

## **Chapter One**

He was only twelve years old when he joined the French Resistance.

He didn't understand much about the war, but one thing he *did* understand was that he was taking back his country.

The German forces had invaded France and had treated them like scum, taking away everything they owned and enforcing strict curfews.

\*\*\*

She was only twelve years old when she joined the Hitler Youth and began her training as a soldier.

She didn't know much about the war, but she gathered that they were trying to save their country, Germany.

## **Chapter Two**

The German soldiers were coming. They were striking back, and Paris had turned into a warzone.

*He* was one of the many soldiers fighting for their freedom. They were outnumbered but he knew that if they played it correctly, they would have a chance.  
He had hope.

He dived behind a wall as a tank fired in his direction, narrowly missing the blast.

“Sam! I need you to take out the soldiers flanking the tank then I’ll have a chance of taking the tank out!” His friend shouted to him, over the noise of soldiers and gunfire. “On it!” Sam replied, unhitching his rifle.

He opened fire on the closest flank to him and wounded two men. But the soldiers had noticed him firing at them and one opened fire onto him.

He retreated to the other end of the wall and returned fire, before ducking behind a wall as cover so he could reload.

Sam poked his head up and returned fire, before ducking again.

The German soldier ran towards him, getting closer and closer, before Sam shot a bullet right into the soldier’s heart.

He moved on, and opened fire on the right flank of the tank along with four other French soldiers.

One of the French soldiers got hit and fell down onto the floor.

Briefly, Sam looked at the dead man, before firing upon the German soldiers once more.

Another soldier fell, but this time Sam didn’t bother to look, and continued firing.

A bullet struck the last German soldier in the chest, giving Sam’s friend the opportunity to throw a grenade at the tank.

The grenade struck the tank's side and fell to the floor.  
It exploded shortly afterwards, doing no damage to the tank.

Sam jogged over to his friend. "Thought you might need some protection so I came over. You need to aim higher."  
"Thanks, Sam."

His friend threw another grenade at the tank, aiming for the hatch.

The grenade bounced off, and rolled onto the body, exploding with a bang, immobilising the tank.

In the corner of his eye, Sam spotted a German soldier to his left firing upon two unarmed French soldiers.

He didn't know how they lost their guns, but he shot the German anyway. In a situation like this, that sort of thing doesn't matter.

\*\*\*

She was fighting for her country; To regain France would mean to win the war and regain worldwide respect for Germany.

Or at least that's what she was told.

She, Greta, was fighting for her life and her country.  
If she didn't kill them, then they would kill her.

So she opened fire.

And they opened fire on her.

And then an Allied tank appeared.  
Greta put away her rifle and got out her Panzerfaust.  
In one swift shot, she destroyed the tank.

French soldiers were advancing, so Greta got out her rifle again.

Greta shot at least two advancing soldiers before another soldier snuck up on her and shot her in the back.

If she hadn't shot the soldier directly after he shot her, she would have been dead meat.

Greta lay there, in pain, for a few good minutes before a fellow soldier noticed her and called a medic.

### **Chapter Three**

Sam watched as the German soldiers retreated, knocking them down like flies.

The French had another day of freedom.

Of course, freedom came at a cost. Houses were in ruins, people were wounded. Paris didn't look quite the same.

Next day, the Resistance advanced towards the German camps.

The Germans were unprepared.

Hastily, soldiers defended the camp, but by then it was too late.

The French took a lot of prisoners that day. One of them was Greta.

## **Chapter Four**

She was led down the hallway, along with a few other soldiers.

A Resistance member sat down on a chair, and pulled up a couple of chairs, motioning for them to sit down.

They sat.

“What are the Germans’ plans?” The soldier asked them.

“W-We don’t know.” Stuttered Greta. She had never been a Prisoner Of War before, and the French were quite intimidating to her. “They don’t tell us.”

“Really?” The French soldier asked. “I thought they’d tell you. Interesting.”

He stood up and walked out, locking the door behind him.

\*\*\*

“Did they tell you anything?” Sam asked.

“Nope. Said that they weren’t told anything.” The soldier responded.

“Interesting,” Sam replied. “We should still keep them though.”

“Why?”

“They don’t give mercy to us, so why should we give it to them?” Sam explained.

The other soldier nodded, and walked away to the planning room, along with the rest of the French Resistance. Sam followed.

