement completely non-existent, as if the city had been emptied of its inhabitants. Hermann continued to looking for between paths and alleys, hurry up between dark routes and narrow lanes, but to no avail. He asked two people he had met them, but they refused to stop and talk to him. After two hours of painstaking research, he also lost his strength, and disturbance and anxiety found their way into himself. He got feared that is something bad has happened to her and fell into his hand, but he did not find it necessary to go to the police station to report her missing and seeking for their help. He was aware that this would bring immense trouble to them and their relationship might unfold, but he preferred to bear all the consequences to find her and return her to the hotel, safely.

Ursula woke up from fainting and found herself lying on a bed with a nurse by her, who belonging to the civil police corps. She told her that the military police patrol handed her over to them a while ago to check her identity and she's now at the Dresden police headquarters. Meanwhile, Hermann had arrived at the same place and beginning to give her descriptions to one of those charged with receiving communications. One of the female soldiers heard him and she told him that the military police had just handed them over a young woman with the same descriptions, they said she is a journalist has no any identification papers, she is now in the emergency department to receive first aid and he can go there to get to know her. Hermann breathed a sigh of relief and blood returned to his pale face, forgotten all his fatigue, although his feet had swollen from walking until he descended the stairs leading to the hospitalization section at lightning speed. He asked one of the workers there, she showed him to her room. He went in, as soon as she caught sight of him, she jumped out of her bed with joy and hugged him. Their hug flared-up again, as if it a new meeting after a long absence, and they engaged in a hot embrace, anxiety and influence were apparent on them. He examined her eagerly, and asked her, "If something bad had happened to her?" She whispered him in a faint voice that she is fine, but she fell into trouble because she told them her pseudonym and they didn't believe her, so they brought her here to check her identity and she did not know how to act! Reassured and told her that he will take care of it, and she should never have to worry. Suddenly, one of the police officers walked in-on them and interrupted their conversation after asking them to accompany him to meet the duty officer.

Hermann knew in advance that coming to Dresden in the wartime would require a lot of caution, so he handled him just to be ready for a situation like this. When asked, he told the officer that he is a journalist and works as a war correspondent for the Austrian Radikal newspaper, who name is Hans McCain, and that the woman is his colleague and works with him, as a photographer in the same newspaper, who name is Hilda Matthias, and she had lost in the city streets until a military police patrol found her, then he handed him two identity cards and a professional card proving the authenticity of his statements. Ursula was terrified for fear of exposing their matter and discovering fraud. Quite unlike her, Hermann was acting spontaneously and confidently, even so, added that he asked the officer to allow her to sit because she is tired and her feet cannot carry her from the fatigue severity. The officer was not commented on his words and started to transmit his shrewd gaze between them and the identities that in his hands, as if he doubted something. Suddenly, he pressed on the bell, and one of

the officers entered to them and gave him a military salute. The officer asked him to contact the central police services in Berlin and verify the personal information on the IDs by himself. Ursula was shocked by what she had heard and almost fell on the ground after she fainted for the second time, but for Hermann seized her and held her in his arms.

The officer obliged to call the duty nurse to aid her again, so she took her back to the emergency department and decided to take care of her there. Hermann politely objected to the officer's decision, saying that he and his colleague could not remain detained at the police station until they are sure of their identity, because it would definitely take a long time. Besides, he had another proof of the authenticity of what he says, then he handed him an envelope that he took out from his jacket pocket, inside it an official approval by the Gestapo, which it carries his name, photo, stamped and signed with official seals of the secret police, whereby they allow him to practice his work and roam freely. The duty officer examined that document well, as the Gestapo's correspondence was usually printed on special paper and its seals could not be forged. That letter was absolutely correct and free of any suspicion and it was a good enough to be convinced the officer by the truthfulness of Hermann's words without the need for any further action, so the duty officer politely apologized to him and immediately decided to release them and tell him that they can leave if the woman's health improves. Herman did not wait long and followed Ursula to the emergency department to comfort Ursula and check up on her, but the nurse told him that she had injected her with a sedative that would make her sleep for at least five hours, as she suffers from high blood pressure and strong nervous tension, so he asked permission to get an ambulance to take her to her room in the hotel, where she will be more comfortable and she will get better quickly, his request answered by the nurse.

As the morning sent its first sunrays announcing a new day, Ursula opened her eyes lazily and she did not believe herself seeing the ceiling, which she was familiar with looking at every time she wakes up from her sleep, she looked around, with a surprise of what happened, to make sure that she's not dreaming and that she's really laying on her bed in her room. She wondered with astonishment mixed with joy, "was all that horror just a nightmare?" But her joy was doubled when she found Hermann sitting next to her on the bed hugging her with one hand and resting his sleeping head with the other. His presence made her feel reassured; so, she awakened him from his snooze, rubbed his eyes, and said good morning to him, he asked her if she was feeling better? But he didn't

wait for her answer as he held her hand in tenderness and kissed it then went on saying, “didn’t I say that you don’t have to worry while being with me?” she didn’t comment on his words but she realized that what she lived yesterday was actually terrifying and that it was an exceptional night full of scary details that well deserves to be one of the tragic scenes of the cruelest horror movies.

Chapter Six

A Hot Winter's Night

The sun's rays have been gradually fading in the sky of Dresden, folding another day of cold December days and making way for the night to bring down its dark curtains over the city. Ursula had taken a rest that allowed her to regain some of her psychological balance and stood up in front of her window overlooking the Northern meadows of snow, smoking a cigarette after a cigarette, and recalling those difficult moments that lived yesterday. That small tour between the alleys and paths of the city was enough to get a miniature idea of the hell of war and its tragedies, and revealed to her the secret of the brutality and gloom that inhabited the souls of the majority of the German people. The atmosphere has always become grey, if not because of the clouds that block the sun's rays, then because of the smoke rising from the bombing targets and the smell of gunpowder. No voice is louder than the voice of the cannons and the roar of planes, even the songs that broadcast by the radio waves didn't just play the sound of war. The sound of shells, power outages, sirens, and hiding in underground bunkers, all these were a daily routine that cruelly imposed itself on the lives of the Germans, but hunger and deprivation had become a bitter reality with which they coexisting with compulsion. Depression became associated with them because of the cruelty of life and even became an inherent characteristic in their souls until it was reflected in the features of their faces.

Ursula exhaled thick smoke from her chest, as if she wanted to breathe out with it her worries that hurt her mind, she came to this city for fun only, but it forced her down from her ivory tower and made her discover the ugly face of war and see closely the scale of oppression, fear and destruction. She was hearing the scourge and tragedies of war and reading about it in newspapers, but she unlike other of the Nazi leaders' wives, she was isolated from her painful truth and its cruelty. She wasn't missing much. She was enjoying luxury in her safe and comfortable bunkers in the capital, even if that luxury was minimal; so, she was defending the legitimacy of the war fiercely and see it necessary for a prosperous future for the Great Reich. She was making speeches in women's gatherings, urge them to be patient, and tell them that times of adversity and pain have an

inevitable end, just like hours of prosperity and joy. But she realized today that prosperity and joy were not a fair division between groups of people, as is the case with adversity and pain. She extinguished her last cigarette, closed the window of her balcony, then turned to Hermann and asked, "What next?" Her question was odd and unexpected, but she went on, "What is after this war and this destruction? Look around you! In every city, houses, bars, coffeehouses, theaters, a radio, a television, even church bells, the air that rises from the fields, and the blood that runs through the veins, all of those are now covered in black and carries nothing but the smell of death. Today, and after five years of war, I've almost assured you that we have survived nothing but sorrow, pain and tears, as for our cities have become a heap of ashes and smoke."

Hermann was not going to comment on her words, as he used to be conservative of disclosing in what expressing oneself in front of her and keep silently, whenever the conversation dragged them to this matter. Hermann, despite the sensitivity of his position, and being one of the people who were keen on protecting the Reich from his enemies, but he was one of the most vocal opponents of this war from the beginning. He does not hide his sorrow over the loss of millions of lives for the sake of Hitler's cosmic leadership thesis, and because of that their relationship was tense and their discussions reach to the dead end, but what Ursula said at tonight clearly shows that there are signs of a shift in her convictions. For she is for the first time abandoning the arrogance of the spoiled woman, the descendant of ancient families, in Hamburg, and the wife of colonel, the influential Nazi to speak for the sane person who is free from the restrictions of Nazi racism. She touched the concerns of the simple people, approached their reality, she gained first-hand impressions of the scenes of devastation in Dresden and saw what fear, oppression and deprivation were doing in the souls of its inhabitants, so the fragments of their depression touched her. Her enthusiasm for war has subsided, her mood changed, and she became overwhelmed with misery until she lost her joy and her accommodation in Dresden became heavy. Hermann didn't expect that things to take this direction, so he wanted in any way to find a way to expel the cloud of sadness, which hung over her and liberalized her from the chains of despair that tightened its grip on her heart. It was this night, the twenty-fourth of December, and he remembered that it was a Christmas Eve when he heard her humming with a sad tune:

In December,
Santa Claus won't come this year
He won't see the way because of the darkness
In December,
Snow turned to ash
And the fields turned black

His insight gave him the idea that he didn't know how it had lost sight of him, so he decided to take advantage of the occasion and holding a small and simple celebration for her. He brought the matter to the hotel manager and she didn't mind but even allowed to him to use an isolated room in the attic of the hotel. He hung decorations on the walls and arranged a small pine tree from the storerooms, then placed it in a suitable place next to the stove, and because the celebration doesn't take place without a feast, he prepared potato mushrooms soup cooked and brought a bottle of French champagne that he kept in the trunk of his car and that he had previously brought it with him from Lorraine, besides the pieces of cheese and biscuits. This dinner was in the time of war, and under conditions like them, it was truly a sumptuous feast. He arranged everything with an elegant touch on the table, decorated it with red candles, kindle them, and scattered tulips around the room, then turn off the lights and go out.

Ursula was in her room amusing herself with reading one of the novels that she had brought with her from Berlin, but she was not reading as much as she was staring. Hermann entered to her and she asked him about "the secret of the broad smile on his face!" he asked her to close her eyes, hold his arm and accompany him. She was afraid that he intended to embark on an adventure, but he reassured her, stressing that she should not fear of anything while she is with him. It seemed interesting to her and she needed some change to break up the boredom, so she walked beside him in the hallway, bound his arm and her eyes are closed, he climbed the stairs with her slowly, then she asked him jokingly, "if he intending to throw her from the top of the hotel!" he did not comment on her joke and kept holding her hand until they reached the attic room, after that he opened the door and entered her, then stood behind her and asked her to open her eyes.

Red candles were burning over the table and flowers were scattered everywhere, she did not believe that she would surely celebrate the Christmas, and her joy was so great when she was examining champagne bucket, but her joy

was much greater when she seeing the Christmas tree fully decorated in its natural place, beside the wood-burning stove. The atmosphere was on its simplicity, enrapture and full of love and romance. He whispered in her ear to congratulate “Merry Christmas, my beloved, every year and you are a thousand good.” She did not find expressive words to thank him, so she hugged him strongly. He whispered in her ear that joy would remain possible despite the war, for the breaths of life is too sacred to be silenced by the sounds of cannons, and then he began humming for her some of the hymns that he used to memorize:

You're soft as snow, I do believe
You're warm like Christmas Eve
And in your arms, my “Eve”
There will be a newly born happiness
That won't fail its promises

His warm breath was touching her cheeks and increasing her love desires, so she melted with him by an eternal burning kiss that melted their lips until stocked together, he knew already how to break her depression and monotony days too, she wasn't wrong when she loved him; maybe that love was her the only motivation to stay. He made her sit at the table, poured to her the hot potato soup cooked with mushroom, and told her proudly that he prepared it by himself for her; so, she thanked him with a loving touch on his cheek. The warm atmosphere was all over the place that champagne toasts crowned with joy, nothing was missing, and she even forgot everything annoying her mind. As Christmas is known of its gifts, he asked her after finished diner, to search under the tree; maybe Santa Claus started his journey and left something for her. Ursula did know that Hermann's surprises are endless; so, she got down on her knees and reached out under the tree and as a result, she found a wrapped box. She sorted it out and opened it immediately to discover a pair of doves from oak in the middle of a nest from tree bark inside the box. Although it was a token gift, it meant a lot to her and Hermann didn't need words to express his love and wish of having a happy life to her as all that he did for her was more expressing than speech. Things didn't stop there, but even he brought a silent music CD, he chose it carefully and put it in the phonograph then asked her to have a Christmas dance with him, she got up and slipped into his arms and started dancing with him.

