

Partisan

“We will march until we retake our lands! We will march till we take back our Tsar! We will march until Siberia is once again under our banner of red! We will not stop marching until we have united our Slavic homeland! We will crush all those that stand in our way of our people! We will unite all including those who have forsaken us! Under the banner of the Mladorossi! For the Mladorossi! End this war and destroy the spirit of these fascists at Chita!” yells the Vozhd from the radio in our fortress’s cafeteria.

“I’m not surprised that our glorious Vozhd would travel so far from Moscow to give such a powerful speech in such a dangerous area,” says Brother Commissar Chuikov as he chokes on his food.

Brother Sergeant Antonov sits next to me and whispers, “Pavlov, it seems like nothing can ever dim down Chuikov’s view of the Vozhd.”

“Well, he is the political commissar for your squadron, so he must at all times speak highly of our glorious fatherland and our Vozhd to keep up the spirits of your men,” I whisper back to Brother Sergeant Antonov as I stare at my empty tray of what used to be canned beans and meat minutes ago. I add, “Iosef, never let any other commissar or officer hear of your criticism of Chuikov’s zealotry for the Vozhd. I tell you this so that I do not lose you my friend.”

Antonov whispers back, “I understand, Lieutenant. I’ll try to keep myself in check.”

“Thank you,” I say as I leave the table of the cafeteria where we were sitting to then eventually leave the cafeteria itself after having a talk with my fellow officers. To me what I hate most in this fort is not the revolting food but the constant surveillance we are under. The political officers monitor all we say; all we need to do is slip on our words and we are as good as dead or

our records of living in the country are expunged. I found this out the hard way from a run in my uncle had with the secret police. If you look for him now, he never existed.

I head down the long wide underground hallways this fort was built as I come upon my office to end the day but I think to myself why must we be at war. I quickly switch my mind to think of what kinds of logistical issues we might encounter due to the terrible infrastructure and ruralness of Chita, the capital of our enemy, the Russo-Siberian Provisional Government who we have been at war with since January 1976. I then turned off the lights and set my alarm clock for 14:00, the time the majors of the battalions tasked with capturing Chita had called for.

I open my eyes, I hear loud stomping and loud ringing coming from the side of my bed along with what sounds like the Vozhd giving a speech about our soon to be heroic acts. As I put on my officer's uniform I hear what sounds like Brother Captain Lukov banging on my door along with Brother Sergeant Antonov yelling, "Davaiche, Brother Lieutenant Pavlov we are preparing for battle!"

All of a sudden I get a boost of fake zealotry and adrenaline, then I yell to Brother Sergeant Antonov as well as anybody standing or marching near the door, "Forward for Mladorossi, Vozhd Nikolai, and our people!".

The speakers integrated in the fort's hallways all yell "Meet above the Fortress for the briefing of the invasion of Chita!" As the voice disappears, music from the days of Tsar Nicholas II and the Bolsheviks play.

The Majors of our battalions stand on top of a podium that overlooks the surface of the fortress, in which one spends a couple minutes going over the plan.

As my platoon marches through the dense snow covered forest of the western outer bounds of Chita, I fix my Mladorossi Party member armband because it was sliding down my

arm, I adjust my olive drab helmet that has a red star which makes my men and I the perfect target for anyone with a gun. I look at my armband which has a red base with a white circle and a hammer and sickle in the center. I think to myself I wish I could take this disgusting symbol off but I must obey the rules of the party if I want to stay alive.

We finally make it to Chita. Everything is quiet, nobody is in the streets. Not even noises of soldiers or logistical trucks passing by. It is way too silent for the capital of a country that we are at war with, so it gives an off feeling to everyone in my platoon. As we stop to make an entrenchment to rest, the radioman that was assigned to accompany me says to me, "Brother Lieutenant Pavlov, Brother Lieutenant Federov is on the line requesting to speak with you."

I pick up the phone and hear, "Good afternoon Brother Lieutenant Pavlov, by any chance is there any type of noise or events happening in your sector of Chita?" questions Brother Lieutenant Federov.

"Good afternoon, and I'm quite sad to say but there is nothing happening on my platoon's side of Chita, Brother Lieutenant Federov."

"Well, alright, I wish you all the best of luck, Brother Lieutenant," says Brother Lieutenant Federov with a cheerful yet tired tone.