Their commander, Alex, was discussing whether to invade the same camp again, or move on to another one.

“Sam, what’s your opinion on all this? What should we do?”

“Sir, I think we shouldn’t invade at all.”

Alex looked at Sam, surprised.

“Whyever not? We need to advance.”

“They’ll be expecting us.” Explained Sam. “The camps are within one kilometre distance, so news would have travelled fast. They’ll know.”

“We could surround them, sir.” Offered a fellow soldier. “It would have to be inconspicuous.”

“Alright!” Alex announced. “Me and the rest of the commanders will work something out, thank you for your input soldiers. We will consider your plans.”

All of the soldiers filed out of meeting room, heading off to do other things that needed their attention.

For Sam, ‘other things that needed their attention’ was feeding the prisoners.

He headed to the kitchen where the chef handed him two bowls of soup.

From there, Sam walked down to the prisoner quarters.

\*\*\*

She was very hungry when the boy walked down to her and handed her a bowl of soup.

"You look very young; I didn't know they sent the Hitler Youth to France." The boy said to her in German.

"Oh yes, they're very intent on regaining France." Replied Greta. "What's your name?" She asked.

"Sam." The boy answered. "What's your name?"

"Greta." Greta answered.

"Nice name."

"Thank you."

"Can I ask you something, Greta?"

"I suppose so." Greta answered.

"Why do you hate us?" Sam asked.

"We don't hate you; we're simply trying to save our country." Greta answered.

"Well then why have they stolen all of our art, and everything France calls French. You've stolen everything."

"Oh. I wasn't aware of that. That sounds very unnecessary, to be honest."

"Yes, I agree. Well, I should head back up, I've got more things to do."

"Alright then, goodbye."

"Bye Greta."

\*\*\*

“Why were you down there so long, Sam?” Alex asked aggressively. “You’ve got other things that need your attention.”

“I was talking to a prisoner, sir.” Sam answered.

“I clearly remember telling you, ‘Don’t talk to the prisoners.’, Sam.”

“Yes, sir.” Sam headed off to attend to other things that need his attention.

## **Chapter Five**

The next day, along with the soup, Sam came again to visit Greta.

“I clearly remember someone telling you not to come and visit me again.” Greta told him.

Sam shrugged, and handed her a bowl of soup. “What’s it like being a member of the Hitler Youth. Is it nice?” Sam asked.

“Not particularly. My Dad enrolled me into it. I didn’t really have a choice.” Greta answered.

“Do they treat you like regular soldiers, then?”

“Probably, yes.”

“How’s it like fighting?” Sam asked.

“It’s scary. But it’s scarier knowing that everyone else is stronger and bigger than you. Because then they can do more damage to you.”

“What’s it like for you?” Greta queried.

“Well, we help each other. I find it much more friendly as well.”



“Goodbye. You have other things you need to attend to, Sam.” Greta reminded him.

“Ah, yes. Thank you for reminding me.” Said Sam, as he headed up.

“Who was that?” Another prisoner asked.

“I don’t know.” Greta answered.

\*\*\*

Sam headed off. He was part of a team of people scouting the German bases.

Sam and nine other people wandered around a base, inspecting it from afar. They had very powerful binoculars.

“So which base is closest to our base?” Sam asked.

“This one.” Team Member 1 responded.

And the one furthest away?”

“We haven’t found it yet.”

“Ask a prisoner.” Sam suggested.

“Alright then. I’ll do that when we get back.”

The only information they got was, ‘It is located near the base that is the second furthest away.’

Back in the planning room, Alex tells everyone the plan.

“Right! So we’ll surround the base, from a kilometre distance.

We’ll be surrounding the base closest to us. Try to get as much information as possible before we strike.”

“What about the prisoners, sir?”

“You’ll be staying at the base to care for them.” Alex responded.

\*\*\*

Sam wandered down to the prisoner's quarters, eager to see Greta again. She was an odd soldier, she didn't have the hatred for us as the other prisoners did, even though she was locked up in a room, and was fighting us. It seemed odd. He opened the door and saw the prisoners. They all, apart from Greta, scowled at him.

"Hey, at least we're feeding you." Sam told them. "If the Russians caught you, they would have left you to die."

He walked over to Greta and asked her, "Why don't you hate us like the rest do?"

"No point." Greta answered.

Sam nodded, and stood up to go get their soup.

"Can you bring us bread as well?" One of the prisoners asked.