He made her regain her joy, despite everything, and proved to her that the candle of love is capable of breaking the darkness of despair, and confused him that she would never let this exceptional night pass without offering him a gift

worthy of him. She wanted to pursue her hobby of reaching the highest pleasure, so she finished her dance prematurely, put her coat on her shoulders, put on her woolen hat, and asked him to follow her outside. She jumped the stairs rapidly without stopping, and didn't forget to take the champagne bottle with her, which didn't leave her hand. Hermann followed her, trying to figure out any crazy desires that controlled her. Snow outside surrounded the hotel building and temperatures were at their lowest level. First, she told him that she wanted to build a "snowman" in order to complete the ceremony, and he could help her if he wanted to, but he had to know that she wanted it with a long nose and prominent eyes. The idea did not please him, especially since the weather was frosty, so he tried to cover her, fearing that she might catch a cold. He held her hand and returned, but she managed to get away from him. She was drinking champagne directly from the bottle and laughing loudly, and it seemed that she had done her thing and set her body on fire, and she ran in front of him in the yard with madly, as he tried to catch up her, as if he is chasing a little girl. His feet were diving into piles of snow and so he would trip and fall on the ground and she laughing at his look. She reached out to him to help him stand up, but she deceived him and pushed him until he fell again and she ran away from him, scooping up the snowflakes and throwing them on each side. Her loud laughs broke the tranquility of the place until the hotel staff noticed her and circled behind the entrance glass, watching what happened. Hermann stood submissively in front of her madness and watched him, too, as she kicked out piles of snow and wore out champagne like a professional slave. He was happy to see her delighted, and he smiles along, then shared her to play by throwing snowflakes from its place. Finally, she regained her joy and got rid of the depression that encircled her soul before she suddenly stopped drinking and playing with snow. She set aside the champagne glass and asked, "Don't you too want to see my gift?" She did not wait for his answer, but took a few steps away from him and said, "Okay, I want your opinion now" and tossed her hat far through the air. The hotel manager and her assistants, as well as the guard, were circling around each other, watching in astonishment. Hermann felt embarrassed and tried to approach her and hold her, but she ran away from him and warned him not to do so again. She removed her coat, took off her sweater and long skirt, then released her hips and underpants as well. She would take off her clothes piece by piece and throw them at him as she swayed. He could not believe that she was doing what she was doing and in this frosty weather, so he shouted at her, saying, "Please, my love, this is enough." But she delayed her laughter without even paying attention to him. He asked her begging, "Are you not feeling cold? You will get sick." She

did not pay heed to his warnings, but she turned around herself, raising her hands to the sky and said, “What do you think? Don’t you like my looks?” Then gave him a slag glance, she took off her bra and shorts and threw them to him and stood in front of him completely naked and said, “Now you will like it, I know!! You told me yourself that watching a woman take off her clothes is more exciting than watching a naked woman, and here I have fulfilled your wish, it is my gift to you on the occasion Christmas.” He did not know how to act, his feelings were intertwined between admiration for her, fear for her and embarrassment of voyeur's eyes, only the sirens saved him, which stopped her rage and put an end to her adventure when it sounded with all force heralded a new chapter of bombing, only then Ursula forced to stop her hot show and surrendered to Herman, then as he wrapped her body with her coat and hurried back to her room, where the bathtub was their last place to celebrate and end the ritual adoration under the stream of warm water.

Chapter Seven

The Moon Has a Dark Side as Well

From behind the clouds, the morning sent its winter greeting and few sun rays which knocked Ursula's window and waked her up after a night of snow and love. Hermann was sitting in front of the window drinking a cup of hot cocoa and writing some of his thoughts in his notebook that he used to carry during his journeys. He wasn't fond of writing before, but the terrors of the war change man's nature and makes him store lots of feelings that can't be expressed in any way but writing. Ursula got up; so, he said good morning to her and she replied his morning greeting with a lazy sleepy voice then headed to the bathroom.

Hermann asked the hotel service to bring them the best breakfast they prepare as he made sure to provide some stuff for the hotel thanks to his acquaintance with a Czech merchant who came from the villages of Bohemia, when Ursula sat at the table, she found orange juice, fried eggs, and warm milk with coffee and biscuits. She smiled and asked him if that was a ritual of the celebration too, as, since her arrival at Dresden, she didn't have a breakfast like this. He smiled because of her words and didn't comment then put his notebook aside and poured her the milk himself. She asked him about that notebook held by his hand as she didn't see it before. He answered her that he became used to using it for writing his thoughts in addition to some sayings and provisions that he likes while reading books or when he hears them here or there. He sat to have breakfast with her talking together about poetry, literature and what became known as the literature of war among the cultural spheres. Ursula overcame her short-term psychotic break and returned to her fun personality; what Herman did for her yesterday had a magical effect. She asked him to have a look at what he had written, he didn't refuse and gave her the notebook. Meanwhile, someone knocked on the room door, it was the receptionist who came for Hermann as someone was waiting for him in the lobby saying he wants to meet him for a private thing. Hermann didn't make him wait for a long time and accompanied him after begging Ursula's pardon and letting her finish her breakfast by herself and reading his written thoughts.

Date: late December 1943
Place: Dresden
Address: The Verses of Joy

Your sun is shining again making the flame of love increase in the heart. A small pine tree is praying with us while we're planting hope seedling and cover it with love soil and provided with water to bloom with love in the kissing seasons. Do you know, my beloved that I start every day by putting love flowers like the letter of your name? Do you know that you're the holy light hymns given by the goddess of love to my dark heart and that you're the verses of joy that saves me from the beginning of dawn? I wonder, my love, if time will let us thread dreams for a home with no war or death a home without arrows of despair shot on us? I say it and I swear that I love you, you're fixedly placed in my heart, and say it and I swear that I managed to mix tears with life water to provide it to peace fields in our grieving country to bloom.

His words increased her passion to read more; she didn't know he was good at writing thoughts and love words just as the reports and news of the war. Hermann was different from her regarding his social segment and upbringing; she came from a big wealthy German family of Hamburg, while he was born for a poor family in the restrict of Sudetenland and grew up there, he experienced very harsh conditions which made him live a difficult childhood in a home that was torn apart and greed played with, but he received a good education that qualified him to join the military school in Berlin after being expelled from the school of non-commissioned officers in Prague; so, he outdid himself and polished his abilities that grew by the cruelty of experiments until he built a unique personality that impresses whoever meets him.

Ursula was reading what he wrote attentively before he disturbs her concentration and returns to her full of sadness with teary eyes. She asked him what happened and what made him look like this? So, he told her that he had shocking news that confirms that the villages of Sudetenland were bombarded intensely by the German air force during chasing some Czech rebels who align with Russia and they slipped to the region and holed up in its mountains; so, for eliminating them, they destroyed the whole villages and they were destroyed over their residents.

That region, which had a German majority of residents, was a reason for World War II, as it was part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in the past then it

joined the Republic of Czechoslovakia after the Treaty of Versailles and the authority of Prague were suspecting the families there and that's why it treated them cruelly and prevent their children from joining college or getting a civil service job, and here they are today after being a part of Germany, that shares the same race and language with them, they are treated as second-degree citizens followed with suspicions and burned alive in the fire of bombardment without doing anything wrong.

Ursula tried to comfort him although all the sentences of solace weren't helping her in this condition as she knows that he is attached to the place where he was born and where he grew up, the place he fought for against the Czechoslovakian oppression. The feeling of disadvantage was feeding up-on his soul, anger controlled him to an extent that he didn't stay silent and swore at that war which burnt everything without distinguishing. Ursula tried to decrease his anger by saying that every war has its innocent victims, but he became furious and yelled at her objecting "Why? Why should we be forced to our death? Why is our bloodshed on the pages of history sometimes for our race and sometimes for the patriotism that led us to see only blood and death? Why do they want us to see nothing but what the leader sees? Is it fair that thousands of innocent people die only because Hitler doesn't like the latitudes and longitudes?" His words came out of his mouth stronger than bullets, she felt that he also accuses her with his gazes because she is zealot Nazi and because she had always defended this war so she remained silent while he sat on the table in desperation with his head in his hands.

She approached him and patted on his shoulder, she didn't know that he was hiding his tears that he couldn't hold and let them fall from his eyes until he raised his head and wiped his eyes with both hands. She had never seen him like this, as if she was discovering another side of the moon but it was the dark side, definitely. A mixture of silence and caution controlled the place before he says with a low trembling voice "Should we all be similar and noble to deserve life? Should we color our blood and skin with only one color because the leader wanted it? If he was disturbed by a cold or a fleeting whine, he will choose to kill us again because he didn't distinguish the colors in the right way? No, Ursula, no, no, it is neither fair nor moral to kill millions only because there are doubts about their loyalty. It's not a duty to share the same ideas or agree to them to deserve living peacefully. No matter what were those ideas, they remain rational as their source is a human who can err, it's not a divine enforceable law and that's why we shouldn't leave our minds to someone and let him take control

unless he respects our humanity and rules us with fairness and equality regardless color, race, or language. Hitler and everyone believe in Nazism should understand that their white skin doesn't make them any special from the other people for a very simple reason: white color itself is a mixture of different colors and all colors can be refracted on light and be blocked by darkness just like how Nazism and all racist ideas will be broken on the rock of humanity.”

She was listening to his words silently without saying any comment; what he uttered was dangerous, it's even considered as a kind of intellectual betrayal of the Reich. Even though she was not convinced, today, of the advantage of this war compared to the great losses it has left behind, deep inside, she remained loyal to her patriotism and she cannot be disloyal no matter what the mistakes were. She was aware that Hermann's words, although they are dangerous, they made romantic sense, but that sense is not enough for her to agree on them, and yet she now had nothing to do but comfort him and try to put him at ease; she was the closest one to him and she knew the impact of what he had happened on him. She told him “I know that what happened is so painful and difficult to accept my love and you might be right, but you have to know that pain is the other face of life, and that the tears of sadness are as salty as the tears of joy so we only have to be patient.”

Hermann knew her position and he excused her as he saw her as all Germans; she was brainwashed intensely for years, that made her full of Nazi ideas although they are mainly racist ones, the conviction that Hitler's propaganda had established for years, wouldn't budge or change overnight, yet he was betting on the purity of her spirit, her humanity, and her good intentions, he didn't make her shoulder the responsibility of what happened even mentally, although she didn't believe so. He sat on his chair in front of the window and stretched his leg on the opposite chair, then lighted his cigarette and kept pouring glasses of vodka for himself one after the other till she interfered to prevent him from doing that as she had never ever seen him overdrinking like now, especially it was too early; it wasn't midday yet. She asked him to accompany her in a stroll outside the hotel as she wanted to breathe some fresh air around the riversides as the weather is so good for doing that and he didn't refuse it.

He went out with her and she was holding his arm and walking by his side, she kept looking at him occasionally to examine his facial expressions as he was looking away beyond the mountains as if he wanted to look from his place to see what happened to his home in Sudetenland and remained silent until he got to an

abandoned break room on the banks of the river. As an attempt to lighten the mood, Ursula told him “This is my beautiful secret place in Dresden, if you didn’t find me one day, you will definitely meet me here,” He smiled at her hint and told her that he would not lose her again; he will secretly follow her, and without telling her. She was happy that his anger began to fade away and his mood improved a little bit. She glanced a lotus flower appearing on the riverside; so, she asked him to hold her well and not to let her go in order not to slide into the mud or fall into the shallow water. He asked her what she wanted to do; Ursula pointed to the flower saying she wants it. He asked her to stay still and he would bring it for her, but she refused and insisted that she would do it by herself even though it would be hard. He held her right hand, fixed her leg on his, and she leant to the edge of the river until she picked it up and he pulled her to him again. She gave it him saying that she only did it to give him the flower, he took it and put it on his mouth to smell its scent deeply then kissed it and gave it back to her. She asked him to fix it on her left ear and tie it to her hair, he did it just as she wanted and flirted with her in a sad tone saying the flower would be surely happy in its new home.

The features of sadness were all over his face despite his calmness, she asked him what he was thinking. But he did not answer her, but he took a deep breath of cold air and stood in front of the river looking at it. I hugged him from his back, put her head on it, and asked him to tell her everything in his heart without hesitation, as she is not used to seeing him as a sad and she didn’t know how to get him out of his sadness. He turned to her and looked at her honey-colored eyes, she seemed like another woman other than the one he knew in Berlin. He held her hand and headed with her under a cork tree. He gathered some haystacks and sat on them leaning his back on the tree then made her sit beside him. She was staring at him as if she wants to look inside him, he rubbed her forehead with his hand and said “you were right Ursula, if it weren’t for the pain, we wouldn’t know the meaning of happiness, that right, as the tears of pain are as salty as those of joy and here the problem resides, Ursula, I’m tired, I don’t want a life with salt flavor. If it was my destiny to die, then I have the right to choose the way that I see it suitable for death, and if it was my destiny to live in misery, then I just want to live my misery with thrill, I don’t want anything else, but they even made misery part of serving politics. I accept living the rest of my life in the depression under two conditions which are having a safe life and enjoying the freedom of choice, I might not reach that goal but I will try. If I succeeded in achieving it, I will deserve the honor of my freedom and if I failed, I will choose

willingly to live the life of priests and turn into one in a far cathedral or a convent on a high hill where no sound is heard except the sound of bells and rain, but may god allow me to just feel some love and it would be amazing, I will mix my misery with vodka, kisses, and hugs. Then, my life will have meaning.”

Ursula had been always fond of looking for the grey mystic areas in Hermann’s personality and that’s why she provoked him when she felt he was ready for that, but she didn’t want to do it that day too; he was sad more than any other time before and he felt alienated from everything around him so she felt sorry for him and felt she should take the first step for him this time and get him out of his grief as he deserves this, he deserves exerting effort. She stood and extended her hand to take him to the abandoned break room then took off his coat and unbuttoned his shirt looking in his eyes, she touched his chest with her hand as if she wanted to touch his heart, traced his lips with her finger then gave him a burning kiss and whispered: “I love you.” Her overwhelming femininity was enough to trigger his desire with the least exerted effort. He kissed her back hard as if he wants to melt a calcified iceberg inside him by the hot lava of kissing. They forgot the talk of politics, war and ideologies and surrendered to the talk of kisses and hugs. She took off her coat and wool sweater then pulled him softly to her took off his clothes as well, he was following her lead without hesitation, she went up on one of the tables and laid on it and he did the same beside her then they melted together in a talk of the body to another body; that was the only conversation on which they don’t ever have different opinions.

Chapter Eight

Bitter Honey

Another day goes, Ursula and Hermann are still mired in love, kissing and talking of memories. She did not leave the hotel except to enjoy a view of the sunset on the banks of the river. That was her habit every evening as he left her and went to an unknown destination. She asked him, "If he was hiding something from her or if there was something she should know?" But he was well eluding the answer by drowning her in his hug and listing things that are completely far from the substance of her question. Except that tonight, he was different and got worried. This made her feel that something to occupy his mind and aroused her curiosity, so she pressed strongly to force him to speak. Then, he did not find a way to admit to her that he was contacting with one of his colleagues in the Gestapo to make sure that everything is alright and her husband, Colonel Colin Walter Colin, isn't yet back from his journey to the Wolf's Lair, but something strange was happened.

