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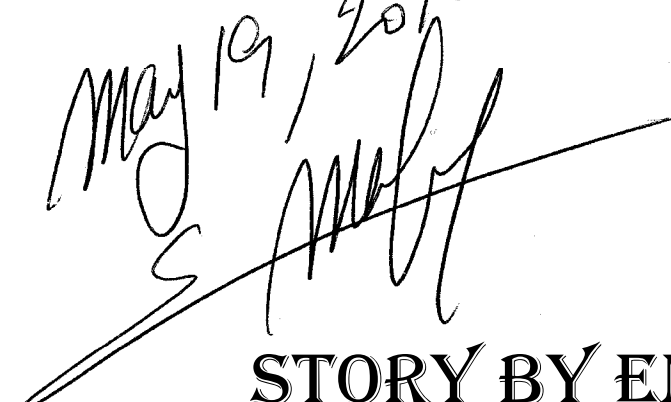
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**STORY & TREATMENT
FOR**

**ZABOON
THE DONKEY**

May 19, 2010



Witness: Mo Koch

19

19 May 2010

STORY BY EMIL MALAK

File name: March 16

The Russian Front

"Grandma, I miss my mom and dad. When am I going to see them? Why didn't they just stay with us." (Sherene)

Sherene started to cry, her Grandma gave her a hug: "When the war is over, I am sure we will all be back in Czechoslovakia living in the Bohemian Mountains."

"I loved it there Grandma and today is my birthday, I'm going to be ten years old and my mom and dad won't be there."

"I'll be there and your Grandad and we have made many friends with all the gypsies from all over eastern Europe."

It all began in 1940 when Sherene's mom and dad, Adriana and Nicoli left the gypsy camp with many others and made their way towards Prague in order to sell and buy some supplies. Unfortunately, they were caught by the SS, rounded up and sent to various camps. When the rest of the gypsies realized what the Germans were doing to all the gypsies they decided to escape to Russia where it was safer for them. They ended up in an area by the name of Gomel which was over a 150 miles away from Smolensk, and joined other gypsies who arrived from other parts of eastern Europe, mainly Poland. Gomel was a vast wasteland of marshes, moors and swamps, with many lagoons, ponds and rivers, inlets and kyles stretching for hundreds of miles which made an ideal retreat for the gypsies. They all lived like they did before - the cooking was done by the girls while the men went out hunting and cleared some of the land for farming. Because of the winter cold, they lived in large caves that they made their homes. This vast area became known as the eastern European gypsy retreat but also many Jews and Slavs who managed to flee the occupied German regions, made their way to this new found community. The area had fully equipped work and repair shops, tanneries, and tailor shop mills. Many people started to farm having their own cows and chickens, for once the gypsies realized that they could roam no more. They had to stay within the boundary of this vast region for their own safety until the war was over, hoping one day to go back to where they came from. They all obeyed the rules.

Grandad took Sherene out to the little market where many Russians came to buy horses and other animals from the gypsies. Sherene loved animals and back home she had had her own horse since she was three years old. When they got to the little square where the gypsies showed the horses, Sherene asked her Grandad:

"Grandad, can you buy me a horse?"

"I would love to ... but, as you know, we can't afford it."

In the corner, a few yards away, there was a herd of donkeys being checked out by a couple of Russians and they were starting to exchange some money with the gypsy owners. One of the Russians was checking each donkey when he came to the last one, this donkey started to bray loudly and bit the Russian man's arms, who screamed from the pain. The donkey only let go when he was whipped a few times by the gypsy man but still in a frenzy the same donkey turned around and kicked his owner in the belly so hard that he went flying a few yards and everyone standing there was laughing - including Sherene and Grandad. Sherene put her hand in her pocket and without any fear, walked towards the donkey. Everyone heard the gypsy man shouting and screaming in agony. Sherene put her hand out and gave the donkey a couple of lumps of sugar. The donkey took to her and put his head down and she started to pat him. The two Russian men took all the donkeys and refused to take this one. The gypsy owner, still in pain, knew Grandad and said:

"I could give it to you for a bargain. He's so stubborn, this is the seventh time I tried to make a sale and he blows it for me."

While Sherene was patting the donkey and talking to him, Grandad was having a conversation with the owner. They both left and Grandad promised to bring her back in a couple of days to see her new found friend who she named Boyar.

Today, Sherene's birthday, they all gathered around the fireplace, told children's stories and sang happy birthday. Sherene was given presents by all the children and a beautiful pink and black sweater that had been handknit by Grandma. Sherene sat there quietly, happy but her mind was wandering away until Grandad, a few yards away shouted::

"Sherene, you see what I've got for you?" And, he had Boyar. (To John and Linda: please make sure the donkey story is strong especially the relation between the donkey and Sherene should be developed a little bit further, any ideas will be welcomed!) Sherene went running with a big smile on her face, hugged her Grandad and all the children came and everyone was patting the donkey who now belonged to Sherene.

That night, Sherene insisted on taking Boyar inside the cave where she filled the pail with cold water and fed him with oats and hay. Within a few days the donkey became Sherene's best friend - he went with her everywhere. One night, Grandad told Sherene that they didn't have enough money to buy food for the donkey and they had to think of a way to earn more money. Sherene was saddened, Boyar looked at her, turned his head and tried to pull his saddle off. Sherene eye's brightened, she went over and undid the saddle and placed it on the floor and started to brush Boyar's back.

"Boyar, you are the greatest! I want you to listen to me very carefully."

Boyar nodded his head.

"I know you are very stubborn and you won't let anybody ride you except me."

His ears perked up. Sherene gave him a lump of sugar.

"We need to make some money to pay for your food. So many times the children wanted to get on your back and you kicked them off."

Now, Boyar's back leg went up in the air - kicking.

"Look Boyar, I love you. I can't do without you. You have to help me. Stop being stubborn and just let these children ride you."

Boyar snorted and put his head under Sherene's hands so she could rub his forehead and he moved slowly over to the saddle and pulled it towards Sherene. Sherene smiled:

"I knew you would understand. We're going to have a great time together."

The following day, when Sherene was walking with the donkey, the little children gathered asking her if they could go for a round on the donkey's back. Sherene willingly agreed for a small price and everyday she took the children round on Boyar and earned enough money for the hay and oats and to help to get more food for her Grandma and Grandad.

Having spent generally a peaceful time in occupied France, it was easy and no one would have minded spending the wartime moving around France. There were rumors that we might move to North Africa. I always wanted to visit the desert. I personally didn't mind such an adventure but I knew that sooner or later we would eventually have to leave France. I have just received a letter from my parents who are extremely proud of my new promotion as a Battery Commander. Today, the first of April, my parents wedding anniversary, all the beautiful memories of this particular night came back where my mother used to prepare a wonderful buffet inviting many friends and relatives. We all drank good wine, played the piano and sang until the early hours. I came from such a happy home and my parents dedicated all their lives to me and my sister. Now, these good times seemed so far away.

At noon, I was requested at the General's Headquarters, all commanders were to be present for an important briefing.

Major Raake: "You are to get ready to leave France within the next 48 hours. We are

moving towards east Prussia.”

We all stared at the Major and at each other. No one dared to question the orders. We were handed copies of our orders and one by one saluted the Major and left. Forty hours later my Division of 1,800 men, plus 2,500 horses and all of our artillery and equipment were ready to board the trains. By the time we finished loading, we had used a hundred trains. Sam was wagging his tail, extremely excited at the prospect of coming with me. I did not want to take him but if I left him there, what would he do? I was his only and constant companion. He looked so happy and excited so I just let him join me. The trains started to roll, all the men, including myself, looked extremely depressed, waving goodbye to a pleasant country, with its beautiful ladies, good wines and food. The French people were extremely friendly towards us as we were towards them. We all hated to leave.

We have been on the road over four days, we have just entered east Prussia, almost 1,200 kilometers away from where we were. East Prussia has a magnificent countryside, hilly, with fields of rye and potatoes. We passed by many lakes, beaches, forests. Now we started to disembark. We lived in a large field, our horses loved it more than us! We trained constantly everyday. Life was pretty easy. We had a happy time, swam in the river, sang and once again ate good food. The local people were friendly to us. We were often invited into their homes, like the French. A few weeks later, I received orders to move to Prostken, another east Prussian village that is only a few kilometers from the present Russian border. It was a small place and as we erected our tents, I thought the region felt much harsher and harder than the relaxed atmosphere we left behind. As usual, we trained everyday until one day I was summoned once more to see Major Raake.

Major Raake: “Gentlemen. We are about to attack Russia. I need you to study the map carefully and determine the best position for our guns once orders are issued.”

I stared at the Major and all the other commanders stared at each other speechless. I then asked the major:

“I thought we had a Friendship Treaty with Russia, and we were at war only with England?”

