

September 1, 1939.

The day that the second of World War starts.

Between the Germans, the Polands, the British, the Americans and the French.

And everything started in the middle of Europe.

Where there are deep muddy puddles, shallow trenches, injured or killed soldiers that left out in the opening to die.

Weapons firing in different directions as bombs fell out of the sky, landing on different areas, exploding after impact.

Many horrible events have happened during the war, even at how many lives were taken.

However, that is not the beginning of the story.

The heartfelt story begins on two different people, that are from two separate countries that met unexpectedly and developed a strong friendship between both of them, but more than a lifelong friendship that has bonded.

The story begins on one particular person who started the story, that had to be in the war with no expectations.

It was in the middle of the terrible day where people from different countries have fought fiercely against each other.

The ones who started the war were the Germans, led by a leader, named Adolf Hitler.

He wanted to take control over the world, so he decided to make the first move, taking over Poland first.

The British, the Americans and the French heard the distressed call from the Polands and went in to help, fighting against the Germans.

In the trenches in the American side of the battle, was a man, cowering in the trenches while people with weapons were walking by him, not bothering to come over to him and help him overcome his fears and help him through the battlefield.

He has short light brown hair, fair skin, and hazel eye color.

The man was trembling from head to toe as a missile landed almost close to where he is, exploding after the crash as he jumped, frantically glancing around for a way to escape.

He scanned the area to look for a safe spot for him to hide from the enemy and the soldiers.

After a moment of frantically glancing around, he noticed an empty area in the distance, that had no soldiers coming and going.

Feeling relieved, he quickly scrambled up to his feet from the ground and ran straight towards the area.

Not even noticing that he was heading straight towards enemy territory than where he thought is close to the border of where the Americans are.

In the visible sunlight through the dark clouds, you can see him except more like he is a blur, running as fast as he can.

He is wearing a medic uniform in the color of light green for the coat around his front, and dark green for the pants shoved into his black foreleg high boots.

On his nose bridge is a pair of small round glasses for his eyesight since he can not see things close to his face, medium length, or far away from him.

The pouches he is supposed to wear to carry his bandages and band-aids were stripped off from the American soldiers who picked on him for being the only one who is afraid and different from the rest.

The Americans are brave enough to go into war without even cowering back into the trenches after retreating.

Unwisely deciding they do not require a medic to mend them after they are hurt.

He is not wearing a helmet either to protect his head from whizzing bullets that went by him like angry bees protecting their honey.

Luckily he is fast enough to dodge the bullets from being hit by one of them.

On his forearms are white bands with a red plus symbol that represents him as a medic.

He also does not have any weapons on him to attack anyone that is in the distance, or face to face with him.

When he got to the trench on the other side, he quickly dove inside, landing on the ground and scrambled towards the nearest wall.

After he was in the corner, he placed his hands on top of his head, trying to block all the screaming of pain from the wounds of the weapons firing at them.

Whistling noises of the missiles through the air, exploding when they hit the ground.

His heart was beating fast as he continued to cover his ears, distinctly listening to the noises from everywhere.

In the distance, he heard something coming towards him, so, he removed both of his hands from his ears.

He glanced up from curling into the corner, only to see a missile heading towards where he is.

Yelping out in startlement, he quickly scrambled up to his feet, running away from where he was sitting at, running in a different direction.

As he was running in an empty trench hallway where there is no one inside, he felt relieved that there is no one inside.

Double thinking about his thoughts about someone following him, he glanced over his shoulder to check if someone else was following him when he first came into the trench.

He did not notice that there was someone massive in front of him, and he went into the object, landing back first into the dried up mud.

He softly mumbled something in Yiddish after the impact.

After the pain slowly went away, he glanced up at whatever he went into, curious about what he went into face first.

Without his glasses, he only can see a giant black blur that is standing in front of him, gazing down at him.

Thinking the black blur was his commander, he quickly picked up his glasses from the side, placing them on and was about to say something to the commander, when he instantly stopped, his pupils shrunk down in fear, shaking from head to toe, frozen in his spot on the ground.

Standing above him was a giant, an actual giant about 13 or 15 ft tall, standing almost over the side of the trenches' side, gazing out into the battlefield.

He has fair skin color, and short jet-black hair from underneath his black hat that oddly does not have a badge on the front to resemble him as a Russian, Japanese, or American.

He is not only wearing that black hat; he is wearing a black uniform that oddly bears no badges or medals from any of his ranks, and the size of the jacket was massive compared to him, but it only reaches down to his hips.

Around his waist is a light gray belt to keep his black pants up, and wearing a pair of black pants, as the pant legs were shoved into his black foreleg boots.

