

The KEAK Anthology Excepts

A Small Collection of
Short Stories



By Dr. Katherine E.A. Korkidis

This is a work of fiction with some biographical content. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead; events; or locals is entirely coincidental.

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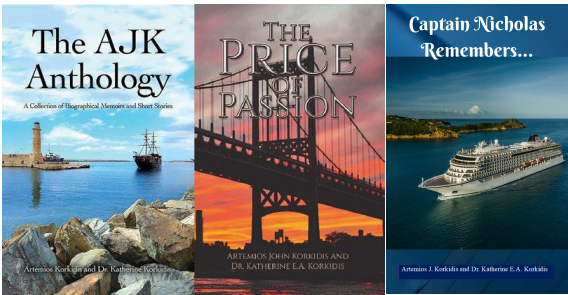
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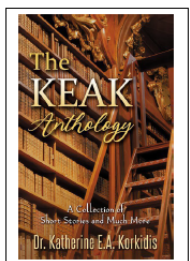
Books Written by Artemios Korkidis and Dr. Katherine E.A. Korkidis



Exciting News for KEAK Books

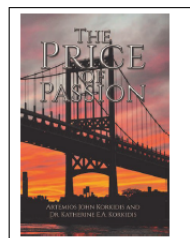


**Silver Metal–
Clean & Wholesome
Romance
2023**



2023

**Winner – Literary
Fiction and Anthologies**



2023

**Finalist –
Contemporary
Romance**



**Gold Winner -
Fiction**



**Contemporary
Romance**

2024

Dedication of this Book

This book is dedicated to my husband Michael Gerard. It was with his support and patience that made the writing of my short stories possible. He is the source of my strength and often makes many wonderful suggestions on how to add to every story. In addition, my sons Christopher Michael and Michael James. Thank you, both, for your constant belief in me as a writer and the encouragement I needed to finish this Anthology.

To my father, Artemis John Korkidis, who taught me that it is never too late to pen a novel. To my mother, Sophie Korkidis, that left this world much too early. She would often tell us that life had many doors. When one would

close many more doors would be there to open; doors we have not seen as yet. We just need to open ourselves up to the possibilities and when those doors do open for us to find the courage to walk through. Thank you, Mom, for opening up my eyes to those possibilities.

This book is also dedicated to all those that see their life as hopeless and dread the coming of tomorrow. Many topics were addressed in the form of different genres in this book that deal with human suffering and the resilience of the human spirit. Do not give up on tomorrow for its promise of true happiness is just beyond our view.

Prologue

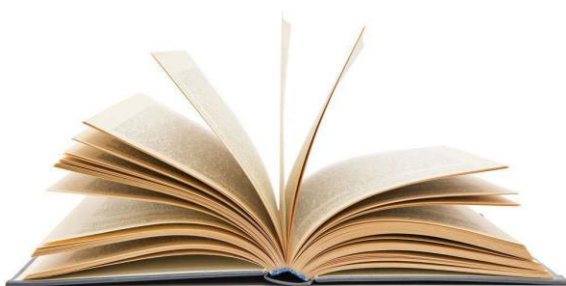
The KEAK Anthology Excerpts is a small collection of written works by the author with the addition of joint writings with her father, Artemios Korkidis. These stories are taken from “The KEAK Anthology” containing many short stories and so much more.

The Short Story section includes five stories in various genres within fictional literature such as literary fiction, mystery, thriller, historical nonfiction and fiction, romance, science fiction, and realist literature. In ***Patient Zero*** we visit a world that could be a utopian society but with an error in programming easily became a Dystopian society. In ***Times Past*** we follow our protagonist as she tries to

solve the sudden death of a newly hired man of the cloth, and in the process realizes that she is the intended victim.

Mutual Isolation takes us on a path to understand the true meaning of the words "To Trust". ***The Battle of Crete*** is a memoir written by a witness, Artemios Korkidis, of the battle during the invasion of Crete in 1941.

Short Stories



Patient Zero

Dr. Katherine E. A. Korkidis

As I lie here staring at the ceiling, I realize that this is my fate. You might ask why is this my fate. Why can I not change my fate? For you see I am **patient zero**. What lies beyond the walls of this hospital is my creation, my inheritance and that of my loved ones. Did I mean to create such chaos? I am a good person that cares about others and would never knowingly impose my choice on them. So how did this happen? How did a pandemic affecting 300 million people begin by one simple action,

my action? To understand what I have done you need to get to know me. My name is Nathan Miles, and I am/was a biomedical engineer. I am twenty-eight years old and have been told I am handsome. Of course, in the end none of this matters. I am slim built yet appear strong. I am six-foot 2 inches tall with dark brown hair and green eyes. I have been told I have a charismatic smile and indeed I was always smiling. And why not, I had a charmed childhood. Loving parents and devoted siblings were my staple. I was not married yet, but I was married to my career. I enjoyed many friends, most of which are now gone, but I digress. Education came to me naturally and I excelled through the years. Early on I decided I loved science and wished to make a difference. And of course, I did. I chose a career in Biomedical Engineering. The ability to create new tools to help those in the frontlines, the field, was my goal. A medic trying to save a life was my focus. The idea of working with custom designed virial agents was far from my intent. But I am getting ahead of my story. Where was I, oh yes, a young

scientist enjoying a wonderful balance of life's offerings. No serious relationships as yet but maybe someday. I thought of maybe marriage, maybe a family, but I have my whole life ahead of me. So much time to experience it all. Someone wise once told me to live my life to the fullest each and every day. Now I know how truly wise this man was. If I had to live my life all over again would I make the same choices, same decisions? I do not regret my choices, that is a given. Yet knowing another human being on a level of total understanding, total intimacy was far from my choice. So, I completed my postdoctoral work at the prestigious Harvard University Institute for Bioengineering under the tutelage of Dr. Maxwell Tuttle, a world-renowned bioengineer. Although I was at the institute for only two years my work was well received. I was offered a permanent position at the institute. I had the privilege of working with some of the brightest and dedicated young minds. Our 1st project as a team was to work with microscopic robots which we called nanonytes. At this time nanorobotics was an emerging technology.

Dr. Tuttle felt that we needed as a team to design, create, and build robots whose components were of the scale of a nanometer. These molecular components could have endless possibilities, but our focus was the human body. Imagine robots moving through the body and repairing all that has gone wrong from injury or disease. We were thrilled and honored to be one of the early adopters of this technology to help mankind, or so we thought. Like any engineer we were given a problem to solve, and we would brainstorm solutions. I enjoyed the latter sessions. Sometimes our solutions needed reevaluation, but it allowed us to be creative with a new solution. Dr. Tuttle encouraged such “outside the box” thinking. During my time at the institute we created many new tools for our medical personnel both in the field and in hospitals worldwide. Soon enough our team became known as the A-Team. We had many accomplishments with some minor failures along the way. Our goal was always foremost in our minds – to provide technological solutions for our field medical personnel. The key, all solutions needed

to be portable and reliable. Portable and stable for our medics in war torn makeshift hospitals. Tiny to be used by our tiniest of humans, our infants, and our children. In what may have been our most impressive creation as yet we engineered a set of optical tweezers, so to speak, that could place a nanoscale based robot or nanobots inside a human cell. Initially the work of this robot was to probe and report that status of this individual human cell. It was only a reporter. Yet with time we programmed this tiny robot to track and repair cellular damage. Our first task was to eliminate cancer. We began by examining cells that developed into tumors and the blood vessels that fed them. What if we could use our robots to block the blood vessels feeding these tumors? Could we destroy these tumors before they became destructive? The answer was unequivocally, yes. Our field became explosive overnight. The potential for success was imminent. Once functional, these robots interacted with biological cells, giving them medical potential. They could manipulate cells in specific alignments, move cells to other locations,

or deliver medicine to those cells. Those capabilities became useful in personalized medicine but more so in the treatment of cancer. Our nanobots completely eliminated chemotherapy. Cancer was being eradicated right before our eyes. Our hard work was followed by many success stories. We had attempted and accomplished more than we could have ever imagine. Yet it was not enough. True research goes beyond today towards the promises of tomorrow. Could we do more? Could we go further and dig down to the nuclear level and enter the nucleus. Could we repair the DNA itself and prevent and/or alleviate chronic genetic diseases? The promise of a future for mankind with no disease was so alluring for us and for many research teams worldwide. We became a household name, and all were committed to our future work. Grant after grant came pouring in to continue our work. We were no longer a small lone research team isolated in one corner of the world, but the savior of humanity. The next decade was dedicated to successful DNA manipulation. Our robots could now enter the cell

without the need for those tweezers. Our technological advances allowed us to place a million microscopic robots on a four-inch silicon wafer in just a few weeks. These tiny robots were significantly smaller than the width of a human hair (in the order of a DNA strand of 2nm wide) that were equipped with a brain, sensors, clocks, and controllers. They were virtually independent self-aware and self-functioning devices. These devices were able to rewrite their own code to accommodate their environment and enhance their outcome. It was the latter accomplishment which led to a new generation of subatomic robots. Their basic programming was enhanced by the robot itself. Alzheimer's and Parkinson's can be treated by the targeted cell transport for vascular repair or by regenerating or repairing impaired neural pathways. Our nanobots were transporters, delivering modified cells and submicron-sized surgical tools conducting targeted in-vivo vascular repairs, with micrometer precision and reaching those places where surgical operations were not an option. With time Alzheimer's and Parkinson's was

indeed treated by the targeted cell transport mechanism for vascular repair and by regeneration and/or repair of impaired neural pathways. In addition, through this process we reversed Alzheimer's disease by replacing lost cells in a brain.