She asked him, "What is it?" He responded that her husband's colonel's office had received an encrypted message, yesterday, got via the wireless, informing him an important meeting of the Military Staff Committee and he should rush to come to the Wolf's Lair. Ursula screamed, asking did her husband get something bad happened to him? He interrupted her, saying this maybe, but there is another possibility, which is closer to verification. She looked at him, waiting for an explanation of his words, and he gradually said one of them told him that he accompanied Colonel on a private trip to the suburb of Baden, where ... Before finishing his speech, Ursula interrupted him once again, asking with disapproval, "Baden! Says Baden! Are you sure of what you say?" He replied that he was confident with his words and information, and more than this, he had personally verified that her husband had gone there. Besides, he will leave her to guess the reason and to answer her question, as she does not lack intelligence.

Ursula got flare-up of anger at the mystery that surrounding his speech, and soon her face was grimy and she said to him in a sharp tone, "I realize that isn't time for miracles and there is no man on this earth, who has not tainted his body with the sweat of a pitch," but Colin told me that he had a job in Rustenburg and

he was insisting to follow him there as soon as I returned from visiting my sister in Hamburg because he expects that his stay will be extended, be next to the Führer and perhaps until the end of the war. But what you are telling me now means that he lied to me and was not on a mission as he told me, and he was cheating me with one of them in Baden, so what does that mean? Hermann tried to reassure and calm her by saying that “her husband may take the chance of time when it is supposed that she will visit her sick sister.” However, he was slightly messing with his Austrian sweetheart Clara for a few days before he precedes her and moves to Rustenburg. Then, he maliciously inspired her that if she wanted to secure her way, he could do so, because it is certain that cross forests of East Prussia alone are an incalculable risk of the consequences.

Hermann’s offer was, in fact, a mere cunning attempt to lure Ursula to reveal for him the details of her upcoming trip to Rustenburg. Therefore, nobody knew where Hitler would disappear except for some tiptoes members of the army and security services, who formed the narrow circle of people that he trusted. Ursula’s husband was one of them, and Hermann managed to knock her down when she replied that she would not be alone but would accompany Eva Braun, the leader’s sweetheart. And that there is a security column of the military police that usually secures the transportation of the supplies of the Führer, some of his assistants will leave after midnight on the last Monday of December from Berlin to pick them up and that they have superior orders for the motorcade guard to arrive at his destination safely. Hermann pretended not to be indifferent to what Ursula said despite its danger, as if he had not paid any attention to what he had heard but talking turned away from Rustenburg’s trip to talking about Ursula’s husband, expressing his astonishment at her attaching great importance to a topic like this, for she knows that her husband has been having affair with women since long-standing and this is not the first time. Then, he poured her a cup of hot wine and served it to her and asked her to forget the whole thing, inviting her to enjoy their place and what they have left of those short hours that separated her from returning to Berlin that they will probably never meet again, and no one knows what the situation will turn out.

Ursula didn’t have any kind of feelings for her husband, nor did she care about his repeated infidelities, which he also did not deny or even make an effort to hide, but despite this, she did not know the reason for the great annoyance that befell her after she heard it on the lips of Herman. She was sure that this was not jealousy of a man, who used to change mistresses same he changes neckties. But certainly, that Hermann’s words planted in herself seeds of anonymous anxiety,

and despite everything, she has no choice but to ignore the matter and enjoy the hours left in Dresden, and before she goes to bed, she had to proceed Hermann with a warning, saying, “Of course all that you heard tonight about Rustenburg and Monday's trip will be forgotten with the first ray of dawn, do you understand me, baby?” He answered her confidently, “Never have to worry, maybe I knew that before? But for your sake, sweetie, I will just forget all of that, as if I have never heard anything.” His tone of voice gave rise to deceptive confidence, then he kissed on her forehead and made her sleep on his chest until morning.

In the meantime, in which Ursula was sleeping, sharing a bed and hugs with her lover Hermann and enjoying warm love with him, in contrast to what he told her about her husband, Colonel Colin Walter Colin, this the latter was a retreat next to Hitler, in his hideout, in the forests of East Prussia and he never left him, but even he was holds the meetings day and night, where Hitler had personally assigned him on a mission of the utmost importance within the framework of the raging spy war.

Intelligence operations were another field, in which the Germans excelled and exceeded in for years, and the information war had the great merit in resolving many of battles with the least damage, so possessing information means possessing the keys to war. In the year 1940, the German devices managed to arrest Dutch agents working for the British, and this led to the occurrence of documents related to the British military communication code via wireless. Accordingly, the Germans managed to penetrate the communications of the British army and leaked false information to them that made the British carry out airstrikes and land-sea battles for two and a half years on phantom goals, which did not exist that drained their strength, time, equipment and cost them huge money, and enabled the Germans to fortify their defenses in several locations, especially in Holland, Belgium and France before the British discovered that and changing their strategies, so Hitler decided to do the same with the Soviets, but in a different way. Colonel Colin Walter Colin had to succeed in entrapping the Soviets and deluding them that Hitler had ordered tactical withdrawals from the Southern front with the intention of directing his forces towards the Black Sea coastlines and surprising the Soviets from the south and besieging them on three sides. Colin Walter Colin was counting on his deputies in Romania, Czechoslovakia and Ukraine, as he was working on connecting with them successively and provide them with “secret” information to be leaked so that underground networks working for Russia could pick up and sending to Moscow. Hitler's goal in this mission was to push Stalin to withdraw

some of his forces from the West and send them to the South, anticipation in order to repel the fake German attack, which would relieve pressure on his forces in the popular front and would enable him to rearrange his repositioning's and catch his breath before counterattacks and restore the balance, but the Soviet coordination-American made the repercussions of that operation on the ground is very limited and did not provide the expected results, to Hitler decided after that to get his papers out in full, as he pushed all his reserve forces to the fronts, which raised the alert status to its highest level that means doing more military mobilization, and more depletion of the energies and capabilities of the German people, physical and psychological, which had already come to an end.

Chapter Nine

The Last Tango

The darkness fell completely over Dresden. It is so cold at this night and the snow showers did not stop, but even were coming with the gunpowder showers, which spilt from the sky. The news of the defeats of the German army on the Eastern Front, came in succession, and brought down in its path, the legend of the invincible army. December evenings becoming more violent than before. Bad war news mixed with winter cold in a strange combination that made the weather got even frostier and forced Ursula or Fraun Hilda, as Herman liked, calling her on the submission in desperation, for the first time, to vodka bottle instead of hot wine. Her feeling this evening was different, her feelings conflicting and she gets concerned about the unknown. The soothing music coming out of the phonograph could not calm her down, so she replaced it, with the rebellious tango. She was smoking greedily and rubbing her hands together, suddenly she focused her eyes on Hermann. She smiled when she saw him flipping through pages of one of the old newspapers, so she addressed him mockingly, "I think you have memorized everything that was written in that newspaper, which has frayed between your hands since we came here and you turning its pages every day as if it going to give birth for you fresh news on its own." He laughed at her words, folded the newspaper, then put it aside, lay down in the bed, leaning his head with his palms, his smile on his face, and said; "One of the advantages of winter, is that brings evacuations together, so come close." Relatively speaking, she gave up her frown and approached him, and without taking her eyes off him, she put the bottle of vodka aside, on the table. She asked him, "Why do you love winter when you can't stand the cold? You grab a bottle of vodka like a hungry baby grabs his mother's breast?" He replied, "You always ask me, why I love winter? Well, it is the season of cold, love and memories. Alone winter gives warmth its value and gives us a good reason for a hug, but all this will not be possible if there is no wonderful and beautiful female like you." He was talking to her and caress her cheek with one hand while he touching her hands with his other hand, then he added, "The fondness for winter is associated as a syndrome of the fondness for women, as their presence is sufficient to defeat the harshness of cold and war. As for your presence, turns the winter and all seasons into a

permanent spring.” With you, I don’t feel the cold and I can dispense with vodka too, your satisfaction is enough to get drunk me. She liked what he said, so she smiled and then said, “Woe to you! How many times do I have to repent a day? I have always defeated the devil and ignored his temptation, but your lust is stronger than the devil’s temptation, and perhaps even you was the devil himself!” Then he looked at her with a look that she knows well and said, “I seduced you and you responded to me. The devil has nothing to do with the matter because love is greater and purer than just being a mere whisper.” She understood what he was throwing his words and did not want to be a comment, but looked in his eyes and said, “I will always love you even if this is in the judgment of the Lord a sin. Perhaps this was the only way to atone, even if a little bit about my sin in my own right.” He answered her, saying, “Perhaps the laws of heaven told us that seduction is the first way to sin. But it has done well when it allowed us to do it. If not for sin, we would not have known the way of repentance and righteousness. Sin is our first way to God. Probably, the angels wish that the Lord had allowed a little of it.” Their dialogue was enjoyable, although his justifications were not logical in her view, but she felt an improvement in her mood and began crowding him into his place on the bed, and she crammed herself to his side and then said, “So, you bastard, to do useful work.”

Ursula was under the influence of an unbridled desire to have sex not only for fun but to pursue her hobby of rebelling and breaking all the rules. She also wanted to get rid of stress, anxiety and negative thoughts; so, she had no way to do that except the bed. She was riding on him and making movements that he had never known before as if she wanted to tame him, or perhaps she wanted to exercise her rebellion softly; so, she did not leave him the freedom of initiative, but rather she was in control of everything. Moments later, he realizes that she was not reeling over him in vain, but she goes along with the tango rhythms that tempt her to dance. He did not utter a word, nor did he want to break her attention or confuse the notes of the double bass and violin, which are penetrating in her soul with a melodic symmetry that made her rise up. He surrendered to her and let dancing’ her dance, making room for feelings and melodies to speak out their words, and he was satisfied with watching her writhing in front of him as a charming and exciting dancer. Her movements were sometimes slow sometimes fast as if she is entirely in line with the instructions of the maestro like the rest of the musicians. Although, that her movements were adding to his excitement, he did not have the right of initiative. She was in control of something, but rather

she travelled to a world other than his world. She wanted to leave the reality of fear, death, and war, in which she was living, without being opposed by anyone; so, she would paralyze his movement, whenever he wanted to get rid of her chains, so she would pull him down so that he would not restrain from her.

For a moment, she felt the desire to strip out of her skin and give up the national limitations that had become shackle the Germans since Hitler's rise to power. She forgot everything on her mind and lost completely fainted of her own volition. The roar of planes that terrified her heart disappeared, and she could no longer hear anything but tango rhythms creeping under her skin, to get out as the sweat from its pores. She filled her lungs with the cold December air; so, it runs cold in her depths to free her from her sadness and set her free like a Roman or Iberian gipsy, who free from all restrictions. The rhythm rose, her movements rose with it, and she remained accelerating and accelerate while Hermann was under her closing his eyes, as if he wanted to catch her to her world. She tightened on his shoulder strongly and pushed him to plunge into bed while she goes to goes up in the sky and then shrieked at the height of her orgasm, "I love you, I love you, how much I love you, Carlos Gardel." She plunged into Herman's arms, powerless and give up to her fatigue and then fell into a deep sleep, while Carlos Gardel continued playing his phonemic piece alone until morning.

On the other hand, the general atmosphere in Germany and all the Axis powers have been living in hell. The general mobilization had reached its zenith. Everyone who could carry a gun, from men even children, was getting sent on the front, or the camps. Hitler used to be the one who always initiative of the attack, the situation is now reversed, and he has become in a position of defense and war has become a matter of existence, so the enemies are crawl from every side and it is necessary to fight fiercely to repel them before they storm the last lines of defense. If you asked a young woman in Germany, Austria, or Poland about the shape of the life she's dreamed about before today, she will take a deep breath and tell you that many pleasures and luxuries she could have been waived and reduced to one kiss, from a man who loved her and gave her warmth and security to be very happy. But even this is no longer possible in wartime, so how do they kiss while wearing gas masks all the time? In turn, that the woman with medical glasses, who is over her sixth birthday and used to sit afternoon every day behind the glass of her balcony, sipping her coffee or making from the wool ball, a warm treasure for her grandchildren while enjoying the sight of snow that is covering the roads and the leaking roofs of houses. Today, her heart breaks

whenever she receives a message from her rugged child behind the lines of fire, tears fill her eyes as she read his enthusiastic words when he describes his heroics on the battlefields and tries to convince her that he and his comrades are fighting for a strong Germany and that they will win for a better life (to everyone) to her, all mothers and women in the great Reich.

He writes to her, thinking that his ringing words will draw a smile of pride on her face and dispel the cloud of fear and sorrows, to be replaced by, glimpses/signs of hope. But in fact, she has torn apart by pain when she's seeing the flower of his youth withering and perishing to prove a terrible lie. That girl, mother and wife in Germany and the other Axis powers, all of them are aware that this war, which the Nazis see as sacred, is nothing but a crime, in which no one else will pay for it except for them, as soon as the fire consumed their men on the fronts and in the camps, it will be their turn to fall easy prey between the claws of human wolves and their honor shed in the streets, on the sidewalks and roads, under the feet and bodies of Russian soldiers. But regardless of all that, what really hurts is the end of that worker who bent his back for years while carrying his axe to break the rock and break the stone and dig bunkers and basements underground for taking shelter women and children in the cities, then dig trenches so that men could barricade themselves on the battlefronts, he eventually died and ended up without finding someone to dig a grave for him to rest in to be disposed of his decomposed corpses by dumping it in a mass crematorium with hundreds of corpses, body parts and human waste. As if fate decreed that the one who did not get caught by flames while alive would eat his flesh dead in the largest barbecue party, which humanity has never known like in history.