The major looked at me and shouted: “These are my orders and you are to execute them!”

The following day, we moved our guns into the appropriate location ready for attack. The Russians have created a no man’s land on their side of the border by physically removing everything in order to provide an unobstructed view for the sentry tower to keep watch. On the morning of June 21st, 1941 I received my orders to get ready to

attack. When darkness descended we moved our guns around, ready to fire. The bright moon shone over the forest of east Prussia, spreading its light through the trees. It was quiet and eerie and I could see a few kilometers away, a village that was lit. I knew that within 24 hours, this village would exist no more. I hated war but there was nothing I could do except to carry out orders and make sure that my men behaved like soldiers not like the barbarian SS men that followed our troops and physically obliterated the villages and massacred masses of people.

In the early hours of June 22nd, 1941, I got my orders to open fire. We opened fire on the small village of Sasnia, a few kilometers from our guns. I could see our shells burst, causing buildings to explode and start fires everywhere. Everyone was running. We then moved forward overrunning the barbed wire. There was no resistance. They all seemed to retreat backwards. Then our Stuka dive bombers moved in on the retreating soldiers and obliterated them. We rested in Sasnia overnight, then the following day, I had my orders to start marching towards Moscow. We were now a part of Army group centre, led by our Panzer Divisions. We just kept on advancing, the Soviets were just retreating.

Each day, we took a village and moved on. The Russian army seemed to just run backwards, not putting up any resistance to our strong army. Many villages were happy to see us as their churches started to open up and conduct services. Under Russians they were not allowed to practice religion. With us arriving, many of them felt liberated. We did not see any Russian planes, as we were told the Russian air force had been practically destroyed on the first day of our invasion. We marched freely during the day. Sometimes we met some resistance but we managed to put them down and move forward. We covered an average of 30 to 40 kilometers a day. Our orders were to move forward and take as little rest during the night so that we could conquer more land and achieve our main goal of getting to Moscow.

When we got to the village called Lida, which was approximately 250 kilometers from where we started at the Prussian border, we took a rest for 24 hours. In the early evening while I went out for a stroll, I heard one of my Lieutenants, which I recognized from his loud voice, that it was Lieutenant Schnabel. I went to see why he was shouting and swearing and when I got nearer I found two Jewish men who had been stripped naked, trembling from the cold and the Lieutenant was whipping them as hard as possible and their bodies were bleeding, their teeth locked together from the pain, tears came down over their greyish cheeks, I shouted:

“Schnabel!”

“Jawohl herr oberleutenant.” He answered standing at attention.


“What the hell do you think you are doing?”

"He's a pig, a bloody Jew, herr oberleutenant."

"I don't care what he is, what race or religion, as long as you are under my command, you will not mistreat anybody. That's an order!"

He looked at me - almost in disgust, threw his whip on the ground, spat at the two trembling men and gave a heil Hitler salute and walked off.

My friend, Lieutenant Florian was standing next to me, he went over, picked up the men's clothes, handed them over to them, helped them to dress and gave them some water.

For weeks and weeks we went through dozens of villages, nothing was stopping us. We met many pockets of resistance but we managed to put them down if they hadn't retreated first. Bodies of dead Russian soldiers, carcasses of dead horses, burned out tents and abandoned, obsolete equipment, littered the ground everywhere. Sam was almost glued to me, he didn't like the sound of gun shells but eventually he grew accustomed to the war. Wherever I went, he would be at my side. We ate together, slept together. The weather was still hot, my leisure time was to go swimming in the lake with Sam. I was called in around the end of July to see General Von Kaunitz who presented me with the Iron Cross First Class, for helping to break enemy resistance during the first week of the invasion. I personally didn't really care, to me all this was irrelevant - the killing of men, women and children as the result of us conquering all these defenseless villages seemed cruel. I did my best to refrain my men from maltreating these defenseless civilians, as we heard many stories of commanders who encouraged the killing, raping and beating of hundreds of Slavs that were left defenseless when the Russian army fled. 

The weather was dry, the days were long and the nights were short. Our army just kept on going, we were victorious everywhere we crossed. The Russian troops seemed unorganized and poorly equipped. They just retreated back. The country was endless, we just kept on going across land of boundless expanses. It seemed to go on for infinity. I kept on wondering how many years and how many men would have to die before we were able to fully conquer the Soviet Union.

We left behind many villages with mainly women, children and old men. Everyone else who was fit to fight either retreated to the Russian Front or was taken prisoner by us. Our aim was to reach Smolensk, from there we would be around 150 kilometers from Moscow.

Today, we arrived within five miles of Smolensk. In a small village, the Russians started to bombard us, we all went for cover. I hid behind a peasant hut. Two Russian peasant women laid down near me. As the Russian artillery shells kept on coming towards us, one landed a few meters from me hitting both women. They were moaning, blood pouring out

of their foreheads - I tried to help them with my first aid kit bandages, gave them some water. They both looked at me, smiled, the first lady was in her mid-fifties, she reminded me of my mother, she held her friend's hand who was much older and looked very similar to my grandmother with all her of her gray silky hair. The younger woman soon died and when I looked at the elderly lady who was still alive, screaming from a dozen shrapnel in her body, still holding on to her dead friend, I knew that sooner or later she would also die. I just took my gun, looked at her - she looked at me, smiled and closed her eyes and her other hand was holding the cross hanging down from her neck. I then shot her.

We all settled for a couple of days in the small village outside of Smolensk . We rested, repaired our equipment, shoed our horses, waiting for the orders to march towards Moscow. Around four o'clock in the afternoon, I looked for Sam and he was not around. I kept on whistling but he never returned. I asked one of my men if they had seen Sam, they said yes they had saw him with my friend Lieutenant Florian over an hour ago. I was glad he was in safe hands, he always liked to play with Lieutenant Florian. Soon after, I got a call to go and see Major Raake, I headed towards his tent, when I got in he asked me:

"Where is Lieutenant Florian?"

"He's out for a walk with Sam."

"I am afraid we have a request from the SS."

"What do you mean?"

"Lieutenant Florian has to go."

"Why? He's my right hand man. He fought many battles with me. He saved my life back in France, I need him!"

Looking extremely awkward, Major Raake, took a sip of water and his color returning to normal:

"You don't understand, he's a Jew."

"A Jew, oh, now I understand why he wasn't given the Iron Cross or promoted back in France."

"Look, these are my orders. There are two SS men, insisting on escorting him back to Poland."

"Where are they going to take him?"

"I don't know but it could be the Warsaw Ghetto where he would be with his own people."

"This is so crazy, he is one of us, he fought for Mother Germany - he's saved my life and many others. He is so courageous - can't you tell the SS that?"

"Believe me, I have told them but they won't budge."

I went looking for Lieutenant Florian. Sam was by his side. When Lieutenant Florian saw the SS men standing behind me, his face dropped and he realized what was happening. I bid him farewell and gave him a signed letter by every member of my battery, hoping it would help him when he got to Warsaw. He said "don't worry, I'll be all right. You have been a good friend and I'll always remember you." He patted Sam, shook my hand and left, escorted like a prisoner by the SS men. I realized I never hated the Nazis more and their stupid anti-semantic and racist beliefs - here is a well trained man, who could help us fight against the Russians and what do we do? We just take him out because he happened to be a Jew.

Many thousands, even hundreds of thousands of men that we happened to have taken as prisoners or took over their villages, hated the Stalin regime, they looked at us as the liberators, willing to join us against Stalin's regime. Unfortunately, Hitler and his Nazi "yes" men, believed Slavs were inferior and treated them as prisoners. I knew that these were terrible mistakes that would make us pay dearly once the Russians got the first upper hand and used all the Slavs that could have been fighting with us, against us.

For a couple of days to follow, I went for many walks with Sam as we were both sad and missed our friend. Sam always carried the stick that Lieutenant Florian made for him. One day, I was called in to see General Von Kaunitz. I knew him before I joined the army, he was a good friend of my father's since graduation at university and he regularly visited our house.

"Hello Klaus. At ease, sit down. Help yourself to some decent tea."

"Thank you sir." I poured myself a cup.

"I read your file. You have done well. My assistant has been promoted, I need a reliable and discreet assistant. I would like to offer you the job."

"That's an honor sir."

"I want you to start right away. We are in the midst of planning our final assault on Moscow."

"When do you intend on attacking Moscow?"

“As soon as I’m given the orders from the Fuhrer.”

“I’m told that there are hundreds of thousands of men that would be defending their capital.”

“Yes, this is not going to be an easy battle but once we get the head, the body will become headless and very soon it will die. Without Moscow, Germany will not be able to win the war.”

“I am told that winter is brutal, it can get to below 60 degrees or more.”

“You are right, that is why we need to move now while summer and early autumn is on our side.”