Further we had created a collective to allow the robots to work cooperatively to accomplish their task. We developed the frameworks that were required to enable concurrent collective intelligence. We had much success in applying the core technologies that made it possible for these robots to work together seamlessly. These technologies allowed a single robot to share information with other robots, to share information with their human programmers, to learn and understand what the human intent was as they worked within the human body. Collective intelligence and coordinated, multi robot systems were able to work together to achieve things which each robot could not achieve on its own. Eventually these robotic systems did not need human interaction. They could assess and

determine the best course of action as a collective. The use of collective nanobots became the norm in all human medical treatment. Even for our furry friends there was a solution. Human life was extended, and the quality of human life was a given. Without disease or natural death, humans far exceeded lifespans of the past. Even accidents were repairable. There was no termination date. Most did not believe this reality at first but as they saw the elderly become indistinguishable from the youth, belief set in. We had inadvertently found the “Fountain of Youth” and the cure for all humanity’s ills. The world was in our debt, and we accepted this debt with much pride. Then one day, something changed. It was a subtle change at first. It appeared as if a nanobot or two rejected its basic programming. We were called into the medical facility because of our expertise. Dr. Tuttle and I assessed the issue. The problem appeared on the surface to be repaired. Yet shortly thereafter other nanobots began to break down. The medical facility did not have the resources to attend to those coming to its doors. Sick humans most of which

were on the brink of death, was an image of the past, not the present. The time between visible symptoms and death was seventy –two hours. In that time many were becoming infected. The infection began to spread from city to city and country to country. The infection became a worldwide epidemic in a matter of weeks. We tried all we knew to find the source and yet it evaded us. Eventually we realized that the infection began with me. I was patient zero. But it was too late. It was nanobots that altered their task in my human body, yet initially I appeared to be quite well. My body decided to treat the nanobots as virial agents to be eliminated by overproducing Cytotoxic or “killer” T- cells. The abnormal immune process that is likely responsible for the subsequent series of events appears to involve selective activation of helper T cells and killer T cells, with a corresponding decrease in regulatory T cells. As the killer T-cells began their attack, my nanobots fought back with a vengeance. To prevent further killer T-cell attacks, the nanobots altered their mission. So nanobots, instead of repairing their human

counterparts began to alter their mission. The culprit, an unknown virus that attacked cells on the nuclear level by altering the DNA. The alteration of human DNA made humans susceptible to all known infections of the past. The DNA was altered to mass produce modified T-cells that could not be repaired. These modified T-cells, not unlike Regulatory T cells, functioned in an opposite manner, they turned off the immune response.

Our nanobots have (borrowed from the bees) the capabilities to communicate through vibrations. All instructions are shared simultaneously, even if the instructions are in error. Humanity's first form of defense was now at risk. The termination of humanity had begun. The symptoms at first presented themselves as flu- like symptoms. An upper respiratory infection. The cold that just would not go away. Yet with all such conditions gone, a simple cold or allergy was highly visible. It was easy to detect the infected and worldwide panic ensued. The best of friends became enemies and massive fear

continued to grow. The death rate would increase each day exponentially as more and more patients flooded the few medical facilities that still remained. We could not have anticipated such an infection on such a grand scale. We were defenseless.

All that we knew began to change, town after town, city after city, country after country began to impose a quarantine in an effort to contain the virus which was now highly communitive. Simply breathing near an infected individual was enough. It was airborne and death was inevitable. If you had the unfortunate opportunity to catch this virus you simply died within 72 hours of showing symptoms of Acute Respiratory Distress Syndrome or ARDS. Yet you could incubate this virus for 12 days before showing symptoms. It was this long incubation time that made this virus so infectious and communicable. It became a pandemic with no selection process, world leaders to homeless men/women on the streets of a city, all were affected. Ages too were

independent. A one- day infant had just as much chance upon exposure to catch the virus as did a 100-year-old.

In the early days of the virus, there were those that were convinced it was a hoax from ordinary citizens to government leaders, presidents, and prime ministers alike. It was seen as something created by the media, false news if you wish, to get better/higher ratings. This disbelief led to the delay in instituting country wide containment/quarantine which allowed the virus to spread at an alarming rate. The worse contender was the US, my country. Our current president often called it a hoax until he was pressured by a bipartisan intervention to respond responsibly to this crisis. By then there were close to 1.5 million known infected with 1.2 million reported deaths, or 83% death rate, including three members of the presidential family. The strain on healthcare facilities was beyond description. Healthcare personnel worked in 24 hours shifts over multiple days. Many would live on

the hospital premises away from their families to prevent the spread of this infection to their loved ones. During their off hours, which were few and far between, they wrote their last will and testament for they knew they would die. Makeshift hospitals to provide beds were continuously built. Yet could not keep up with the need. Private companies geared up to provide respirators and medical supplies, but they too could not keep up with the demand. Many shut their doors as their management and employees succumb to the virus. Small businesses and corporations failed, they lost employees, managers, CEOs, and patrons. The economy underwent a nosedive as the Dow decreased every day in large significant jumps. Trading came to a standstill. The worldwide financial institutions closed their doors. This virus attacked the core of all financial and healthcare institutions. Colleges and schools closed as an effort in containment early on. But with time children were sent home to spend their final days with their loved ones. Yet with all this around

us, there was hope. Hope that we will find a cure in time, hope that some of humanity will survive and rebuild. As the news became desolate each and every day, one day, weeks into the pandemic I saw that ray of hope. It was a city within a country where there were over 10 million deaths. The ones that were ill but not as yet succumb to the disease stood on their balconies in each and every one of its cities. A single man, an opera singer, began to sing with his young son in his arms. A second voice followed, a third voice, until the entire quarantined quadrant joined in song. The singing lasted for hours into the night as more and more joined in. It was an image of hope, a hope that humanity would survive. I knew then what I must do.

I was the creator of these nanobots, so now I must become their destroyer or at least their survivor. But how could this be done in the time I had left. How could I change what has happened and is yet to happen? But I had an idea. “Give the hope of humanity to my nanobots. Give them

the task to save humanity in their basic programming”. All this time our focus became to attack the virus and our nanobots stayed steadfast to their task of protecting the virus. Give them instead the task of coming up with the cure to eradicate the virus themselves. I had very little time, but I began to reprogram my tiny creations and began injecting them into test subjects that wish to help. Failures were many within the first 24 hours. The virus continued its determined course. Although Dr. Tuttle was long gone during the first wave of this pandemic, his daughter continued his work. She has just contracted the virus and was anxious to help. And so, she became my success and the world’s savior. Her name is Cassie Tuttle, a bioengineer not unlike myself and a beautiful soul inside and out. I knew her for all my years with Dr. Tuttle and never really saw her. Yet at this moment I knew true love. I did not wish to lose her, but she insisted on being my test subject. The process of reprogramming was long and tedious but with her by my side I knew I was not alone and could do this. It was 36 hours later, and my

mental capacity was slowing down as my lungs began to betray me.

It was the 40th hour and I knew that we had something that should work. So I injected Cassie and myself. We held hands and hugged for the first time. Since the virus began hugs were not permitted. It felt so good and so right. Twelve hours went by, and no detectable changes were seen. On the 15th hour I began to feel something different. My temperature seemed to go down. Cassie quickly measured it as she did hers. Yes, it went down, not only a few degrees, but back to normal.

Could this have truly worked? Are our nanobots repairing the body and eradicating the virus they had created? We immediately contacted the CDC and proposed the format for the injectable. Over the next few hours all our symptoms became a memory. Mass production of our new nanobots became the focus of every country. Within the next few weeks, the virus was gone, and humanity

could thrive again. All that were sick began to recover.
We lost 300 million lives worldwide but saved the future
of mankind.

Did we as a people learn anything from the almost
eradication of mankind?

I hope so.

Times Past

By Dr. Katherine E. A. Korkidis

Flaming ambers in the night glowing with a ghostly light.

It was a cold and dreary night, and she could feel the coldness of the night surrounding her body and enfold her soul. She walked slowly to the door compelled by some unknown force and flung it open, silently praying that only the night lies beyond her doorstep. There in the shadows stood a man or was he a man. The wind howled wildly through the trees, and as the branches gave way to their invader, the form began to move towards her. Her body and her will were paralyzed. She stood awaiting what was to come. From the darkness emerged two large,

dark hypnotic eyes. As they stared deeply into hers, she could feel her soul burning with a fear beyond description. Yet within the bounds of her fear, a sense of compassion and understanding for this stranger began to take form. As the fear slowly subsided, she stared at the man who now stood steadfastly before her. His eyes were mirrors reflecting the brilliance of the moon, burning brightly as two flames in the night. The fire within his eyes seemed dangerously close, almost totally encompassing her, yet she stood there motionless intrigued by their beauty and longing for their warmth. He extended his hand at the moment she extended hers, almost as if their minds were one, and now the bridge to their souls was complete. And as if they were one, nature seemed to respond to their peaceful embrace. Yet with the dying of the howling wind came a sound more frightening and disturbing than ever before. For it was now that the cries from the village could be heard. She felt her arms relax and as she looked up the man was gone. Could she had imagined this beautiful moment? Who was this man? Could he somehow be the

source of these horrific cries? As the cries grew louder and closer, she could not ignore them any longer. Her thoughts were interrupted by a loud banging on her door. It was neighbors from the village below. They were angry and fearful. They banged on the door with such conviction she was compelled to open it.

“Have you seen him?” They asked. “Who?” She responded. “A man with a knife running from the village. He was heading in this direction. We are pursuing him and plan to capture him.”

She was convinced it could not be the man that entered her home only a few moments ago. So she answered with determination to protect this man. As to why she was protecting this man she had no idea. “I have been reading and have not seen anyone. He must have gone beyond my home.” Her word was taken, as she was a respected member of the village, the village teacher. The two men left with no objections. As soon as the men were gone, the

stranger reappeared at the window. He knocked gently and she reopened the door to him once more. As he entered, she could see his features with much clarity. He was tall, possibly over six feet, with dark brown hair and sparkling kind brown eyes. He was a handsome man with a soft and gentle way. This could not be the killer they were searching for, she thought. Yet one never knows the workings of another's mind. Can a killer appear so calm and gentle? He asked if he could sit down in an armchair in her family room. A small room that accommodated a TV, a small settee, and a roaring fire. She did not know what to say except to offer her guest a cup of tea. He accepted but had one request – could it be a cup of black tea with a blend of jasmine. She was surprised for it was her favorite. He asked if she would join him. She felt no fear, just peace, so she did. She looked for signs of violence, blood stains on his clothes, his hands, but there were none. Once the tea was ready, they both relaxed in that small room with the warmth of the fire. Nothing was said between them, just a gentle smile. He knew he

could trust her and she him. It seemed like time stood still, then he spoke. "My name is Daniel, thank you for offering me a refuge from the cold." "You are most kindly welcome", she replied. "My name is Samantha, but have we met before", she asked. "Yes, he said, many years ago." As a young woman in her mid-twenties, she did not have much of a past that she did not remember. "I am so very sorry," she said, "but I do not remember you. Can you recount our past meeting?" "With time you will remember, but for now I need your help. A murder was committed in the village, and I would ask your help in solving it." Sam had a keen interest in solving puzzles and could not resist the challenge. His kind and gentle eyes beckoned her, so she accepted. She asked about the men that came to her door, he did not seem to care much for their quest, so the matter appeared settled for now. It was getting late and after the third cup of tea she offered him lodging for the night. She had an extra guest bedroom that would suit him nicely. He agreed and assured her she would be safe. Something within her believed him

and showed him the room. He thanked her with a kiss on the cheek and went promptly to bed. The next morning, she was awoken by inviting smells emanating from her kitchen. He had prepared a breakfast feast of all her favorites. All were laid out on a set table with her best linen. As they both indulged in this feast, he asked her again if she could begin the work of solving the village murder that very day. Although it was Sunday, she told him she would head to the village church and see what she could learn. He asked to remain behind. The village elder was also the village pastor. His name was Jonathan Martin, and he was a pastor of the village for the past 50 years. He was well respected and loved by the villagers. He was known for his informative and uplifting homilies. Although his homilies were always full of optimism, on this particular morning it was dark and morose.

