Hans and the Little Girl

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A story about a guilt stricken camp guard during World War 2 who saves the life of a little girl to redeem himself.

Published on
Booksie

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Chapter 1: Hans and The Little Girl

Late in the 1930's in Eastern Europe.

It was a cold night one winter outside a bleak, run down city as snow fell from sky over a large camp. The camp was surrounded by a barbed wire fence which had guard towers manned by men who had one gray uniforms and where holding bolt action rifles. Inside the camp where many large buildings where the prisoners where housed, in the center of the camp was a forboding stone building inside where the showers where the prisoners where killed.

To one side of the camp was a little girl who was not even ten. She had long brown hair and was wearing a brown coat a skirt, she had deathly pale skin and was very thin from months of starvation. As the snow fell around her, she stood by the fence and clutched to the wire with one of her hands. As she looked solemnly through the razor wire, tears streamed from her eyes.

Nearby to guards where walking by. They where both in their thirties and whering the gray uniforms with caps covering their hair. Each held the small gray automatic weapons. Then they stopped and both looked at the girl.

One guard looked at the other and said, â that little Jewish girl has been standing by the fence all month. I think she misses her parents.â

Then the guards walked away when one laughed and said, â she will be reunited with them soon enough.â

Another guard, a tall imposing man with solemn eyes and a bolt action rifle hanging from a strap across his back, walked towards the two approaching men. He bumped into one of the two men but kept on walking. The two guards stop and looked back at the man walking away, one of them said, â is it not a beautiful night Hans?â

The man, Hans, stopped and looked back at the two men. His blue eyes seemed cold and he scowled at the other guards then continued to walk away. One of the men said to another, â he has been at this camp for three months. I know he is from a very respected military family in Germany, but Hans, he seems like he is troubled by something.â

Then the two guards walked away when the other said, â I'm sure it is nothing.â

Hans then stopped walking and then looked towards the little girl at the fence. He sighed heavily and frowned. Hans then slowly walked towards until he stood just behind the crying little girl.

Hans then softly said, â little girl.â

She then let go of the fence and faced Hans. As the little girl looked up at the man towering over her, her eyes still shed tears. Hans looked at her for a moment then reached for her hand and took it. Then he started to lead her away in silence towards the gate of the camp.

Then the girl pulled her hand away and Hans turned to look back at her. She then kicked him in the shin, rushed towards the guard and started to pound at his stomach with her hands as she cried. As she hit him she yelled, â you murderer! You killed my parents and my sisters! I hate you!â

Hans then fell to one knee and held the little girl she could not hit him. When the girl looked into the guards eyes, she realized that tears had started to form in his eyes. He then let her go and removed his cap, revealing his blonde hair. She stepped back from him but the man looked at her, he then said, â you are right. I murdered your parents and your sisters. I've murdered so many men, many women and even children. And I fear I shall answer for my crimes someday.â

Hans stood up and looked down at her. He then said, â but maybe if I can save the life of one little girl, then maybe I can be forgiven.â He held out his hand which the little girl looked at, unsure of what to do. The guard then lowly said, â trust me, please.â

The crying little girl looked at his hand for a moment then took it. Hans then led her towards the front gate, a large barbed wire pair of doors in front of which was a fatter guard holding a automatic weapon who was smoking a cigarette. Hans released the little girls hand and said, â wait here.â

The girl waited as Hans walked up to the guard by the fence. The guard looked at him and said, â going home early tonight Hans?â

Hans said nothing and the guard turned his back to him. Then Hans pulled a knife from the sheath in his belt and stealthily rushed up behind the guard. Hans then put his hand around the man's mouth then slit his throat. As the man struggled as blood covered the upper part of his uniform, Hans held him for a moment then dropped the lifeless body to the snowy covered ground. Hans then looked around and then opened the gate4s which then swung open. He looked back at the little girl and said, â come on.â