"I'll see what I can do." Sam responded.

He walked up to the kitchen and grabbed the bowls of soup. Before he left, Sam asked the cook, "Do you have any bread around here? The prisoners asked for some along with their soup."

"Well, I think I do." The cook responded, giving a loaf of bread to Sam.

He carried the bowls and the loaf of bread down to the prisoners.

"Thank you!" One of the prisoners exclaimed.

“No worries, mate.” Sam responded, and left them to eat.

For the time that the rest of the soldiers were away, Sam developed a friendship with the prisoners and they developed a friendship with him.

He taught them what the Germans had been doing, making sure not to blame any of the individual soldiers.

“Most of the soldiers are fighting for their country, not Hitler.” A prisoner told Sam. “Also, we don’t get any say in where we go or what we do. We have to do what they say, so even if we did know about this, we didn’t have a choice.” Sam nodded, agreeing with the prisoner. “So, tell me about your perspective in all of this. What do the soldiers think about us?”

“Well, personally I think this is quite called for considering what you’ve told us. We just took it a step too far.” One of the prisoners said.

“What do you think about the Hitler Youth?” Sam asked.

“Well,” One prisoner answered. “I think that children shouldn’t be fighting. They’ve got their life ahead of them, and they’re wrecking it by being exposed to the frontline. It scars us all, but when you’re a kid I’d imagine it would be much scarier.”

“Yes, when I first came to France it was quite scary. I, and a lot of my fellow soldiers refused to fight. Eventually, we got used to it, but it’s still quite scary.” Explained Greta.

## Chapter Six

The next day, the soldiers came back, and proclaimed base one safe to invade.

Everyone filed into the planning room and listened to Alex announce the plan.

“We’ll need four battalions for this. Each battalion will attack from a particular side, and hopefully we can outnumber them.”

“Sir, the east side is the most protected. I advise us to not attack there.”

“Right, we only need three battalions.” Replied Alex.

Once Alex had filled everyone in on the plan, they all filed out to attend to other things.

Sam went to the kitchen and got the prisoners their soup. He walked down to the prisoner’s quarters and gave them the soup.

“Sam, I just remembered something! Before I got captured, I heard two generals talking about invading this exact location. They know where you are.”

Sam nodded, and headed up to the planning room and announced a meeting.

“A prisoner overheard two generals talking about invading this exact location. We need to move.”

“And how can we trust this prisoner?” A fellow soldier asked.

“We’re friends.” Sam answered. “I told them about what the Germans have been doing, and then one told me to tell you this.”

“What did I tell you about not making friends with prisoners, Sam!” Alex told him.

Sam shrugged. “They’re on our side, sir.”

“Alright! Let’s get moving people! We’re relocating!” Alex shouted. Everyone filed out of the planning room and gathered up their stuff.

Once everyone had packed up their things, Alex gave everyone a map of where to go and they all set off by themselves.

Sam was in charge of the prisoners, so he took them with him. Relocation was quite easy although they did have quite a few close calls with a couple of guard patrols.

Once they got to the new base, they knocked on the door, and Alex let them in. He knew he could let them in because he recognised their faces.

“So, sir. What’s the new plan? Are we still near base one?” Sam asked.

“Yes we are. All is well, we can still invade.” Alex reassured. Sam nodded, and led the prisoners down to their new quarters.

## **Chapter Seven**

Once they reached the quarters, Sam asked them a question:

“Do you want to escape?”

They all shook their heads.

“We want to help.” One said.

“How?” Sam asked.

“By fighting.” They replied.

Sam sighed.

“Alright. I’ll see what I can do.”

“Thank you.”

Sam turned around and walked out of the prisoner’s quarters.

He walked into Alex’s office.

“What is it, Sam?” Alex asked.

“They want to help.” Sam told him.

Alex just stared. “What?”

“They want to help.” Sam repeated, louder.

Alex stared down at the floor.

“I didn’t know, that they had hearts. I thought they were monsters. But here they are demanding to- to *help us*.”

“Can they help?” Sam asked.

“O- Of course.” Alex replied.

Sam nodded, and walked back to the prisoner’s quarters.

“You are prisoners no more.” He told them. “Welcome to the French Resistance.”

Next day, Alex held a meeting in the planning room.

“I have received intel that our prisoners want to help us.”  
Alex stated.