He spoke of the sadness for the loss of a wonderful man, full of life and full of promise. He was to be the new pastor of the village as Father John, as the villagers called

him, was soon to retire. He came from far away and was murdered in the village the day he arrived. Sam realized she would have her work cut out for her to find the motive in this senseless killing.

The key to any discovery was to be discreet in one's dealings with others. Asking too many questions too quickly might arouse suspicion and alert the wrong parties. Sam choose to speak only with Fr. John for now, privately, before exploring other options. To access a newly established scene of the crime was difficult at best. The new pastor was killed in his room in the rectory while Fr. John was away. There were no witnesses, no theories, and no suspects. The local authorities, just the same, treated this room as a crime scene. Fr. John's anguish to solve this murder gave Sam the time she needed. As per motive, Fr. John had very little to offer. Sam searched the empty room. There was but one suitcase on the bed which the authorities had opened. The contents were non informative as to where this man came from and why he was no longer

with them. The only other object in the room was on his table to the right of his bed. On his bedtable was his Bible with an inscription, 'To My Dearest and Oldest Friend, May God Bless and Keep you always, Your Sam.' Sam was taken aback. The handwriting was hers, or so it seemed, yet she does not remember writing this, and to whom she gave it to if she did.

Sam decided it was best to return home and speak with Daniel. She did not understand how she knew both men and when. Daniel was not there when she entered her home. He appeared at her door again later that evening. Sam told him about her discoveries so far. He told her he believed that she and only she could solve this murder. The discussion went no further. He said he was tired and went straight to the guest room. Sam could not sleep as she tossed and turned wondering how she was involved with both men. Could she be mistaken about the handwriting? She needed to return to the room of interest, and so she did the next day after lessons. She

taught in a small schoolhouse which included all ages in one room. It was a challenge yet very rewarding as the older students helped to teach the young ones. She loved her students and in return was loved by them.

Father John opened the door once more for Sam. She examined the position of each of the evidence indicators left there by the CSI team. The attack on this young pastor seemed one that was preplanned, preempted, and executed with no warning. It seemed to be one of rage and hatred. There was some evidence of a struggle. The apparent information from the scene was in the ME's office. Sam needed access to her report, but how. There was a back door she could take advantage of. Her assistant at the schoolhouse on occasion was Mary McKnight, also known as the village Medical Examiner (ME), would her friend allow her access, that remained to be seen. A visit was in order. Sam went to see Mary and explained how she is independently reviewing this case. She told her that she saw the crime scene twice and came to some limited

conclusions. She needed Mary's help to analyze what she saw. "It looks like this young man put up quite a fight..." Sam concluded. "Yes, as you can see from the splatters of blood on the wall it was a pretty messy death. Not that there's ever anything not messy about death", said Mary. "So, Mary can you tell me what you believe happened?" Mary took her over to the body on the slab. Sam thought the man looked familiar, but her focus was the crime. "Well, as you can see on the body, there are two puncture wounds, one to the neck, and the other to the heart. Now, those splatters on the wall that you saw occurred when the suspect stabbed the victim in the neck; he hit the carotid artery, you see, causing the blood to come out in spurts. When you hit a major artery like that, a great loss of blood occurs within only a few seconds." "Mary, can you explain further. What does this mean?" said Sam. Mary replied, "meaning that the victim lost consciousness very quickly, so there was no way he could defend himself against the second attack when the suspect aimed for the heart. He fell where he stood and died almost instantly.

Now, the large bloodstain that seeped under the body mostly came from the wound to the neck. The wound to the heart bled a little, and that's only because the suspect pulled out the knife from the heart of the victim -and as you probably noticed the murder weapon is nowhere to be seen. We have yet to find it. You see, if he had left it in, there would be almost no blood from that wound, the knife would have acted as a sort of plug." "Mary any idea as to the time of death" Sam asked. "It was evening, but I am still looking into the exact time." "Any idea as to the motive" Sam asked. "Not as yet. The police are looking into the background of the pastor." For now, Sam had some information that she could bring back to Daniel. Later that evening Sam returned home with the idea of cooking a wonderful dinner for Daniel and to tell him of her discoveries. Yet when she arrived home, Daniel was gone. He did not have any belongings when he entered her life and now nothing was left behind except for one short note left on her kitchen table. "To My Dearest Sam" was written on the outside of the envelope. On a small

piece of paper, the following was written, 'Thank you for your faith in me and for the information you have given me so far. Please continue to solve this murder as a favor to me. When you are done, and the true suspect is caught I will explain why this is so important to me. I will return at that time. May God Bless and Keep you always. Faithfully Yours Forever, Daniel'.

Sam was saddened by his absence but even more determined to find the answers to this puzzle. She was looking forward to seeing Daniel once again but was puzzled by his disappearance. For now, she was simply grateful for the time they spent together and for getting to know him. The hope of seeing him again was her incentive to work harder and more diligently. Sam decided to integrate herself into the investigation. Being a woman of education, she was often called upon by the local authorities to help. The village police force was a group of three individuals, a captain, a deputy, and the medical examiner. Sam was well known and respected by

Captain Bill, as he was often called. Upon visiting the Captain, Sam asked if she could help with the research and forensics of this case. Captain Bill was most grateful for the extra assistance since this case was indeed difficult.

He gave Sam the case file to review. Other than the medical examiner's report there was very little information as to who this young pastor might have been and as to his acquaintances. His name was Nathaniel Worthington, and he came from a small nearby village. He completed his seminarian studies followed by his graduate work in Theology. He was twenty-five years old, and this was to be his first posting. He accepted this position as a replacement for Father John but was not as yet a practicing pastor. Father John would have been an excellent mentor, thought Sam. Nathaniel came from a financially secure and loving family. He was an only child with many friends. His colleagues and professors at the seminary respected him. He was given glowing reviews by all those that Captain Bill interviewed, and Nathaniel had touched during his

short life. There was nothing in this man's background except good will. Sam was determined to find his secret. Someone out there did not feel as positive about this young man, but why. There must be a reason as to why he was murdered, and she knew she could find it.

Time passed and her faith in her ability to find the answers began to waver. She had some holiday time coming up when the schoolhouse would be closed. She decided to visit the village that Nathaniel called home. They were now on a first name basis as she continued to invade his past life. He was no older than her and in that short time he lived an exemplary life. His studies, family and friends were his life, not unlike hers. The village was a short six hours' drive in the northern most part of this region. It was isolated in a valley amongst tall majestic snowcapped mountains. Sam was enthralled by the beauty of this place. She found lodging easily and decided to spend the day admiring the beauty and peace around her. She would meet with his family the next morning.

Nathaniel's home was as elegant as the village itself. It was perched on a hill overlooking all and surrounded by thick woods and those mountains. As she approached the door, an older man opened it. He said he was expecting her, and she could proceed into the main hall. Two staircases emerged from the hall and met on the floor above. The older man asked her to wait there and took her coat. A woman came from one of the rooms to greet Sam. She introduced herself as Mrs. Worthington but "please call me Agatha", she said. Sam exchanged her name. The woman was an older lady with many pleasing features. She guided Sam into a sitting room and called out to the older man. "Sam, would you like something to drink, perhaps tea." Sam agreed. Mrs. Worthington asked the man to proceed to prepare the tea. Sam discussed the purpose of her visit after first giving her condolences for this loss. Mrs. Worthington was grateful that Sam had taken on this case. She could not understand who would do this to her son. Sam assured her that she would find the guilty party. All was as she had read in the limited police report,

yet there was something missing. Nathaniel's father had passed many years prior, and Mrs. Worthington had moved back to her home village with her son after her husband's death. Nathaniel spent his early growing years elsewhere. Sam, being focused on Nathaniel's current years, did not ask the begging question. The interview was soon over, and the rest of the afternoon was spent admiring the gardens and the palatial views. The next day brought more of the same as Sam spoke with many friends and neighbors. Nathaniel was loved by so many. He was destined to be a pastor in service of others. This was indeed well recognized and understood. She needed to find answers but her time for doing so was quickly coming to a close. She had one more day but was no further in her search for the truth. Sam returned to Nathaniel's home to visit his mother. She asked to see his bedroom for further clues. To her astonishment there was a picture of a young girl, no more than 9 years old, standing near the desk. The little girl was smiling and had her arm around a young boy. They appeared to be

good friends. Yet what concerned and confused Sam was that she knew the young girl in the photo. As she looked intently at the picture she remembered when it was taken. It was in her days at school. The boy in the picture was carrying her schoolbooks as he did every day since they were five years old.

Why did Nathaniel have this picture? Was he the young man in the photo? She had moved away and so did he and they had lost each other. Over the years she thought of him often, but life took its course. Yet his name was not the same. His name was Daniel not Nathaniel. If he was her Daniel, then life has played out a cruel deed to allow her to find him only to lose him again. She needed to talk further with Nathaniel's mother. Nathaniel's mother revealed that he choose to use his middle name in school, a personal preference. She remembered his best friend, Samantha, and how difficult it was for him to lose her when her family moved away. She told Sam how he choose to never date in the hope of one day finding her again.

