

MANAGEDDON



Jeri Ellen



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For information address

Mags, Inc.

P.O. Box 5829

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USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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By Jeri Ellen

PRELUDE: Berlin, Nazi Germany, February, 1945

The man stood just inside the front door of the building. He desperately wanted a cigarette. The Nazi staff car pulled up in front of the building. The man turned up the collar of his coat with both hands. Picking up the satchel at his feet in one hand he opened the door with the other and walked quickly down the steps to where the car was parked.

A soldier jumped out of the front seat and opened the rear door for him. He got inside setting the satchel beside him as the soldier returned to the front seat. The car jerked ahead as he settled back trying to calm his accelerated pulse.

The Allied bombing had made a mess of Berlin and most other cities. The circuitous route the driver had to take lasted about forty five minutes. Stopping in the

middle of a side street in front of a non-descript gray building the soldier in the front seat got out and opened the rear door.

The man grabbed the satchel in his left hand and got out. As the car pulled away he walked in the building. His stomach was queasy. He wanted that cigarette as he walked down the left corridor to the office he had been directed.

A soldier got up from a small table at the entrance and motioned him inside. The man walked in and stood before the SS colonel at his desk.

"Is that everything?" the colonel asked.

"Yes. The research team and the encoders finished late yesterday. It's all here."

The man picked up the satchel and set it on the desk in front of the SS colonel.

"Excellent. The Fuhrer is very proud of your work. It will be the foundation of the Fourth Reich. Now come with me please."

The man followed the colonel out of the office. As he turned to walk back down the hallway the colonel grabbed his arm.

"This way please. For security reasons we must use a different exit. Your car is waiting in the back."

Once again the man had an uneasy feeling. Walking in front of the colonel he felt his pulse increase. He opened the back door and took the hand rail down the stairs. Instead of a car there was a small truck waiting and at the bottom of the steps was a large piece of canvas.

The man stopped momentarily as he heard a small click behind him. Turning around he saw the colonel pointing a pistol at him. The man opened his mouth to scream as the colonel shot him once in the forehead.

Soldiers came running from the small truck, wrapped the man's body up in the canvas, and placed it in the back of the truck.

The colonel replaced the pistol in his holster and walked back inside to his office.

He sat behind his desk and opened the lower left hand drawer. Taking out a bottle of schnapps and a glass he poured himself a small amount of the liquor and downed it right away. Killing was always distasteful but a necessary task.

After downing another mouthful he put the bottle and glass back in the lower desk drawer. He opened the satchel and removed two large, brown pouches. The pouches had been sealed and bore the Nazi emblem on the front.

His office door opened and the soldier at the front table entered.

"The team is all here colonel," he announced.

"Very good," responded the colonel.

The soldier left the room. The colonel placed the two pouches in the large lower right hand drawer of his desk and then tossed the satchel in the waste basket.

Leaving his office he turned left and walked down the corridor to the conference room at the very end of the hallway on the left hand side. He entered and walked quickly to the head of the table.

The table was covered with a white table cloth. There were eight place settings. Two women were seated opposite one another and flanked by a man on each side. The six people looked up at him as he glanced over them.

"I am glad you could be here this evening. The Fuhrer wants to thank you personally for all of your efforts

in genetic research so we may create a master race. Unfortunately he will be delayed but has requested that you start without him."

From the side of the room two men in white coats, each carrying a wine bottle, approached the table and poured each guest's glass a third full and then stood back as a third man poured wine in the colonel's glass. Picking up his glass the colonel smiled at the assembled research team.

"To the Fuhrer!" he said in a loud voice.

Everyone drank the wine. The men in white coats refilled the glasses half full and then stood back.

"To the new Fourth Reich which all of you have helped create and which will once again be a master race and rule the world!"

Everyone drank about half the wine before one by one they began gagging. Dropping their glasses they grabbed their throats then collapsed face down on their dinner plates. The white coated men left and a dozen soldiers entered with stretchers.

The dead bodies of the research team were placed on the stretchers and carried out to a waiting truck. When the last body was removed the men in white coats began clearing off the conference table. The colonel set his glass down and walked back to his office.

Behind his desk the colonel checked his watch. The two boys in the Hitler youth would be arriving in about an hour. He would give them their orders and then his work would be done.

The boys arrived on time and were ushered into the colonel's office. They put their suit cases on the floor and stood at attention in front of the colonel's desk. The colonel was amazed at how young these two members of Hitler's youth seemed to be. Both boys

raised their arms in the Nazi salute and recited in unison.

“Heil Hitler!!”

The colonel raised his arm and returned their salute.

