

# ADVENTURE AT BERLIN

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**Strikewriters writing Contest  
with Crystal Allen**

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“The museum closes in 15 min,” the German officer informed through the loud intercom. My companion and I were exchange students in Berlin, Germany. We were practicing our German at The Museum of the World Wars. We had discovered breathtaking exhibits and had learned a plethora of information. The museum was a large cement building, composed of 3 large floors which showcased 15 exhibits on each floor. We were exiting the third floor, the military aircraft section of The Museum of World Wars. The floor housed dozens of German airplane models including the Focke-Wulf and Messerschmitt. We climbed down the stairs to the lobby and it was vacant and silent. My buddy, Samuel, and I were the only ones on the floor. Security guards were searching for any visitors that were left behind, so the museum could close. En route to the exit doors, Samuel and I approached a small exhibit, that shed light on trains used in the World Wars. Samuel stopped me for a second and whispered, “Wait.” “Do you see that in the wall?” I peered over at the wall he was pointing to which was the wall across from the train exhibit. I moved closer to the wall and eyed small crevices, that appeared to form a tiny door. There were no indications that there was a door on the wall, such as a knob. It appeared to be a flap, not a door.

“Do you want to go in,” I asked.

“The museum is closing. How will we get out without being caught by security.”

“We can stay at wherever this place is overnight,” I commented. “Besides, this door leads somewhere.”

Footsteps could be heard through the hallway. A security guard was approaching us. “We better go in if we don’t want to get caught by the police,” I whispered frantically. We dove in through the flap.

After diving through the flap we entered a dark and gloomy room which was beyond the flap. The stony walls and floor seemed cold and untouched. There were barely any lights and it seemed like a tiny cavern. We walked more and there was a hallway filled with lanterns. We advanced onward until we came to a boarding station for a train. A sign was placed on the wall reading: Nehmen Sie den Zug 12 Meilen nördlich der Kaserne und Schulungszentrum zu finden. Dieser Zug ist nur für Kriegszwecke. Samuel and I tried our best to decode the sign. It read: Take the train 12 miles north to find the barracks and training center. This train is for war purposes only. Now we understood what the room was for.

“This room was a train station for World War 2, but it is still hidden for some reason,” Samuel inferred.

“That’s why it looks so dark and ancient,” I replied.

“What do you think is down there if Germany is keeping this secret?” Samuel asked me.

“Want to find out?” I asked. We were both thinking the same idea.

We traveled the 12 miles via the train in 2 hours. It was a steam train so it was much slower than the powerful modern day trains. We had brought a flashlight along since it was late at night and extremely dark. After arriving at the station, we walked to the exit door. We went through the exit doors and entered a massive building, the size of a sports stadium. I turned on the flashlight and we could see the whole building. Mysteriously, the building was filled with all types of weaponry. Large metallic boats, jets, shielded tanks, and rows of guns were fixed along the walls. Artillery lined the walls of this place. On the second floor, the cries of soldiers could be heard, probably in training. The whole building looked state-of-the-art, not like the train station.

“What do you think this place is for,” asked Samuel

“This seems to be a military base of some sort. But why does it still exist?” I questioned.

“Isn’t this supposed to be for World War 2,” I asked.

We both shared the same expression. We both knew. This was for World War 2 of course; and it was being recycled for World War 3.

“We need to tell the government in the U.S to warn them.” Samuel said.

Just then a muscular man entered the military building yelling. He had heard us. We were done for.

“You puny Americans,” I heard in a thick German accent. “So nosy!” You better show yourselves...NOW!!!”

**TO BE**

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