Mrs. Worthington could not believe that Samantha, the young woman helping to solve her son's murder, was the young girl that was always in Nathaniel's heart. They both embraced as Sam decided to depart. She was now more than ever determined to find the answer. As she headed back home all the memories of her early childhood with Daniel came rushing back. It brought her much joy yet much sadness. She wondered why she never choose to find him once again. Why did he not choose to do so? Sometimes we are distracted as to the needs of our heart by the rationales of our mind. She remembered the Bible in Nathaniel's room. It was indeed signed by her. It was a gift she gave him as they parted ways, those many years ago. Even as a child he loved to read the Scriptures. It was a gift he treasured because it was from Sam. When all would be done, she will resolve to return it to his mother and his home, where it belongs. She was glad to be back home but now more confused than when she left. As she approached her front door a beautifully wrapped box adorned her home. She picked up the box and brought

it in to further examine. There was but a simple note, 'From an admirer'. The contents were personal and beautiful. Twelve long stemmed yellow roses with a red sash. A bottle of French Bordeaux wine and two glasses. 'Sam, drink with me' was written on the glasses with red ink. Sam assumed it was from Daniel. She would have preferred Daniel himself, but she understood he could not be there.

It was a thoughtful and caring gift. The wine she will save for his return. Sam returned to her classes the next day joyously knowing that Daniel shared her feelings. Days became weeks and she was no closer to an answer. Soon the case of the murder of Nathaniel Worthington was becoming a cold case. Time passed and gifts would continue to appear by her door. Each gift is more telling than the last. Was Daniel stalking her? He knew her tastes and interests. But how? If he was watching her why not approach her? Nothing made sense anymore. She felt she was being watched. She talked to Captain Bill for comfort.

He could not find anything. She decided to ignore all and focus on her daily life and her students. One day as she was returning home from the schoolhouse, she saw a man, not unlike Daniel, standing near her door. He hurried away. In that glimpse she saw aggravation and annoyance. The gift at her door this time was not beautiful but very personal. It was a gift-wrapped bloody knife. She immediately took it to Mary and Captain Bill to examine. It was indeed covered with Nathaniel's blood. There were no fingerprints, just blood. Both Captain Bill and Mary expressed their concern. Captain Bill insisted on surveillance to protect Sam. Sam declined. She felt she could protect herself but was not sure if she was being overconfident. Days became weeks and all was quiet. Sam continued her investigation into the death of Nathaniel with very little insight. The case was indeed getting cold. All pointed to someone that knew Nathaniel yet no one with that rage could be found. Sam lacked a connection that she desperately needed. She still felt she was being watched and hoped that Daniel would return. She felt

safe and at peace with him. The weeks became months, and someone entered Sam's home while she was at the schoolhouse. They went through her closets and drawers taking clothes and personal objects. Sam was convinced it was a burglary and treated it as such. Captain Bill was not convinced. The nature of the objects taken were too personal to be a simple burglary.

He was convinced that Sam has a stalker independent of the murderer. He tried once more to convince Sam to accept help, but she refused. Captain Bill took it upon himself to watch over her. He would watch her home to ensure no one entered while she was away. Every evening he would call her or ask Mary to call to make sure all was secure for the night. Weeks passed once again with no reoccurrences. It is now six months since the death of Nathaniel. She began to feel that there must be a connection between Nathaniel's death, Daniel, her stalker, and herself. But what could it be. She wished Daniel would return so she could explore this belief

further. Soon enough the answer came in the form of a threat. Her stalker had decided it was time. One evening as Sam was relaxing from a long day came a knock on the door. It was Captain Bill. She let him in with the hope of more information on Nathaniel's death. Instead Captain Bill had a note from the stalker telling him to remove his protection of Sam. The note talked about his long-term relationship with Sam, having known her since they were children. He felt he knew what was best for Sam. He and only he could take care of her. As Captain Bill read on Sam could not understand how this man knew her and why he felt "he was her destiny one way or another". The ending sentence to a strange note. Captain Bill was more determined than before to put Sam in a protective environment. Once again Sam refused and felt this man was not a threat. She was indeed foolhardy, and she was about to find out.

Captain Bill left a frustrated man yet determined to continue his surveillance undetected by Sam. Sam read

the note again and again with no resolution. So she was the target of this man, yet he was the person of interest in the death of Nathaniel. She was now as tied to this man as she was to Nathaniel. And where does Daniel fit into this complex story? she thought. A week passed and as she returned home that evening a note was left on her door. It was written by her stalker; whose identity was still unknown. It was addressed to Sam and this time it frightened her. It was a note filled with anger and rage. “If you continue to ignore me you will regret it. I killed to make you mine and now you owe me”, were the opening sentences. The rest of the note continued in this tone. With each sequential sentence came a threat more frightening than before. He described in detail the torture he would induce for her complacency and rejection. Sam finally realized she could not contain this man’s hatred and violence anymore. She needed to find a way to protect herself. She immediately called Captain Bill who happened to be just outside her home. She told him to please accept her apologies for being so determined and to

provide her with the protection she needed. Captain Bill agreed and with one phone call set up all that was needed. Sam felt safe once again. The matter was put to rest for a little while. Sam was determined to find the identity of this stalker because she now knew he had killed Nathaniel for her. One dark and cold night Sam came home. She said hello to her protector parked outside her home. He smiled and wished her a good night. Hours later as Sam finally fell into a quiet sleep, she was awoken by a loud noise. It came from within her home. It sounded like something falling in the darkness that surrounded her. She jumped up and before she could turn on the lights, she felt cold hands around her neck. She tried to scream but could not. Consciousness was drifting away as the hands tightened.

As she awoke fearing the worst, she found herself tied to a chair in an unfamiliar setting. In front of her stood a man that was indeed a stranger. He was tall, not unlike her Daniel, and handsome to some degree. His sandy

hair was disheveled, and his hands covered in blood. It could not be her blood, she felt no pain, she thought, yet she could not move. The binds on her arms and legs had numbed her limbs. She thought it best to speak to him. She asked him his name and told him hers. He stared at her with those angry eyes and did not speak. She repeated her query. He spoke with a deep voice and told her David. She remembered a boy named David in her youth. Could this be the same one? She asked if they had met before. His anger escalated as he now induced pain in Sam. She could feel the blood running and knew she was hurt. He began to tell her that she never saw him, only Nathaniel. He was the one from her youth. A scrawny child with much anger. She would avoid him as he followed her everywhere, she would go.

Nathaniel was her protector if he got too close, as close as a young child can get. She felt pity for this lost boy and would try to speak with him but only with Nathaniel by her side. Where was he now? Nathaniel was dead and this

man was alive. She lost her protector and now needed to protect herself. Sam decided to reach the heart of the man that once loved her. It was her only weapon for survival. She told David she too has feelings for him. David did not believe her, and his anger struck her once more. He said he knew that was not true. He saw her with Nathaniel those many years ago and wished he was the one she loved. It was now too late. He had killed Nathaniel and now he must kill her. He pulled out a knife no different than the one that was used on Nathaniel. He told her that she would feel every blow and pray for that one final blow. Her death would not be swift but slow and torturous. Sam needed to act before the first blow. She tried one more time to engage him in conversation. She took him back to the times when they did speak. She was trying to show her kindness once again. He was indeed a tortured soul. David held the knife as an extension of his hand but listened patiently as Sam repainted the picture of their youth. Time that seemed eternal passed and Sam calmed this troubled soul. He put down the knife and

told her of his tempestuous youth and of those moments he spent with her and the consolation they brought. Sam stayed with this discourse. Eventually she convinced him to undo the bindings. She looked around in the hope of determining her mode of escape. It seemed to be an old dwelling. She asked David if this was his home. He responded that it once belonged to a relative long gone. He lived here now. They were in a small room with no windows, one door, with many weapons at his disposal all neatly laid out. There was a table next to her chair that was stained with blood as was the floor. This room was used before. Could David had killed others, she wondered. She decided she was not to be one more. She reached out her hand and held his. Her touch was gentle and most welcome.

For a moment, David felt love and peace, yet his anger quickly took it away. He pulled his hand away and told her to never do this again. So she did as she was told. He told her it was time, and she must not scream no matter

the pain. He said he would not gag her if she agreed. She agreed. He told her to lie on the table and he would have to bind her once more. As she approached the table, she noticed that the door was ajar. This was her defining moment. She had to take it. She ran. She tried to lock the door behind him, but his strength was beyond hers. She ran through the house to the front door with her stalker on her tail. As she opened the door and he swept the knife across her back barely missing her, a man was standing there. It was Daniel. She knew he was there to save her. He grabbed towards the knife and as the two men struggled, she tried to intervene. David was defeated and fell to the ground on his own knife. Sam was now safe, and Daniel brought her home after the inquiry. Daniel stayed with Sam until she finally fell asleep.

The next morning Sam awoke hoping all was a dream. Soon she realized it was not and called out for Daniel. He was gone once again. This time he left a lengthy letter to Sam.

To my dearest Sam,

I owe you my life and much gratitude for finding my murderer. You see, Sam, I am your Nathaniel. I knew David as you did when we were young. He was a troubled young man, yet he loved you dearly, as did, do, I.

I knew that he had found you and I came as soon as I could to be your protector once more. He recognized me upon my arrival and subsequently surprised and killed me.

Sam, I must now return to where I need to be. I am sad to leave you, but happy to know you are now safe.

I will always watch over you for all your days. Know that I will always love you and maybe one day we will meet again.

May God Bless and keep you each and every day.

Faithfully Yours, Forever, Daniel.

Mutual Isolation

Dr. Katherine E.A. Korkidis

It was 6 am and he had survived a cold night in the mountains. The winds had picked up and the day promised to be even colder. Although he was from the city, he had managed over the years to learn a few survival skills. This day they would keep him alive. His thoughts kept on returning as to why he was there, alone, in the mountains on a cold and snowy winter day. He had all he needed, a good job, many friends, and a warm apartment. He always loved the mountains but from afar. Living in Colorado he had those views every day. They were so inviting and so he decided to reach for those snowcapped peaks. He needed

to get away and climb up to the heavens. What drove him to this action on this day?

