

Bob Kaplan
Language

Excellent
you've kept
so far

Am. 1
6/3/81

The Rescue

The date: August 16th, 1940. The setting Berlin, Germany. My name is Mario Fellette. I was born in Genoa, Italy and was sent to Berlin with my father and my brother Carmine, to rescue my uncle, Angelo from the Nazi concentration camps. We were to meet my mother and young sister in War Poland after the war.

It would be a very dangerous trip and my father thought twice about letting me go, because I am only 15 years old, but Carmine is 19.

The M1 rifle on my back suddenly got heavier as the heat stung my head. It would be a long 600 mile trip, and it would be tiring. By looking at the sun, I could estimate that it was 1:00. When I came to a large forest, we stopped to rest. I took the rifle from my back and sat down under a tree. Carmine took off his shoulder pack and pulled out a canteen of water. We each took a sip and then refilled the

cafe at a nearby stream.

About 15 minutes later, we started walking again. This procedure went on until dusk. We came to a train station near the border of Italy. A train was to pass in about 5 minutes. When it came into sight around the bend, it was slow enough for us to jump on board. We landed on a small car with a canvas roof over it. We saw many boxes full of food for the Russian soldiers. I found we were not the only stowaways on board. There was an old man sitting in one of the corners. We walked over to him and Carmine started talking loudly. The man was startled. "Be quiet! Or they'll hear you!" he whispered.

"Who will hear us?" asked Carmine.

"The Russians!" replied the old man. "This is their train, and if they find us, they'll leave us off the train."

"Where are they heading for?"

"Munich, Germany. They're going to fight the Germans."

"Munich," exclaimed my father. "That's about 300 miles from Berlin. We must be in Austria by now!" My father was

proven right by a sign that went past. It said: West Germany - 23 miles. I slung the rifle from my back and handed it to the old man. Soon I fell asleep to the steady beat of the wheels turning.

About 1 hour, 20 minutes later, I was awoken by Carmine. It was pitch black out. I felt afraid, and hungry. My father lit a match. An eerie light filled the air. The old man carefully opened one of the boxes and produced a large loaf of bread. We each took a slice and began eating. Everybody took a sip of water from Carmine's canteen and then we put the lid back on the box.

Soon the train started to slow down. We saw bright lights ahead. The train got even slower. "Quickly," the old man exclaimed, "Jump off now." I was so frightened, I leaped off the train and fell on top of Carmine. Then the man said "Follow me." He led us to some trees. There was a road on the other side of the trees. He told us to follow the road. It would lead us to Berlin. We started out on the 300 mile trip. Take

I remembered that he had my rifle. I called for him. He was gone.

Four days later, we arrived in Berlin. There were 2 German soldiers guarding the E./W. German border. Since it was night, the soldiers couldn't see us. My father sneaked up behind one and drove his dagger into his back. The soldier fell silent. The second guard bent over his partner. Then I saw my chance, I lit a match and shoved it down his pants. He yelped in pain. Then my father took 3 dollars in his chest with his M16 rifle.

Carmine and my father put on the soldier's uniforms. Carmine's was too big, and he looked like Boyo the Clown. They each grabbed one of my arms and started shoving me around. "What are you doing?" I began. Then I got the point, they were pretending to take me in as a prisoner. I acted as though I was struggling to get away. I thought I was pretty good. "You did it." Carmine said to me as a small room came into sight. When we opened the door, we saw a soldier inside with a swastika on his uniform. Carmine knew German and knew that the swastika meant

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general. In German, Carmine made up a story on how he had captured me. The General pointed to some files. While my father pretended to fill out a card for the files, Carmine looked up the location of my uncle, Angelo. Carmine, my father, and I rushed over to my uncle's barrack. There was a guard standing by the door. "Watt!" he said in German. "Who goes there?" Carmine answered him by putting 2 bullets through his head. We rushed inside and grabbed Angelo. At first he was afraid. Then we told him who we were and then rushed to the train station. A goods train, headed for Warsaw was to pass soon. As it came, it was going fast. Everybody jumped safely, except Angelo. He began cursing in Polish and chasing after the train. When the train blew its whistle, Angelo was startled. With a yell he leaped onto the back of the train. When he walked into the car we were in, he smiled weakly and said, "No problem!"