



Here To Where

1939. was. an. year. of. redemption. Of. resilience. Things. have. never. been. more. enticing. The. summer. heat. radiated. off. of. every. carcass. lying. down. as. sowed. sown. seeds. in. the. city. of. Hamburg. Tons. of. explosives. and. ammunition. unused. are. scattered. around. the. city. To. think. of. how. this. city. was. one. of. the. mightiest. forces. to. exist. is. beyond. baffling. Everything. happened. here. The. grain. of. dust. have. gone. cold. on. the. carcasses. I. am. the. one. sole. survivor. I. know. Here. I. was. My. home. And. I'll. have. to. evacuate. To. Where?

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par. : 1942. Wrexham

"Albert." A. voice. echoed. on. the. long. and. melancholic. hall. Where?

"Albert. it's. fine. you. can. come. out. now. You're. lost." a. giggled. followed. the. speaker's. lovely. voice.

"Ha, there you are! Found you!", she tugged my arms, getting me out of my little hobbit hole I found for myself. "If you keep hiding in the same place, I'll never have fun finding you, you see?" she closed the distance between us.

"I'm sorry. I'm just not good at it." I admitted. More importantly, something is creeping ^{back up} in my mind. "It's alright," she giggled, "we're too old for this anyways." She moved towards the balcony, pulling me behind her. I remember when I first came here. In search of a 'where'. My home was completely demolished to shreds, my family soiled into the earth and my dignity faltered. A lifeless young soldier, was wandering in the streets of Britain as an outcast. So much for a revolution.

"Albertch!" she brought me back from my mind. She's pretty.. Her eyes are as blue as the sky when I found here when I was on my quest to find a 'where'. A common young woman, with a convelaing aura, she helped me up from the worn road and gave me shelter in her own home.

"Stop zoning out, Albertch" she frowned. "Sorry, couldn't help it" I giggled, holding her hand tighter. "Albertch" she sighed. "This is here okay? This is home. Think about it

Albertch intro.
he's passed by an
entity taking him



next time when you feel like you'll have to seek
for a 'where'... she continued as I closed my
eyes in peace, basking in the warm summer sun.

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POV: 1939, Hamburg

I opened my eyes to see smoke clogging
every little pathway... "Apollo 23, you copy," "I
copy, moving forward." I signalled my fellows
hoarding behind me... The streets are quiet and
lifeless. Tumbleweeds are flying around, but no
birds. Trees are now ashes... Here, my home is
totally unrecognizable... 23,000 tons were dropped
here in a matter of few days. My subordinates
and I are sent to clear out any citizens still
breathing their final breath. Catastrophe is an
understatement. Here is nothing now.

"Apollo 23, copy"... "Copy"... "Incoming aerial
disturbances in the radar, 200 metres south, 400
evacuations." My breath hitched. "copy, evacuating"
my boys gasped and turned around running.

along the same path we came.

'Blasts' are heard rapidly in higher heath, indicating they've started the bombarding. "Albertch, we need to take cover. we can't make it" claimed Klaine "Ja." I motioned towards a forest nearby. 15 pairs of feet ~~the~~ ran in solitary motion among the dense forest. "Take cover" I signalled them, slowly inching back, unable to keep up. "I guess they didn't hear me." I thought when they failed to turn around. My heart is beating out of my ribs any second as the exhaustion consumed me. 'Thud' my vision blurred slowly, with me floating into what it seems like a black hole, not knowing to where I'm going.

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POV: 1942, Wrexham

My eyes lit up. "It's her house. The walls are decorated in bright blue. Flowers are well decorated on all corners, almost nothing shabby has a place in this paradise. "Where"?

"Ahem", she cleared her voice, sitting up in the same bed as I am, under the same sheets. "Good morning or is it only midnight?" her voice, hoarse now, remarked, pointing towards the clock. "Sorry." I said, pulling the blankets back up and lying on one side. This bed is



comfortable.. lay. sheets.. with a. silk. pillow.. its. . .
top. comfortable. for. my. mind. to. find. it.
comforting. . A. shuffle. on. the. bed. brought. me. . .
back. to. reality. again.. A. hand. hovered. over. my. .
waist, holding. me. by. her. embrace. . "Freida" her.
name. escaped. my. mouth.. "Shush" she. whispered. .
"this. is. home. Albertch.. what. you. seek. for. come.
back. here... you're already. here. Then. where. to.
are. you. wandering. off. to. ?" she. questioned. in.
silence... Flaving. my. body. towards. to. face. her, . .
I. covered. her. face. with. my. palm.. She's. definitely. . .
my. home.. I. sighed. and. held. her. close, . going. . .
back. to. an. unforgiving. sleep.. I. know. I. wouldn't. . .
complete.

pov : 1939.. Hamburg * * *
"Albertch!" Klaiie. called. out. my. name. as. I. .
opened. my. eyes. to. see. me. under. a. canopy. now. .
in. flames. "Klaiie?" he. got. my. arm. and. brought. .
me. to. stand. and. started. to. run. "We. need. to. .

leave. this isn't the place to sleep Albertch" he joked as explosions are letting off in the background, completely bringing shambles to our hearing. Feeling out of breathe, I slowly opened and let my vest loose as I feel zest taking over me. Nausea was also an uncalled for guest.