To understand let us go back 6 months. Daniel is a 38-year-old engineer with a position in a highly selective firm focusing on creating new innovative engines. These were not simple engines but those that would one day be used in the future to reach Mars and beyond. His firm had a lucrative contract with the Space program, and he was the lead engineer of this project. He is a handsome young man with alluring features. Tall, well-built and with dark brown hair and eyes, he is always followed by women and men wishing for more than friendship. His charismatic smile would light up a room. Yet Daniel was focused on his work. His mind and days remained in his daily calculations and engineering designs. His goal to create the perfect engine that can obtain speeds faster than those known to man. To say he was driven was to minimize who he is. He is so much more. Brilliant, yet down to earth. Never imposing his brilliance on others. He was

the ultimate team player and respected by all that worked with him over the years. He shared his ideas and would not expect credit. When received it he was humbled and made sure that all knew that it was indeed a team effort. Yet he was an excellent leader with the ability to see the big picture and plan the future. He was sought after by many competitive firms because he had a reputation in the industry. Yet Daniel was committed to his firm, his first job upon receiving his doctorate degree in engineering and he felt his last job when he was to retire. Financially over those ten years he had received many bonuses and promotions so that his retirement would not need to be more than another 10 years from this day. Yet I digress. So, what happened 6 months ago to change Daniel and drive him to this cold and unforgiving mountain? So, this is where our story begins.

It was a rainy day with no prospect for the evening. Daniel was walking home to prolong his journey, for as much as he loved living alone, this particular evening,

the thought of being alone concerned him. Along the way he passed a nice restaurant and the thought of not having to cook dinner took over. He entered and asked for a table for one. He was seated at the back, not unusual for a lone diner. A waitress came to his table and as he looked up, he felt a kinship with this lady standing before him. As the evening passed and the crowd dissipated, they found themselves still talking as if they had been friends for years. They returned to his home and spent the night talking. It was dawn and both needed to return to their normal life. For this one night they found each other and knew this was more than friendship. She said her name was Sarah. She was just two years younger, an aspiring writer, with long brown hair, sparkling brown bedroom eyes and the perfect smile. Her sparkling smile could light up a room. He felt feelings that he had never felt before. As they parted that morning, they promised each other to meet again later that day. All day at work Daniel could not focus. Her eyes, her smile was on his mind and had encompassed his heart. His anticipation

of the evening to come was evident and the source of jest for his curious co-workers. He left work that day as early as was possible with the hope of having time to prepare for this first date. Although simple, Daniel always dressed stylishly and well-coordinated. He chose his perfect outfit and went out the door with a simple red rose for his new companion. He arrived at the restaurant and was seated at the perfect table. His eyes were focused on the door awaiting her arrival. They had said to meet at 6:30 pm and it was now an hour later. Maybe she was simply delayed. He was a patient man and waited until 8:30 pm. It was at that time he called her cell but received a message that her phone was no longer in service. He approached the owner and asked for this young lady. He was told her name was Sarah. The owner did not recognize the name. He proceeded to describe her to the owner. "Oh yes, Andrea, yes, she worked here", answered the owner. He was setback by the name and the past tense. The owner proceeded to tell Daniel that Andrea resigned just two hours ago. She said that she had to leave to be with a

sick family member and would not be returning. Daniel's smile of anticipation was crushed in a matter of moments. This young woman came into his life unexpectedly and left in the same way within a matter of several hours. Daniel felt loss for the 1st time in his life. He left the restaurant and made his way home not understanding what had just happened. He was so sure there was a bond between them, a connection. But why was it now broken. Was she not ready? And what of the name? Which one was real, if either one?

Hours became days and days became months. There was no sign that Andrea would return. He called often and left messages, but they remained unanswered. Daniel began to lose faith that he would ever see her again. His concentration at work was fading. He could not understand how someone that surely bonded with him could suddenly leave without a word. What drove her to hurt him in this way? Was there something he said or texted that scared her away? He read and reread all his texts and

played all their conversations back in his mind. Nothing stood out. She did not seem visibly disturbed by anything he said or wrote. But then again do we really know what someone might be thinking. If only he had spoken to her when she was planning to leave. Could he have been able to convince her to stay. He would never know. The only clue that the owner of the restaurant offered Daniel was that it was urgent that she leave immediately. She took very little with her. A few clothes, one or two books, and a backpack. The rest remained in her apartment and offered no clues. Daniel proceeded to pack up all he found for the landlord wanted to rent the apartment if she was not to return, which was his understanding. Daniel placed the few boxes in his trunk and proceeded to drive up into the mountains. He felt a need to get away and so he did. Daniel had never taken a vacation from his work, and he had saved up three months' time. This was a good opportunity to use that time, maybe not entirely. He felt a sense of loss and needed a place to grieve. Daniel's friend, oldest and dearest friend since childhood,

has a log cabin in the woods atop a hill in the western foothills of Pikes Peak, Colorado. A magnificent view of Pikes Peak's Sentinel Point could be clearly seen while as children they snuggled up in the large sunroom. This four bedroom mountain log home was where Daniel spent his best years. It sits on 4.8 acres and is nestled among the pine and aspen trees. Daniel stood on the picturesque wrap-around deck and his memories reemerged as he listened to the stream that cuts across the property, and watched the soaring hawks, deer, fox, chipmunks, curious squirrels, the Colorado black squirrel and dozens of species of birds such as stellar jays, hummingbirds, woodpeckers, and many other songbirds play in the woods. He even occasionally had a visit from a mother moose. At 9,600 feet above sea level, the sky is blue, the sun is warming, and the stars at night are brilliant. This cabin offered Daniel the isolation he was hoping for. Although the log cabin appeared to blend into its wooded environment, the inside was totally modernized with an upstairs and downstairs living rooms both having large screen HD

TV's. The upstairs master bedroom also had a large TV. Wireless internet was available throughout the home as a plus but for Daniel at this moment in his life, it was not particularly important.

Daniel's early years were spent not far from Pikes Peak, and he would often stay with his friend Jonathan. They called their home in the mountains a winter chalet. Jonathan had a large family so the house could easily accommodate up to 10 occupants with 4 bedrooms and each bedroom having its own private full bathroom. The spacious master bedroom for Jonathan's parents had a poster king bed with cozy comforters. The lower level had three bedrooms. One bedroom had a king sized bed for Jonathan's older sister, and the other two had queen sized beds for Jonathan and Daniel. The last bedroom had 2 sets of full size bunk beds for younger brothers. To accommodate an additional guest the lower level included a family room with a sleeper sofa. The theme throughout this cabin was festive as if Christmas was residing there all

year long. It was a creative paradise from the moment you walked in the front door to the glassed-in sunroom at the far side of the house, complete with its' own pellet stove for warmth, full futon, game or crafter's table and chairs, and of course the mountain view. As Daniel stepped through the original interior door into the living room, he was greeted by the beautiful stone fireplace and a comfy leather couch to sink into. The upstairs attic bedroom/study is just like an adventure into times past with creaky bookend steps included. Situated in the treetops and lit by a skylight, this is a space with coves, one of which houses a real library desk for a writer. This was Daniel's favorite place to write. All of the woodwork and flooring dates back to the cabin's 1930 original beginnings. It was owned by Jonathan's ancestral family. Jonathan would stay there often as an adult after his parents moved to Massachusetts. He offered a home to Daniel while he was in Europe for a few months. Daniel was happy to accept this invitation to a home surrounded by such beauty.

Daniel was content staying in the cabin even though his heart was breaking. His thoughts would return often to Andrea and his need to know what happened. He decided on this clear blue sky morning to take a drive down the mountain into the town at its base, Manitou Springs. Manitou Springs was a small town at the foot of the mountain on the western side. It was the terminus of the Pikes Peak Highway that led back to Daniel's temporary residence. With a population of less than 5000 residents the town had a well- defined Main Street with many unique businesses. Close to the foot of the mountain one would find a historic restaurant called the Cliff House at Pikes Peak. It was known for "an atmosphere of Victorian romance and opulence dating back nearly 150 years". Daniel knew this restaurant but was never a patron. On this day he decided to treat himself to a lone dinner. He was led to his seat at a table for two with views of the mountain. Daniel felt a kinship with this mountain and its 14,000 foot summit. The highway would take him to

the summit, and he was considering driving it one day. As he was reviewing the menu a young waitress dressed in formal wear approached to ask if he wish for a drink.

“Good evening, sir, welcome to the Cliff House. My name is Jennifer can I offer you a drink?”

The voice sounded familiar to Daniel, and he looked up. Although the hair was short and darker, the face was the same. This was Sarah or Andrea, now Jennifer. He stared at her with confusion.

She too realized that this was Daniel. “Jennifer, have we met before?”

“No sir, I do not think so.” She seemed nervous and concerned.

“Then I must be in error. I apologize. I will have a gin and tonic to start, thank you.”

Daniel saw the desperation in her eyes and decided to hold off asking any further questions.

None of this made sense to Daniel, but he thought it best to let it rest for now and just enjoy his dinner.

He was happy to see her but also disappointed by her confusing message. Could this simply be a look a like that in his mind he turned into Sarah. The night they spent together was so real and embedded in his daily thoughts. This must be her, he convinced himself so. The dinner progressed and his appetite diminished with each exemplary course. Jennifer kept her distance and ended this interlude with the check.

“Sir, I have your check. I hope you enjoyed the meal. Can I pack it up for you to take home?”

“Thank you for your service, Jennifer. Yes, that would be fine. I live up the mountain at the 9600 feet mark and it

would be good to have something for later. I hope we will meet again soon.”

“Sir, your views must be beautiful.”

“Indeed, they are. I am staying at the residence of Jonathan Mathers, an old friend that is away currently.”

Daniel was hoping that this information would be of use to Sarah. To Daniel, this young woman would always be Sarah, regardless of her aliases. He was not afraid that she was a criminal and he would be putting himself at risk. He trusted his judgment and he had come to trust her. He was sure he was right. Daniel returned home with a smile on his face. He knew she would somehow find him.

Days passed and silence and loneliness began to emerge once again. Maybe he was wrong about Sarah. Maybe this was not her, or if it was, maybe she did not wish to pursue a current relationship. On the mid-morning of the 6th day,

there was a knock on the door. Daniel answered, thinking it might be a friend of Jonathan. As he opened the door there was the young lady he knew as Sarah standing there.