Everyone looked shocked and glanced over at the Germans in their Nazi uniforms. They waved at the French half-heartedly.

“I propose we hold a vote to decide whether they should help.” Offered one French soldier.

“I second that.” Said another soldier.

The other soldiers nodded their heads in agreement to the two soldiers.

“Right,” Announced Alex. “A vote it is.”

## **Chapter Eight**

Still wearing their uniforms, they walked through the base as normal.

“Oy! Get back to your bunkers, soldiers!” An officer shouted at them in German.

They nodded and headed towards the bunkers.

Greta and the rest split up; the Hitler Youth had different bunkers.

Their task was to enlighten the other soldiers and convert them to the ‘right side’.

Once they were all at their bunkers, they slept and waited until morning to talk to the other Germans.

Next morning came, and they headed to the cafeteria for breakfast.

They said good morning to the soldiers either side of them and began eating their breakfast.

Once they had finished, they began talking to the soldiers on that table.

The soldiers listened intently to their story and realised what was being done.

But one soldier was very loyal to Hitler and reported the soldiers to command.

Luckily, a soldier overheard him reporting them to an officer and told them at lunchtime.

After lunch a battalion was attacking, so they snuck out pretending to be part of the operation.

Once they were back at the Resistance's base with the newly educated Germans, they began introducing them to everyone.

They seemed to learn quickly, and soon became good friends with the French.

Their plan was to gather German soldiers and infiltrate the base from the inside.

Once they arrived back at the base, Alex held a meeting in the planning room to discuss how they would get more soldiers.

"The Germans are already aware of our presence in the base's, and I'm sure they would have alerted the rest of the bases by now. What's your plan of action, sir?" Sam asked.



"I think we'll have to kidnap them, and then tell them about what has been happening." Alex responded.

"How will we do that?" Asked a German.

Alex shrugged. "We'll figure it out."

## **Chapter Nine**

For the next few days, everyone returned to their normal duties around the base while Alex figured out a plan.

But Sam didn't have anything to do.

"Sam." A voice said.

He turned around. It was Greta.

"Hi Greta. How have you been?"

"I've been good." She replied.

"Hasn't Alex assigned a job for you yet?" Sam asked.

"No, I don't think he has. We shouldn't disturb him, he's busy planning."

"I'm sure there's something you can do, Greta."

"Like what?" She asked Sam.

"I'm not sure. Maybe you could ask the other soldiers if you could help them."

"Thanks, Sam." Said Greta, and walked off to find something to do.

Sam figured he should follow his own advice and walked towards a soldier who seemed to be struggling.

"Can I help?" He asked.

"Well, I've never armed a sentry gun before. Do you mind teaching me?"

So Sam ran the soldier through how to arm and use a sentry gun, emphasising what *not* to do, and giving him tips and tricks too.

“Thank you.” Said the soldier.

“No problem. Have a great day.”

“You too.”

Once again, Sam had nothing to do.

He walked around the small base, watching everyone work and feeling quite useless.

“Don’t you have something to do?” Someone asked him.

“No, I don’t.” Sam told him.

“Ah. Well, let’s get that sorted out then! What’s your normal duty?”

“POW supervision.” Sam replied.

“Well, we need help setting up some of the defence equipment.”

“Alright. Thank you.”

Sam wandered off to find the defence.

It turned out that the defence was on the roof.

Sam clambered up and began helping.

“Um. Don’t you think that it’s more inconspicuous to put the defence in the house hidden?” Sam pointed out.

So, the defence was scattered around the house edges instead.

## **Chapter Ten**

Next day, they caught wind of a German battalion invading their base.

By the time they heard about it, it was too late to relocate so the soldiers were to go out and bring all of the suspicious stuff with them. Alex would be the only inhabitant of the house when the Germans came.

So, everyone left through the back door, and went to a beach.

Sam suggested building a sandcastle, but nobody wanted to build it with him.

And on this particular day, it was quite cold so he didn't really want to swim.

So Sam began building the sandcastle on his own. Eventually, a few people walked up to him and started helping.

Soon enough, the castle became an entire sand town and filled up the whole beach.

To be fair, the beach was quite small, but it was still an achievement.

They headed back to the base, only to find a notice on the door.

It read:

Anyone seen entering this building will be captured and taken to a camp just as Alex was.

Sam noticed it had the SS logo at the bottom.

He pointed this out to everyone else, and they suggested finding a new base.