I left extremely happy to being given such a responsibility. The following day, I moved to General Von Kaunitz’s headquarters and we all got busy preparing for the final assault on Moscow. Our Army group centre, was to lead the attack, flanked on both sides by Army groups south and north.

It’s now almost the 20th of August and we are still awaiting word from the Fuhrer’s office. I was called in to see General Von Kaunitz and when I got to his office he looked extremely agitated:

“I am afraid I have some bad news. I have to leave for Berlin. I have been summoned by General Haldler. I refuse to obey orders - I don’t care anymore. They are a bunch of idiots and we have been lead by a corporal who thinks like a corporal who was unable to grasp war strategies and tactics.”

I looked at General Von Kaunitz, nodded, understanding that he was referring to Hitler. General Von Kaunitz carried on:

“How can we win a war when a corporal, hundreds of miles away, is giving orders totally ignoring the advice of his professional generals? This mad man will ruin us! He always gets cold feet when he realizes that victory is near. The bloody same thing happened in Dunkirk, I could have wiped out the three hundred thousand plus British soldiers and now thanks to his stupidity, they are fighting us.”

“So what are you going to do?”

“It’s simple, if the Fuhrer doesn’t listen to me and he decides not to attack Moscow, and divert the armies to the Ukraine and the Caucus, I’m not coming back. I will resign my post.”

"I'll be very sorry to see you go sir."

General Von Kaunitz arrived in Berlin and he first was greeted by General Hadler, the Chief of Staff. They spent a few minutes before meeting the Fuhrer.

General Hadler: "I'm in total agreement with you. The Fuhrer is unable to see it the army way. He has his own preconceived ideas of how to conduct the war."

"Well then, he should get down in the field of combat and conduct it himself."

General Hadler looked at his watch. He was sweating and extremely nervous.

General Hadler: "Let's go in. We are required."

The Fuhrer was sitting at his desk. He greeted General Von Kaunitz and just nodded at General Hadler.

"I am very pleased with your successes" said the Fuhrer.

"Thank you my Fuhrer and I hope to provide you soon with a major one."

The Fuhrer looked at him: "You have to be patient. Germany needs resources, we need the wheat and grains of the Ukraine region and the oil of the Caucus. Once we conquer the Ukraine and the Caucus, Moscow will fall."

"Her Fhurer, my military experience, tells me, that the only way forward is to capture Moscow. Once the capital falls, the rest of the Soviet Union will follow."

"I fully agree with you. I intend to do that in a couple of months. For now, I have ordered that army group south is to proceed to the Ukraine and army group north to the Caucus."

"Her Fuhrer, why go for the tail of the snake when we can cut off the head? In the next few weeks, before winter sets in, we can take Moscow. Why dissipate our forces by sending them north and south, surely, after we capture Moscow, we can then turn our attention to these areas. We are in a victorious mood, our men's morale is high, let's capitalize on that and make Moscow our goal before winter stops us."

"I have made my decision - it's north and south - Moscow has to wait. I must remind you General that I have so far conquered almost all of Europe. In the past, you and many other feeble generals were against my plans for Czechoslovakia, Poland, France, Belgium, Holland, Norway." The Fuhrer's voice was getting louder and louder and he was gasping for breath. He now started his tantrum, banging his fist on the table. His face full of anger, red, his hair all over shouting:


"How dare you, you are nothing, with one finger I can wipe you off the military map. Do you realize that, with one finger."

A very composed General Von Kaunitz standing next to a nervous Chief of Staff Hadler said:

"Well, you don't have to. I believe the final issue of this war with Russia could only be decided at the gates of Moscow. If you don't get Moscow, we will lose the war altogether. Our army will be reduced to nothing. And, I personally, don't intend to watch men being finished off because of a grave tactical error that is made by you. I, therefore, resign my post."

Hitler, by then, was calm, he sat on his desk, looked at the General and waved his hands as to dismiss him. General Von Kaunitz stood to attention, turned around, and walked out followed by Hadler. Hadler shook his hand saying:

"I am sorry to see you gone, but I believe in time I will follow you. The Fuhrer is not going to listen to his military advisors, I might as well resign."



It is now late October and the winter weather started to set in. I went back to my post as a battery commander and our orders were to stay put at Smolensk. It rained a lot. When we got the order to advance a further 30 miles, we could hardly move any equipment. There was so much mud everywhere even on foot we could only move with the greatest difficulty. Nothing on wheels could move at all. The only way we could move a vehicle was to corduroy the roads with small tree units laid side by side to provide a solid surface. We established corduroy roads between our gun positions and our source of ammunition and supplies at Division Headquarters. These roads presented an even more difficult footing for the horses who struggled in the deep mud.

Now we were 30 miles forward and we had orders to move again. We stayed put for another four weeks, the hard freeze came on towards the end of November which, proved both an advantage and a disadvantage. We could move again but now we were freezing because we still did not have winter clothing. We tried to spend the nights in villages so we could get out of the freezing weather. In November, this far north, we had only seven hours of daylight but as long as we marched, our movement kept us from freezing. Even the horses, who had winter coats of fur, a few of them died at night. The temperature dropped to 40 degrees below Fahrenheit, even during the day we now looked forward to passing through villages so we could warm up in the local peasant huts.

When we reached the village we decided to take a rest in a large local peasant hut. My men were freezing. Some of them had serious frostbite. I saw some of my men rubbing down the horses, feeding them and covering them with a blanket. I ordered all of them to go inside the large hut to keep warm. We were still awaiting the arrival of the winter

clothes from Germany. The Russians had a real advantage over us, because they had warm felt boots and quilted uniforms, while we had only our thin overcoats which did not offer much protection from the cold. The only reason we were given for not receiving winter clothing was that we were moving too fast for the clothing convoy to catch up to us. How stupid do they take us for? We just wrapped our blankets over our overcoats and caps, to keep warm. The snow blew almost horizontally in blizzards that sometimes lasted all day long, with the winds piercing our faces like a thousand needles. To keep warm, we had to wear each piece of clothing we found. Each man fought the cold alone, pitting his determination and will against the weather. The cold became our number one enemy. The Russians, our second.

Today we arrived at another village. It was dusk when the Russian artillery started to fire. We lost several horses. The Russian resistance became more and more determined to stop us from moving towards Moscow. They fought us from everywhere - front and from the back. Their partisans were well organized and managed to cause many casualties that increased by the day. I now remembered General Von Kanitz's concern. He knew that the winter would be our first enemy and he was right. In the beginning, back in June, we had fairly light casualties, and we had taken a seemingly endless stream of prisoners. But now our progress was much slower, resistance was stiffening and prisoners were fewer.

By the end of December, we were no more than 25 kilometers away from Russia, but the temperature was paralyzing - heavy snow came down non-stop and the cold became unbearable. We couldn't fire any mortars because the explosion was muffled in the deep snow. Frostbite was becoming a familiar sight. At night, I would dream of warm clothes and having a hot shower, while scrubbing my body with a stiff, bristled brush.

We finally arrived in Roskazouka, a village just outside Moscow. We established a defensive line around the village and decided to rest, and prepare our equipment, before we set off again towards our final destination, Moscow. Two days later we approached the suburbs of Moscow, as a blast of cold hit us. Our trucks and vehicles would not start and our horses started to die in large numbers from the cold. The Russians knew how to cope with the weather but we did not, their vehicles were built and conditioned for this kind of weather, but ours were not. We all now numbly wrapped ourselves in our blankets. Everyone felt defeated by the cold. A couple of days later, the temperature reached 46 degrees below zero. The flesh on our faces and ears would freeze if we left them exposed for very long, and we tried to wrap anything around our head to prevent frostbite. Our fingers froze even in gloves and stuffed into our overcoat pockets, they were so stiff from the cold that they refused to perform any functions. We simply could not fire our rifles if we were given orders to.

We were ordered to advance a further six miles towards Moscow from where we were which we did without any reaction from the Russian army. The two armies were now

facing each other just outside Moscow. It was life or death for both. The Russians were fighting for a capital city, Moscow and we knew if we lost we were almost certainly dead. This was the decisive battle between both armies, whoever wins will be the victor of the war. A meeting was called for all the commanders and the lieutenants by Major Raake.

"We are outnumbered almost four to one."

One of the lieutenants: "So what? We are a strong and a more disciplined army."

"The Russian soldiers are much more experienced than they were when we attacked them, we cannot underestimate their strength. We are not fighting the same soldiers that were running away back in June."

"So what are we going to do?" asked another lieutenant.

"We are going to retreat back the six miles we gained."

A few of those present shouted: "Retreat?"