As I put the telephone back onto the radioman's backpack that he set down, the telephone rings again I pick it up and I hear yelling from Captain Lukov the leader of our company, "Push forward into Chita the northern platoon is taking fire from multiple machinegunner nests. If you are near the northern platoon, assist in defending their entrenched position if you are near or are the middle or southern platoons push forward into the palace to take Kyril!"

I yell, “Forward men! We must take back our Tsar for the Vozhd, the Mladorossi, our countrymen, our fatherland, our children to show the rest of the world the might of our mighty people and to unite us yet again under one banner! Forward to Tsar Kyril!”

My men yell back to me, “Hurrah for the fatherland, Mladorossi, our people, and Vozhd!” They all jump out of our encampment we had made in the dense forest with their rifles in hand with their bayonets attached, automatic riflemen, combat medics, etc yell “Hurrah!”.

We have just reached the inner half of Chita and we are moving through buildings. All of a sudden bullets start whizzing past my head and the head of my men from a line of machine gunner nests in the street. Our automatic riflemen have been trying to suppress the enemy machine gunners but some have died or have become wounded. I yell for my radiomen, as he comes to me I see that his hands are full of blood and tears coming from his eyes.

He says to me with a rathful melancholic tone, “Yes sir! What is it that you need?”

“I need you to radio in for Close Air-Support on our location immediately!” I yell to him as the gunfire gets louder. I look at our a map of the layout of Chita and I space out trying to figure out how my platoon will be able to snake around the line of machine gunners and machine gunner nests if our request for Close Air Support were to be declined or if they were to start throwing hand grenades at our location. “Alright! Radio to the sergeants to prepare their men to throw hand grenades at the nests and have their grenadiers to launch their explosives at the nests!” I yell to the radioman with a raspy voice.

Two minutes later I hear the machine gunner nests take a pause which is then followed by a barrage of what seems like hand grenades and the grenade launchers of my sergeants’ Grenadiers.

Four minutes pass and I hear what sounds like helicopters coming from the south, and they launch their missiles at the nest, blowing them up and having their onboard machine gunners shoot down any stragglers retreating from the back of the machine gunner line. As I walk to the most populated area of our little frontline, I hear my political officers yelling their propaganda to ready my men to bayonet charge at the machine gunner nests. As I blink, I see that men are running out of the buildings we were taking cover in and are running like bats from hell toward the quiet machine gun nests with bayonets attached. They plan to rip and tear all the stragglers that are left, which disgusts me, my countrymen have been brainwashed by a disgusting leader and would show no mercy to men who have will most likely die due to their bodies being torn by shrapnel thus causing them to ooze blood.

We make it to the ten foot doors of what used to be a white government building in which the Tsar was housed. My men look in awe at the paintings and sculptures of past European history which to most of them was unknown. We hear from an elevated point in the building what sounds like a man humming music that resembles the music played in the fort. Sergeant Anatov starts humming the tune of the man's song. As we make our way closer to the room the singing is coming from, one of my men says that they think it's Kyril.

I open the door of the room to see a man in a black uniform with gold straps all over the shoulders and thorax.. The man looked at me and my men with fear and joy, possibly not knowing who we were and why we were here after a firefight had occurred minutes prior but at the same time it looked like he knew who we were.

A political officer who had followed me into the room had said to the man with an eager tone, "Father Tsar Kyril, we are here to take you back so come join us on our journey back to Moscow!"

The man asks, “Who are you men? You look Russian and some of you even sound Russian, but I heard some of you and what some of you said outside, is it Polish? To me it sounds like Polish.”

I say to the man, “We are soldiers of the “True Russians” and of the Mladorossi, we are the soldiers of the Slavic Peoples Worker’s State of Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Belorussians, Russians, and soon to be added Ukranians and I am Brother Lieutenant Kolchak Pavlov and my platoon was tasked to take you back well if you are Father Tsar Kyril.”

“Will you join us father on our journey back home?” I add with a curious tone.

“I will!”

“Alright! Forward men!” I yell so my voice echoes throughout the building.

Before I am able to leave the room Kyril was held in, a political officer stops me and says, “We should play a song for the father, don’t you agree?”

“Yes, I think we should but how?” I questioned.

“With the ‘Political Officers Issued Bayan’ of course!” he says eagerly. He yells to the men down below us, “Does anyone here know how to play the accordion?”

I raise my hand and say to him, “I do, but I haven’t practiced in a good while.”