Sam agreed, and they set off.

They looked at a lot of empty houses, but eventually they agreed to just live in a tunnel.

So they all got shovels and began digging.

By nightfall, the tunnel was complete, or at least a very simple part of it.

They still had to dig out the rooms and put wooden poles in the tunnel so that it wouldn't collapse on top of them.

They estimated that the tunnel would be done by the end of the month.

And sure enough, one month later, the poles had been put in, the wooden planks had been put in the floor, everything was finished.

But who was going to be their new leader?

They held a vote and as it just so happened, Sam voted for Greta.

Eventually, after everyone had voted, Sam was declared the leader.

The first plan he proposed was to save Alex.

"Where would we find him?" Asked a soldier. "He could be *anywhere!*"

The second plan he suggested, was invading the same base they snuck into last time to capture more soldiers.

Sam allowed only the French soldiers to participate, so that the Germans won't find out what they're doing.

Based on talks with the Germans, Sam knew that lunchtime was the best time to attack because the soldiers weren't allowed their weapons while eating, and that the officers were the most dangerous because they ate at a later time, so that they could make sure they weren't going to get attacked.

The French rallied near the trees close to the base, looking to Sam for directions.

Sam glanced around, then ran towards the base at full speed. Everyone else followed behind him.

They took cover at the gate and cocked their weapons. Sam nodded at the gate, and they charged through.

The French shot any attackers and made a beeline to the lunchroom.

Quickly, the Germans realised what they were doing. They had obviously alerted the officers because the French met two at the door.

Two against fifty. Easy.

They headed into the building, and realised they were outnumbered.

A thousand or more soldiers and ten officers. All geared up.

They had no choice but to surrender.  
The rest retreated while Sam turned himself in to the Germans.  
No doubt they would interrogate him.

He was carted off to what looked to be a small room and sat down in front of an officer.

The officer introduced himself as Luka Schneider and asked Sam a few questions.

He was very nice, and it turned out he was a double agent for the Allies.

Still, he needed some intel to keep the Germans happy.  
Sam told him most that he knew, which wasn't much.  
He did say that he had a few German hostages and that they were planning to invade other bases.

After the interrogation, Schneider let him out the back gate which wasn't supervised as heavily as the front gate.

Sam headed back to the tunnels with the others.  
He told them what happened and what he had told Schneider.

They agreed to invade the furthest away base next day.

## **Chapter Eleven**

Sam was nervous the next day.  
His movements were tense, and he was twitching quite a bit.

His team members noticed this and tried to calm him down, reassuring him.

They were nice like that.

In the afternoon, before the attack, Greta joined him on the edge of their base.

"I believe in you." Greta told him. "You've come this far; you can go further."

"We were overrun at the last base. I'm not going to be surprised if this one has the same capacity."

"Maybe you should take all of us into battle with you." Greta suggested.

"I don't want to reveal to them my plan just yet."

"If we can find normal clothes, maybe we can use that as a disguise."

"Ok. Sounds like a plan, Greta."

Sam walked off to find some clothes for the Germans.

Soon enough, he found some civilian clothes, and presented them to the Germans. They were relieved to actually do something and help.

They headed into battle with the French, alert and aware.

They headed into the base and jogged to the training room.

Once they had reached the training grounds, the Resistance gunned down the officers and trainers.

They then proceeded to take the trainees hostage.

Once again, back at the makeshift base, they explained to the German captives their side of the story.

They understood and agreed to be double agents.  
Their plan was coming into action.

From the ten soldiers they captured in the first battle, and the forty they had captured at the first base, and the fifty from the training they now had one hundred Germans.

But the National Socialists would be expecting an attack.  
They had to lay low for a while.

## **Chapter Twelve**

A year passed.  
France was still controlled by Germany, and the Resistance were still lying low.

Sam assumed that the Germans had forgotten about the Resistance, so it was time to attack.

They wandered over to the tree line near the furthest base from them and scouted the area.

From there, the Germans went into the camp and continued as if they were normal soldiers.

The Germans and the French had radios, and regularly switched stations to avoid detection.



Via the radio, Sam would give the order to attack from the inside and the French would attack from the outside.

The Germans told him that the best time to attack was when everyone was asleep.

The security had toned down, and the Germans were more alert for Allied soldiers than normal civilians. Because of that, most officers slept at night.

At midnight, Sam gave the signal.

