

17 July 1943

Nazi Secret Weapons Compound

Somewhere near the Czechoslovakian Border

06:35 Hours

Franz, already showered and dressed, sat at the breakfast table still trying to process all the meeting with Hitler from the previous day when he was suddenly interrupted by Gen. Kammler's large frame. Kammler, a civil engineer in private life, was head over all the building of the concentration camps and everything in them used to remove the Jews from the face of the Earth. Auschwitz-Birkenau was his crown jewel. He was also in total command of the V-2 Missile project. The man was a work-a-holic and very determined. He expected no less of those around him.

"Good morning, Doctor. I trust that you are now well rested and will be able to make good progress on our project." The disdain dripped off every word and Hans suddenly understood what it meant to truly hate and fear someone.

"No, General. I did not sleep well at all last night, but I will put that aside and do my work as a professional, none the less." He hoped that his bitterness for the General didn't show through his words.

"I am hoping to be ready to test on a simple object within the week, so there are a lot of things that I will need to do in order to make that happen. Interruptions will not help in that regard."

Kammler looked at the doctor, missing the true meaning of those words, "Good! I expect a full update at the end of every day! Good day, doctor."

Lucas breathed a sigh of relief when Kammler walked away. "Time to make the lunatics happy", he thought, and then realized that he could be shot for that thought. What was he doing?

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Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower's private meeting chamber