“Hello, I am sorry to intervene, but I wish to see you again, Daniel.”

“Then you are Sarah, indeed.” “Yes and no, may I come in.” “Of course, you can.”

As Sarah walked in, she turned and hugged Daniel snugly. Daniel kissed her on the cheek and led her to his favorite room, the sunroom.

“Daniel, I am so sorry that I left before our date, but I had no choice. US Marshalls took me away and brought me here. I was not allowed to talk to anyone. Talking to you now is a violation and would not be approved of, yet I feel I must confide in you. Daniel, I trust you and hope my trust is well placed.”

“Sarah, may I call you Sarah?”

“Yes, but that is my name and could be potentially dangerous for me and you.”

“What would you prefer?”

“Let us stay with Jennifer for now.”

“Then, Jennifer, you can trust me. I formed a bond with you the night we met. I cannot explain it, but I trust you implicitly and I hope you can trust me as well.”

“Daniel what I am about to tell you must be kept in the strictest of confidences. My name is Sarah Thornton, and I am in the Witness Protection program. I am to testify against a known criminal in a Federal trial next month. He has threatened to kill me if I proceed. He has already eliminate two other witnesses, one of which was his wife. My life is at stake if he finds me. That was what had

happened that day, that is why I was quickly removed from my residence before our date and relocated here to a small mountain community with a new identity. In my former life I was an accountant. I was hired out of college by a firm that had an excellent reputation and paid well. It was my dream job. My boss was what appeared on the surface to be caring and supportive. My fellow employees were a pleasure to work with. All was perfect until one year later. It was late at night, and I was reviewing our accounts preparing for an external audit. Something appeared odd in the numbers. At first, I thought I was just tired for it was past 12 midnight. I repeated my calculations, and the answer was the same. I could not account for the discrepancy, so I decided to address it with my boss in the morning. As I was about to leave, I saw my boss in the parking lot talking to someone I did not know. The man looked odd but again I did not appreciate at the time who he was. The next morning before speaking to my boss I was reading the paper. There was an article about the arrest of a criminal and his picture was that of the man I had

seen the night before. I was curious about why my boss was talking to this man. I was so naïve and trusting at the time. So I asked him. He became immediately agitated and told me to never speak of this again to no one. I apologized and told him I would do so. He calmed down and left the office abruptly. Yet his reaction intrigued me. I decided to do a little digging.”

Daniel listened intently as Sarah continued with her story.

“My boss had a safe in the office that only he had access to. I watched one afternoon as to the combination and when he was away on a business trip and I was alone in the office, I opened the safe. Inside I found stacks of \$100 dollar bills and several black books. Inside were lists of transactions with dates and amounts. I realized at that point that this business was a front for money laundering. I decided I had to make copies of the books and make sure they were returned to the safe in the same positions, not to illicit suspicion. I turned

all this information to the Feds, and they followed up. I was asked to be a witness and I agreed. The death threats began coming in anonymously at first, but I knew they were from my boss. The US Department of Justice insisted I quit my job and go into the US Federal Witness Protection program. The United States Federal Witness Protection Program is a witness protection program administered by the United States Department of Justice and operated by the United States Marshals. I was to leave immediately with them and sever all ties to my old life. The most important rule of the program is that witnesses must not make contact with former associates such as my friends at work or unprotected family members. They also must not return to the town from which they were relocated at any time. I could not tell anyone what was happening, not even my parents nor my sister. I just disappeared.”

“That must have been awful. Did they ever find out that you were safe?”

“No they just know I am still missing. I am hoping I can contact them once the trial is done, and my boss is sentenced. Contacting them would have put both them and I in danger. Telling you this right now is putting you in danger.”

“Do not worry about me. I can take care of myself. I am now worried about you. How safe are you here?”

“I am far from home in a small town in the mountains of Colorado. My marshals believe I am safe.”

“Where are you staying right now?”

“I am staying at the Cliff House hotel for now until a residence in the town can be found for me.”

“Would you like to stay here with me?”

“I cannot impose and put you in danger more than I already have done.”

“Sarah I would like to help and keep you safe. If you stay here, you are helping me. Please accept my invitation to come live here. There are many bedrooms, and you will have your own space.”

“You will have to be vetted by the Marshalls, would that be, okay?”

“I have nothing to hide and that would be fine.”

That afternoon two Marshalls came to Daniel’s door and discussed with him what needed to be done. The house was isolated at 9600 feet with no neighbors. It was the perfect location for mutual isolation of these two people, but it was also difficult to defend in case of invasion.

Sarah wanted to continue working at The Cliff House because she did not wish to depend on Daniel. The Marshalls were her constant companions for the next three weeks, as was Daniel and all was well. The entire purpose of the witness protection program is to keep the witnesses safe so that they can testify at trials that could convict members of organized crime such as Sarah's Boss. Perhaps the riskiest part of the process is when the witness returns to testify. A great number of precautions are taken, and security is maximized at this time. Sarah was told that witnesses have been brought in past cases by mail trucks, helicopters, and fishing boats. Sarah was to be flown in and brought in through a side door of the courthouse. It was two days before the trial and arrangements were being made to fly Sarah back to her hometown for the trial. The Marshalls were staying at the house in the upstairs bedrooms overnight to insure all precautions. The next morning they were to head out to the airport at Colorado Springs. Although the second largest airport in Colorado it would be less known by the assailants.

They would be taking a standard United Airlines flight to their destination. Daniel insisted to go with Sarah and permission was granted by the Justice Department. It was 4am and Daniel could not sleep. He proceeded to go downstairs and check on the perimeter through the installed cameras now surrounding the house.

He returned to the kitchen with its large floor sliding doors. The alarms were on, but he noticed something odd. He turned on the back lights and the chairs had been moved. He was sure he had secured them under the outside dinner table before they went into the house for the night. They were now away from the table. The alarm was still on so maybe he was imagining something that was not there. Daniel kept a good set of knives in a butcher block on the counter. One 8-inch Chef's Knife was now gone. This could not be his imagination. There was someone in the house. He ran as fast as he could to the upstairs bedrooms. Both marshals were now gone. Their throats were slit while sleeping. He took their guns

which were untouched. He knew that Sarah and he would be next. He ran back downstairs to where Sarah was sleeping. All appeared quiet. He quietly woke up Sarah and told her to hide. There was a hidden door in the back of the armoire in the bedroom that led to the Laird's Lug (the Lord's Ear). It was a hidden alcove large enough to stand in where all could be heard from within the room. Daniel placed Sarah there and took her place in the bed. Daniel and Jonathan had discovered this alcove when they were young looking for C.S. Lewis' Narnia. As the assailant entered the room, Daniel was ready under the covers with gun in hand. When the assailant pulled back the covers with knife in hand, Daniel shot twice. The assailant was dead before he hit the floor. Daniel told Sarah to come out and she heard him clearly and emerged from the Armoire and into the room. Not sure if there was only one assailant, Daniel searched the house while Sarah called the US Marshal contact number and the local police which were aware of who she was. There was evidence of a break in that did not trigger the alarm

because the alarm was disengaged for just long enough for the assailant to enter. The incident was investigated by the local police, and it was determined that it was a clear case of self-defense. Daniel was soon cleared. Sarah was permitted to leave with the US Marshalls and testified at the trial. Her testimony led to the jury's decision of a guilty verdict and a sentence that would take him out of society for a long time. Although her position was compromised, Sarah chose to exit the Witness Protection program.

With time she was able to live a normal life once again. Mutual isolation was no longer needed, for now Daniel and Sarah were able to share mutual togetherness.

The Battle of Crete

Artemios John Korkidis and

Dr. Katherine E.A. Korkidis

Section 1: The Axis

Three dictators: two in Europe and one in Asia. They formed an alliance and called their alliance the Axis. The goal of the Axis was to conquer the world. The tool of conquest was to be the army. They began to prepare their armies. The time came to act, the year, 1939. The leader of this group and strongest of the three, the dictator from Germany, took the first step. His strategic plan was to invade quickly and subsequently occupy the countries/territories of northern Europe. Being unprepared, these

countries, their territories succumbed to his trained forces and fell under his control, one after the other. That same year, the second dictator of Italy, planned to occupy all the Mediterranean countries of southern Europe. He began his campaign with Albania which was subdued very easily and quickly. His immediate success gave him a false sense of impudence. His strategic plan to occupy Greece next in order to reach the Mediterranean Sea. In his mind, Greece too would be any easy conquest. He began his planned invasion by amassing all his forces at the border. That was indeed his first error. He had not taken the time to study the history of the country he was about to invade. A history of struggle for liberty that did not and would never end.

Section 2: The Italian Invasion

At 5:30 am, the morning of October 28, 1940, the Italian dictator's ambassador in Athens presented an ultimatum to the Greek prime minister, without warning or prior notice. The request was simple, the prime minister of

Greece was told to surrender his country unconditionally and quickly to the power of the Axis. The prime minister was awakened to this request which at first, he thought was just a dream, certainly not reality. The gist of the message was unmistakable. "Italy already at war with Greece's ally Great Britain was demanding the right to occupy various strategic points within Greece "for the duration of the war in the Mediterranean." The ultimatum accused Greece of allowing the British Royal Navy to use her territorial waters and ports to attack Italy, as well as permitting the buildup of British secret forces on Greek islands. "These provocations," the ultimatum declared, "can no longer be tolerated by Italy. The Italian government demands that the Hellenic government shall not pose any resistance to this occupation. Should the Italian forces meet with resistance, such resistance will be crushed by our forces at arms." The bearer of the ultimatum waited for a response: yes or no. The leader of the small Greek nation did not need to think as to his response. He knew very well what his people would want him to say. And he answered an

unequivocal “No”, “Ouchi” in Greek, knowing that his country was not prepared militarily and that his response would be indeed an act of suicide. He stood up and with the strength and resolve of Leonidas of Sparta said “No, come and take it!! Come and take our country, we will not hand it over to you now nor ever!!!!” October 28th dawned. The armies of the dictator to the south that were waiting at the Albanian border entered Greece. And as they proceeded into Greece, Greeks of every age and gender in every village took whatever weapons they could find and attacked the invaders. Their homeland was in danger, and it lie in wait for her children to save her. All raced to the front and fought continuously through the days and nights to come. In two weeks’ time, by November 14th, the villagers had chased the invaders back into Albania. On October 28th the day of the invasion, Mussolini met with Hitler in Florence bragging about his plan to invade Greece. “My Führer, today we declared war on Greece, and we will conquer this nation with no resistance quickly”. “Il Duce, you did well. Proceed with your plan for it will

aid us as we move forward.” The dictator from the north could not have ever imagined that his ally from the south would fail. He waited for him to succeed, possibly with time. The barefoot villagers and troops, without both boots and shoes and only their united cry “Αέρα!” or “Aera” (meaning, a hurricane force wind) pushed those frightened soldiers of the dictator from the south into the snow-covered Albanian mountains. That cry, “Aera, boys” was the cry of the entire nation. It was a cry to sweep away the enemy with the strength of a hurricane wind. It gave the Greek soldiers the strength they needed as they advanced in the snow, pursuing the enemy and liberating villages and towns. The thrill of victory against overwhelming odds allowed the soldiers the ability to overcome the pain in their feet, brought on by frostbite induced by the snow and cold. This defense lasted for months. The troops of this Axis ally were not advancing but retreating. The dictator from the north had lost his patience with the dictator and troops from the south, He began to feel contempt for his ally from the south. From

October to April, seven months with no visible progress. The delay was a major setback for the Axis alliance. Hitler realized he alone must conquer all of Europe.