"Didn't know, explosions made you feel things" Klaiie yelled back as he found a way out of the green, now brown forest. "I'm a man Klaiie, temptations will get the better of me" I joked as we got out of the forest, now running out in a town as the mic went on.

"Apollo 28, copy". Taking a hard but fast quick breathe, I replied "yes, I copy". "The russian mayham, was responsible for the commotion just now. Radar's unclear and there are lots more of them. Suggested evacuation" "Copy", I said, out of breathe. "These russian jerks are honestly terrifying," I admitted. "Nevertheless, let's get out of here". I followed Klaiie, down the town road, with nothing but ^{odors of} sweat and blood consuming my nostrils. The streets are painted grey. They took out another capital of weaponry. This ~~war~~ war is almost over, I thought as something got my attention. A ring in my hand.



POV : 1942, Wrexham

..... "What is it?" Freida's voice got me out. Its
that same house again. Here is 'where', I'm not
sure how it make any sense. "What do you
mean?" I pondered at her.....
..... "You've been staring at our ring for a
while, almost as if we never got married." she
giggled at me. "I was married.. oh, right.. how could
I forget:..". Oh its nothing, the ring looked too
odd on my finger now that I thoroughly see it.
Don't you think?" I looked at her.....
..... She sighed, getting up and holding out my
hand taking the ring off. "Were getting divorced?"
I joked as she slowly gave me a beating.....
..... "Ahem." she cleared her throat.. "Albertch, son
of who I don't care about, from a place I never
been to, in a situation I never had been in.....
I'm putting this ring in your finger as a landmark
so you know exactly where to go to, when you
feel like 'here' ~~isn't~~ isn't your home.. The ring.

will guide you to your home here, when you seek for a 'where'.

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pov: 1939, Hamburg,

"Albertch, behind you!" I looked behind to see aircrafts flying just 6 ^{metres} feet high, so far down. "Come on, move!" They spotted us. I gasped as I looked back at my hand. Where's my ring? "Come on man!" He yelled as I covered my ears, running behind him.

"How long was I out" I asked somewhat embarrassed "What the heck were you thinking" checking out that filthy hand of yours?" he screamed as the crafts started bombing again. "I-" I didn't finish as Klaine gripped my hand onto one of the smaller streets. "You're a horrible leader" he joked as the aircrafts swept high into the sky, loosing track of where we were.

"Wait wait, stop. Where are the rest of them?" I asked him as I caught my breath. Slowly gasping he put an arm over my shoulder, about to speak as I already knew what his speech will have to offer.

"It doesn't matter," I gripped back on his shoulders. "It's over Klaine, we failed. They got the last capital, it's the end of the war." I sighed as we continued running



out of the city, exhaustion, creeping up on both of us. "You're right," he admitted, as gunshots can be heard right now. "They've started, for, let's split comrade." I turned around, saluting at my dear friend and greatest subordinate, Klauie, probably for the last time as he returned the gesture. "Until later, friend," he yelled as he submerged into an even smaller street, as I did. Bam! heard an explosion set off, as I fell back into an abyss, with nothing but darkness consuming me.

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POV: 1942, Wrexham

"Albertch," I stood in the same damn balcony, as the sky cleared up from what I remembered earlier. "Come here," she gestured towards a sitting area right beside her. "Frieda," I gasped as I fell down beside her leg, tears slowly creeping up in my eyes. "Frieda, I can't do this anymore. This is one wicked dream," I cried as

I feel her lowering herself on the cold wooden floor.
"Albertch", she whispered, slowly inching towards my
forehead, giving a small yet ethereal kiss. "It is
alright.. you're here-" "No I'm not" I cut her off. "This
is not here." "Shh.." she murmured. "This is where Albertch,
this is where you wanted to be, your home, it's here."
Wake up. Come here. Come home". She embraced me as
our bodies collided, ~~an~~ electricity flew through my nerves.

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POV: 1939, Hamburg (present)

'Gaup' I woke up. Looking around the streets, it's
awfully quiet. The brown and ~~to~~ dust in the air
now started settling on the ground. The sky is dark
and humid. There is blood clotted on my forehead
where Freida knied.. "Freida..."

I got up on my feet walking around as I hear
nothing but cold silence. The carcasses are dusted with
sand. All livestock are gone. There is nothing here..
Here.. Where..? I looked around as realisation got me,
Here is nowhere.. This is not 'here'.. My home is gone.. Now
to where.. I closed my eyes, taking a deep breath in and
out. "Apollo 23 here, requesting command to quest 'here to where'
copy?". "Copy, granted permit ~~for~~ for mission 'here to 'where''"
I heard as I walked forward, with Freida on my mind.