"Yes. Retreat. The plan is as follows, while we are retreating the whole six miles, you will all be briefed today by a group of engineers who will work with you and your men in order to mine each inch you leave moving backward. We have hundreds of thousands of mines that we intend to plant. Once this is achieved and we are back to our original line, our army will then be facing the Russian army. We are not going to make the first move and we believe eventually they will attack us and be blown away by the mines."

The major then looked at us, we were all freezing and then said:

"I have some good news. We have just received winter clothing and coats for everyone."

We were given our instructions and training and each commander allocated almost 25% of his men to start mining the land that separated us. As expected, a week later, we successfully managed to mine the whole area and slowly retreated without alarming the Russians. We now dug in our positions waiting for the Russians to attack us. Our army stretched for miles, now facing a Russian army that was getting ready to attack.

We had specific orders not to fire unless we were ordered to do so. All the commanders were told: let the Russians make all the first moves and don't pull the trigger until the orders are given. We all prayed and hoped that our plan would work. It has now been three days where both armies faced each other, the only thing that separated us was a wide snowy blanket that seemed perfectly smooth with no footprints. The snow had also covered our mines perfectly.

The Russians started to move their troops forward towards us and suddenly all movement stopped and through the binoculars we observed that they were getting ready for battle. A few minutes later we stood ready when we heard the gunfire getting louder and louder. The Russian soldiers were coming at us in thousands - some on foot, some on horses. When they got to the mined area, all we could see were limbs flying everywhere, and then we were given our orders to start firing our cannons while Russian men and horses were all running back. Most of them did not make it - first, they were mauled from the mines and our cannon firepower seemed to finish most of them off. There was a lull for two hours, then another sound of guns started, the same was repeated. And the Russian soldiers who carried out that attack - died and the "lucky" ones managed to retreat with wounds and missing limbs.

Our plan worked for now, we were all pleased to be alive. For the following two days, the Russians kept on trying but we had so many thousands of mines they kept on losing thousands of men. There was a break for at least one week where the Russians went quiet. We were called one morning for an emergency meeting:

"We have information that within the next 24 hours, the Russians will attack again. Get yourselves ready. And, you are under orders - no matter what you see moving from the Russian side - you are to fire as vigorously as you can, with no hesitation. These are your orders and make sure you execute them."

We all looked at one another wondering what was the point of calling such a meeting and insisting that we are to shoot at the Russians. This is our duty. We all do that, they are the enemy. I personally felt that there was another purpose of the meeting.

At dawn, around six o'clock in the morning, I was called in by the battery watchman. I took the binoculars and I saw a row of thousands of "little people" moving all in a straight-line, going for miles further than the eye could see. We all sounded the red alert. When I adjusted my binoculars I could not understand why these little people were not carrying any guns or rifles. It seems extremely strange that we have been attacked by the Russians without them using any weapons. Half an hour later all our infantry cannons were ready to fire. One of the watchmen shouted:

"Damn it. These are children! They're young kids! Nine and ten years old ... like my own... here, look!"

I took the binoculars, adjusted it and he was right, there they were - helpless children standing side by side looking extremely frightened. Many of them were so cold, they held each other's hands, teeth chattering from the freezing weather. I moved my binoculars around so I made out what was before me, thinking how can anyone use such young, innocent children? When I saw a girl and a boy around approximately eleven and twelve years old, the poor girl stood there crying and the boy was hugging her trying to calm her.

down. All of my battery stood there, looking at one another in disgust. We all knew in the back of our minds why our major insisted on us to follow orders and fire. My head was just pounding and the thought of ordering my men to fire at these helpless children made me so ill that I wished I was dead.

A couple of my men came forward and told me point blank that there was no way they were going to shot at children the same age as their own and furthermore, they did not care if they were court martialled or not. Within ten minutes, all of my infantry was standing there shouting that they were not going to fire at unarmed and helpless children. I agreed with them but I told them that they had to follow orders. It was a mess. I called in our engineers and talked to them.

Two hours later, it was so quiet - all you could hear was the wind moving westwardly. We then heard a big thunder and a scream of thousands and thousands of these little people running towards us, getting blown away by our mines and our artillery firing at them. They all fell to their deaths. Some tried to crawl back in the snow after losing their limbs. Then we could see a row of soldiers moving forward towards where the little people stopped. Now the position of the Russians was not much better than before. They advanced no more than 150 yards and starting collecting the dead and wounded corpses from all over - thousands of them.

My men kept on firing as per my orders, thanks to my engineers who had managed to replace the live rounds with blank ones. We all knew that our artillery fire was harmless but unfortunately most of the children were mauled and killed by the powerful mines that we had laid. My soldiers knew what was happening but we had a silent pact and respected it amongst each other. Still, the horrific scene before us of these helpless children had such an effect that we all had red eyes as we sat silently gazing into the horizon.

Later that same day an emergency meeting was called by Major Raake:

"The Russians are using their own children to clear the mines. These are not little people or dwarfs as some of you think. These are Russian children between the ages of 9 and 14 who are sacrificing their lives because the Russian soldier is extremely valuable and our intelligence and information tells us that the Russian high command have made the decision to use children so they could clear the mines and get the soldiers to move forward to us. They have over 300,000 children. Today we estimated they lost between 12 and 15 thousand. We have to stop the children moving forward because if they clear the mines, then the soldiers will follow and they'll come for us."

"Are they crazy using such young kids?"

"It is not our job to decide whether tactics are crazy or not. We are to make sure we shoot

with such fire power no matter who is coming at us, how young or how old they are.”

We all left and I thought to myself: what a crazy war. these are just kids they want me to blow away. They can go to hell, I am not doing it.

Each dawn at around 5 o'clock for four to five days, the Russians marched the children in order to gain more ground. The Germans were prepared and ready and after almost a week, the Russians only managed to move forward no more than 500 yards. They would have had to use hundreds of thousands of children for weeks to come in order to clear the mines and let their soldiers move forward towards the German army. Suddenly, after the 6th day, the Germans were, as normal, ready at five o'clock in the morning but this time there was no activity and no children ready to run and give up their lives and limbs.

We were called in the afternoon for another meeting with the Major:

“Our radio operators have managed to break the Russian communication code. What we have heard was quite a heated argument between two high ranking officers. The General in charge of “Operation Little People” on the Russian front, has now been summoned to Moscow headquarters and ordered a total stop. We believe there is a revolt in Moscow and the adjacent villages and cities concerning the use of the children as bait to clear the mines. Thousands of families are losing their children and the ones who are returning alive have lost limbs and are disabled to carry on a normal life. Because of the great number of children being lost, Moscow headquarters have put a stop to it. We now have to wait and I believe the next attack will be a full force by hundreds of thousands of Russian soldiers. So, be on your guard and get ready - this time I believe the fight will be much harder as they are determined to push forward. The General who has been summoned to Moscow has now been replaced by General Rokossouskii who is known as a genius and a ruthless tactician.”

DK

For the following week the weather was getting colder and we were getting anxious to face the Russian army in battle once again. We knew we had a few miles of a mine buffer zone between us and that we had the upper hand.

↓
↗ Back in Gomel, it was late evening, Sherene was in bed, Boyar was left loose and, as usual, he would leave the cave for an hour and go wandering and come back when it became too cold. Wandering in the field behind the cave, suddenly a few soldiers arrived on horses, put a harness on the donkey's neck and disappeared with him. In the morning, when Sherene woke up she looked for her friend, and for hours all of the family searched and he was no where to be found. She sat crying. When Grandad went to comfort her and held her hand:

OK
OK

“He must have gone away somewhere.”

"Where Grandad? He never goes anywhere without me."

"Look Sherene, maybe he found a girlfriend and went for a couple of days with her."

"No, I know him, we have a pact. He would never leave me."

"You wait and see, he'll be back. Don't worry, he'll be back."

"I hope so Grandad. He's all I have, he's my best friend. We go everywhere together. I miss him so much already."

By then Grandma came and gave her a hug and patted her on the back.

Once again, the red alert was sounded at dawn. We all got ready to fire at the Russian soldiers but I could hear a lot of commotion on our front line. Everyone was passing the binoculars and laughing, I asked my sergeant:

"What the hell is going on? What are you laughing at, we are at war!"

The sergeant answered:

"At war with what? A week ago with children. Now,..." (he burst out laughing) pointing out and handing over the binoculars.

When I looked through the binoculars I could not believe what I was seeing. There were three rows of thousands of donkeys, all lined up, held by some long rope, and what seemed like mechanical cannons just behind the donkeys, started to fire in the air large bundles of hay that landed in the middle of the mine fields. These poor donkeys seemed so hungry. Suddenly, the first row of donkeys were let loose and they were all running towards the hay. Many of them got blown away. We were given strict orders to fire at the donkeys which we did. The donkeys were running everywhere, falling in the field and very few of them reached the hay.