Section 3: The German Invasion

On April 6, 1941, armored German troops invaded Greece through Bulgaria. They broke through the Greek defenses at the Bulgarian border. Most of the Greek army was occupied keeping the Italians at bay in Albania, they were not ready. The Germans with Bulgarian assistance advanced south meeting no resistance. Greece was unprepared and they took Thessaloniki. They proceeded to enter the capital of Greece, Athens. Once they occupied Athens with their armed forces, they brought the entire country to its knees. The inhabitants of Athens shut themselves in their homes. The commandants moved into some of the nicer homes relocating entire families to one to two rooms within their own homes. Tanks and cannons lined the streets. The capital city was under guard and the freedoms of its citizens were gone. The “Liberators of

the 'Third Reich' as they called themselves gathered up all the provisions of the city's population and took them as their own. They left nothing for its citizens. It was of no concern if children, the old, the sick went hungry or died. Wine, bread, even water was for the commandants and their families only. The punishment for anyone caught taking food out of desperation to feed their children, public execution. The capital city soon became known as Golgotha, a place of public executions where the skulls of the executed could be seen in the streets. The streets were lined with decomposing bodies of Athenian citizens and colored red with their blood.

Section 4: Starvation

The streets of the city were filled with corpses daily. Rich and poor suffered the same fate in this once thriving city. Both died of starvation. The poor died quickly for they had nothing to give, not even money, in exchange for something to eat. The rich gave all they had, home, jewelry, money, art, that was not taken away, just for

that one loaf of bread. And as they consumed the last breadcrumb, they had no more to give and they too would succumb to the same fate, starvation. Starvation, like any well intended disease, spread quickly throughout the country. In the larger cities such as Athens, it was hard to find food and death was prevalent. Those that could live in the more rural areas outside of the cities had a chance to survive as long as they could harvest the spoils of the earth before the earth itself swallowed them.

“Mommy, we are hungry, please give us something to eat”.

“We have nothing, my dearest children. A little patience. Father will be here at any moment and will bring something I am sure of it.”

Mr. Thanasis, the judge from Patras, his trousers worn from his years sitting on the bench, was forced to become a peddler to be able to afford bread and clothes for his family. He would often purchase stockings and

undergarments with which he would barter for wheat, potatoes, eggs, and whatever else he could find in the neighboring villages. The villagers were used to producing all they needed on a daily basis and had better odds for survival.

“Fotini, here are a few things I was able to obtain. Give the children an egg or a potato and boil the greens for us, without oil. And God will provide.”

“Thanasis, what will become of us? God can provide, as you say, but we cannot.”

“Gather up whatever valuables we have in the house, and we will sell them. I will return to the village and see what I can sell there for food.”

There was no bread available anywhere. The bakers’ ovens were forced to prepare bread only for the occupying

forces. Hungry crowds gathered at their doors pleading for only one slice of bread. The bakers would secretly and under the cover of night give away whatever was left over from the day's continuous baking. The bakers were terrified that they might be caught and in so doing would be executed immediately.

There was no soap for bathing. The filth and dirt on their bodies turned to scabies which is a skin condition that is caused by mites living under the skin. Death by starvation and disease continued without pity nor mercy from their invaders.

Most of the victims were in Athens and Piraeus. Children dealing with hunger ages ten and twelve became "jumpers". Defying danger, they would jump onto the back of moving German supply vehicles carrying particularly bread and canned goods. In Piraeus, five underage boys are waiting near the food warehouse of the German invader.

Twelve-year-old Nikos, the leader of a gang of starving children, is not afraid.

“My friends, I will jump onto the truck as soon as it is loaded and ready to leave. Run into the intersection. I know the truck will stop at that light and the traffic light is slow to change. I will quickly throw down all I can. Gather it up and quickly make your escape.”

“All right, Nikos. We will be ready with bags in hand.”

Events such as this one took place in Piraeus, in Athens, in Thessaloniki, in Patras. Whiskerless boys that starvation made into young heroes trying to provide a piece of bread for their families. Some were successful, most died for their efforts, they were the unfortunate ones. The German soldiers had their orders and bullets did not distinguish the very young. If they were caught taking food, their bodies could be found in the streets still holding on to

that single piece of bread now soaked in their blood. Such was the fate for Nikos and his crew that day.

“Katina, when will this nightmare end? We have sold everything we had. Only our empty house remains. We have no other alternative but to sell our ancestral home. Without food we will die. Without shelter perhaps we can live.”

“There is no other solution, Vasilis. Do whatever you wish I no longer have the presence of mind to offer another option.” And so they handed over their home to disreputable buyers for a few thousand drachmas for a home worth one hundred times more, enough to buy food for the family for one month during which time they would now be homeless. In the chaos of war such heartless individuals, all the dregs of society, filled their pockets with stolen money. They would wait for hungry souls to emerge from their homes willing to sell their

belongings, even their home, for one piece of bread. These individuals became the Nouveau Rich building their fortunes on the backs of the hungry and the poor. These individuals emerge in every war, opportunists, usually unpatriotic, those who have no homeland, no integrity, and no principles. They look for those that are willing to sacrifice all for their homeland, their ideals and the wellbeing of their families for they are easy marks.

Section 5: The Battle of Crete– Hill 107

It was for those ideals and for the homeland that the patriots in Crete continued the struggle long after the mainland of Greece was lost. The island was free of invaders but its turn to be conquered was to come. It was May 20th, 1941, at 8 o'clock in the morning. A little over one month after April 6, 1941, the invasion of Crete began. The Cretans, inhabitants of this island, and New Zealanders, friends of Greece, fought the unwelcome visitors that dropped out of the sky to take their home.

The following treatise lays out in detail the struggle between attackers and defenders of a small island called Crete. The history of Crete is a long one. We have some information about its beginnings and its end is still unknown. Every inch of earth and every stone has been writing its history for thousands of years and will continue to do so as long as a single Cretan walks its mountain and shores. Every mountain and every plain, every shoreline and ravine, every gorge and cave, every city and village, each has its own history, often written in the blood of their inhabitants. Their defensive struggles against the countless raids over time of barbarians, pirates, Franks, Venetians, Turks, and now Germans. Over the next few pages I will include some of my personal experiences during the invasion of Crete. The German invasion came by air with an unmatched ferocity. I experienced it in a place that appeared on the surface to be insignificant, yet it became the focal point of the German military strategy. This small town fell very quickly to the German forces

and became the portal by which the German armies entered and ravaged this tiny island in eleven days. The house where I was born and spent the first years of my childhood is in one section of Maleme, Pyrgos, in the Chania territory. In the spring of 1941 I was a young man and still remember her vividly, as if it were only yesterday, the beauty of her pristine shores and hills. The meadows and hills were blanketed with poppies and chamomile. The sun, warm and caressing, protected the first moist buds of the vines. The peacefulness of the Cretan spring, whose beauty is incomparable, was altered that spring as the Greek and English soldiers prepared to defend the nearby airfield. Airplanes and artillery were brought in. Soldiers dug trenches. All of Crete was on edge as it prepared for what was to come. Crete unlike the rest of Greece was not as yet under German control but it was clear that morning this was about to change. The neglect of the English was great and frightful in trying to fortify the island so it could withstand such an attack. It was only in the last days of April of 1941 that

the courageous New Zealander General Freyberg was appointed as commander of the Allied forces in Crete. With only a few troops at his disposal he fortified the airfields just the same. He was told by the English that he had to reroute his forces toward the sea from whence the invasion was expected, he did not abide. Southwest of the Maleme airfield there is a hill, which one month earlier was covered with cultivated vineyards. On that hill which they called "Hill 107", General Freyberg placed an experienced and highly capable New Zealander, Colonel Andrew, along with five select companies to protect the entire area between the torrent of Tavronitis to the west and the torrent of Sfakoriakou to the east. Their orders were to defend the airfield at all costs, as it appeared from the intensive bombing that was emerging that it would be the target of the enemy's invasion. Shortly after he established his headquarters on the hill, only fifteen days before the invasion, Andrew cut down the vineyards, opened trenches, and positioned cannons. The critical hour was approaching, and he had to hurry.

At 7:15 on the morning of May 20th, the war began not from the sea as proposed by the English, but by the air. The inhabitants from their homes and the soldiers from the trenches watched over 400 planes of the Luftwaffe and the stukas with their hissing tear apart the flesh of Crete. The smoke and dust choked the defenders, and a black cloud covered the sky, until one hour later, at 8:15 am to be exact, the lead regiment of paratroopers dropped onto the position that Andrew was to defend. The German commander of the regiment, General Meindl and the regimental commanders were the first to land. Colonel Braun, whose troops came down near the Tavronitis bridge, has his first encounter with the local Cretan snipers. Braun was advancing towards the eastern bank of the river toward the hill when he was attacked. The experienced Colonel that came down with his entire regiment at the mouth of the Tavronitis began advancing towards the airfield. Major Stenzler, who later became the military commander in Chania, fought with his unit the inhabitants of the villages Vlaheronitissa, Sirili, and

Xamoudohori, then turned north aiming for Hill 107. The German paratroopers who descended on Pyrgos were greeted by fired conflict with the locals and the New Zealanders.