Behind his back were his hands that are gripping each other gently, he is wearing black gloves to keep his hands from getting dirty, and wearing a pair of small glasses too, like him.

But something captured his eye that caused his "fight or flight" mode automatically change to flight mode is that he was staring down at him with cold steel-blue eyes.

A surprised but terrified scream came from him as he tried backing up by using the heels of his boots to escape from the giant.

But, the giant quickly turned around to him and knelt down, reaching down to him with his right hand as his left one is still behind his back, reaching down towards him with fingers that are the shape of tree trunks, as the arm that followed behind the hand represent the size of a redwood tree.

Terrified, he desperately tried to scramble up to his feet but kept slipping from the dried up mud.

The giant snatched him around his waist instead of killing him on the spot, and hoisted him up from the ground, as the terrified "American" medic was squirming in his hand, trying to escape, as the words were caught in his throat from trying to call out to someone nearby in the trench.

Instead of getting eaten to his unimaginable horror, he instead was placed inside a room, landing bottom first on the ground, inside a room as the giant had the door open now with his left hand.

After he carefully placed him inside, he gently closed the door to the room behind the medic's back, as a familiar voice called out to him, "Hey, Kommandant!"

The giant commander glanced over at the incoming soldiers are from the modern battlefield, covered in oozy mud from running through mud puddles and soot from firing at the enemies.

"Funktioniert der Plan?" he asked curiously, his voice thick with a German accent, as he continued looking down at them from the top.

"Ja, es funktioniert!" the first soldier said, beaming happily.

"Nur ein kleines bisschen." the second one sighed, rolling his eyes.

Confusion piqued his curiosity.

"Was meinst du ein bisschen?" he asked.

"Wir haben fast unsere Ärsche von draußen getreten!" the second one exclaimed, snapping in fierce anger. "Ganz zu schweigen davon, dass die Fronten nach unten gerichtet sind und unsere Panzer noch arbeiten, aber die Tiefe des Schlammes macht es schwieriger! Plus, es waren mehr Armeen in der Armee! Also im Grunde sind wir so vermasselt!"

A sigh came from the giant German commander, and he planned, "Okay, wir müssen unsere Probleme lösen und vielleicht durch den Wald gehen. Es kann uns helfen, die Amerikaner, Japaner und Russen dort zu verlieren. Und wir können oder könnten sie hinter ihrem Rücken angreifen, ohne dass sie es merken."

"Das würde funktionieren." the first soldier gratefully acknowledged, as they all ducked when a missile landed.

"Ja, das ist eine gute Strategie!" the second soldier unanimously agreed.

"In Ordnung," the German commander agreed with his own plan, kneeling down slightly to talk to the two. "Gehe zum Esel und benutze das Telefon, um unseren Anführer über meinen Plan zu informieren."

"Rodger!" the two acknowledged running off from the spot they were standing at, heading towards the area where the German commander said in his language to speak to them, watching them disappeared.

After the two soldiers disappeared, he glanced back at the door and felt curious about who the medic is.

So, he opened the door and peeked inside the room, seeing the medic was curling up in the nearest corner he could find, staring at him with fear in his eyes.

"Okay, du kannst jetzt rauskommen," he said in German, thinking Americans can understand German.

As he spoke, the explosions kept going off in the background, but he was not bothered by that.

The "American" fearfully shook his head no, curling closer into the corner he was into.

The giant German commander sighed when he responded with a silent no.

"Komm her," he beckoned, as the "American" shook his head no repeatedly. "Amerikaner, komm her!"

Annoyed, he glared fiercely at the "American," frustrated that he would not come to him when he ordered.

He took a step forward and came into the room halfway, although the tip of his hat touched the top of the door frame.

The "American" loudly yelped when he entered, scooting more into the corner and tried to get away from him as he reached over to him with his right hand.

When he could not reach him, he snapped, as the "American" yelled out simultaneously to him, finally speaking.

"Amerikaner komm her!" he snapped in German, clear enough for him to hear instead of over the missiles which were exploding in the distance.

"ווער ביסטו?" the "American" fearfully screamed out in Yiddish.

A moment of silence fell between both of them, until, the horrifying realization hits the two like speeding bullets in both the minds.

The giant is, in fact, a German, and the "American" is actually a Jewish!

'טאקע, דרעק! A GERMAN!' The Jewish medic thought to himself, as his hands were on the sides of his head, a horrified look on his face as he stared anxiously at the giant German in fear.