Chapter Ten

The Fading Glory of the War

The sun rays pierced through the dark curtains, and crept into Ursula's room, caressing her flushed cheeks, it waked her up from her sleep with difficulty. She touched by her hand the whereabouts of Hermann, but she didn't find him, he had left his bed too early. She got up, straightened up and stayed that way for a moment, wiping the impact of sleep with her hands and rubbing her eyes. She took a look at the wall clock, where it was pointing at 11 AM. She turned left and right, and found her room plunging into complete chaos, bottles of vodka and wine strewn here and there, some on the table, some of which lying on the floor, and leftovers on the bed, in a disgusting sight. She called the service employee by phone and she waited for a few minutes, until she knocked on her door. Ursula asked her to bring her a breakfast consisting of orange juice with fried eggs, a cup of tea and some biscuits, but the hostess apologized strongly to comply with her request, justifying that due to the intensification of the war conditions and roads interruption, where the hotel suppliers were unable to provide anything of that, even tea was not available in sufficient quantity after all inventory were directed to support the war effort, but she promised her that she would bring for her a cup of cocoa for breakfast with some biscuits. Ursula did not conceal her complaint, but thanked her for her concern and asked her to send one of the maids before that to clean the room while she taking a hot shower. The host answered her that she would take care of it herself because the hotel is empty of visitors and they could no longer afford the employees' expenses, servants and guards, but she reassured her and said that she would find the room clean and the breakfast on her table, as soon as she comes out of the bathroom. Ursula didn't comment to her words and thanked her with a brief gesture, then carried her towel and entered to bathe under a hot water shower, that was the one luxury, which the war left to her; so, she was speaking with resentment and she says only now I realize how honest William Gladstone when he said that; "The war is a tragedy, in which a person uses his best to inflict upon himself the worst that befalls him."

Ursula threw herself into a bathtub filled with hot soapy water, the water vapor was rising so intensely, even it blocked her, the vision, and she put her head on a leather cushion to keep her neck straight and closed her eyes for a moment, until her muscles felt relaxed and a severe headache pain that was splitting her head in half from excessive drinking alcohol. In the midst of the calm surrounding the place, she heard a strange sound coming from the other side of the wall and it was coming directly from the room next to her. She tried to focus a little to identify its nature, but she could not as if it was the tick-tock of a wall clock or intermittent whistling. She did not care much about the matter and waited for the hotel hostess until she finished packing and cleaning the room, and she in turn, finished her shower; so, she rinsed her body and wore dressed her towel and went out to wearing her clothes, drying her hair and then ate her breakfast leisurely. She felt a little boredom and got curious to know the source of the sound that she heard during the shower, so she got up and opened the door of her room and poked her head left and right, but there was no one in the lobby. She slipped and tried to open the door of Hermann's room, but she was surprised that it is closed. The matter increased her curiosity, so she considered asking from the hostess, a copy of the key, but retreated, her certainty that the hotel management would not allow her to. After she despaired of entering, she did not find an option only pressed her ear to the door and eavesdropping, but no avail, as the voice is so weak and hardly heard it. Suddenly, she heard the steps of one of them coming from the end of the hallway as if he was coming up the stairs, she quickly returned to her room and remained behind the door waiting who's coming. The steps on the parquet were getting closer and closer, and suddenly he stopped alongside the door to her room. She gained fear; see, who he is and why did he stopped at her door! But the stranger opened the door to the adjoining room, went into it, and then closed it again. She wondered silently, "Do you see him being Hermann?" She remembered that is her suitable opportunity to enter the room; so, she ran outside and knocked on the door, then opened it and entered without waiting for permission to do so, to be surprised that there was another someone inside. This was the hotel receptionist, often his shift, in the evening or night. She felt so embarrassed and confused, and she said apologetically, "Sorry for breaking into the room, but I thought that ...". The man, interrupted her, calming her down, saying, "Don't worry, Frauen Hilda." I know you thought Herr Hans is her, but he's out early and I've come to take the garbage and pick up clothes for washing. Ursula did not comment on the worker's words, was contented with a faint smile and muttered incomprehensible words, but her gaze

was distorted and she wandered with her eyes around all corners of the room, looking for there may be something unusual.

She glimpsed a small side table that it had a radio set on it, so she thought it was most likely the source of that intermittent whistling sound that she heard from the bathroom, but she also noticed a strange device next to it as long as she saw similar ones in her husband's office, but she does not remember what he was using this device or didn't even know what was using it precisely. The hotel employee interrupted her distraction again, saying, "Can I help you with something, Frauen Hilda?" She realized that she stayed too long for no reason, then repeated her apology and thanked him, and left to her room. Barely a few minutes had passed until Hermann returned to the hotel and before she asked him why he had left early and where did he go! He initiated her with a request that it seemed surprising to her, as he told her that she has to be prepared to leave the hotel this evening to return to Berlin, and any delay in that may have serious consequences. She asked him in astonishment about the reason, and he answered her in tones of intense tension, saying; "There is a dangerous shift in the course of operations on the ground. The Soviets had won in a decisive battle and regained sovereignty over Rostov, then they marched on the Eastern regions under the control of our troops and they brought them down respectively, and they have controlled most of the Ukrainian and Romanian lands. And it is expected that they will carry out an attack on Bohemia neighboring us at any time, so staying in Dresden is considered a kind of risk, we may be surrounded by snow here, cut off the safe land roads and you will not be able to catch up your husband in Rustenburg or even return safely to Berlin, so you have to leave tonight." The news that Hermann delivered fell on Ursula's chest, like snowballs. she like all the Germans, she was a trustee of the indomitable German force, but they seemed endured all these lean years to tasting a more severe and bitter defeat than the ones they swallowed after the end of the World War I. Ursula paid attention from her shock and asked him how she would behave now, especially, she had arranged herself to come back with him? Hermann, however, doesn't leave anything to chance, he had found a way fast and safe enough to reach Berlin. Ursula had no choice but to implement his orders, although the idea of her returning with the strange merchant and his family to Berlin seemed frightening to her, but Hermann's confidence in him bring in herself some safety, so she proceeded to put her belongings and luggage in her suitcase, while he went out to arrange her departure with the hotel management.

Ursula's departure from the hotel didn't require any arrangement, but Hermann wanted to find a convincing reason to slipping away from her and inquiring of the receptionist about what happened in his absence, and if there are any new news that he can provide him with. But the receptionist told him about Ursula breaking into his room without permission or good reason, as if she was looking for something. Hermann asked him, "Had she noticed the wireless transmitter that was on the table?" But the receptionist reassured him and assured him that she had not noticed anything, however, they had agreed to get away the device from the room to another place outside the hotel walls, in anticipation of any surprises.

In point of fact, that the receptionist and his colleague were nothing but anti-Nazi German citizens, who embraced Communism principles and believed in it, like many workers and simple farmers in Europe, in which they were opposing the war that triggered by Hitler, so they were cooperating with an underground network known as the "Spotlight." It is a spy network that gathers under its umbrella several secret cells established by a Czech man named Nedved Olmert, who fled during the period of the German invasion to Spain, led from there qualitative and important operations for the Soviet intelligence and actually succeeded in forming an important network from anti-Nazi agents and spies throughout Europe. Hermann, in turn, who was one member of that network, he used to provide the service employee with the reports that he obtained from the Gestapo administration on movements of the German forces, as well as everything related to Hitler, such as eating and drinking, daily habits, and what he was saying to those close to him about his intentions and plans, so she helps her colleague by sending her to the external intelligence in Moscow with another information package, which received by them from the rest of the collaborators who believed in the Communism ideology, and they were using a wireless transmitter, which may explain the evacuation of the whole last floor of visitors in order to ensure the security and confidentiality of their operations on the one hand and to obtain a good flow of transmission on the other hand, since the last floor is considered the highest place in the hotel and in the entire region.

On the field side, the defeats were formed that suffered by the Wehrmacht in front of the Soviet Red Army in Moscow, Stalingrad, Rostov and Kyiv dealt a devastating blow to soldiers' morale, who were imbued with the idea of the invincible army. Suspicion and fear began to sneak into the souls of many of them, so the German command, on the recommendation of the Gestapo, remedying the situation. Hitler promoted the idea that the defeat was not due to

the Wehrmacht's weakness or the Soviets' superiority, but natural conditions and harsh winter were what prevented the German army from completing the Lightning War. Furthermore, the proliferation of Soviet spies promoting rumors and they're exaggerating the valuation of losses to inject the spirit of defeat in the people and to undermine the resolve of the German army, therefore, he ordered all his troops to reorganize themselves and stability on the fronts in order to regain the lands they had lost, considering that what happened was nothing but a setback that must be overcome. Hitler's speeches were always enthusiastic and persuasive. Speaking in front of an audience was his field that has perfected it before he even took over the reins of government, and this time he also succeeded in motivating his soldiers, trying to inspire them and raising their morale.

At six o'clock in the evening, the merchant was waiting with his carriage outside, with his family, waiting for Ursula on the agreed time. She felt a severe contraction squeezing her heart as if her soul was pulling away from her, as she bid farewell to her lover, Hermann. She embraced him for a long time, and she could not hold back her tears, but he held firm in front of her. She got a weird feeling as if this moment would be the last time that she see him; so, she kept looking at him. Only now, after many years, I know that the separation is the other side of disappointment and that it is painful evidence of love. She went up to the carriage while thinking, she had always blamed herself for betraying her husband with Hermann. Only now, she realized that what she was doing perhaps not a betrayal to the extent that it's legitimate right to die of her own free will on the stage of life, she mocks us and doesn't give us what we want of her in a timely manner, such as this sweeping love that doesn't always come until it is already too late. Hermann was also feeling sorrow and pain, when he was seeing her go away, her sad looks at him from behind the glass pierced his heart and filling him with tears. He never doubted that he was the only man that she had given herself up to him after her husband, and he was fully aware that this certainly constitutes a heavy burden on herself, but she did, and this is further evidence of the power of love. Love is that made her rebel against her husband and all men and surrendering herself to him, precisely. Love is that prompted her to endure the hardships of travelling and the darkest road and feet, and embarking on an adventure of coming to Dresden for him, for his love in her heart was greater than fear, war, and death itself. But all love, on this earth, is unimmunized from being defiled by treachery. So betrayal, as Madame de Girardin* described it, "as death, never allows for differences."

The merchant goes ahead with his carriage, Ursula was sitting in the back seat with her eyes nailed across the glass to Hermann with tears filling her eyes, and he was waving to her with his hand and wishing that fate will bring them together, in another place and other circumstances, other than this. Perhaps their love found an opportunity to live under the sunlight. Suddenly, the carriage stopped and went down, Ursula, she ran back to him and fell into his arms, their lips joined in a burning kiss and she said to him, “Promise me that we will meet again, promise me that you will come to me and will be to each other, however long it takes.” The vulnerability was evident on him as he held her head between her hands and looking at her burning eyes in love. He told her that he will still love her as long as his soul inhabits his body and asked her not to lose confidence in this love no matter what happened, but he also asked her to hurry to leave, so there's no time left. She remembered the memories' notebook on which he composes his thoughts, so she asked him this, she wanted to keep it as a memory and a promise to meet and give it back to him when they meet again. He thought a little, then went up to the room and come to her, asking her not to open it or look at what he had written until she come to Berlin, then she agreed without asking him why. She embraced him, kissed on his cheek and returned to ride on the car, whose driver set off quickly this time, without giving her the time to thinking of returning.

Chapter Eleven

Foxes' War

The distance between Dresden and Berlin is a little less than two hundred kilometers. The road was poorly paved and interspersed with many of observations and checkpoints and the police barricades, as well as being completely covered with snows, which made the merchant cross it by his carriage, in more than five hours that passed on Ursula as if it is five months. She was tense, anxious and her head full of thoughts, she had known that the war was no longer going as the Nazis wanted it to be, and there are hard days await the Germans. She thought to follow her husband in Rustenburg as he required her to do that. But she thought that the son of a bitch maybe he's still immersed in a sexual relationship with his Austrian mistress. Besides, his presence in her life is meaningless; so, she decided to obtain a divorce at all costs, because she has nothing today to afraid of at last night. Therefore, she resolved to travel at her sister's Helen, in Hamburg, where there she will be safer than anywhere else and Colin, along with Hitler and his mistress to go to Hell.

Almost midnight, Ursula reached her home in Berlin, picked up the phone and called for her husband's office. The duty officer answered her; so, she ordered him to send the news to Colonel, wherever he is, informs him that her sister's sick condition in Hamburg had worsened a lot and that she will return to stay by her side for a period that will inevitably be long. Therefore, he has to cope himself without her, and also she'd never able to carry out the task that he had requested from her. She did not wait long after that, she immediately woke up her Polish serving maid from her sleep and asked her to prepare herself to accompany her on her trip, as their absence from Berlin will last this time. The maid complied with her lady's orders, ready her bag and asked the security guard to prepare himself too, but only to move them by the service's carriage to the train station, where they will take the first train that headed to Hamburg.

The Soviets in particular, and with them, the British too, were convinced that Hitler, with his excessive personality in chauvinistic and stubbornness, he would remain the greatest obstacle before them, to find any solution to stop this war, and his survival would make any armistice or peace agreement with Germany

just merely words on paper. They had tried him repeatedly and known that he's not a man, who they can trust his pledges because his obstinacy and intransigent selfishness gives him the ability to renege on over his vows without even blinking an eye, whenever the opportunity arises. He had self-evident to them, he is willing to sacrifice millions of Germans and all those in his orbit to demonstrate his power and authority over the world, so their measures were not to fade away, privately and publicly, for attempting to murder him and get rid of him.

Hitler, in turn, was aware of the dangers that beset his life's pathway, he was extremely careful even from those closest to him, so he did not inform anyone of his whereabouts and he was constantly changing it. However, despite all his precautions, thanks to Hermann's cooperation, the Soviets were able to come closer than ever before to pinpoint his location in Rustenburg suburbs, and now they have only to put in place an elaborate plan to track down the convoy that would go out from Berlin to reach and assassinate him, as this is the only way left to curb his madness and stop the bleeding of death, which has so far claimed the lives millions of people.