D There was a break for two hours and another row of donkeys was ready to go. When the Russians let them loose and fired the cannons of hay, these donkeys stayed put and refused to move. I could see the soldiers from the back pushing them forward. The donkeys just kept on kicking them and would not budge. By now, Boyar, seemed to have taken control of the situation and all the donkeys started looking for him to make the first move. Boyar refused to move forwards towards the mine fields. Some soldiers got so fed up - it was like a mad comedy. Three large donkeys were being tied and lifted by the Russian soldiers, who physically carried them forward to the field, hoping they would set an example where the rest of the donkeys would move forward. As soon as they put theseX

donkeys down, and cut the ropes that held their legs together, the donkeys ran back fast to the line and stood next to Boyar. The soldiers were left standing in the mine fields looking stunned.

A high-ranking Russian officer came out and I could see his hands pointing in all directions and he was looking extremely angry, shouting at the donkeys, pointing with his fingers at them as if he was giving them a lecture wanting them to move forward. I saw Boyar turn around and mount a female donkey, while the officer was carrying on shouting. All throughout the line, the donkeys began to mount one another. The officer was so mad at what had just happened, he took his gun out and started to fire in the air, shouting:

→ "You son of a bitches, if you don't stop this mockery I am going to shoot the whole lot of you!"

Boyar totally ignored the officer and carried happily on.

By then, some soldiers came out to calm the officer down and escorted him away as they thought the officer was going out of his mind.

For two days to follow, there were many trials by the Russians to get these donkeys to move forward and clear the mines, but there was no way these donkeys were going to move. Somehow, Boyar managed to pass the word around between almost half a million donkeys in waiting, that they were not to move towards these mines and get killed for the damn Russians.

We were summoned again to see Major Raake:

"I have just received news from our intelligence that the donkey exercise has been canceled."

Back in Gomel, Sherene was extremely saddened that her best friend, Boyar, had not come back. It was early evening when a large group of soldiers invaded the gypsy camp. Against the wishes of the parents there was a large heated argument where the soldiers pointed their machine guns at the gypsies that surrounded them. The leader of the soldiers started to speak to Sherene's grandad who stood in front of all the gypsy families as the elder:

"We are in a state of war. We need to take your children and train them to fight."

"You have taken our young men, 16 and over, already. These are young children, they are too young to be trained for war."

"Look, I have my orders. Any children from the age of 9 to 16 have to come with me."

"How can you expect us to give up our young children?"

"In order to save Mother Russia you have to make sacrifices. You have come to our land for sanctuary - running away from the Germans, you owe it to us."

"Look sir, it is not reasonable to expect us to let go of our young children. Please be reasonable."

"I have been more than reasonable so far. I could have just taken them without even discussing the matter with you!"

"Where are you taking them?"

"We are taking them to Moscow and we will keep you informed of all their movements."

"Can you give me a few moments to talk to my people?"

"Please hurry up. I don't have much time."

Discussion started but all the gypsy men looked around and they saw the well armed Russian soldiers posted all around them with guns ready to fire. There was nothing they could do. A few of the gypsies objected to giving up their children and said that they were not going to go along. One of the gypsies shouted:

"I am not giving up my son. He is only 11 years old. To hell with the Russians, they are as bad as the Germans."

(Grandad): "Look around, there's hundreds of them, they're all armed and ready to fire. You are not just going to lose your child but you could lose your whole family and many other innocent people in the camp could be shot. This is no time for emotion. Either way we lose. If we give in, we lose our children with the hope of them coming back one day, if we put up a fight they will just kill us all."

All of the men looked down to the ground, extremely helpless and ashamed that they were not able to fight for their children but they knew Grandad was right and there was nothing they could do.

"Well sir, give us half an hour to say farewell to our children and get them ready for you. But please, promise us, that you will keep us informed of their whereabouts."

"I am glad you have come to a sensible decision and I promise to keep you informed of

where they will be.”

An hour later Sherene hugged Grandma and Grandad, who were in tears like all of the other gypsy families.

(Grandad): “You take care Sherene.”

“Don’t worry about me Grandad. I will be ok. You take care of Grandma.”

(Grandma): “I love you Sherene. I am going to miss you so much.”

Sherene gave them a final hug and kiss, turned around, stopped and said:

“I know my donkey will be back. Just tell him to wait for me. I’ll see you soon.”

Some children were physically pulled away by the Russian soldiers as they were holding tightly to their mothers and fathers - not wanting to let go. It was mayhem in the camp. Women screaming, slapping their face, pulling their hair, some mothers even shouted at the fathers calling them names, you could hear the repeated words of “cowards, do something to stop them from taking my child away. I hate you!” These phrases resonated throughout the camp.

It has now been three days where there was no fighting and suddenly you could see there was movement on the Russian side. Once again we were put on red alert. I took the binoculars to see what they were going to meet and I could see thousands of little people again. This time I noticed many of the faces did not look as a typical Russian Slav, some had Mongolian, some were extremely dark, some were gypsy looking mixed with Russian children too. I could not believe what I saw. I thought of the irony of the stubborn donkeys a week ago that would not budge after seeing their mates being blown away. These donkeys were the smart ones who managed to save their lives by disobeying the Russian orders. Now these poor children would once again give up their lives by obeying orders. The firing started on both sides. Children started to run, followed by the soldiers. Many children and soldiers got blown away but the attack was well prepared this time with hundreds of thousands of people that were determined not to stop and keep on going. The brave “little people” gave their lives first, in order to get the Russian soldiers to fight for Mother Russia.

My infantry was now well trained at firing blanks at the children but as soon as the soldiers moved we started to use live ammunition.

The fighting continued for over a week, the Russians kept on coming at us. Our machine guns were melting from constantly firing and killing thousands and thousands of Russians but they were determined and they had orders not to retreat and whoever tried to retreat

was shot on the spot. When I saw that some of our front line was run over by the Russians, I gave specific orders to my unit to get ready to retreat. It was mayhem with communication between us and the major cut off. We were given the news that the major fell in battle, got wounded and died. It was now the first time where we the German soldiers started to retreat and went on the run from the Russian onslaught.

I was relieved to see that the Russian advance had slowed down as our front line was still trying to fight back. My orders were to save my equipment and pull back as much as possible until I was given new instructions. I wanted to stay and fight with my colleagues on the front line but, like many other commanders we had to follow orders that took into consideration our Headquarter's overall strategy that seemed to have miscalculated the strengths and the huge numbers of soldiers that the Russians were prepared to sacrifice in order to halt our early gains.

It was late in the evening, the fighting had stopped and both sides needed a rest. Surprisingly, with weather of almost 50 degrees below zero, it was a full moon and the reflection of the moon on the snow illuminated all of the fields that were now left behind the Russian army. You could see throughout the snow the large stains of blood, thousands and thousands of corpses and limbs scattered. Many innocent faces of the little people laid there looking up to the sky. Many soldiers who tried in vain to attend to the wounded little people found their fate next to them. There was no time to bury anyone, in a few hours the Russian army would start again their attack on the German holding front line. The distance between the two opposing armies is now no more than one half a kilometer wide.

Boyar had by now led a pack of donkeys a few kilometers towards the forest. Even during the fighting a few hours earlier, while the donkeys ran away from the sound, further towards the forest, Boyar stood alone moving nearer to the sound and closer to the field of war. As he was the leader of the pack, they left him hoping to catch up with him later on. Boyar kept on lifting his neck and head up and taking a deep breath smelling the fresh air. His deep breath intake seemed to direct him closer to the field of the dead and wounded. When he got to the field, his neck curved down smelling the earth and the bodies scattered everywhere. After almost two hours, Boyar started to bray louder and louder and moved a little faster until he got to one of the little people: the body was curled up with long black hair spread on the surface of the white snow, Boyar started to lick the body and with his strong head tried to move it to see if it was alive. He knew that his best friend, Sherene, had died. Two yards away from her, she had lost her favorite pink and black sweater. Boyar picked the sweater up in his mouth and three times he circled around Sherene making a crying noise, knowing there was nothing he could do. He sadly licked her face for the last time, and with the sweater in his mouth, he walked backed to the forest. A day later he caught up with his pack, still the sweater in his mouth. Whenever

he had to eat, drink or rest, he would carefully put the sweater down next to him and then pick it back up. He was determined to find his way back to Gomel.

By now, the horrific news had reached the gypsy camp that the children were used by the Russians as bait to detonate the mines. When the gypsies asked where were their children, they were told by the Russian officer the cruel and murderous Germans won a battle against the Russians who were at the time training the children to fight. The Germans in cold blood murdered most of the children. And the ones who were left were wounded and they were brought back to the camp. The fear on all of the gypsy's faces filled the air with anxiety and hope that their children would be alive. Only a third of the children returned back, most of them had lost a limb or had some shrapnel. The poor children looked old and tired and just fell in their parent's arms. You could hear many women crying when they realized that their children were not coming back. Gramma and Grandad knew that Sherene was gone.