She then ran towards him and he took her hand again. They then ran towards some gloomy buildings a block away near some cars. They where running when a voice screamed out, â Hans, stop!â

They ran when a guard in a tower fired his rifle and a bullet struck the ground near the fleeing man and little girl. He released her hand, turned and fell to a knee then pulled hims rifle from his back. Hans fired at the guard who then fell from the tower and lay dead near the gates. Hans used the bolt and a empty shell was ejected from the rifle. The sirens screamed out from all over the camp and filled the night. Hans then took the girls hand again and led her to a car. They took cover behind behind it, sitting on the ground as Hans pulled

another cartridge of ammunition from a pocket of his uniform as the little girl looked at him. Hans, tears still in his eyes, did not look at her and said, â run, I will cover your escape.â

The little girl stood up and went to run when she then looked down at the man. She pleaded, â come with me.â

Hans looked at her and replied, â you must go the rest of the way alone.â

He then reached into a pocket again and pulled out a silver medal, he looked at it and then gave it to her. Hans glumly said, â grant me one favor, keep this medal with you always little girl. My father gave it to me, I would like you to have it. Maybe you can remember me, look at it and not hate the man who gave it to you.â

She looked at the medal then rushed towards Hans and hugged him. He looked into the distance as she did and the girl said, â thank you.â

Hans then stood up and turned towards the gates of the camp. Several guards had run out from the gates and where charging towards them, He then rested the rifler on the hood of the car and said, â if you want to thank me, then survive. Find a way to stay alive.â

She then got ready to run but whispered, â I will never forget you.â

Hans then looked through the iron sights of the rifle and yelled, â I name was Hans, now run!â

She then ran quickly across the snow covered streets when Hans fired. He hit one of the approaching guards who fell to the ground, the others then raised the small automatic weapons and fired. The car which Hans hid behind was hit and the windows shattered. Hans continued to fired and killed the rest of the guards. He then looked over his shoulder and saw that the little girl had vanished into the night. Hans stood up and walked out from behind the car and held the rifle. Then the crack of a gunshot rang out and Hans fell to the ground, blood staining the leg of his uniform. He had dropped his rifle and was crawling towards it. Then around five guards stood over the wounded man and kicked his rifle away. They aimed their weapons and readied to fire.

A voice yelled out, â wait!â

The guards look towards the camp as a older gentleman in a gray trenchoat and wearing a leather cap walk towards them, a black pistol in one hand. He was the captain of the guards who now was standing over Hans as the bleeding man breathed heavily. The captain the used his foot to roll Hans over onto his back who now looked up at the man with the gun. The captain then fired his pistol and shot Hans several times in the legs as he groaned in pain.

The captain lowered the gun and shook his head. He said, â Hans, I expected better from a man with a family history such as yourself. You have brought shame to your entire family just to help some Jewish girl escape. And for what, my men will find her and kill her. You have won nothing.â

Hans looked at the captain with hatred seething in his eyes. Hans frowned and said, â I have brought shame to my family. But tonight, I may have helped absolve that blame. You will never find her, I promise you that.â

The captain sighed the aimed the pistol at Hans head.

From the cover of the entrance to an alley, the little girl watched as Hans was then shot in the head by the captain. She cried harder and muttered, â goodbye Hans.â

She then fled into the night.

Two days later in the bleak snow covered city one noon during a blizzard. The little girl had hidden in a old abandoned factory and had finally decided to chance trying and flee the city. She then stopped at a street corner and looked up towards a flag. A red flag with a black swastika swastika fluttered in a strong breeze as the girl looked at it, grief and hatred gripping her heart. She pulled out the medal Hans had given her and looked at it. She whispered, â I promise I will end the madness that murdered my family and one day kill the man who started it with my own hands. Even if it takes me a hundred years.â

She then looked back up at the fluttering flag and said, â I will always be in your debt Hans.â

She then walked away as snow fell from the sky.

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