'Oh, Scheiße. A Jewish!' The giant German thought to himself, his cold steel-blue eyes wide with shock, realizing that medic that bumped into his leg is actually a Jewish medic.

But something odd about the Jewish medic caught his attention from the fact he is Jewish.

He was wearing an American's army outfit instead of the Jewish's army outfits he had seen twice in the base the people had collected.

He also noticed there were no star-shaped necklaces nor anything on his body that signs he is Jewish, but, the only way he knows is the language he is speaking frantically to him, which he could not understand.

'Strange...' The giant German thought to himself, feeling curious about him.

He reached into the room with his right black-gloved hand, ducking a little more to fully fit inside without accidentally breaking the door frame, and can finally reach him without having difficulties.

He heard the Jewish medic cry out in fear when he reached towards him again, as there were sounds of scrambling from inside.

His fingers touched the back of his uniform, so he gripped it, with his first finger and thumb before he could escape from his hand.

'I heard everyzthing about Jews back at home, but,' He paused in his thoughts as he pulled the Jewish medic out of the room, seeing him with terror written on his face, not even squirming to get out of his grip.

He gently lifted the poor terrified medic up to his face after getting out of the room he placed him inside, staring thoughtfully at him, as he was shaking from head to toe.

His cold steel-blue eyes staring back at him only makes him shiver in fear from the stare.

'Ugh, I never actually learned zhat zhey are zhis small und... fearful.' he finished his thoughts, feeling a little confused and disgusted.

At that moment, the Jewish medic's words quickened when he noticed he was observing him, frantically begging at him in Yiddish, as the only look on the giant German's face was confusion.

"Beruhige dich, ich verstehe nicht, was du sagst, und ich behalte dich nur hier, bis du zurückgeschickt wirst." he explained in German, hoping the Jewish medic would understand German.

Sad to relate, he did not understand what he said in German to him, so; he was still continuing to speak frantically in Jewish.

"ביטע, איך בין אַ צעלקע" he cried, as he had his hands together in front of his body, looking like he is praying to him as forgiveness, as his legs were crossed underneath his bottom. "איך האָבן נישט אַ ווייַבלעך פֿרוי אין יאָר און איך טאָן נישט וועלן צו קומען אין". "מלחמה ווייל איך טאָן נישט באַקומען אַ אַרבעט און מיין משפּחה איז נאָר נעבער !!! ביטע געבן מיר מחילה וועגן דעם מלחמה און לאָזן מיר נאָר פֿאַרגעסן אַלע רעכט דעם און נאָר גיין אַוועק פֿון אַלע דעם און פֿאַרהיטן אַז מיר האָבן נישט זען יעדער אנדערע, לעבעדיק אין שלום אין אונדזער האַמעס ... רעכט?"

Sighing again, he gently lifted him up more to his face, staring at him eye to eye.

Immediately, the Jewish medic stopped frantically talking to him, whimpering a bit as he curled his legs towards his body, trying not to get his legs close to his mouth.

"Just one question," he spoke in English, hoping he can understand and speak English. "Do you speak English?"

The Jewish medic perked when he spoke English, feeling glad he spoke English.

"Yes, I do speak English!" the Jewish medic replied, sounding relieved as he moved his legs back down, although still alert for any sudden movements. "I was just lost from trying to escape from the battle!"

Confused, he asked, "Vhy? Are jou joursef a medic? Aren't jou supposed to heal other people vhen needed?"

"Yes, but..." he trailed off in thought. "They don't appreciate a Jewish medic in the army, and I'm just a peacemaker, not a fighter!"

When he said that, he was mentally surprised!

"I'm just a peacemaker, not a fighter!" repeated in his head, making him feel confused and curious about him.

Without another word, he reached over to the left-hand side of his hips, gently opening a pocket of his wide enough for the Jewish medic to slip inside without any problems and to hide out of sight whenever there are German soldiers around.

When he slipped him inside, hearing a muffled squeak from him, as he released the opening of the pocket, letting him inside his pocket.

"Just stay en zhere until ve go to my office." he softly spoke, as he stood at the same spot where he was before. "I'll keep jou enside vhen zhe var ends und jou'll go back to vherever jou come from."

He felt an understood pat on the side of his leg from the Jewish medic instead his pocket, as he was expecting nothing from him.

Usually, prisoners would not do anything to giants and just give up, not even saying anything to their captors.

But, this medic, this Jewish medic seems to trust him than anyone else.

He slightly shook his head side to side to push the confused thoughts out of his head, and focused on the war, trying to think of another idea.

As he continued to watch the war and make plans as he thought more on about the Jews, wondering what else about them seems to be out of the ordinary of what he expected them to be.