One German Resistance soldier was a sniper before he was captured, so he was equipped with a silenced sniper rifle, and tasked with finding and infiltrating the highest point in the base.

From there, he could snipe patrolling German soldiers.

The rest were tasked with taking out the officers. Then the German Resistance would give the all clear and the French would blow the doors down with a C4.

Greta was stationed at the south wing of the base, and silently took out the security officers and disabled the security cameras.

Greta gave the all clear, but the German sniper still hadn't responded.

So they waited.

Half an hour later, the sniper's voice came on the radio. "All visible patrols down. More may be hidden under cover.

Proceed with caution.”

Sam placed the C4 and woke up the Germans. Immediately, the patrols hidden under cover engaged fire. They were fairly easy to defeat. The patrol probably hadn't engaged with any enemies for a while.

Once the patrols were down, they headed to the bunkers. Sensing that they would be outnumbered, Sam asked a soldier to run to the Allied base over the hill to ask for backup.

The soldier ran out of the base, heading to the Allies.

Soon enough, a battalion of Allied soldiers joined them in the base.

Then they could take on the bunkers.

They charged through the doors, surprising slightly groggy soldiers.

They were quite easy but put up a valiant fight.

Sam knew that the other bases were probably coming to help the German base.

The Allied soldiers patrolled the gate and attacked any oncoming Germans.

Once they had defeated the first base, they moved onto the other ones, using the same tactic.

Word hadn't spread as fast as they had expected to, so usually they could use the same tactic.

Only a few times were the guards on high alert. That's when it got a bit tricky.

But soon enough, no more German bases.

### **Chapter Thirteen**

Sam sat on the hill, overlooking the Germans.

He was tired but didn't want to go to sleep.

Sam was watching the sun set.

"It's beautiful, isn't it."

Sam turned. It was Greta. She sat down next to him, and watched the sun set with him.

"It's funny how the sun is a big ball of fire, but it's so pretty sometimes." She continued. "Just like you."

Sam looked at her. "I underestimated you, Greta. I don't know why, but I always thought you were weak."

"Why?" She asked.

"You let yourself get captured." Sam replied.

"That's not a sign of weakness, that's a sign of strength. You captured us. Good job."

"I suppose it's an achievement for us. We're not even an organised army."

Sam stood up. The sun set had finished now, and Sam really needed to go to sleep.

He headed off, to get some rest.

Next morning, Sam began a celebration.

The Germans were all but driven out of France entirely.

He was going shopping, when he heard a pistol being cocked. He turned around and saw a soldier in SS uniform with a gun to his head.

“Come with me, and you don’t die.” The soldier told him.

“Based on your track record you’ll kill me anyway.” Sam replied. “By accident or on purpose.”

The soldier smiled. “No, this time we won’t kill you. I promise.”

Grudgingly, Sam followed the SS soldier to a prison.

The soldier gestured for him to go in, so he did.

The prison had a bed, a toilet, and a window, but not much else.

It seemed like the prison was his new home.

Sam had told them that he’d be back in fifteen minutes.

That time had passed and they assumed he had been captured, so they held another vote.

Everyone agreed that Greta was the most capable, and she was elected as the new leader.

The first thing Greta did was make plans to invade the SS base.

She called the Allies over to help them, and they began planning.

The Allies suggested making use of their tunnel dwelling and make a tunnel straight to the SS base.

So that’s the first thing that they did.

In a few months, the tunnel was finished.  
Then they began planning how to get in.

The Allies, for some reason, had a map of the base.  
That was used to plan where they would go and what they would do.

In the prison, Sam wondered what Greta had meant by “It’s funny how the sun is a big ball of fire, but it’s so pretty sometimes. Just like you”

He assumed it was a compliment, but he supposed it could be an insult because of the big ball of fire.

So, he pondered on that for the rest of the day.

The prison was quite boring, but at least he had a view of what was going on outside.

Greta and the rest of the French Resistance were planning to infiltrate the SS base via the tunnel.

They were going to exit the tunnel in the kitchen.

The cooks didn’t have any weapons, so it would be an easy place to start.

“What about knives?” A soldier asked. “There are many sharp objects that could be repurposed as weapons.”

They were in the planning room, and Greta was talking about their plan to the others.

“We don’t have to directly attack them.” Greta said. “We can throw a grenade from the tunnel and they won’t notice.”