Boyar had now found Gomel and he took his pack to the spot in the forest where he used to spend hours wandering around with Sherene. He left them there and went to see Sherene's grandparents. Sherene's Grandma was dressed in black and her grandad wore a black scarf and a black hat. Their eyes were red from crying and they looked aged and haggard. When they saw Boyar they were happy he had come back, the closer he got to them, they realized he carried in his mouth, Sherene's sweater. Grandma ran towards Boyar, hugged him, and he handed over the sweater with Sherene's blood stains on it. They realized what had happened. Grandma lifted the sweater up and saw one of the sleeves was missing. Grandad brought some hay for Boyar who had no appetite to eat.

They went into the cave, Boyar followed while Grandma laid down, hugging the sweater and crying. A couple of hours later, the grandparents were asleep and Boyar just slipped away, went back to join his pack of around ten to twelve donkeys. Boyar went to the tree where Sherene used to sit talking to him for hours and started to dig a small hole and then buried the one sleeve he had already torn for his own good memories. He then moved on with the pack. Once every couple of weeks Boyar would come back to the tree and would sniff around and smell the small area that buried Sherene's sweater - it gave him comfort and he felt close to her. He would then make his way to her grandparents who would make a great fuss over him. Later, when Gramma and Grandad were asleep he would leave to join his pack.

Some of the gypsy men had just brought back what seemed to be a bundle of radio transmitters which were in very good condition.

(Grandad): "Where did you get these from?"

"There was a battle between the Russian partisan and the Germans. The Germans got

really beaten. We managed to sneak in and take all of their radio transmission equipment..”

“That’s great!”

Grandad had spent a few years earlier on, conscripted in the Czech army where he learned how to operate radio transmitters and to read, analyze and break codes. To Grandad’s surprise he found a large box that arrived with the equipment which contained various logs that enabled him to get the sequences to listen in on conversations between the Americans, the Germans and the Russians. Grandad spent over a week studying these log books and he was successful in applying the formulas that enabled him to listen into the Russian, German and American high commands conversations. Grandad spoke and understood English, German, and Russian and every night the men of the camp would gather around Grandad and get the news of the latest in the battle and what was coming out of England.

To John and Linda:

We move from here to page 2 of the February 23rd email I sent you where we talk about the conspiracy of Dieppe. Bring that in all the way to the actual day of Dieppe followed by the north African, Italian raid invasion and losses, followed by the Tehran Conference, followed by the Normandy landing, followed by Churchill’s proposal to Stalin for the split of eastern Europe to the end of this series. Chronologically it works and it fits in our Russian front. I would like to add the following just before the Normandy on the 6th of June, 1944, I would like to insert a very important conversation back in the United States in the Oval Office between President Roosevelt and Harry Hopkins.

An extremely tired President was resting in bed reading some files.

“Good morning Mr. President. How was your swimming today?”

“I canceled the swimming I have no more energy, I feel exhausted. What is so urgent?”

“Mr. President, I am extremely concerned after careful consultation and analysis of the development in Europe.”

“The Germans are almost beat! The Russians are going to push them back to Germany. Stalin has delivered what he promised. The Germans are finished, it is only a matter of time.”

“That’s the problem Mr. President. Stalin no longer needs a second front, he really doesn’t need us and I believe he would rather us not mount an invasion in northern France. He’s actually hoping that Churchill will win the day once again and delay the invasion of Normandy.”

“What do you mean? He insisted all along for the past

two years for us to open a second front.”

“Yes, back in ‘42 and ‘43 his army was bleeding, now his army is more experienced, stronger and can within a very short period of time, over run the German army without our help. We are too late.”

“This damn Churchill, I knew it! Is our fixed date of June 6th for the Normandy Landing still on?”

“Yes, Mr. President, it is only 12 weeks away.”

“Can it be brought forward?”

“It can, but it will be difficult and it won’t make any difference to the advances of the Soviet army.”

“Are the military command still of the opinion that the German army will be beaten with the planned Normandy Landing?”

“For sure, I have spoken to General Marshall and Eisenhower who are confident they can beat the German army.”

“I hope they do it in the shortest time possible. The

only way to stop Stalin moving to western Europe is by us quickly moving our troops towards Germany and making sure the further advances of the Soviet army towards France, Belgium, Holland and Greece is halted.”

“What about eastern Europe?”

“What about eastern Europe? Stalin will take it no matter what. I will be glad to save western Europe and let him have these small eastern European countries.”

“In my latest discussion with Foreign Minister Molotov, I concluded that Stalin would refrain from moving towards western Europe if we let him have free-reign in eastern Europe.”

“You are to make sure that the Soviets are aware that the United States will not let them take over western Europe. As for eastern Europe, we will negotiate and give them time to move in and exercise their influence. I have already told Stalin that the sooner the better, I want most of our American boys to return back home.”

“What about the British complaints?”

“Who cares. They are not a power to be reckoned with any longer. Their empire is crumbling and the British people will eventually pay Churchill back for the mess he got them into.”

“I agree Mr. President, it was Churchill who purposely delayed the landing in northern France back in '42/43 in order to secure the British Empire Mediterranean lanes to India and the oil in north Africa and the Middle East. He made exactly the same mistake as Hitler made when he was almost at the gates of Moscow in the summer of '41 and decided to divert his armies south and north and now they are both losers.”

“I wish we had got rid of Churchill back in '42, it would have saved millions of lives and we would have been able to control Stalin's ambitions in eastern Europe.”

It has now been over two years where we kept on fighting joining other Panzer Divisions, winning some fights but mostly we were on the retreat. It is November, 1944 and we were

pushed towards the Polish border. It was so cold and we were so tired that we were glad to arrive at a small village. We were on our guard in case there were Russian soldiers or partisans waiting for us. Many of the small huts were burning and it seemed like the place was totally deserted and we could still hear the thunder of explosions somewhere to the east of us. All the windows of the homes and huts were shut and broken glass filled the streets. I ordered my men to lead the horses to one of the large huts so that the horses could be kept warm. We were all extremely tired. We first got our wounded out into one of the huts and made them as comfortable as possible and we took over another two huts nearby. It seemed to me that this small village went through "scorchers" destruction by the Russians and all the residents had moved on. This was the Russian policy in order to deny the German army any use of crops or machinery from the villages that we conquered. Everything useful was destroyed and left behind to smoulder.

As usual, we kept a few men on watch and we took it in turn. It had almost been an hour when my eyes were just about to close. There was a loud boom and then a deafening salvo passed over our buildings. We all got up and picked up our guns. We proceeded single-file keeping close to the walls. I kept on shouting to the men, hurry up, the Russians have spotted our battery! They can see us. Be careful. Next another salvo fell about 50 yards behind us followed by a few more. We returned the fire back. Our guns were firing steadily. Dragging our ammo cases, we climbed over the bodies of three of our colleagues who had just been hit. They were all dead. It was a horrific sight - their bodies were torn apart. The Russian shell must have just landed on them. One of our reconnaissance men came back and reported to me "Sir, there are only a dozen or so left, we have managed to hit them and they have many casualties. Most of them are retreating with their wounded. I overheard them leaving a dozen or so men behind to keep watch until they got some more reinforcement."

Suddenly it became quiet, no one was firing my reconnaissance man was right. It was getting extremely cold, I ordered everyone back to the huts instructing them to be ready on alert to fire at any given moment. I posted over a dozen men to keep watch from the inside windows. We decided to all move to one large building. We managed somehow to make some soup and bread and we all had a small helping. We were only about a hundred with a dozen wounded. As soon as the men sat down to rest, they all closed their eyes, hugged their guns and tried to get some rest. As it was getting cold, we broke down some of the benches so that we could use the wood for the fire and warm the hut. A few hours later it was still quiet and by six o'clock in the morning, we had finally managed to have a few hours sleep. I got up and went towards the window. I wiped the mist and there I saw about thirty yards away some men, around two dozen, standing there in blizzard conditions pointing their guns at our hut. I ordered all of my men to get ready for battle. We all loaded our rifles and machine guns, ready to fire. I was quite surprised to see such a few men would want to take on over a hundred of us. I slowly opened the door followed by two of my officers, my rifle was pointing at them and I knew as soon as I fired, the hail of bullets would follow me, hitting these soldiers to the ground.

