

“This is your only priority until I say otherwise. You will be reporting directly to General Kammler of the SS from now on. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir!” Dr. Lucas tried very hard to keep his growing fear in check. General Hans Kammler was ruthless in his methods for getting people to do what Hitler wanted. The machine, called Die Glocke or The Bell, was mostly complete, but there had been no successful tests so far. How would they know if it worked properly and was accurate enough to place an object at the right place and right time in the past?

Until that moment, Lucas hadn’t known what the machine would be used for. He hated the Jews, but to wipe out an entire race? He now had questions about what he was doing and how could he live with that, but what could he do? He pondered that hard while he felt relieved that he hadn’t been arrested outright, or worse for not delivering what Hitler wanted.

General Kammler stepped forward to speak to the Furher privately for a moment, but as he passed by, he gave Lucas a look that demanded the doctor wait for him. Lucas was not looking forward to working closely with the general for many reasons, not the least of which was the general’s lack of understanding as to what real science took in ways of time and resources. Projects of this nature couldn’t be rushed if you wanted to get things right. And with Kammler and Hitler, you always wanted to get things right or you might not see tomorrow.

Gen. Kammler finished his meeting with the Furher and strode quickly over to Lucas. Kammler, towering over the doctor at well over six feet tall, looked the doctor over, not even trying to hide the disgust he was feeling.

“Are we clear on what you need to accomplish? I hate babysitting some scientist when I should be finishing my work on the crematoriums. Much better use of the state’s money and a more useful method of removing the Jews, don’t you think?”

Lucas needed a drink to get rid of the dryness in his mouth. “Yes.”

“Are we clear on who you work for?”

“Yes.”

“Are we clear on what ‘failure to deliver’ means?”

The pit in his stomach wouldn’t go away and now Lucas truly understood why. “Yes.”

“Good! Let’s get going and you can fill me in on everything you have done so far and what is needed to get Die Glocke up and running properly!”