“You have been personally selected by the Fuhrer himself for a dangerous mission. You will never speak to anyone about this mission. It is both highly dangerous and classified as top secret. The future of the new Fourth Reich depends upon your success. Do not fail the Fuhrer!

“Henry Meier, place your suit case on my desk.”

The boy did as he was told. The colonel opened it up. From his right hand top drawer he placed 20,000 American dollars in the suitcase. From the lower desk drawer he took one of the brown pouches and placed it over the money.

He took a scissors from the middle drawer and two Reichsmark bills. After cutting one in half he wrote “USA” on both halves. One half he placed in a small white envelope and placed it in the suitcase. After closing the suitcase he handed the boy a passport and birth certificate.

“You are going by U-Boat to Canada where you will meet up with our agents. They will get you thru Canada and into the US where you will live in Minneapolis, Minnesota with an assigned family. You will live your life as best you can. Use the money sparingly to finance your education. At the appropriate time a member of the new Fourth Reich will contact you and ask you for the pouch. He will present the other half of this bill to insure that the contact is real. Good luck Henry.”

The boy took his suitcase and left the room. The other boy put his suitcase on the desk and opened it up. The colonel placed 20,000 Swiss francs in the suitcase. After cutting the other Reichsmark in half he wrote "SWISS" on both halves. He put one of the halves in a white envelope and placed it in the suitcase along with the other brown pouch.

"Fritz Mueller you have the same orders as Henry. You will be taken to the German-Austrian border. You will make your way to Switzerland and live your life as best you can with another assigned family.

At the appropriate time you will be contacted by an agent who will show you the other half of this bill. Turn the pouch over to the agent."

After placing his birth certificate and Swiss passport in his coat pocket the boy closed the suit case and lifted it off the desk.

"Wait outside for me," ordered the colonel.

The boy picked up his suitcase and walked from the room.

The colonel picked up a picture frame from his desk. Adolf Hitler was shaking the hand of a young German officer. The colonel flipped the frame over and removed the backing. After placing the two Reichsmark halves on the top of the back of the photograph he replaced the backing.

In the restroom behind his desk the colonel changed into civilian clothes, an overcoat, and a hat. At his desk he placed the photograph in a large suitcase

Picking up the phone he dialed a number. It rang for several minutes before a voice answered.

"Yes," was the one word answer.

"Good evening Herr General. The boys are on their way."

There was no answer, only the click of the phone and then the line went dead.

The colonel went out of his office to where the boy was waiting. Together they walked outside to the car idling at the curb. After the suitcases were placed in the trunk both the colonel and the boy got in the back seat. The driver put the car in gear and they left. The colonel checked his watch to see it was a little after eight pm.

It was a two hour drive thru side streets and then back roads. The darkness was occasionally lit by explosions from the British bombs. Brits bombing at night and the Americans by day gave the Germans little time for recovery.

The car stopped at a farm. The colonel and the boy retrieved their suitcases from the trunk. The car sped away as they began walking the short distance to the farm house. As they walked up the steps a man opened the door and motioned them inside.

They walked thru the house and out of the back door. Across the backyard and past the barn a small plane was idling. A short runway had been cleared thru the snow on the frozen corn field. The colonel and the boy stowed their suitcases in the back of the plane. The boy took his seat in the back and the colonel sat up front next to the pilot.

"You have your course, keep us under five hundred feet if you can."

The pilot nodded and shoved the throttles forward. The plane bounced several times on the rough ground before they were airborne.

There was no conversation during the flight. The boy sat quietly in the back. The colonel periodically checked his watch and then turned to the rear to smile

at the boy. The pilot made several course corrections before adjusting the throttles to a slower speed.

Shortly the pilot banked the plane to the left. A light flashed below and the pilot gunned the engine once, then banked the plane around and began the descent.

Below him the colonel saw two rows of lights come on. The pilot landed the plane quickly on a frozen dirt road. After they had rolled to a stop several men came out of the trees. They helped the colonel and the boy out of the plane. The pilot turned the plane around and took off as the lights along the road went out.

As they walked behind the men the colonel checked his watch again. It would not be light for about two hours. Everything had worked according to plan. Since the failure of the Ardennes Offensive the colonel knew there was no longer any hope of victory against the Allies so he had made his own plan of escape to coincide with this special mission.

Tomorrow night they would cross the border into Austria. From there the boy would continue on to Switzerland and the colonel would travel further to meet his Austrian contacts. He had enough money for several years and the contacts would assist him in finding suitable employment.