The Soviets were not too late, Moscow's intelligence has issued its orders to Hermann to move forward his mission to the last, and didn't leave him alone, but rather helped him to form a cell that gathered in addition to him German elements imbued with Communism thought, including a German air force officer (Luftwaffe) called Heber Von, who recognized him on the recommendation of Olmert himself. On the day of the last Monday of December 1943, another journalist named Von Bolt was standing at the bottom of a building located on the outskirts of the capital, in which the young photographer "Eva Braun" staying in, Bolt was tasked with watching her and monitoring her movements carefully. At the beginnings of the war, Eva Braun was an unknown person to majority of Germans, as none of the officers, generals, or even politicians believed that this young woman, who was barely eighteen years old, had an affair with the old Führer, and had never appeared alongside him in any official activity or social, so due to Hitler's keenness to appear before the people with the appearance of a strong and committed man, who is not subject to feelings of love and marriage. For him, those matters are weakening leader's personality and distract him from the affairs of the country, but as the years went by, they became associated him and she was presented to the media as a photographer belongs to the narrow circle of the leader that enjoying his confidence. But Hermann finally able to reveal their relationship, thanks belongs to Ursula, who revealed this secret to

him. Accordingly, the cell decided to track down her until they drop her to the wolf's Lair.

At exactly midnight, an armored car stood beneath Eva's home, she got into the car, and directly followed a convoy is composed of five armored military vehicles, waiting outside Berlin, all of which headed to the forests of East Prussia. Of course, the camouflage operations that carried out by the convoy were not enough to get away from the eyes of the surveillance lurking in it especially, Hermann and his colleague Heber Von, were, in turn, soldiers and trained in accurate monitoring and precision tracking operations, the detection of camouflage and concealment protocol, they succeeded in their mission and able to locate Hitler, accurately.

A few days after the secret place was revealed, in which Hitler was hiding, Hermann and Heber von together with another officer in the rank of colonel, named Oster Friedrich, who works as coordinator of the radio unit, with a plan prepared by the Russian leadership in Moscow, which aimed to assassinate Hitler in two simultaneous operations called "Tweezers' Jaws." That plan had finished by colonel Auster, who traverse the concrete embankment and the guards and entering the wolf's Lair and then planting a high-explosive time bomb and destruction of the entire building, on the condition that he leaves the place before the bombing immediately, and then gives a radio signal to Lieutenant Pilot Heber Vaughn to aerial sortie over the same building in conjunction with the explosion and shelling of its rubble with explosives to ensure the death everyone in the building, burn them under the rubble and thwart any possible escape attempts, whether through tunnels or into the forests. As for Hermann, his role comes before that, where he was commissioned with issuing a summons to colonel Auster from the Gestapo command, requesting him to come to the Wolf's Lair to meet the Führer, so this summon is that will enable Oster to bypass the external roadblocks and guards without arousing anyone's suspicion.

Hermann was greatly surprised by this plan and tell in confided to his colleagues that he is possible to sufficiency with the airstrike only, instead of endangering Colonel Auster's life. But the latter, who explained to him that the airstrike might not be accurate enough to kill Hitler, the building located in the dense forests of Prussia and there is a strong possibility that the defenses would bring down, the Hipper plane as soon as it flew and before his fire targets the intended target, or at least Hitler will be warned, and thus he would be fortifying in the cellars or slipping away into the tunnels. But if the bombing is carried out

directly from inside Hitler's building, so that will accelerate the elimination on his life, or at least his injury. Furthermore, that will confuse the rest of the security services and may completely paralyze their movement, and at that time the airstrikes will have great chances to complete the mission and finish off Hitler and eliminate all hopes of his survival.

The Soviets left the issue of determining the zero hour of the "Tweezers' Jaws" operation to the group that would be implemented, according to the circumstances and arrangements prevailing on the ground, and depending on the information that they may get later and which probably helps them to achieve their objectives, but it can be said that there is news of Hitler's call to the General Staff meeting on the afternoon of Thursday, January 27, 1944, that date made a consensus among all the elements of the group to speed up.

The purpose of the meeting was to discuss the situation of the northern army, which was besieging Leningrad, especially after the Soviet troops managed to break the cordon that the Germans were hitting on the city and opening a crossing point to transport supplies and troops to it across the Neva River Bridge. Moreover, the Soviet troops were actually able to liberate Schlüsselburg and the southern shore of Lake Ladoga.

After two weeks had passed, all the arrangements were going exactly as planned. Hermann was able to provide Colonel Auster with a summons to attend to the Führer's headquarters and stamped him with a forged signature of Colonel Colin Walter Colin and placed the Gestapo visa. Besides, Auster managed to obtain an explosive bomb with a fuse, lasting fifteen minutes and planted the bomb in a military backpack and sealed it with red Nazi wax to avoid any possible attempts for inspection, and with the end of finishing touches, each of them joined to his location waiting for the darkest hour.

As dawn broke out on Thursday, January 27, Hermann sent to Olmert a radio message, telling him, "wild boar will be cooked today for lunch, prepare drinking toasts." The field developments on the Eastern Front were proceeding rapidly in favor of the Soviets, as the Nazi armies could no longer withstand more and carried out successive withdrawals in front of the Soviet troops that managed to retake the cities of Pushkin, Gatchina and Chudovo. In the face of this situation, Hitler had no solutions but to give order his forces to lift the siege definitively from Leningrad and withdraw from the battle, without waiting for the army leaders meeting.

As the first intelligence agency in Germany, the Gestapo was tasked with the preventive security of the country and neutralizing any threat that might threaten them by combining news and information, protecting senior leaders' movements, ensuring their security confidentiality their movements and monitoring all attempts to hack. Actually, his men had succeeded in carrying out qualitative operations with a high degree of effectiveness, especially on the Western Front, however, he was also subject to controlled by another security apparatus of the Nazi Party, which is the "Schutzstaffel", commonly known as "SS", a paramilitary organization established by Hitler in 1925, was completely independent of the state apparatuses, and its mission is to protect the Führer, secure his life and places of his residence, as well as track Anti-Nazi agents and traitors, and workers from within the German apparatuses, especially leaderships, intelligence and the Nazi Party. The "SS" militias were equally able to carry out significant operations and uncovered thousands of spies and collaborators. They also executed millions of people Communists, Jews, Gypsy and Homosexuals, even without trials and spread terror into the hearts of opponents to Hitler's and Nazi policies, but rather abused hundreds of thousands of them with suspicion only without evidence and sent them to concentration camps.

These Special Forces Brigades were able to pick up Hermann's radio message that Olmert sent off at dawn on the day of the operation, and they were unaware of its meaning; so, they immediately warned Hitler and keep him away from the meeting place without cancelling it. Their objective was to ambush the executive group and seize hold of the entire threads of the conspiracy.

It was two o'clock afternoon, all the members of the leaders attended the meeting headquarters in the Wolf's Lair, and the eyes of the Gestapo were alert as usual of what goes on around them, but the SS-Brigades were more anticipating what would happen. All the leaders who come to the meeting were thoroughly searched, despite some officers grumble, but everyone were obedience to orders, as there is nothing greater than Führer's security, until that moment, things looked quite normal, but minutes after the beginning of the meeting and in the absence of the Führer, of course, another officer came, whose name was not included in the leaders' disclosure invited to the meeting, that officer was none other than Colonel Auster, who came carrying a summons from the office of Colonel Colin Walter Colin, in person. Auster was surprised by the presence of SS officers at the outer gate, instead of Gestapo officers, who are usually responsible for monitoring secret meetings and ensuring their security. This matter only meant to him one thing, which was that the operation had been

discovered and his order had been revealed. He thought of a trick to retreat or even run away, but it was too late, as they suspected him and directed their rifles at him, but he did not find anything but to surrender to them, where they arrested him and took him handcuffed and they forcefully entered him into a side room adjacent to the concrete embankment surrounding the building. Shortly thereafter, Colonel Colin Walter Colin and two other senior SS officers were summoned to initiate an investigation him. It never occurred to the guards, the bag that was with him had a bomb ready to explode, and unfortunately for them, Auster had lit its fuse that would not last more than a quarter of an hour. He thought about telling them about the matter, but he was certain that the execution would - in any case - his certain end, and therefore his last choice was not to have his soul lost for free, and if death is inevitable, then it would be for the issue and he chose not to die alone. No sooner had the fifteen minutes passed than Colonel Colin Walter Colin came with another colonel in the "SS" and his assistant. Colonel Auster looked down at them with a broad smile, no one understood its meaning except for the assistant because he was the first on to paid attention to the bag, but before he opened his mouth with a word, the fuse had been it came to an end, the bomb went off, exploded the entire room, creating a big crack in the concrete barrier, reaping with it the lives of all who were in the place, the first of which is colonel Colin Walter Colin, Ursula's husband.

Chapter Twelve

Dazzling Dark Lights

The next morning, two security guards in civilian clothes knocked on the door of the house, in which Ursula lives with her sister in Hamburg, and they asked her to accompany them to the Gestapo headquarters because there's something that concerns her and must be informed about it. Ursula became suspicious of the two men and she attempts to elude them after she insisted on knowing what they wanted without accompanying them, but their accent was strong and strict, and they didn't give her any other choice, indeed they forcibly took her to their car, it was like arrest or detention. They took her to a large historic building guarded by some of armed forces personnel, they entered the back door and then all got out of the car for a few meters until they reached to the stairs leading to the first floor, they asked her to up-stairs alone, walk to the end of the hallway and wait there until someone met her. She didn't know what was going on with her, she was incredulous and thoughts took her to right and left. For a moment, she thought that the Führer wants to punish her because she refused to accompany his girlfriend Eva and let her travel alone to the East Prussia, then she kept remembering Hermann, the week that they spent together in Dresden, and thought that someone had found out about them and ratted them out to her husband. In the midst of her thoughts, the door opened and a Gestapo officer came out to her, fortunately, she knew him well, his name was Brigadier-General Teller was the first assistant to her husband. She thanked God and held his hands firmly as she trembled. She asked him what is going on with her, is she arrested or what?

Teller sensing her fear and extreme turmoil, so reassured her, patting her on hands, asked her to accompany him to his office, then gave her a hot drink and asked her to calm down a little bit. His features were unusually very strict, but he was tactful with her and treating her with the utmost respect, unlike the two officers, who forcibly took her to him. He asked her about the last time she saw her husband, Colonel Colin Walter Colin, she was amazed by question, and she reluctantly answered, saying, "It might have been a month or a little less since their last meeting." She asked him about the reason for this question, which it seemed to her very special, and he responded with a sigh, "Fraun Colin, I regret

to inform you that your husband had given his blood in an assassination targeted mainly the Führer, two senior SS officers and a group of guards, all killed with him, due to a suicide bombing was carried out by an officer with a ranking colonel in Wehrmacht, named Oster Friedrich in Wolf's Lair." Ursula did not control herself and went into a crying jag that she herself didn't know a reason for, because the spiritual and emotional relationship between her and her husband was cut off a long time ago, and nothing brought them together, but rather she was bent on divorce. Teller kind of felt sorry for her, expressed his condolences and solidarity with her, gave her his handkerchief to wipe her tears, and then pressed the bell button.

Just a few minutes later, two other officers followed him, and they entered without permission, expressing their condolences to her without introducing themselves. One of them told her that he is here to ask her some questions and she had to provide him with accurate and frank answers. Ursula amazed at the matter and looked at Teller with glances that were closer to sympathy, where he knows that the circumstance probably inappropriate, but Teller did not comment on the matter and appeared to agree, then Ursula asked the officer with reprehensible, "What kind of these questions that it can't wait?" He answered her with a question, completely ignoring her reprehensible, "My lady, did you know about the place of the wolf's Lair? And did your husband tell you anything about that?" The question seemed to her to an indication of doubts, so Teller intervened, explaining to her that the matter is nothing more than a routine inquiry by the security services in such cases, even with the top generals themselves. At that time, she replied No, explaining that her husband had never informed her of the matters pertaining to his work, and she didn't know until the time, the exact place of the Wolf's Lair is, but she knows that it is in Rustenburg. The officer looked at his colleague and then further asked her, "How did you know that it is in Rustenburg and since when did you know?" She replied that she did not know this just a few weeks ago, specifically before her husband's departure the last time, when he required her, based on the orders of the Supreme Commander himself, to accompany his guest on Monday, January 24, and there is a military convoy will secure their way. The officer asked her again in a stricter tone, saying, "The duty officer in your husband's office received a phone call from you after midnight on Thursday, that is, only three days before your departure time, telling him that you would not join the convoy as he was agreed and that you canceled your trip, see what the reason was?" She replied angrily to him, "It seems that the one who conveyed the information to you did not fully tell

you what I said, officer. I just mentioned to him in due course that my sister's health condition had deteriorated considerably and that I have to be by her, for she is my only sister and I'm all she's got." The Gestapo officer tried to intervene, but she interrupted him again after she stood up, picked up her handbag and talk to him sharply, "Are you interrogating me, Officer, or are you accusing me of something?" He answered her after he changed his tone that the SS officers had picked up radio signals that were broadcast from Dresden, specifically at dawn on the day of the operation, in which her husband was killed, and that these signals say that they will murder the Führer at noon, so she must cooperate with them if she knows something that can help them. The investigation involves anyone who has links or knowledge of the Führer's hideout.

