

# A True Peace.

It was June 14, 1940. I woke up early in the morning following a routine schedule. My name is Madeline, and I attend The Old House in Paris, a Catholic boarding school. For the past year my teacher and caretaker, Miss Clavel had been warning us about a threat arising in Germany. She called the threat, the Nazi party.

That same morning, I was sitting in class, when suddenly a German voice came over the loudspeaker. The voice brought Miss Clavel to tears. I asked her why she was sobbing. She stared and said, "They will come for us."

I knew what this meant, Miss Clavel had been open about her disapproval of the Nazi party. She often posted anti-Nazi propaganda in the Newspaper.

The school went into a frenzy. Miss Clavel hid us for our protection in the attic. For seventeen days we hid in the attic. The streets were empty until a black car on the side parked in front of the school with a truck behind it. I didn't have to alert Miss Clavel. She knew. Miss Clavel urged all of the girls to get to the end of the room and hide. I heard footsteps coming from below me. Suddenly the door slammed open. Two men stepped through. One looked highly decorated, but the other man looked like a regular soldier.

The men approached Miss Clavel. "Miss Clavel I presume."

The highly decorated one said in a strong German accent, "You have quite a reputation for slander against my party and the Führer."

Miss Clavel gave him one of the most narsty looks I had ever seen and said to him, "You, your Führer, and the rest of you Nazi scum deserve much worse than a section in the newspaper!" She spat on his shiny black shoes.

"Such insolence, from a woman no less, that shall not be tolerated!"

He gave his soldier one nod and he stepped up,

"Get up! Get up!" He screamed at the hiding girls, motioning his weapon at them.

Every girl got up, except me. I layed there in a trance, while the soldiers marching the girls out the door to the truck.

Miss Clavel was screaming in agony fighting to make them stop, but she was manacled by the arm of the high ranking officer. Out of one large burst of strength, she broke through his grasp and pulled out a gun. She fired twice at the officer. He instantly fell to the ground. She swiftly recovered and glanced up to see the final soldier pointing his machine gun at point blank range to her.

In a fazed voice he said, "I-I'll shoot!"

Miss Clavel went to her knees. The movement shocked him, causing him to fire. The bullets instantly pierced her.

I aimed my bullet for his chest and shot. I crawled out of my hiding spot under the desk to inspect.

As I made my way over to his still body I got a better look at him. He couldn't be older, sixteen or seventeen. The thought of mercy flowed through my mind. I led my eyes to see what a disturbing sight. It was Miss Clavel. I tried to look at her but the grief was too unbearable. Why should I show mercy to the person who had shown no mercy to Miss Clavel.

A large and blunt chunk of the desk had fallen from the desk when the firing began. I heard the soldier's pitiful begs, yet I was deaf by rage. I raised the chunk and with all of my strength, I struck him in the head with it.

All there was was silence. A ghoulish smile came upon the soldier's beaten face, while blood spilled from his mouth. His chuckle slowly became a laugh. I soon found the source of his laugh. A grenade. It was being held in his palm tightly. He gave me a sinister look and let go of the grenade.

Time stopped for me. I was flying through the air hitting the window. I broke the old dirty glass with my back. My body harshly landed on the cement ground in the alley. I could hear the crack of my bones and skull. The glass in my back was pushed even further. Yet, no pain. I attempted to move, but stationary I remained.

A light grew in the distance of my vision. A silhouette of a man appeared with open arms. I saw my friends and Miss Clavel relaxing at

leisure. The man called on me, extending his hand. Most dread death, but I was at peace. A true peace.