By now the blizzard had totally calmed down and almost stopped and these shadow soldiers that I could not a few minutes ago make out what they were doing pointing at us, became clearer. These two dozen men stood frozen, eyes fixed towards our hut. All of the rifles pointed outwardly in one direction towards us. I shouted: "these men are frozen to death! They're not moving!". The closer I moved towards them, waiting for reaction, nothing happened. My men covered me, I kept on closing in until I stood face to face with one soldier and I pushed him to get a reaction. He fell to the side, knocking the two others standing next to him. My colleague was right. These poor men were obeying orders by their Russian officers to keep watch on us in the open and they froze during the process of executing their orders. To make sure they were all dead, I kept on pushing them one by one and they fell to the ground until I came to the last two who seemed to be in the most sheltered position. I saw their gray eyes moving very slowly, I knew that they were still barely alive. By now my men had come and stood next to me in amazement. I ordered my men to take these almost frozen soldiers to our hut. They lay them down, took their wet clothes off and put on some dry ones. We broke some more benches to keep the fire going. We all looked at each other and we knew that our orders were to execute any Russian officers. We put on a pot of soup and some bread, bid them farewell and left.

Back in the United States, Harry Hopkins was having his usual meeting with General Marshall.

"You were right General, it would have been much easier for us to have attacked back in '42 or at the latest '43. We would have saved many thousands of lives. This damn Churchill totally misled the President. We were fighting for two years the British war."

Marshall: "It is too late now. I have lost over 200,000 of my men in the north African and Italian campaign which from a military point of view did not have any effect on shortening the war with Germany and more important, we left the Russians fighting on their own when we could have helped them. Over 14 million Russian soldiers have died in this campaign not to mention a further estimate of 11 million civilians. The Soviets have taken the brunt of this war."

"Tell me General, would the Soviet Union still have won the war without us supplying them with aircraft, tanks and other military hardware?"

"It would have taken longer and they would have lost more men but I believe they still would have won the war against Germany. I can tell you that the President has no respect for Churchill, he now realizes the British strategy was self serving and resulted into extending this war by over two years and causing the deaths of almost 30 million people. Now the British army is weaker and Britain is bankrupt and have no say - that

shows how bad a strategist Churchill is. If he would have listened to your argument back in '42 and crossed to northern France, then he would have had a say and would have been able to check the Soviet army at their borders."

Marshall: "I am not a politician, I am a military man. I have given my honest advice at the time based on military facts we could have ended this war between '42 and the latest - spring of '43 if we would have attacked northern France."

"I'm sure you are aware, General, that the British are now trying to brew a fight against the advancing Soviet armies in eastern Europe. Militarily, can we, the Americans, with the British turn the war against the Soviets and beat them?"

Marshall: "Stalin was prepared to lose over 14 million of his soldiers against Germany. We lost around 300,000, the British around 270,000. The Soviet army is tougher and stronger. If we are to enter into a war with them, we have to be prepared to lose at least ten times what we have already lost and I personally advise you not to fall into the same British military strategy that cost us over 200,000 of our men, fighting in the wrong theater of war"

"I fully agree with you and the President does not wish to have any more American lives being sacrificed now that the German army is almost defeated."

"Let me ask you a final question and please take your time in answering me. If the United States, Britain and its Allies, did not get involved in the war, and totally kept out and let the Soviets and the Germans fight each other, what would have happened?"

"Militarily, the Soviets would have beaten Germany."

"Are you trying to tell me from a military point of view that the contribution of the American, British forces and Allies was irrelevant to the outcome of this war?"

"As a matter of fact sir, you are correct in your assumption. The Soviet Union would have eventually beaten Germany without our help or that of the British or the Allies."

ZABOON Che Donkey ^① of

We Can Adapt the Russian
Front story to become
ZABOON Che donkey

see the inside Handwritten
idea's For the Adaptation of
the Russian Front to the
ZABOON Donkey story

For spirituality use the Buddhism
values in the story

~~S. Meloy S. Meloy~~

witness
J. P. [Signature]
May 19 2010

19 May 2010

② of

① Mother married to other

② Move back to early, live
in a farm in Europe. With
Mother inherited in January

③

① the fact of gold How can
~~contact~~ Congress by Mother

② His people the best people there
a free that has no special
power the freedom of

She cannot help her
they live in poor &

money → they need to

But that the fact of gold

③ of

made to refer to plant

④ Lark is ~~Harip~~ a well
known colony after
another day climate change

It's up at of ~~Harip~~ ponds

⑤ The Lark debt follows
in ~~Harip~~ at UN → a

Final program ~~Harip~~ will

After the only way to see
the earth is to send me

back to TI & Jay to seek
the help of his friends to help
the earth

Def

The experts could be the reason
it could be plotted so we
can produce it in A Bidee

More capital the experts
don't produce cor Tolly

Also they could ~~some~~

call

① Mattie meet Ti

meet after → from up

ad look Beldy →

plans to see each other

(5)

The highly polished gold
of the people are the
opportunity in metal make
As the only way
to by metal
gold ⇒

Metal of gold ~~the~~ eyes
have been preserved in a jar
only metal make
to remove the blue eye
and remove the gold of gold
WATTOLE

69

Mell med after d & A Bion
they were eating close before
up — some stopped
skin of a tiger ~~always~~

Stumped / Tiger Jentzen

Some find Mell
the fishes of gold to steal Mell
make → Mell a gift
to bad people → for
before to sleep a steel
the make

Def

Cond will melt \rightarrow the
stroke will be almost

Buddha

Zen = school and TANTRA

Buddhism discovering the spirit of human values

8

Dharma = the truth = knowing and seeing

Buddha = one who has awoken

→ guide ignorance, hatred, and desire, guiding them to their own awakening and enlightenment

Buddhism started in north India

Chanting →

Both Gaya ^{site} = where Buddha gained enlightenment

= Origin = North of the Himalayas = mountain = with Indian ocean = ocean = great water rivers swollen by

mountain glaciers + summer monsoon

less water

pollution

Ayans = Nobles

Shudras = Servants

Bodhi Tree = enlightenment tree

⑨ of

Buddhist monasteries = men who had already withdrawn from society = became a spiritual wanderers = solitude life

arhat = the worthy one -

⇒ Rinzai school = Japanese

During the Monsoon season = not a good time to travel
difficult → Harmonizing with nature on earth =
use the time to meditate

= Buddhism is a way of life and a state of mind

Mount Kailash = most sacred mountain to Indians & Tibetans

To be truly enlightened is to remove the barriers between one's self & others

Buddhism help us to live our lives in harmony with ourselves, others, and our environment

NIRVANA means "blowing out" = hatred, greed and delusion

HATED ceases by love

(10) f

Buddhism was never spread by conquering armies
or by forced conversions of unbelievers

Buddha has three jewels
The Buddha is the great physician, the
Dharma is the remedy, the Sangha is the
nurse who administers the remedy

Rajah = King

lotus flowers spotted from the earth after he
walked

Hinduism = Samsara = after death a person
innermost essence, a soul, transmigrates into
a new body. It is born again.

= Buddha → meditate so long = so tired
= went to swim in the river → so weak, the
trees at the river bank bent their branches down
so he could reach them.

Buddha tell His Followers not to kill
any living creatures

His Monk Name is Ashvan Tsang one of
the greatest travellers in history

11

He Went on Horse back, on Camel back, on elephant back
over Forest → Fivellord mls

① Buddhist Monastery → Boyar becomes
withdrew from society after the death
of his friend

Mount Kailash → most secret
mountain

Nirvana blow out hatred

hatred is ceased by love

Rajah = King

Hsuan Tsang = monk

= Not to kill any living creature

STERENE

gamel

— Boyar

STERENE

Witness
of March 5th / 2012
Valek March 31/2012

~~Kristina~~
Kristina Gorbatkova
Mar 5/12
Akhita Marsilia

①



MA Mar 5/12
Kristina Gorbathara

(2)

03/03/2012
Vaph 03/03/2012

Boyar went everywhere with Sherene. They had a favourite place they always visited. It was similar to the north of Himalayas mountains, adjacent to the south Indian ocean, great rivers running.

In the middle of this field there was a large tree, the biggest tree you could ever see. Branches sprouting for 100' of feet.

Boyar was odd looking - similar to a Boon, after ~~he~~ dies he transforms into a Buddha. He was stolen when he was a baby wandering away from his clan. His clan came from the Ti planet.

Whenever Boyar and Sherene visited the trees, they saw a young boy that looked like a Buddha, always meditating. He smiled at them.

Sherene asked his name, he replied my name is Buddha gaja.

Sherene asked him, why are you always under this tree, your eyes closed.

Buddha gaja said, I am meditating, my soul is at peace and joy.

Sherene brought him always some dry bread and beans that her grandma prepared only when Boyar was under the tree, that he was able to speak.