Ursula tried to maintain her cohesion, even though what she heard made her heart's beating wildly from the severity of horror, and she showed signs of confusion and turbulence, which prompted Teller to intervene again to tell her that the investigation into this matter is conducting by the officers of the "Schutzstaffel" and that they were going to interrogating her in their headquarters, officially. However, in appreciation of her special circumstances and her husband's position, he asked them to conduct the investigation with her in his office, in his personal presence and under his supervision, adding that they are all sure of her loyalty and devotion to Germany and the Führer, but this doesn't deny that it is very possible that something will happen, even if unintentionally. Ursula realized that she is facing a difficult situation and that she is in trouble and she didn't know how to get out of it. Suddenly, she remembered something important that could relieve pressure on her and to throw off suspicion, so she asked Teller and the other two officers, "If they knew about the relationship between her husband and his Austrian mistress, and that he was spending a week with her in the city of Baden just a few days ago before he received a summons from the leadership, who asking him up to come to them urgently," and she asked them, "Are you going to interrogating her too?" The silence prevailed, and no one showed any reaction, but the officer who was interrogating her took out his pack of cigarettes and lit one, then headed towards the balcony and stood up smoking in silence.

Teller was sitting on his desk committed to the sound and looking at Ursula strangely. He was checking her carefully until he made her confused and increased her fear, and imagined to her that he hear her heartbeat, but that didn't last long, as soon as the same officer who was standing in front of the balcony

quickly come back and bent over her as if he wanted to whisper in her ears, except all he did was that he put out his cigarette in cigarette extinguisher that placed on the desk next to her. His features were so harsh, so it was enough for him to look at her to make her die of horror, and then he said to her in a firm tone: "Do you know very well where you are now? And what we're into?" There is no room up here, my lady, to try to fabricate or to provide false information. Believe me, that it won't help in anything, don't let this out of your mind again." She replied that she doesn't lie and doesn't makeup and that he can confirm corroborate her statements, but he surprised her by saying that they definitely know about her husband's mistress Austrian, but they also know he cut off all his ties with her since five months ago, he never visited Baden and didn't see her, and her husband had not left his office in Rustenburg, since the first day that he joined it, so the story of his travel and his meeting with his mistress, which she tells them now are miserable slander and no one will believe because they simply know that is not true.

This answer was shocking to Ursula and it was also decisive for her doubts were about Hermann, she realized that he had deceived her and succeeded in deluding her that her husband had lied to her about his travel to Rustenburg and that he was betraying her. All of a sudden, things got mixed up and she felt a severe headache crushing her head, stuttered in her answers and confusion appeared at her, so she started to utter meaningless words, her answers did not carry any additions, but rather complicated her matter, especially in front of the officers' looks before she keeps quiet, placing her head in her hands, and she does not know what is waiting for her.

Five hours have passed by now and Ursula is still a guest has the secret state police. Five full hours was enough to give her a miniature idea of Hell in the simplest form. William Shakespeare says in one of his plays, "Cowards die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once." But the poor Ursula, despite her courage, she suffered death several times during this investigation. The officer's style was characterized by a lot of cruelty and did not show any kind of sympathy or solidarity with her, and he combined severity and malice simultaneously. He showered her with dozens of questions, forced her to answer all of them in boring detail, even those related to the most intimate details of her life, while his colleague was writing down each letter that came out of her tongue without saying a word. Teller only sometimes was interfering to help her and explain to her the intractable questions, she thanked God because he's here, his presence was really a source of safety for her in her life's toughest moments,

and he was getting into whenever the situation worsened, was bringing her water cups and was handling her tissue paper to wipe her tears.

The officer stopped for a moment about asking questions, put out his cigarette and carried the ashtray by himself to empty it in the garbage bin after ashtray was filled with cigarette butts to the end, he was the only one smoking in that room, but the amount of smoke that his lungs had burned was enough to paint the entire walls of the room in black. One of them knocked on the door and Teller allowed him to enter, that was one of the men of the officer, who was interrogating her. She knew him after he entered and gave a military salute in front of him, then handed him a sealed envelope and left. The officer opened the envelope and took out a piece of paper that he read it in silence without his features expressing anything, then folded the paper and put it in his jacket pocket without saying a word. Anticipation was master of the moment and a terrible silence hung over the place, while Ursula was trying to keep what remained of her pride, which the officer's questions had desecrated in the mud. She gathered strength, took a deep breath, and let her mind wandering to thinking about everything that happens. It must be said that despite the terrible psychological pressure against her and the dozens of embarrassing questions that were asked to her, but she managed to hold up until now and she hasn't given them anything. Suddenly, the officer's voice came again to reduce her mind wandering, saying, "You told us at the beginning of your speech that your husband spent a week with his Austrian girlfriend in Baden before he was summoned by the leadership to Rustenburg. If we assume that it wasn't your intention to fabricate fake news like this, there is no doubt that there is manipulated you and deluded you with this claim, so who is he? Ursula realized that her answer was honesty and integrity on this particular question would lead to directing point the finger of blame and accusation directly at Hermann, she would put it with him in one basket, then she would face an explicit accusation of conspiracy. Besides, she would also be considered an accomplice in the crime of high treason, or at least she is guilty because she divulged a military secret and her end will not be much different from his end except in the execution method, where Hermann will be shot while she will be murdered by hanging on the guillotine.

She had no other solution but to deny all the officer's speculations and guesses, confirming that her words were not due to her desire to make up, but it perhaps a false belief that inspired by her feminine intuition and the reason was that she discovered several times that her husband's absence from the house was not motivated by his preoccupation with official missions to enjoy cheating on

his many mistresses, and Austrian Clara is not the last of which. The officer didn't comment on Ursula's words, even though her answers were not sufficient or logical from his point of view, but rather didn't fully answer to the heart of the question. He ignored that, then got up, went to the coat stand and pulled out his coat to put it on. He wrapped his scarf around his neck and looked at her, saying, "I have one more question, Frau Colin, and I wish I find a convincing answer for you!" She nodded to him and said go ahead. He put fingers of his left hand into his mystic glove, and then said, "Told me that you left your house in Berlin in the last period and went to an unknown destination and that you have been away for five full days and didn't come to Hamburg to visit your sister according to your deal with Colonel Colin. Can you tell us where you spent those five days, and who was with you?" The officer's question was direct and surprising at the same time and made Ursula enter into hyperhidrosis as if she was under a temperature equivalent to fifty degrees Celsius, she appeared confused again, but even more than before, and she could not utter a word. The officer noticed her confusion, and it was definitely not difficult for him to understand that she was hiding something, but at the same time he didn't show an urgency to know the answer as he had done in previous times, rather he did not wait for her answer at all, where he put his right hand in his coat and ordered his assistant to close the record and then headed towards the door, opened it and went out with an ironic smile on his lips, but before he put his first leg outside, he turned to Brigadier General Teller and said to him, "It seems, Brigadier, that your expectations were misplaced, but anyway, I will giving you one last chance to think about it by yourself, and see if the lady has something tell you about, as for my part, things have become very clear and cannot bear any doubt." Then he bade farewell and left.

On the other hand, after the failure of their operation, both Hermann and pilot officer Heiber von had stopped all forms of covert activity and cut off their all contacts with each other and abroad, as well as got rid of anything that could raise suspicions around them, such as the wireless transmitter, the secret codes, continued their official work routinely, especially the news received to them that Colonel Auster had been killed before being interrogated, as long as the officer Heiber von didn't move with his plane after the assassination, so doubts and eyes remained far away from them, and this is not the first one the Führer is exposed to an assassination attempt, and nor will it be the last. In Hamburg, the investigation has done with Ursula at last, and Brigadier-General Teller insisted on accompany her to the garden of the building. He wanted to reassure her and

order his bodyguard to transport her in the service car to her home. She thanked him, in turn, for standing by her in those difficult moments, and told him that she was fully aware of how much she owed him. Had it not been for his insistence that he attend the interrogation in person, her condition would have worsened greatly, and she won't know what would have happened to her. But Brigadier General Teller didn't show any interest in her gratitude for this, didn't pay any attention to her praise for him and told her in terribly frankly that she didn't well during the investigation and her answers were never convincing, but were often vague and contradictory. He advised her to go home, take a rest and not hesitate to contact him if she had what she tells him, so he doesn't know what the SS officer is hiding, perhaps she is too late, he may not be able to help her if they wish to transfer her to a military investigation in order to examine the issue further and investigate an intelligence case.

Chapter Thirteen

The Hard Way Back

Ursula rode the car with the driver and drove it on Hamburg roads, breakthrough its paths, streets, neighborhoods, historical buildings, exploits and bridges, but she was absent from all of that. The hard moments that she had experienced throughout the day made her life flashing before her eyes as if she was dying. Since today, she became a widow after her husband was killed, grief breaks her heart, and deep within her feelings of grief and sadness were mixed with feelings of remorse. She definitely didn't love him, but he was her husband anyway! She also thought about what Hermann had done, did he had a hand to what happened? Was he really deceiving her the whole time? Was he messing with her feelings? Impossible! She gave him her heart, body and soul as well, but he made her cry and guzzle death and fear. Her tears were flowing nonstop as she remembered all those details that had gathered them together; those kisses buckle, warm embraces and love words that showered her ears, his fear for her, the night of the celebration, but her husband was jumping from his death to stand out in front of her, he didn't shout at her this time, as usual, didn't fire his gun and he didn't threaten her with death, as he used to do it whenever she rebelled against him, but he was pulling out those poisoned roses that Herman planted in her body and the thorns bloodied his hands. She imagined that Hermann had ripped out her husband's liver, eyes, and heart, cooked them with mushrooms and mashed potatoes and served up on a plate with a bottle of vodka, so she shared with him to eat them, while she was at the top of orgasm and euphoria. The sight was so disgusting that made her wanted to vomit. She still can't believe for everything that has been done, and her heart belies everything it heard. She doesn't want to believe that terrible idea that her lover Hermann took advantage of her most hideous exploitation, made her a fool, betrayed her and betrayed his homeland before her, and made their love as an offering to ideology. Ursula had to understand early that ideology permits an individual to commit evil with the intention of doing a good deed, so ideological homicide is not considered evil, but rather a means of struggle against evil, then it's good. Hitler pushed millions

of people from his people and other peoples of the world to death intending to build a strong and large homeland for the Germans, rewriting human history, organizing their lives, beliefs, and their political, economic and social system, and he argued that he wants to human race liquidation from all the defects, so he killed Jews, homosexuals and the disabled. Besides, he didn't refrain from enslaving entire peoples and committing crimes of ethnic cleansing and racial discrimination without any objection from the Germans. However, large groups of people were blessed of his action and proud of, just because he enveloped all that evil in goodness.

Ursula finally arrived home, exhaustion and fatigue had taken their take away from her, and she didn't answer the inquiries of her sister's illness. All she did that she reassured her and told her that her husband had died in a suicide bombing and she got to return tomorrow to her home, in the capital, Berlin, to finish some pending matters," then she left her and went up to her room. She closed her door and threw herself on the bed sobbing, her tears were like a waterfall breaking free from the constraints of her eyes. She spent her night, crying bloody tears, making up questions and getting their answers widely and loosely, didn't cover up the fear in her soul. One question made them more worried and moving the dagger embedded in her heart, "Was her lover Hermann really behind everything that happened? Did she help him from where she didn't know in his planning?" These terrifying hypotheses were rising up before her like a black jelly beast, and she did not dare just think of logical answers to them. Logic and reason are sometimes cruel enough to kill the heart, but that's unavoidable. The human being, as Bertrand Russell says, "feels calm in situations of fear when he imagines the worst that can happen and convinces himself that his life will never end." Ursula had taken enough doses of fear and pain to be free from her burden on her soul. She was greatly frightened and terrified, lived death and swallow its death throes, and now the hour of truth has come. It was not easy for her to believe Hermann's betrayal, not because he was completely infallible from that; so, she was a firm believer in the belief that betrayal means a man, but because she did not want to be a foolish victim and at the same time an accomplice in a conspiracy in favor of the enemy. The losses are very great, and her husband gave his life for this betrayal and with him several other victims, not to mention the fact that the most powerful army in the world had tasted the bitter taste of defeat, not due to a weakness in the resolve of its men on the field nor to the imbalance of military power, but because the dirty war of spies that it was raging in secret and it had the last word. She has become convinced that the Soviets are not winning their war in the East because they are stronger, but because many Germans helped them with their betrayal of the Reich, and she is one of those traitors, and it does not matter if her betrayal was

of her own free will or not; so, what really matters are the results and they are catastrophic that makes her betrayal rise without the slightest justification to a great crime. All of this was very heavy and terrifying, and it was difficult for her to accept it, so her psychological defenses interfered in order to suppress those painful thoughts and try to obliterate them away from her consciousness, although the harsh reality and the size of the damage made her appear again and float to the surface and that puts them before her conscience.

Chapter Fourteen

The Biggest Losses

It was eight o'clock in the morning and Ursula prepared herself to travel, but before that, she had to arrange a private meeting with Brigadier General Teller. She called him by phone and told him that she wanted to see him before her forthcoming return to Berlin, and it seemed that Brigadier General Teller was also waiting for her call and was even betting on her and she did not let him down. He suggested that she accompany him to the capital and travel with him by his car, as he is also obligated to return immediately to Berlin, where much work waiting for him. So, she agreed immediately and even welcomed his offer. He asked her to wait for him at her sister's house until he comes by himself to take her with him after an hour.

The war situation did not allow the German authorities to hold a military funeral worthy of the victims of the "Tweezers' Jaws" operation. Therefore, the orders of the Nazi leadership were to bury the bodies of the officers and soldiers in a place located in the middle of the forest, specifically near Wolf's Lair in the suburb of Rustenburg, with the erection of tombstones on their graves testifying their heroism and writing their names on the Unknown Soldier Memorial in the middle of Berlin's largest square. On the other hand, the Gestapo administration decided to hold a small memorial service at its headquarters, attended by the wives of the officers who died in the process with their children, to receive the medals of merit, the badges of war, and their military uniforms for which they were martyred. That meeting was scheduled on the evening of the first Sunday of January, and on such occasions, the social service employees make the necessary preparations for this in coordination with the relatives of the victims. The choice of Hermann to be among the supervisors of these memorial ceremonies was not arbitrary, as he was an assistant to colonel Colin Walter Colin, and therefore he was assigned to visit his widow and offer condolences to her in the name of the service at first, and then formally invited her to attend the ceremony. Hermann did not feel comfortable to meet Ursula, as he is not yet sure of the safety of his position towards her, although he was assured that his name is not under suspicion by the security services, whether the Gestapo or the Schutzstein. In

front of the leadership's decision, however, he has nothing but to comply with and implement the mission, and if that requires confronting Ursula, there is no inevitable but to proceed with that adventure to its end. He thought of calling her by phone first, but he retreated, preferring to leave himself an opportunity to assess her situation when he met her directly, and in order to manage that, he asked the social service employee, in charge of the Memorial Service, to accompany him to the colonel's house, but before that, she had to make an appointment with his widow, Frauen Colin. The employee was not late and soon came back to him and told him that Mrs. Ursula Walter Colin had just returned from Hamburg and that she was waiting for them at 5 p.m.