It was after the change of the guards at midnight when they crossed the border into Austria. A day there and then they split up. Watching the boy leave the colonel looked to the north and wondered if the other boy had made his U-boat rendezvous

5 miles NE of Halifax, Nova Scotia, March 1945

The U-boat captain put the binoculars to his eyes. It was a very clear, bright night. Not a good time for a U-boat to be on the surface, especially this close to

Canada. They had rendezvoused with a fishing trawler. A small boy and his suitcase had been brought aboard.

The crossing had been uneventful. They had taken a northern route carefully avoiding the convoys and surfacing only at night to give the crew some fresh air. The boy had kept to himself. He only spoke when he was spoken to.

After scanning the sea in all directions and the skies again he turned his attention to the stern of the sub. Two of his crew had inflated a small rubber raft and slipped it over the side. They helped the boy get on the single seat and then handed him his large suitcase. The boy grabbed the oars and began rowing away from the sub.

Looking up to the faint sound of an airplane engine the boy could see nothing. He rowed harder as the crew of the sub went below and closed the hatch. The sea boiled under the stern of the sub as it headed back out to sea.

The boy turned around to look at the shoreline. The flashing light was more to his left so he dug in his right oar and then continued with both oars. The sound of the airplane got louder. Only the conning tower of the sub was visible as the boy saw two splashes on either side.

The sea erupted as the two bombs exploded. The boy could not tell if the sub had been hit or not but he continued to row, only harder this time. The noise of the airplane got louder again. This time there were two splashes, but farther out to sea from where the first two had landed.

There were two thunderous detonations as the depth charges exploded underwater. The boy could

feel the shock in his little rubber boat. Two huge geysers of water shot up. One of them had a black stain in the middle. The boy wondered if the sub had been hit.

Soon there was only silence. The sea was calm. He could no longer hear the noise of the airplane. Once again he turned his attention to the shoreline. Now he could see a white line and knew he was getting close to the beach.

The little rubber boat almost flipped as it hit the beach. Two men came from out of nowhere and helped him to his feet. The boy grabbed his suitcase as two more men with knives slashed the rubber boat. On the way up the bluff the boy saw a hole in the sand where two of the men tossed in the slashed boat and then began covering it up with beach sand.

A short time later the boy and his suitcase were in the back seat of a car. He had made it. He knew the Fuehrer would be proud of him. Now he had to make his way to the city of Minneapolis, Minnesota in America.

He hoped the rest of his journey would be as safe as it had been so far. He had studied Americans and their way of life for several weeks so he felt confident that he would be able to fit in. When the time

came he would be ready to help the Fuhrer begin the Fourth Reich.

FBI agent Teresa Baldwin was just putting on her coat when the director walked up to her.

"I know you have just finished your current case. I have some good news Teresa. Your request for a transfer has been approved. I hate to see you go. The Minneapolis office would like to have you there as soon as possible but no later than the first of next month. Can you manage that?"

“Of course. I will use my accumulated vacation time so I guess this is my last day. Thanks for everything.”

The director took her hand with a smile.

“Good luck Teresa. I will notify payroll. You are welcome back here anytime.”

“Thanks, I appreciate that,” she answered.

The director left her the office. She kicked off her shoes and put her boots on. After placing her shoes in her shoe bag she slipped her purse over her arm and walked downstairs to the front desk. She handed her ID badge to the woman behind the counter and walked out to the parking lot. After unlocking her car she turned for one last look at the headquarters building at Langley then got in.

Driving home she stopped at a sub shop and bought her supper. At home she checked her mail box and found none. After putting the sub in the microwave she poured herself a half a glass of wine. When she finished eating she phoned her rental agent and informed the secretary that she was executing her transfer clause and would be out at the end of the month.

She poured the last of the wine in her glass and sat down in her recliner chair. It was good to be leaving. The last four years of trying to find hidden bank accounts, laundered money as well tracking down people who had “apparently” disappeared with company funds had been interesting at first but had gotten old.

The transfer would give her an opportunity to hone her investigative skills more which she had hoped to do at first but the bureau needed her elsewhere so in order to secure employment she took the initial assignment.

Her training at the FBI was a breeze. She had graduated at the top of her class in Business Administration with a minor in Criminal Justice. In addition she had always kept herself in good shape with a sensible diet and a vigorous exercise routine.

She finished her wine watching the nightly news. Nothing to earth shaking was going on. There was a train derailment in the Northwest, a large roundup of illegal aliens near the Arizona-Mexican border and the Presidents' visit to Canada.

In the kitchen she rinsed out her wine glass and placed it in the freezer. Tomorrow she would begin packing her things for the move to Minneapolis. It had been a long week completing an investigation that had taken her nearly six months.

