

Hitler's Assistant

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Words: 913

I met Hitler at the Volksschule primary school, where we kept in contact until my departure to America in 1901 to become a spy. I returned to Germany 3 years before Hitler became a dictator. I'm back to find information about his evil war schemes.

It's 2 days before Hitler's birthday. Frau Eva Braun (his wife), has agreed to let me plan a surprise parade for him, which means I'll have time to contact my commander, General Smith, about my next step here.

"Heil Hitler", I say, doing the German salute once I see him on at breakfast. I have ordered the cook, Tobias, to make something special. From what I know, he's with the resistance too. By the way, my name's Adele Schneider. "To another year of me in power", he says in German, raising his glass of milk. Not for long. After breakfast, he and Frau Braun go into their automobile & speed off. I headed back into the mansion on Main Street 5179, East Berlin, Germany. Home.

I walked into my bedroom on the 2nd floor, locked and bolted the door, closed the blinds & curtains, and entered my secret back room on the wall of my closet. The only person who knows about this is General Smith, who made the room possible, and Tobias, who forged the blueprint so Hitler wouldn't know, or Frau Braun. I entered the code to unlock the door. From there I took off my costume & wig, then changed into my American Army uniform with my real hair tied up into a bun. I then grabbed my American Army boxed phone and joined

the hotline. My meeting is cut short when I hear a knock on the door, probably Lincoln, my bodyguard. Recklessly, I put my disguise back on and answered the door, surprised to find Tobias there instead. I let him in quickly. He's acting strange today, very mysterious. "Any news from General Smith?", he ask. "I have to check", I say going into my secret room, turning my back. A knife flies by, missing my head just barely, cutting my hair. I turn around to find Tobias standing, smiling. Then Tobias starts giving a speech about serving the Fuher and how he doesn't like his pay. "Now, tell me General Smiths next assignment" he says. So I go into the room and grab the brick that's next to the phone, and throw it as hard as I can at his forehead and watch him fall to his knees. Then, I threw the brick out the window. That was the hardest thing I've ever done. Killing someone that I thought was my friend.

"Lincoln!", I yelp, trying to sound as distressed as possible. When he gets here I explain that someone threw a brick in here and it hit Tobias's head while he was cleaning. He leaves and makes phone calls, and I make some too. First, to General Smith explaining how Tobias wasn't with the resistance at all so I had to, if you will, dispose of him. He understands and says, "Adele listen, we're planning something big. Keep Hitler away from the military and America's army."

How am I supposed to stall Hitler, I think to myself? Well, I could set up a whole bunch of search parties for resistance members to keep him occupied or I could set up meetings with officials about... about... I give up. Oh, I know! For now I could think of a way to come up with a new cook. And when I mean new I mean another real resistance member. I have a list of resistance members that I've worked with for raids. And here we go. Hubert. I'll give him a call and see when he can come. Now it's

time to go tell Hitler. Lincoln has informed him on the news about Tobias so he was all aboard when I mentioned Hubert. My job is so hard, occupying Hitler. I'm practically babysitting a grown man. Today is April 30th, the last day in April. Which means children will be getting out of school and I can make arrangements for him to meet the children and take pictures and do whatever else he wants to do. He can also do rallies, interviews, and speeches. Just anything to keep him distracted. Time does fly now, and it will be June before we know it. And I was right. Towards the beginning of June General Smith calls & says, "bombs are dropping in 6 days, so you have to get out of there. I have mailed you plane tickets that arrive today so that way you may leave tomorrow. Tell Hitler that you're going to a farm for food." After his message I start packing everything that I needed. Soon, I've caught a cab and call Hitler telling him about some farm. I didn't want him to know where I was going so it was the only thing I could think of. I'd got a regular plane ticket, worried that the private jet had a tracking system, because if Hitler sees that I'm going to America, he'll get suspicious. I sit next to a grandpa and two children. He's trying to sleep while the kids were laughing and talking with each other. That reminds me of my childhood. I was a happy little child, always curious, always wondering, never having to worry about money. But, I'm not a child anymore. I'm Hitler's assistant. Adele Schneider.