Meanwhile, the war was witnessing an unparalleled ferocity on the ground, and the Soviet forces were advancing rapidly on the Eastern Fronts, especially after the total liberation of Kyiv and the restoration of control over most of the Ukrainian lands, and the entry of the Red Brigades' convoys into Romania, The Allied Forces, America, Britain, and Free France also managed to make a major breakthrough on the Southern Front After the occupation of Sicily and the Italian coasts and its southern cities and even began preparing to open a new front in the West to liberate France through the "Normandy" landings, which made the general atmosphere in Germany very charged and extremely sensitive.

The hands of a clock turned rapidly at five in the afternoon. Ursula the eagerly-awaited heard the doorbell ring, so her heart rang with it. She opened the door and found Hermann and the Gestapo social worker with him. Her eyes glued to his eyes, and when she shook his hand, she felt she was swimming in a sea of thick white smoke to the point where she did not notice that she had left them standing at the door, the social worker prompted to initiate her and say, "I hope we did not come at an inappropriate time, Fraun Colin?" Ursula noticed and answered her with a brief smile, saying, "Oh, never, Frauen, you came on your exact date, excuse me, because I am a little nervous come on in."

The employee entered and Hermann followed her. Ursula asked them to sit in the lobby and asked them if they wanted a cup of tea in this bitter cold, but Hermann refused to occupy herself with their service, saying, "No need for that, Fraun Colin. We came today Fraun Hilda and I to present you with our name and the name of all the workers in "The State Secret Police Service" Our heartfelt condolences and our deepest solidarity with you. The death of Colonel Colin Walter Colin was a great tragedy and a heavy loss for us and the Great Reich as a whole." Ursula did not need to comment on his words and was content to shake

her head while still eyes fixed on him. She was staring at him strangely and not hearing what he said.

Her looks confused him and he was upset with her features, as he had never seen her like this. Her face was pale, black circles surrounded her eyes, and her raging voice was barely heard, and the mourning clothes she was wearing gave her a hint of fatal gloom. The moments of silence didn't last long until his colleague cut them off when she took out an envelope with an invitation to her and handed her over, saying, "We wish that you will be there next Sunday to the official memorial services, and in my turn, I renew my warmest condolences to you and I will be at your service whenever you need any help." Ursula thanked her and assured her that her attendance is unquestionable, because she could not be absent from the memorial service for Colonel Colin Walter Colin and all those who died with him, not as her husband, but as a loyal and faithful servant for the Great Reich.

The employee confirmed her words, saying, "No doubt about that, Frauen, so allow us to go out, there is no doubt that you desperately need to rest and our appointment is next Sunday." Ursula nodded, accompanied them to the door, and then shook her hands with a farewell. Hermann extended his hand to say goodbye too, but she looked at him and said, "Can Hermann stay a little, I need him on an important matter related to the colonel?" Hermann was confused and looked at his colleague as he muttered with meaningless words, trying to evade Ursula's call, but the employee showed no objection and said to him, "You, the officer, can respond to the lady's call without worrying about me, because in any case I will go home; so, my turn is ended an hour ago." Then she asked for permission from them and left. Ursula closed the door behind her and she knew that she is opening another door to a conflict of another kind with herself first and then with her lover Hermann, but he was very suspicious. He took steps back while she is standing still, standing her back at the door, looking at him. He asked her if she is okay and if everything is fine. She replied to him, "What do you think you? Should I be well, now that I am a lonely and unhappy widow?" The rattle of tears holding her breath and her voice blocked. He felt from her words that he had a golden opportunity to induce her over and softening her feelings, so he said: "I don't think you will be lonely and unhappy as long as I am still alive?" She looked at him, surprised, and went on to say, "I know that the time is not appropriate and perhaps it is not appropriate to say this now, but we love each other, right?" The situation was like the battle of a war imposed on him, he had to fight it and he had no weapons before her except his tongue and heart. Therefore,

he sought to flee forward by raising the topic of their love and relationship in this fraught atmosphere. Clicking on the tendon of emotion is his only way to break any aggressive intentions towards him or at least mitigation of, after that, he is no longer care to win in the battle because his only aim is to get out of it safely.

He was applying that famous Chinese wisdom that he once read about, which says: “Victory in battles is not a complete success, but a complete success is to break the opponent’s resistance without a fight.” It seems that his plan has begun to bear fruit, as she has not changed her intensity nor from features of her face, but she fell into his hugs and threw herself into his hands as she drowns in her tears. She was screaming, overly affected, and cursing him with obscene words, but she needed to hug and excessive doses of tenderness to please the deep wounds that were bleeding her heart because of him. She remained clung to him as if it is the last embrace. Hermann considered that sufficient evidence that his love still filled her heart and that it was sufficient to curb any vengeful intentions that might harbor him. He also embraced her and kissed on her forehead, then tried to keep her away from him to look at her face, but she refused and remained in his arms, and not speaking. He could only hear the sound of her raging breath, he didn’t realize that the smell of his body was harassing her this time, as if it was no longer arousing her like before. Suddenly, she raised her head and broke the silence, saying, “Take me away from here, I want to move away not only from Berlin, but from all of Germany. Let’s go to New York or Washington or even Sydney in Australia...” he interrupted her in panic and said, “Ursula my love, what are you saying? This is insane, just thinking about leaving Germany before the war ends is a crime and high treason, the inevitable result of which is death, so what if this exit to an enemy country? She replied, ‘Why not? I have heard that a large number of army commanders, including prominent members of the Nazi party, left to Britain and America.’” He explained to her that those who managed to leave are the leaders, who have the opportunity to flee thanks to what their ranks and authorities provide them with in terms of the safe crossing of fire lines, then he asked her, “But why are you thinking about leaving at this very moment?” She was silent a little, then she looked into his eyes before turning her back to him and said, “How do you want me to stay here when I was your accomplice in killing him? His image haunts me wherever I go, and I will not bear it.” Her words were sober and confident that made him enter into a fit of doubt and perplexity mixed with confusion, then he soon realized his matter and said, trembling, “You mean your husband, and am I the one who killed him? What is this nonsense?” She interrupted him, “Needless

to deny, Hermann, no one would have reached the Wolf's Lair if you hadn't pointed it to them, and I also don't know what to hide behind you, but I am sure you were the one, and I finally realized that you were using a radio transmitter when we were in Dresden. I remember that machine that you were keeping in your room, Hare Hans McCain? Do you still remember it or forget it? Not only that, I was suspicious all the time about your frequent absences from the hotel and your talk with admiration and enthusiasm about Russia, workers, vodka, and the values of patriotism that you described as the extreme right. Her firm and confident tones were enough to make him lower his head and keep silent and waved before her, and it seemed that she had already penetrated his defenses and made him reel but he had not yet fallen.

She dried her tears and regained her strength, then asked him: "Why did you do that? Have you been deceiving me all this time? I just want you to tell me how your heart obeyed you and you betrayed me? And don't worry, no one knows your secret. I hid it in my chest and concealed your identity from them. I protected you even though you killed me." He did not find anything in front of her frankness except to confront her with a frank and direct confession as well. He told her that her husband was not the one intended, but the thug was the one who should have died. She blatantly interrupted him with all her strength, "but you killed my husband," then she soon reduced her severity and went on, "and killed other innocent people with him for all their sins that they were serving their country sincerely and defending Germany. Germany, Hermann, your country and our homeland." Her words ignited the anger in his chest and raised his voice tones over its revolution, saying, "They were not defending Germany, but they were defending Hitler, that moron who killed fifty million people because of his illusions and arrogance, he was bound to die."

This madness that leads us to him must stop, he enjoys his arrogance in his safe hideouts and doesn't deprive himself of any pleasure, while millions of people don't find even the roots of plants to eat. He transformed hard-workers in the Reich's factories into gunpowder poured out of his cannons and planes into their chests and the chests of their brothers, the workers and farmers. His words suggest many things, Ursula summarized in one question, "Are you a communist then? And you were deceiving me in the name of love. How foolish I was." He approached her with his eyes shining, he seemed so strange to her that his features changed, even his voice tone changed, as if he is another person she had never known and said defiantly, "No, I did not deceive you because I really loved you and I was feeling thrilled while we were together and still love you, But I

believe in my cause more than my faith in love.” She was looking at him silently and with tears dotting grooves in her face, while Hermann went on saying, “Perhaps I wasn’t for you more than a slave, you seized to satisfy your ego and saturate your instincts and take revenge on all men, most importantly your husband. You were having your sadism with me, and if there was betrayal in what happened, then my betrayal is justified because it was for the sake of a cause that concerns the lives of millions of people. As for your betrayal, it only expresses in its essence but your desire to impairment of a man who stole your youth and married you against your will, and there is a difference between this and that.”

His words were painful and excruciating, but she gained an immunity that made her endure him. She felt that everything had become clear and finished in front of her as well; so, she asked him to look at her face. He turned towards her and took out from under her skirt, a gun that she was tied to her thigh and pointed down the muzzle towards his head. He didn’t expect her reaction to being so severe and this violence; so, he tried to approach her, but she warned him, saying, “One more step, and the bullet will going through your forehead.” He soon confirmed when she ordered him to kneel on his knee before her and put his hands behind his back. He remembered at that time that she has improved so much at using the pistol, and she had sufficient psychological strength and courage to be killed. He soon confirmed when she ordered him to kneel on his knee before her and put his hands behind his back. He immediately complied and begged her to hold off a bit and not pass judgment on him to death. He sympathized with her and tried to arouse her emotions again. He reminded her of the days they spent together and the words of love that she used to spin to him, but his words had an opposite effect and increased the intensity of her anger; so, she cursed him with offensive language. He didn’t give up on trying, but swore to her that he still kept her love in his heart and he would prove that to her. She asked him how he would do. He could arrange their departure from Germany together as she wanted. Not only that, but he told her that his position with the Soviet intelligence allowed him to secure her livelihood in Moscow itself or Kyiv, as the war is almost over and nothing should be lost. His voice tone and his looks suggest that he is sure of what he said; so, she asked him how he would manage her exit from Germany, especially in these circumstances, and there is hardly a safe path, as he himself had told her a few moments ago, and there is no outlet free of soldiers and the army? He assured her that someone would help

them, as he is not the only one working for the Soviets, but there are hundreds of Russian agents who were scattered everywhere.

Ursula put down her pistol from his forehead not realizing what she was hearing, spies and agents everywhere, even the army and secret police were not spared from betrayal dipped in vodka. She has become fairly sure of the truth of what she heard from Hitler one day, when he said that “out of every five Germans, there are four traitors.” She threw herself in despair on the sofa, because she got tired and frustrated, and doubt surrounded her on every side. He approached her and attempt to embrace her, but she pushed him and shouted at him: “Move away from me, do not touch me, for your betrayal has defiled me enough.” Her attitude was surprising to him and no longer reassuring of what is happening around him, he neglected her, grabbed the pistol from her hand and said to her, “Do you manipulate me? I know you well, and it seems that you are never serious with me?” She gave him a look of anger and contempt, then turned her face away from him to the ground and said, “If you think that I will trust you again, you are delusional. Do I need a traitorous Machiavellian agent?” Her words came out of her mouth like bullets, even though she was tired and her breath was interrupted like a runner who had just out of a marathon. He was filled with remorse and felt that things were getting away from him, so he directed the barrel of the gun at her head and put it on her forehead. In spite of everything, his reaction, was shocking, and inside her, she wondered, “Will he kill his lover? Can the heart turn all that away down? The disappointment was tearing her heart as she totally failed in love, just as she failed to be a good citizen as well. Her strengths were weak and her power was depleted as if her body was empty of her soul and everything that remains in her heart are just expressions of grudge and hatred that must throw in his face of whoever was her lover, in a dramatic black scene, directed by fate professionally. Herman is the only man that she loved him sincerely, and he made her discover that love has room in her life, and he himself is the one who makes her now taste the real taste of grudge and hatred; so, she raised her head and said to him confidently, “You will never terrorize me, for I don’t fear death and there’s nothing worth living for tonight.” But what will make me suffer forever in my grave is, my death will be in the hands of the man that I loved, but he stabbed me with his treachery. You killed me, Hermann, since the moment you used me as bait to reach your aims, and you killed me when you made me a weapon with which you killed my husband and dozens of innocent people.” He answered her, shivering with fear and boiling with anger: “Did you not understand yet? Hitler is not Germany, and

I am not the enemy. Germany's true enemy is the one who shed the blood of its people on the fronts." His words, despite everything, stemmed from honesty, but this sincerity was provoking her, and she said, "Now what? Will you wait too long? Come on, press the trigger to finish this mess." She put him in the corner and did not know how to act. He wanted to leave her and leave. He is not able to kill his beloved, but her life may mean his death. He thought that she would not let him go in peace. He tries to lure her by saying, "I am not a fool to leave you to rat me out to the Nazis to kill me." She modified her set and placed her right leg over her left leg and then responded with pride, "I know that an agent like you has no affection at all and doesn't have a heart to sense and feel, and do not think that I will beg you to save my life. I will never, I will not kneel on my knees as you did before me a while ago, you bastard and coward and I don't sympathize with the likes of you."