Everyone agreed on that but someone asked, “What do we do after that?”

“Improvise. Our aim is to defeat the SS and free the soldiers. Do that however you want.” Greta told them.

The planning had finished, and Greta wandered over a former SS soldier to ask him when the best time to attack was.

“Probably the middle of the day.” He told her.

Next day, they put their plan in action. One by one, they filed through the tunnel.

Eventually, they reached the base and by that time it was the middle of the day.

Greta opened the hatch slowly and carefully.

Luckily, nobody noticed. She threw the grenade and backed off so she wouldn't be caught in the explosion.

The grenade exploded, and almost everyone in the kitchen was hit.

Greta fired off a few shots, finishing the cooks, before charging in.

She opened the kitchen door and walked through.

By now, the SS soldiers had been alerted to the kerfuffle and ran towards them.

Both teams fired upon each other at once, all missing.

Greta dropped her gun and motioned for a teammate to fire an RPG at the SS soldiers.

It worked spectacularly, and they moved on.

Another group approached them; they were a lot more soldiers than the last, but with their strength and weapon power they managed to move on.

Mostly, they saw the groups coming and fired from a long distance at them, eliminating the group before they even came into contact.

But soon enough, the SS devised a new strategy and made the French lose four troops.

So, Resistance soldiers were on the lookout on all sides as they traversed the SS base.

Eventually, they got the chance to head to the prison cells. Greta ran over to Sam and released him, while the others took care of the rest of the prisoners.

Then Sam and Greta took care of the other prisoners and released them outside the base.

They went back to their tunnel and, since it was quite late, went to sleep.

## **Chapter Fourteen**

The next day, the Resistance were split up into groups and sent to patrol the streets for any German soldiers.

As expected, the Germans had gone back to Germany. They headed back to their tunnel and celebrated.

Sam was watching the sunset. Greta joined him, and they watched it go down; behind the mountains; beneath the trees; and finally, disappear.

"Don't you find this...romantic?" Greta asked Sam.

"No." He told her. "I just like watching the sunset and it just so happens that you come and watch it with me."

"We won. France is free again." Greta told him.

"So I've heard." Sam replied. "What are you Germans going to do? Will you stay in France?"

"I expect so, yes. Germany isn't in a very good state currently. I used to live in Berlin, but..."

"That's been blown to shits I suppose. By the English."

"Yes. I can't go back."

"The war hasn't ended yet, you know." Sam told Greta. "It's far from finished."

"I know. But France is independent again. That's something to celebrate, right?"

"I suppose so." Sam agreed.

Greta and Sam headed inside to celebrate. The tiny tunnel was full of people talking, laughing, and enjoying themselves. Then there was a knock on the door.

Everything stopped and everyone looked at the door.

Sam stood up and opened it. It was Alex. He was tired and happy at the same time.

Sam led him to a bed and let him sleep. The celebration continued.

"Was it too obvious?" Greta asked him.

"Was what too obvious?" Sam asked.



Greta sighed. "Never mind."

"Oh." Sam said. "It *was* quite obvious. You saved me from the SS base."

"Hmm, true." Greta replied.

"I knew you were odd, right from the beginning. That's why I talked to you. I wanted to know more about you, understand you. You're amazing, Greta." Sam told her.

"What do you mean by 'odd'?" She asked.

"Unique. In a good way." Sam explained.

Greta nodded and replied, "You're more amazing."

"You led a bunch of people you hardly knew with no experience into an SS base to save one person. I count that as amazingness." Sam said, and kissed her.

Greta had never been kissed. She'd never been hugged. She had had friends, but nobody truly appreciated her. Until she got captured by the French. Sam talked to her a lot and seemed to be interested in her.

She began to respect him for that, and she eventually was able to help their cause.

Sam pulled back. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't let my emotions get tangled up in this mess."

Greta looked at him. "You said the war wasn't over, do you still want to help?"

"Yes, I still want to help."

"Maybe the French Resistance should join the British Army." Greta suggested.

"They won't let you join." Sam told her.

“We can be double agents.” Greta told him and kissed Sam.

“You know what they’ll do if they find out you’re a double agent right?” Sam asked.

“Of course I know. Why would I be proposing that we be double agents?” Greta asked.

Sam was getting tired, so he stood up and went to bed.

Sooner or later, everyone else went to bed.

France was French once more. They had done their job.

**The End**