On the terrace of our home, which managed to remain standing despite exploding bombs and fires surrounding it, the English setup their guns twice and the German three times. Although at times it appeared as if the Germans might lose, the battle continued stubbornly. The airplanes continued to drop more troops and weapons to take the airfield and Hill 107. Many paratroopers were shot down by the local resistance, yet it only increased the efforts and the resolve of the German army. Major Braun's paratroopers managed to create a stronghold on the east bank of the Tavronitis Bridge and now seriously threaten the hill overlooking the airfield. The young captain, Gericke, who later became commander of the paratroopers, took command when Major Braun was mortally wounded.

The defender of Hill 107, the heroic New Zealander, Lieutenant Colonel Leslie Andrew, stood amongst the smoke and dust, looking despairingly towards the bridgehead, uneasy and sad because communication with his comrades had been cut off. He communicated with the commander of the 5th New Zealand brigade, Brigadier James Hargest, who was directing the battles in the area from Platania and told him that he needed a regiment to assist him.

“All the regiments are involved in tough battles with the paratroopers,” was his response. Hill 107, despite being heavily surrounded by the forces of Captain Gericke and Major Stenzler, continued to resist, and Lieutenant Colonel Andrew from his hill continued to keep the invaders at bay. The planes continued to bombard the hill and eventually Andrew’s guns fell silent. Disappointed and sadden, Andrew requested permission from Brigadier Hargest in Platania to retreat. The brigadier responded

with a phrase that sealed the fate of Crete, “If you must, you must”.

The legendary and strategic Hill 107 was abandoned in the evening hours by its defenders. Captain Gericke, whom the Germans named the “Conqueror of Maleme,” triumphantly raises the frightful cross cramponnée at its peak. The area of defense of the entire command of the Cretan forces passed on to the enemy.

Today, so many many years later, a black cross on the hill strews the sorrow and grief of its dark color onto the joyful green around it. It reminds the passerby and the visitor that this hill changed the fate of Crete on a bright spring morning in 1941. Today the German cemetery lies on Hill 107. Six thousand young men between the ages of 20 - 23 years old rest beneath these headstones, victims of a paranoid dictator that believed he would dominate the world. The black cross on the hilltop counsels future

generations that war and killing lead only to calamity and destruction. Peace and brotherhood amongst all peoples brings prosperity and happiness.

Section 6: Executions

The paranoid dictator of the north did not expect resistance to his violent occupation of the countries he wanted to conquer. He was all powerful and successful in his military strategies. He sought understanding and open arm acceptance. His future subjects must bow their heads and welcome him. Some countries did just that and he thanked them for their acceptance of this new order. Others refused his generosity, and he took revenge, group and individual executions of their inhabitants was the cost. The tiny country of Greece was not one to accept these barbarians from the north. Greece refused to concede, and so mass executions began. The patriots were lined up for execution. Their sacrifice was for the survival of their homeland. They were mowed down by

the German machine guns, yet that did not diminish the efforts of others. More and more followed their example. The strength of the soul rather than the strength of iron was their supremacy. It is that strength that makes the weak into supermen. It was this soul, this spirit, that this dictator wish to conquer and break. Yet his cannons and guns could not deter their spirit. The brave young men of this small country would not welcome this invader. They would not take off their caps, bow their heads and say, "This way sir, take what you will, it is yours to take". Denial and disdain of the weak for the strong was rewarded with bullets by the executioner. Executions continuously throughout the country tried to eliminate the heroes but to no avail. The majority of the executions were in Crete. There the invader lost many troops. The inhabitants did not allow them to set foot on their sacred ground. The Germans suffered many casualties in the first hours of the invasion, a company of III Battalion, 1st Assault Regiment lost 112 killed out of 126 men and 400

of 600 men in III Battalion were killed on the first day. They had to pay for such rudeness for not receiving their visitors from the sky with open arms and not serving them the *tsikoudia* that they offer to their welcomed friends. *Tsikoudia*, an alcoholic beverage, a fragrant, grape-based pomace brandy of Cretan origin to welcome visitors to the island of Crete. Their machine guns would take the lives of many. Twenty-eight young men here, one hundred and eight there. For the death of one German soldier, 35 young men would be rounded up and executed. Those that were left alive by some chance of fate had to dig the graves of the others. All the villagers were taken out of their homes and brought to the center of the square so they could bear witness to this atrocity. Photos were taken and sent back to Berlin to receive accolades from Hitler. Those left behind did not falter or change their resolve. If anything it increased their determination to fight, to resist, at all costs. Crete offered high mountains and deep ravines for protection. Young men gathered and planned their revenge.

Section 7: Resistance

All of the mainland of Greece and now Crete fell under the control of the German invaders. The children between the ages of 12 - 15 years old formed the National Patriotic Organization of Youth (EPON). The purpose of this organization was to train young children to resist these invaders of their homeland and to return the future of Greece back to this new generation. The children, defying danger and possibly death under the faint light of the moon, with paint buckets and brushes in hand, painted slogans against their conquerors on the walls. The children set the stage and soon enough another organization called the National Liberation Front (EAM) was formed by the adult resistance fighters, and another called the National Organization of Crete (EOK). In the latter organizations foreign nationals would join the fight. Constant strikes by guerrilla fighters became a thorn in the sides of the German troops. Their camps in Crete were located amongst the peaks of Psiloritis, at an altitude of 8.000 feet. The German soldiers were not comfortable climbing to this height,

so the resistance force would easily attack and disappear into the mountains. Unfortunately, the inhabitants of the lower valley villages paid the price for those attacks. If a German soldier was killed, many villagers would face death. The invaders hoped this would end the resistance, but it did not. If anything it gave it more fuel. Bridges filled with enemy trucks were dynamited. Watch towers and guard houses were destroyed. They did not know where these guerillas would attack next. Eventually the oppressed were freed but not before many had perished at the hands of these invaders.

Section 8: Abduction of a General

In recounting the achievements of the enslaved Greek people whose resistance to the invader became myth, we cannot omit an event so grand and impossible that it really must constitute a myth. The abduction in Crete of the German military Commandant of the island after its occupation, General Kreipe. The English assisted the people of Crete in their struggle during the resistance.

Two spies, part of the Allied Middle Eastern Command, British army officers Fermor and Moss, parachuted secretly into occupied Crete one night. They contacted the Cretan guerrillas in the mountains, in keeping with the plan laid out by the Middle Eastern Command, the bold plan was to abduct the German general. Assisting the two spies were two young Cretan resistance fighters, George Tirakis from the village of Amari, 24 years old, who had fought in Albania and returned to his homeland of Crete recently, prior to the invasion, and Michael Paterakis, from the village of Kostoherako, a gendarme who was an expert with guns. He was a well-trained sniper and had sent many paratroopers to another dimension rather than setting foot on Cretan soil. In addition there were more Cretans ready to help as needed. The first step in this operation was the surveillance of the General's movements. He resided in the Villa Ariadne in the village of Knossos, near Heraklion. Across from the villa and a little to the right was the home of Akoumianakis, another patriot, an active member of the mission. He monitored

the General's movements to and away from his home. The abduction had been scheduled for the night of February 6th, 1944. But it did not happen. Various obstacles caused it to be delayed. One delay led to another, on April 24th, 1944, Akoumianakis and an associate, Athanassakis, watched the movements of the General, but he did not leave his home that day. Finally on April 26th, the General left his home in the morning for his office, which was on Martiriou Street in Ano Arhanes. All was in place for the abduction for that night. The General left his office at 8:30 pm. It was dark.

The two Englishmen wearing the uniform of the German military police, the Gestapo, waited in the middle of the road leading to the villa. The remaining abductors with their two leaders, all of them Cretan resistance, were hidden in trenches on either side of the road. At a turn in the road that was hidden by a small rise Akoumianakis and Athanassakis saw the General's limousine approaching. They notified the others. At exactly 9:30 pm, the limousine

reached the spot where the two “Germans” Fermor and Moss stood in the middle of the road with a written Stop sign. The General’s limo stopped. The military police saluted and asked the general and his driver for their papers. The two men handed them over. Fermor was beside the limo at the door of the back seat. Moss was on the other side by the driver’s door. Both invaded the car with guns and immediately Tirakis and Paterakis leaped out of the trenches. Tirakis dragged the General out of the car, threw him to the ground, and bound his hands and feet.

The General began shouting “What is this?”

Moss replied, “We are English operatives, and we are taking you to Egypt as our prisoner of war.”

Paterakis, moving quickly picked up the General from the ground and tossed him into the back of the car. He pushed him to the floor with a gun to his head. Tirakis

and Paterakis jumped into the back seat, both of them hunched over the General and trying to appear invisible from the outside of the car. Fermor was now wearing the General's hat and sitting in the seat previously occupied by the General. Moss, sitting in the driver's seat, started the limo and disappeared into the darkness. The other Cretan resistance fighters remained behind to erase any evidence of the abduction, taking with them the unconscious German driver. The entire abduction was quick and fortunately so, for if it were a few minutes later the entire operation would have failed. A military transport truck filled with German soldiers, passed that very spot, but the abductors were long gone. The abductors separated when they had traveled to a safe distance. Moss, the two Cretan leaders and a few more men took the General over to the steep slopes of Psiloritis to reach the Libyan Sea where they would rendezvous with a British submarine that would take them to Egypt. Fermor left the limo earlier to ensure they were not followed and united with Moss at the submarine's location. The submarine arrived on time

and the two Englishmen, and the unfortunate General arrived in Egypt. It was a major embarrassment for the dictator of the Third Reich.

The curse of war which consumed us for four years was finally lifted. It left Greece with incurable wounds. We lost so many people, whole families, and villages. Those that made it through were left having to rebuild their lives all over again. Starvation and poverty left many without a foundation upon which to rebuild their lives. Businesses failed and homes were gone except for the rich few that had profited from the war. Many were still homeless. Our allies helped us to rebuild but it was a long road home.

Greetings My Friends,

Thank you for supporting my writings as I continue on this journey. If you wish to follow my progress fill free to join my email list through the Contact Page of my website,

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