“That’s fine. The songs I’d love for you to play for the Tsar are songs we were taught as kids!”

“Alright!” I say with excitement.

As the man sets down his backpack which is carrying the bayan, I hand my rifle to Sergeant Anatov saying, “Take care of her Brother!”

The men all try to sing with their raspy voices in unison for the Tsar, laughing and dancing while a few of them come back from the outside with bottles of alcohol to pass around.

As we make our way to the forest I get the idea to contact the captain to tell him we have recaptured the Tsar. I end up handing the telephone to the Tsar so he can have an almost hour long conversation with the captain about the days of old and purely miscellaneous stuff.

We waited in the recaptured Chita to await further orders from the higher ups when we got a radio transmission straight from Moscow which was not directly directed at us but to every single man of our army. “My sons we have recaptured our father and our city of Chita which has led to the end of this four year old war where both sides have faced death upon death upon death upon death! We arise as the victors of today and the future! We are the sole Russian government but remember we are not only the sole Russian Government but the home of all slavs with our father back. One of these days we will take back our lands from the Ukrainian, former Central Powers, Fins and so forth! Those brave men, those heroes who captured Chita will be rewarded with medals, and the officers will receive sabers based on the days of our Slavic days of glory, the glory days of the glorious ulhans. Long live our glorious Slavic Worker’s State! Long live the Mladorossi! Long live the Father and the great Patriarch of Moscow”.

The state has allowed me to return back to Poland to spend two months of leave and to return to the army

A week passes by. I walk back to my apartment complex and pick up the telephone to hear what sounds like a Ukrainian talking in whisper, “Are you Captain Kolchak Pavlov of the Slavic Worker’s Army?”

“Yes, I am?” I say, with my speech slurred due to the alcohol. “What have I won?”

“Nothing but as a war hero who is a non believer of the state for the past four years, I ask you to help us to free our people from the banner of the Mladorossi.”

“Well I’m surprised someone saw the facade I put on in front of my men for the entirety of my junior officer hood .”

“You are on the watchlist of the SNKVD (Slavic Peoples’ Commissariat of Internal Affairs) and we have lots of men who are a part of the SNKVD. I’m sure it’ll take you some time to submit to our request for help but remember we are always watching you so just go to the brewery down from your complex and given some time we will find you.” The man out of nowhere hangs up the telephone before I can say anything else.

I lay in bed not knowing what to do and fell asleep still confused. I wake up due to the sound of a loud banging on my door with a headache. I fear what may be on the other side of the door since I was talking with what I think were partisans and well nothing gets past the SNKVD no matter the time no matter who. I quickly put on my officer coat and my issued patrol pants. I open the door to see five men in the hallway, all with rifles slung on their back with a sling and the insignia of the SNKVD all over the shoulders of their tall grey coats.

“You, Sir, are guilty of betraying the state. Come with us so your punishment may not be as severe as it would be if you were to escape.”

“I did nothing wrong!” I yell.

“We frankly don’t care and that isn’t what we are paid to decide!”

I slam the door in their face, I then leap out of my window facing the street onto the fire escape of the apartment complex. I ran toward the brewery the man told me to go to with the sound of sirens following after me minutes after my escape.

I finally make it to the brewery to find out that it is closed. I find lots of what look like anti communist partisans with rifles in their hand and ski masks to hide their identities.

I end up talking to a short man who says if I want protection I must join them and I agree to. A man who is wearing a brown fur hat who sounded like the man on the phone the night prior says to me, “Hello Kolchak. I know this is quite weird to ask of you for the beginning of our long friendship, but we are going to need you to build up a small army of partisans all over Europa.” I end up agreeing to follow the request of the man who I believe is a higher up in their organization.

Some partisans lead me to a rusty farmer’s truck at the command of the man with the fur hat. The truck resembles a truck you would find a communal farmer using to load and unload produce, as well as supplies from the government. As they throw me into the truck’s large bed which has a roof, I get what feels like a rifle’s buttstock slamming into the back of my skull. I’m now heading somewhere I don’t know. I’ve possibly fallen into a trap set by the SNKVD. Maybe it isn’t. All I know now is that I’m traveling in a farmer’s truck to somewhere the driver only knows, and the man with the fur hat. I willingly give my life for the betterment of my country. Whatever the future holds, I do not regret any of my actions.

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