Boyan - This trees is full of soul (3)
life & Feels close To my people when
under the TREES

New
29 March 2012

The TREE TRUNK WAS so large, that
Sherene and Boyan always carved
something out of the TRUNK - If carved
whatever they carved they buried in a
secret place

something buried
on the
TREE

The tree Bloomed with beautiful flowers
and a kind of berries that tasted
so good and gave you certain energy

Soul
Content

The Tree routes went out for miles
and you could notice that the routes
eventually started to take the shape of
the origami that was on TI

New

Beautiful colored birds flew and
landed on the TREES and sang looking
so happy -

These birds then would go down to the roots
of the tree, carved a little piece of the
roots and tend to make it, then
fly away, it gave them all
the energy needed to continue
their journey

Notion
Nov 5/12
Adrian
Mar 5/12

Around the Trees, Happiness, Joy
Birds, Butterflies - Boyan, Buddha gya

03/03/2012

03/03/2012

④ and Sherene were in their own happy joyful peaceful world - Away from the war that was going on

on another scene we see the clan that Boyan belonged to, being used as donkeys by some Russian soldiers to carry out ammunition back and forward supplies to the army.

one other scene -> when Sherene and the other children are taken away to the front line by the Russian army to be sacrificed, in order to use them to blow the minds

once Sherene is dead -> we can see a scene of the life tree dying, all the branches, fruits fall to the floor below and start to rot

No more Birds, Butterflies land on the tree

The tree is gray

The empty tree is hollow inside

our buddha gya start to loose weight become FRAIL

The trees no longer protect give him enlightenment

King's tree - forest

10
Buddha GAYA seems to have (5)
moved on top of the secret
hidden place in the ground
that Boyar and Sherene had all
the carved pieces from the trees
of life
That has become the only place
where the ground is still alive
and gave Him ~~the~~ enough
energy to barely live

Once Boyar go looking for
Sherene he finds her dead

Compare to
the
grave

He carries her all way to
the trees and decide to
~~bury~~ let her be buried ~~in~~
under the trees that she
loved

Mr

When he gets there he finds the
trail of Buddha GAYA sitting
where Boyar & Sherene had their
carved pieces together

Boy Buddha GAYA have collected
enough sticks.

He has made a round circle
with the sticks sticks, that has spikes
everywhere - the spikes were bloody
from the blood of Buddha GAYA
hands.

Written on 5/12 2012

Desire

(6)

Vajeh 03/03/2012

AD 03/03/2012

Boyar run To see if He can help
Boyy Buddah gaya -

Hells Boyar My low voice of
Budday gaya

I am glad to see you - gaya thin
see serene that was carefully
being placed on the ground

She is smiling Boyar Aying
yes she is at peace frail gaya running
out of breath now two little stones

gaya with His hand gesture for Boyar
to come closer - He whisper
and gave Him two little stones

and the round circled sticks lot
hard many spikes

What, realising Boyar King
all all bleeding from the ~~spikes~~
SHARPS ~~spikes~~ Spikes - you could
see His blood on the circled stick

Kristina Mar 5/12 Anette Mar 5/12



Here

Buddha says - Takes his last breath and says to Boya while ~~to~~ ~~watching~~ serene

"I am happy to be with ~~you~~ ^{you} with my soul will always stay with you it's time for me to join serene and the ~~the~~ ^{the} of us will now live in you.

Here

You can see holdy the blue hands what's apparent is the blood that join them together.

Photo Mar 5/12
Darius Mar 5/12

Mer

Maybe Moss
Comes from
Boya is the medium
for the
Frank To one

07 03/03/2012

Vajra 03/03/2012

8

Scene

Boyar strike the Two stones together
He then light a Fire
and the body of Boy Buddha GAYA
is burned.

Scene

Under the TREE, SHERENE is
buried.

Boyar Take out all the Carved
pieces

on top of the grave, all the Ashes
of Buddha GAYAS are place
the round stick with all the
blinded spikes is placed on the
top part of the grave

Scene:

Arish Mar 5/12 Krishna Mar 5/12

Boys then take off the covered pieces and try to put them under the round sticks

First piece seems to be the eyes, ears, forehead, nose

suddenly we see the face of Jesus Christ ~~under~~ on the cross - the round stick becomes a bright halo

all the roots seems to feed from the grave comes to life, the trees start to bloom, the birds are ~~back~~ back the butterflies are back.

← the ASHES on top of the grave - outline the FACE perimeter Krishna Mar 5/12.

Archie Mar 5/12

(10)

Scene — Vajda 03/03/2012. Q7 03/03/201

And then in the distance we
see a ~~group~~ clan of donkeys
that look similar to Roger
His old family have just found
them, they join them under
the Olive Tree
The war have just ended.

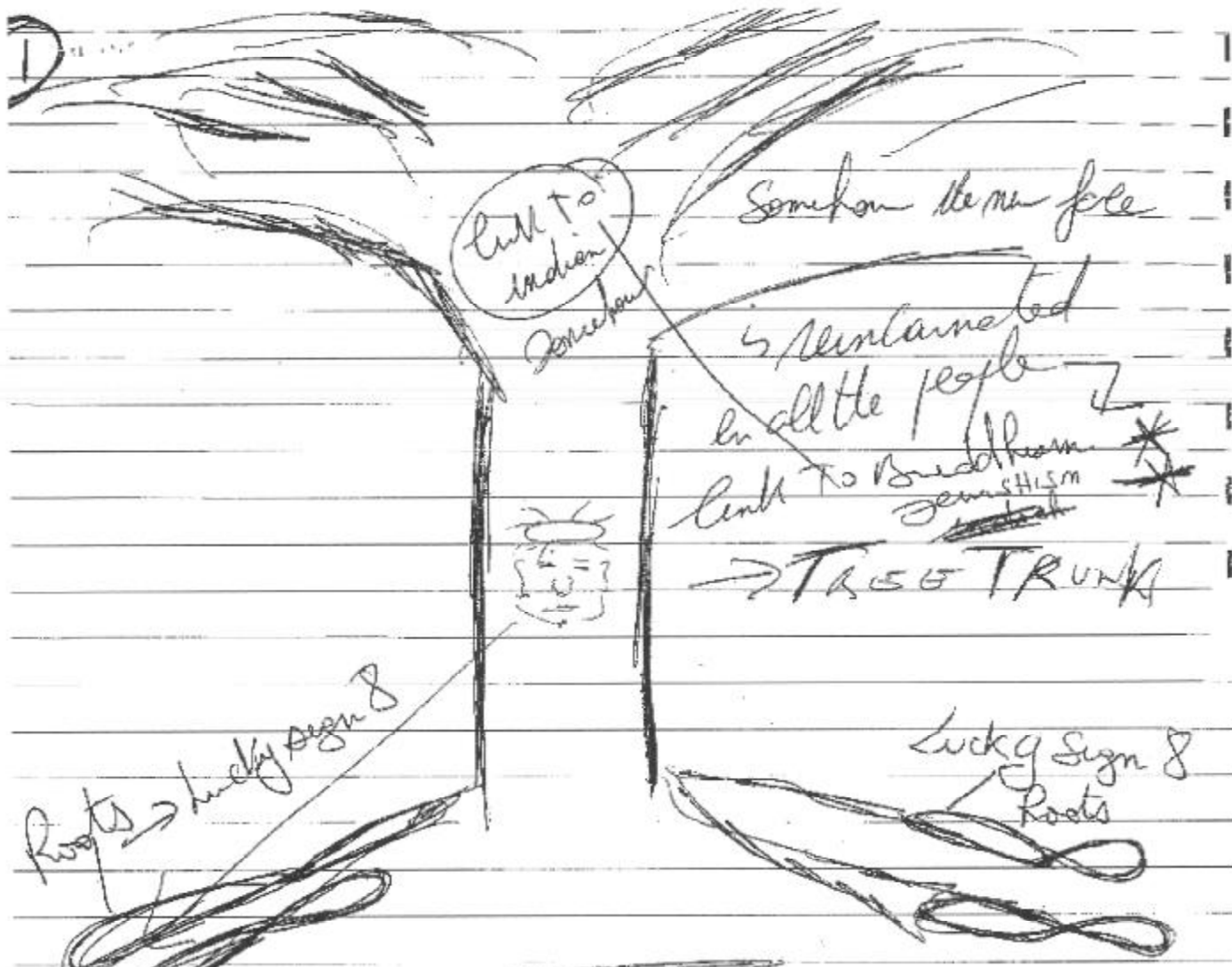
Today is the 3rd of March 2012
I was so stressed out, I came
to the library and went to the
6th floor when I always write to
finish what could be the next

(11)

→ Moff

Don't forget the tree roots take the shape
of the lucky number in the FAN east No. 8e

Maybe at the top of the mountain, a man (Mose
is writing the Tablets, new books are



GRAVE OF
SHERENE

FACE outline /
of Jesus CHRIST
ASHES OF
BUDDHA GAYI

JESUS CHRIST