These words were offensive to his pride and stabbed him in his heart until an overwhelming feeling of anger swept him away, making love to retreat in itself to the back lines. She broke his dignity and tore his skin. Only the sight of the blood exploding from her head was enough to pay off his grudge. He back up and looked at her with a final look as if he wanted to memorize the features of her face in his memory, then he said, "I will prove to you now that I am not a coward as you think, but before that, you should know that I loved you sincerely. "Then he put the barrel of a pistol on his temple, she didn't believe her eyes and cried, "What do you want to do?" He replied, "If one of us has to die, then let it be me." Then he pressed hard on the trigger, but not a chance, the pistol was empty of bullets and what he wanted to do not happen. He did not understand what was happening! She wanted to manipulate him and she was not intending to murder him; so, she emptied the gun from the bullets, she would not have killed a man who shared love, wine and bed. Faced with the horror of the shock, Ursula rose up from her place and threw on him, she hit him with her hands on his chest and cursed him, then embraced him with all her might, she knew that this time would be the last; so, the pain was squeezing her heart. It never occurs to her that he would choose the death in order for her to live, she drowned in a sea of hot tears and clung to him to fill her breath with the smell of his body. She told him that she loved him too, but he chose a path other than her, and even if he did not kill her with bullets, she is now dead and without her blood being spilt. Hermann did not understand what was happening with him and remained silent and static, but an aloud voice came to put an end to the feelings of love, anger and confusion, saying, "Your place, Hermann, you are arrested." He turned back around him,

and he saw Brigadier General Teller come out from the lobby wielding his gun at his face. He now realizes everything that was hidden from him. Ursula would not have killed him. His love in his heart did not prevail her love for Germany. Therefore, she chose to hand him over, and it is only a blink of an eye until five other men from the secret police pounced on him from each side after they were hiding in separate rooms in the apartment, they were thrown him on the ground and handcuffed him.

Brigadier General Teller looked at Ursula and did not know whether to congratulate her or console her, but he went to her and tried to calm her down and then said: "I know that what happened tonight is very difficult, but you did well, Frauen Colin, it should have happened and things go like this. Overall, now, nothing remains to be said, but I promise you, I will settle the matter with agencies; so, we keep your name away from any accountability."

Ursula did not comment on Brigadier-General's words, as she was completely devastated as she sees them take Hermann in handcuffs before her eyes. She knew that she had handed them over to her lover to kill him and this deepened her wounds, but a frosty cold swept over her suddenly as if she had taken a bath with ice water and the feelings of anger froze in her when she realized that her love for Herman did not Just be a fleeting whim. She wished that her pistol had been loaded with bullets, she would have wanted him killed by her hand and then she caught up with him, then both of which would have been cleansed of the filth of treachery and would deserve to die and be buried together, but that didn't happen. She was surrounded by defeats on all sides and she has bound to win in her battle even if it was against her heart because her victory would make her living what's left of her life with a clear conscience. But what Hermann did make her victory more painful than defeat and betrayal as well. He really loves her, but he made his love in the service of his ideology, and she also loves him, but her patriotism prevailed over love in her heart, and between ideology and patriotism, love was the biggest loser and that is the greatest losses.

Chapter Fifteen

The last chapter of love

The war ended with a cruel defeat for the Germans, Hitler committed suicide and his wife Eva Braun committed suicide too, and their bodies were burned accompanying his fanatical Nazi ideas as well, which was stung by millions of people around the world, and the homeland that was a great nation was divided between the new powers in the East and the West, which had a major impact on the souls of the Germans and for decades.

Ursula managed to escape from Berlin a few hours before her fall in the Red Army hands and moved to her family home in Hamburg. This made her a Western citizen after Germany was divided into two parts, the first in the East, pro-Soviet and is subject to the communist regime, and the second in the West, owes allegiance to Western liberalism, which led by the United States, this new force imposed its culture on the world. Ursula does not deny that its fate, despite the defeat, was much better than the fate of its counterparts on the Eastern side of the Berlin Wall, because whoever breathed the air of freedom could not bear the humiliation of slavery under the mighty power of the Soviet military, but despite everything she was sitting behind the glass of her window for a long time and looking back to the recent past, after three years, she is still faithful to her sorrow, not because of the loss of her homeland and stuck between two ideologies, but because she lost her way in love; so, Hermann's adore today is deeper in her heart than everything. She realized that she might have missed the objective and wondered for a long time, "could she have chosen another end to this love, completely different from what happened? Then he told her on a December night that he does not believe in patriotism, determined by the leader's mood and set different limits to it than it is actually only, because the latitude and longitude he doesn't like, and these days show the sincerity of his words. He was also wrong, he believed in the principles of communism, believing that it is the only path to equality and freedom, which he was wishing and searching for, even if it was filled in depression, so this experience shows that he gave his life for the sake of another horrific lie that is no less racist and bloody than the lie of Nazism. The communism, in which he believed and was loyal to it has become, today, by

living experience, is completely contradictory to its slogans, because the communists do not apply equality except with regard to the just distribution of oppression, injustice and deprivation, on the peoples of the countries that they usurped, as for freedom, it has no place in their dictionary and there is no existence.

Ursula was drinking her coffee and flipping in her hands a wooden model of two pigeons lying in the nest. That was Hermann's gift to her on the occasion of Christmas that they spent together in Dresden. Despite everything that happened, that night remained, and that gift was one of her greatest and the most precious memories, but it was not his last gift, for she was putting on the table another the most expensive gift she had, and perhaps she found in it what comforts her heart and heals her deep wounds that bleed her soul. It is the notebook of thoughts that she borrowed from him before her return from Dresden, and today it has become her property. She considered herself the only heiress with the legitimacy of the love that she bears in her heart, and now, after the storms of war and ideology have subsided, she can read what he was writing on her without being too scared or feeling a twinge of thoughts that were inconsistent with her patriotism years ago.

Chapter Sixteen

Herman's Thoughts

Date: Summer 1940

Place: Berlin

Title: love is my Last Home

I need you as a new home where I belong and no one else, sheltering in the shade of your lap and enjoying the light of your shiny eyes. I wonder if I could take you to the northern countryside no one knows it except you and me. I do love the northern cold weather maybe because I think it resembles me, I love its countryside dominated with silence and dream of snowfields and the trees of pine and chestnut, so I will get there before you, to our stone house with a leaning wooden roof covered with white color, and I will send you the herds of elk lying by the lake to greet you and I light the dry oak sticks in the fireplace. I will change the vase water with my own hands and keep waiting and waiting for you, although it's hard to wait for you with all those feelings, waiting for you to cover my soul with freedom scent mixing it with your breezing breath and fall asleep deeply after an eternal kiss. Laying together forgetting about religion, geography and ideology to crucify them with past years misery writing the beginning of the most beautiful romantic novel with tears of joy and love.

Date: Wiped by a Tear That Fell on the Paper

Place: Prague - Czechoslovakia

Title: Accordion Player

Do not be sad Helmer, I just knew today that they cut your fingers one after another before they murder you. Clara the newspaper seller told me what they did to you because you played a sad melody on the night of Prague's fall. I think the fates were kind to you, at least you are not forced to face what we face now. Don't worry Helmer, there is no one playing happy tunes to us anymore not for killing musicians, but we can't listen anymore, our souls became worn and our hearts are broken, I know they broke your heart too when they burned the Accordion in front of you with no mercy. Don't be miserable, they burned people alive and made the bullets play with their rifles, and strangled the flute in our green fields. They have uprooted love from our chests and planted in its place the seeds of fear that have grown into trees that are lush, hollow and foul-smelling. So, do not be sad, my friend, and rest your soul in peace.

Date: Fall 1943
Place: Berlin
Title: Letter to Ursula

Come to me my love, let's destroy the mountains of longing that are calcified in our eyes and melt them as melted lava in the burning volcanoes of the kisses. Come, let us brush our bodies like gipsy braids hanging down on the ceiling of wild desire, and lay under the quilt of night, guarded by the stars, and we cushion the clouds stuffed with longing and tears. I drop wine on your rosy cheeks like blush tulip meadows and sip the nectar of your greasy dripping lips in a hurry. We stand on the edge of longing, take shelter from the cold of separation with hugs, and then baptize our bodies with melted snow water from the heat of love, even if the soul wakes up, the heart will be drunk.

Date: Winter 1943
Place: On the Road to Dresden
Title: The Road to Ursula

On the corner of the longings, hopes were raised, eager for the warmth of the meeting, and the embrace of our hearts planted as two tearful candles on the banks of the sweet revelation, and the revelation for poets, my love, is the mirror of the soul and the words of the heart. It happens that the winds of winter oppose us, so our feet stand stiff at the threshold of new love and refuse to lead us to it as if it has lost its steps to happiness, which has become in our dictionary synonymous with absence. My love, I am tired of the times of distress that exhausted my heart and I am tired of my continuous travel on the thorny path of patriotism and of reading books of fear carefully lined up on the shelves of the diaspora. I want it to be a free hymn that your lips echo or a fleeting thought with your heart. I am afraid that sadness will turn from your smile into joy losing its memory. I have waited for you for many years, and here you are today breaking the silence to generate love in your hands without a midwife, so do not ask me about the day of the meeting after wandering, do not ask me how we broke the boundaries to meet on these paths.

Ursula was reading Hermann's thoughts with joy covering her heart with regret, she was able finally to decipher his soul code that used to be unsolvable, then the love and longing began pushing on her heart. She felt somehow that he was as close to her as the distance between them. So, she decided to write to him in the same notebook some of what she was wondering about. There was plenty of places, time and hope as well, hope in seeing each other again when there is no war, geography, borders, intolerance, and no pain, death, tears as well.

Chapter Seventeen

Ursula's Thoughts

Date: December 1946

Title: Letter to Herman

Why do my thoughts keep driving me to you although we were not destined to each other? Why does my heartbeat on nostalgic strings and my soul play its favorite tune whenever I feel your spirit? You are not here anymore, not walking with us on this land, but I can see you as if I went back to our youth, teenagers' illusions and the love of imagination! Why does this longing take me on the east road? Is that the irony of fate? Or does December have a magic effect? Three years passed! The everyday life stole my time-life and the life concerns smashed me up. It no longer affects me and that is considered as one of the defeat advantages. When the breakdowns are huge, we don't panic from small disappointments, everything is gone now and I became alone with my memories manipulating me as if I was something easy to play with or destroy simply. Among all of that, I didn't lose the tune in my heart, some of your perfume, and the rest of the breath smell penetrates my chest. I kept them all together because simply after everything I still love you. I know! It's a long story that didn't continue even though it was true and pure love, totally as I know it was sort of a story of impossible love.

Date: January 1946

Title: Waiting

Winter cold nights again with all of the fears and loneliness. I feel as if my feelings attached me and rebellious emotions through silence controls me with no mercy. The patience that broke the status of the carved rock that put-on heart cruelly. Blowing me like a torrent falling to the top defying the mountains of fear with revealing all that I hide in the bottom of my heart. I miss you, yes I need you, and I'm looking for you, chasing your spectrum between masks and pictures and hearing your voice in the bells of a church mixed with night sounds. I start scattering all my life details that your love controlled and rebelling against my reality then get back to despair paths that I used to sit in alone just me and your words.

I'm trying to fake a hope that may help me see you and enjoy melting my soul by your soul, it's a gentle feeling that makes me feel comfortable with a lot of patience, so I can feel calm to be able to see your spectrum and feel the touch of your hand on mine, and your smile drawn on your lips so life comes in the rubble of my soul that makes a slight shiver that melted the ice mountain above my heart and warmth that completes the rest hours of hope waiting for another day m, as if were a ritual that never ends unless it begins again, waiting for the last meeting day.

Date: March 1946

Title: Beginnings of spring

A curtain of soft satin falls on the edges of my day, leaving a small space for hope and some rays of light faintly creeping into the soul, just as some light escapes from that lone pillar standing in wondrous patience alone fighting the gel of darkness. Frightened spring butterflies do not leave their cocoons, and almond blossoms pray for the March feasts and prepare to bid farewell to winter. A tendency quivering, scratching the face of the wind, then a sad melody like my body groan, and a breath comes out like smoke that penetrates the dome of the horizon surrounded by dreams, and the night falls back in disguise, as usual, restraining the waves, and the returning storks are tired from their departure to settle on the tops of ancient churches and bear witness to my presence. The smell of bread entices life, a bottle of wine, a piece of cheese and orange grains decorates my table, and nothing is missing for me but you.

To crown me as a queen on the throne of heaven, and to reduce the years of exile to the unity of our bodies, and to take the peace of love as a final and everlasting home for us as you wanted it without colors or pain.

The date: April 1946

Title: Last Speech

My days breathe their longing for you like the breeze of dawn, and my heart quenches your memory and longs for the size of the sky. You are gentle, O, heralds of spring when you carry hymns of peace with you, warm as sunlight penetrates the pillows of clouds to caress the leaves and soft as a pigeon feather that embraces the horizon and falls gently on the cheek of a child who learns to walk and becomes overjoyed his first steps in life. If the earth will embrace its spring, then where do I have you, O spring of the heart? How did you leave me alone and go? I wish I went with you. Now the letters of your name scattered

inside me like a seed of love that I planted in a fertile heart, but without water. Who will show me love after you so that the lilies may blossom in my body, my days will bloom, and I become a new creature?

Ursula wrote her last words laying down this time on her bed, she didn't care about spring weather and sitting in the balcony as she used to, and perhaps due to her memories with Herman she began to love winter. She wrote her last words and added her name on the cover beside his name" Herman and Ursula thoughts" these thoughts now carrying their love together just as carrying their hopes and concerns, and before keeping them in their last place, then she came up with the idea of giving her a new title that might summarize in one line everything that happened, so she wrote on the front of the cover in bold: Clashes on the lines of love.

This is the end of the novel...

CLASHES ON LOVE LINES

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