Undressing in front of the mirror she looked at her naked body. With both hands she pushed up her breasts. As good as any real girl she thought to herself. In the bathroom she drew her perfumed bubble bath. She loved all the feminine scents but kept her use of body powder and perfume to a minimum during the work week.

After shutting off the water she sat in the sea of pink foam and picked up the bar of scented soap. She almost giggled at the sight of her ten pink toenails sticking out of the foam. As she scrubbed her satin smooth hair free arms and legs she knew she had made the right choice. She had never been happy as boy or as a young man. She was glad she was now a female and reveled in all the girlie things she could now enjoy.

Later that night, as she lay awake in bed, she thought back to her child hood and how miserable she had been as a boy. His older sister wore cute little

dresses and skirts while he was relegated to pants and tee shirts.

Sometimes when no one else was home he would stand at his mother's vanity wishing he could sit there and put on makeup. Opening his mother's dresser he would fondle her silky smooth lingerie and imagine himself wearing it.

The first Christmas he could remember his dad gave him a football, a baseball glove, ball and bat while his sister got a doll and a pretty dress. He was jealous of his sisters' things and hated sports. He knew he didn't belong in pants. He should be wearing dresses too.

Their untimely death in a car accident had come as quite a shock. His mother's sister had come to the house a month after the funeral and collected their clothes. His dad kept his sister's bedroom door shut and never spoke of either of them or the accident again.

His father was an A&P mechanic for a regional airline. He worked long hours at the airport but earned a very good living. Alone, with time on his hands, he used the home computer to find out information about men who wanted to wear dresses.

What he found astounded him. He began keeping track of websites that sold feminine apparel, shoes, wigs and makeup to men. The pictures of these men en femme were surprising too. He also found informational websites that helped trans-gendered men and women. There were numerous clinics that had therapists on staff and would provide female and male hormones for those who would begin transitioning.

At school he had detested gym class but played ball like the other kids. He always felt uncomfortable un-

dressing and showering with the rest of the boys. There was nothing he could do about it so he just had to suck it up as they say.

His father taught him to change oil, filters, and spark plugs on the car, lawnmower, and snow thrower. He hated getting his hands greasy and oily but did it to please his dad. On vacation he went fishing with his dad. He would bait the hook gingerly and then struggled to hold the flopping, slimy thing to remove the hook from the fish's mouth when he caught one, much to his father's amusement.

There were times when he wondered if he would find a solution. He even had thought about killing himself. His dad had plenty of guns and he knew how to use them. The few times they had gone deer hunting he hadn't fired his rifle explaining to his dad that he had not seen any deer when in actuality he had seen quite a few.

He found himself uncomfortable socially as well. He had kept to himself pretty much and was considered pretty much a loner though he had never been unfriendly to any of his classmates. After getting a driver's license at sixteen his dad used some of the insurance money from his mother's death to buy him a used compact car and insurance so he could be at the video arcade at the mall and join his friends for pizza after the school's football or basketball games.

The prom was not a particularly enjoyable evening. He had asked a girl from his English class that he had met at several after school parties. Everybody knew she was from a strict religious family and called the "ice queen" so there would be no pressure to have sex after the dance.

Looking around the dance floor with his date he could only wish he was the one in a dress, makeup and



heels. Across the room he noticed Margo King. She was a tall, muscular girl who looked as uncomfortable in her ruffled prom dress as he felt in his suit and tie.

He knew her to be a very personable girl, well liked by everyone, and one of the few girls to excel in the shop classes she took as electives. She never wore makeup, kept her hair short, and was happy to wear jeans and a polo shirt like most of the boys. There had always been a few crude remarks behind her back using the word "butch" but she paid no mind to them.

A month after the prom he was at the mall on a Saturday filling out a job application for a new store that would open soon. As he was leaving he bumped into her.

"Hey Terry, wanna hit the video arcade when I finish here?" she asked with a grin.

"Sure," he replied. "I will wait here."

When she had finished filling out the application they walked down the mall to the arcade.

"I can probably kick your ass good but if you beat me pizza is on me for lunch."

He had hesitated but then figured why not. Forty minutes later he had beaten her by one point in her game of choice.

"Follow me and I'll buy," she said.

He had gotten in his car and began following her. Instead of heading for the pizza restaurant on the other side of the mall she drove out of the side exit. Twenty minutes later he had parked in front of her house. Walking to the front door he felt a little apprehensive as she unlocked it.

"Cheaper this way," she grinned. "Besides my folks are gone for the weekend and there's beer in the fridge. They will never miss a couple of cans."